

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

**Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 149**

**Finding aid for collection available at:**

**<http://hdl.handle.net/10079/fa/divinity.149>**

**Series: I. Correspondence**

**Subseries: Family correspondence**

**Box / folder: 3 / 16**

**Folder label: AGS to family, on furlough in U.S., en route back to China,  
arrival back in Swatow**

**Dates: 1924 Feb - Dec**

For copyright information see: <http://www.library.yale.edu/div/permissions.html>

Originals of collection held at:

Yale Divinity School Library, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven, CT 0511  
(divinity.library@yale.edu)

Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service  
Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian  
Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China  
515063

Bloomfield -

Feb 16, 1924

Dear One -

Well - here I am - almost dazed  
with having such a good time, seeing so  
many people - and getting so many letters -  
I am surely grateful to have you so  
thoughtful about re-mailing the letters here -  
They all gasped at the pile of letters that  
arrived in me! Don't Paul the limit?  
He says his family is to meet him in  
New York (with a Ford) and take a leisurely  
trip westward through New England (!) +  
the Berkshires to Lake George + thence  
to Ohio - He wonders if their wanderings  
would take them anywhere near Sutton  
Vermont! I'm sure the party would include  
his father and mother - and perhaps "Helen".  
Shall I tell him that "westward wanderings"  
such as he mentions would certainly lead  
them to Sutton if only their noses were  
pointed in the right direction? I wish you  
could meet him - and they wouldn't stay  
more than one night - How about it?  
I suppose it would be in August - but  
I'll find out about that too. <sup>He was grateful for</sup>  
<sup>my statement about</sup>  
<sup>missionary work -</sup>  
Well - I know you are crazy to hear all  
about my trip - and I don't know whether I

can get it all in or not -

"Aunt Alice's" car is a beauty & we had a fine ride up from New London - I told you that we called at the different places - Alice Gitchell was overwhelmed - felt much honored to have me call - I know that I remembered her - Mrs. Furber recollected the time you called & borrowed Mark's trousers for a pattern and there was a pouch of tobacco in the pockets - Mrs. Dart was so scandalized, she said, but Mother laughed it off and was very nice about it. Mrs. Austin died some time ago - I saw Mrs. Austin and he sent his best regards to you both -

Mrs. Church (I went up alone to see her) lives next house beyond P.M. S. I saw Tom who had "never enjoyed any couple as I did your father & mother and wish they would come back Dorothy came home from school early - a big tall girl who looks a lot like Grace. She wants to see you so bad she doesn't know what to do -

Grace and Charlie came down the next morning and called at Gladys' to see me for about 20 minutes - They brought their little girl - about 2 - who is a darling - Mrs. Norman Allen gushed over me more than any one else did -

Was there a Frank Richards there

4 While we were there? He worked for Robertson  
for a while? I saw him & didn't know  
who he was - Gladys thought he could not  
have been there when we were there. He had  
a familiar look - but the name means  
nothing to me - I saw Fred Chapel on  
the street - he reminds me more than ever  
of Charles Rich - (who is married, in  
Washington, Myrtle writes me; and Mme  
Morey takes his part & says she knows  
he was basely slandered at the time of  
his other marriage!)

Nan Allen I never knew, I guess - but  
she & Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy  
to come & speak - I guess Joe mentioned  
all the others - I didn't see the Smiths  
& Phillips -

Oh yes - Susie and Jennie are much  
the same, but older - and Susie is  
fatter - Grace Hooper has not changed a  
bit - Alice is dead - and Nellie Chapman  
too - & Ed Phillips - and George Smith -

They are all wild to see you, Mother  
and every one speaks of Father, too -  
Mrs. Woodmansee and Mrs. Church were  
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me  
than anyone else - and they did so want  
to see you -

Charles Chapman will go part or  
all the way to meet us if you can  
come to Montville - I'm sure he



means it, too - I told them I wanted  
you to go to Milwaukee with me - and  
I think he would take us or bring us  
home part way - truly -! Grace is fat.

Gladys brought me back to New London  
in the car - and there on the station platform  
I knew him instantly - Gladys didn't  
remember him at all - she's exceedingly  
absentminded about some things - And  
she said "Do you dare speak to him?" Of  
course I dared - and he remembered  
me, though he did not recognize me -  
I guess he is an inveterate smoker and  
guess he doesn't know a great deal -  
but he was pleased, and sent his best  
regards - as did everybody who didn't  
send love!

Mr. Lyman is a business man who  
is burdened by the cares of the mill -  
and Gladys hardly dares to ask him  
to do anything, I guess - He is nice  
and good looking - but I'm glad he is  
her husband and not mine! I did not  
feel very much at ease with him (as  
I did with Charles Chapman, for instance)  
Welles to Episcopal - and will not go to  
the Baptist service - and I guess J. is

3) not very regular in her own church attendance  
The children go to Sunday school -  
Elizabeth is very religious - a good bit  
self conscious - and a veritable little  
grandmother - she is so old - a very bright  
child - The other two are attractive, too -

Oh - I nearly forgot my visit with  
Mrs. Coen - I did enjoy it so - and I think  
she did too - she and Stella are living  
upstairs in the old Homestead - did you  
know that? She thinks Gladys pays too  
much attention to her children - but that  
the children are adorable - of course -

You certainly have a halo - there in  
Montville, Mother - I shall not be able to  
write all the details - but I'm hoping I  
can tell you some more when I get home  
+ we get to talking -

Martha met me at the station - took  
me to her Settlement house - Her co-workers,  
Miss Odell - a Baptist minister's daughter -  
is a sweet young thing - + Miss Cheseboro,  
a city worker, also lives here - Martha  
had a girls singing class in the P.M.  
and she got me to show pictures and  
sing in Chinese, etc - In the evening there  
was an Italian prayer meeting - and  
although I nearly went to sleep during the  
talk - yet the singing was wonderful -  
It makes me wonder why I ever even

try to sing myself - with my tiny voice -  
Talk about volume! They nearly brought  
down the roof - and they love to sing, too -  
all in Italian - One old blind man  
sang his very soul out - it seemed - it  
was thrilling just to watch him -

The next morning Martha took me in to  
the rooms - and I went to see Mr. Hill  
first - and he made all the arrangements  
to have me go to New Rochelle for lunch  
and have a nice visit - It's three  
miles from the station and Anne paid the  
taxi both ways (\$1.50 each way, I think). (Her  
letter of welcome, telling me to have Mr. Hill  
telephone, was at Martha's waiting for me)  
I telephoned from the rooms to Uncle Homer  
(who had already called me up at  
491 Henry St. Thursday night)

I saw Miss McVeigh and Mrs. Long - both of  
whom are very nice - but think I ought not  
to do any speaking while I am studying -  
I almost got in money for when Miss McVeigh  
pierced me with her eagle eye and said  
"away for two weeks? what you doing? visiting?"  
I was afraid she thought I ought to be studying  
as I said "well, I'm doing a little speaking"  
to - And then she informed me that  
I ought not to be doing any speaking  
!!!! - just like that!

4) But she was very nice - and I found out that they ~~are~~ not planning to detain anyone this fall if they can get money & send them back - I also found that the plan is to invite to Milwaukee all missionaries who are sailing this fall who haven't been to N. B. C. this furlough. Since I've never been, that's all the more reason why they are glad to send me - I asked if they were expecting to have any refit allowance and Miss McVeigh said they were not able to give any refit from the New England District - Some particular person might be interested in giving screens for my studies and my new trunk - and possibly, but not probably, my cot bed -

I spoke about meetings in Maine - and she thinks Dr. Whittemore should get in touch with the Board of Promotion - Since they really have first claim - Since he is Director of Promotion that ought not to be very difficult I should think -

Mrs. Hill wants the Board to communicate with me about teaching in summer assembly schools - possibly on my way back from Milwaukee - two weeks in Ohio and two more somewhere else etc - ! ! ! I also mentioned that and told her I knew if it proved possible for you to go that you would not enjoy it so much if you had to travel alone - She said they would take that into

consideration - And they would also  
want and see how my health is and  
how much, and where, my work would  
be in Maine -

I'm lazy - I hope I shan't have to!

Well! Just as I was about to leave for  
Grand Central Station I discovered Miss Brigham  
and when she found out that I didn't  
know the way she insisted that she  
really needed to go down and buy her  
ticket - maybe I told you!

Just after I got out to Annie's, Ruth  
came from school and we three had lunch  
together - Billy was upstairs in bed with  
a little sore throat - Ruth had had to stay  
in bed with one the day before and he  
thought that was pretty nice. So the next  
day he had a sore throat. By noon he  
found that staying in bed was not  
such a lovely thing as he had thought.  
But I went upstairs twice to see him -  
and showed him my pictures -  
Annie and I had such a good visit  
& she asked all about you - of course -  
and Arthur - Then Ruth played  
on the cello - and then on the violin.  
She is only 15 and plays wonderfully  
well, I think - I just loved it - and  
I know her mother is proud of her - justly -

5) The time passed all too quickly and the taxi came for me - Annie's home is lovely - lovelier, I think, than the one in Newton Center - everything is spic and span and you get a sense of space somehow - and the colors all blend so beautifully -

Mary Earling's is like that, too - as though she had things just the way she wanted them - I expected to find Gladys' the same, but somehow it wasn't - Things were nice - but not particularly orderly - though not noticeably otherwise -

Uncle Homer met me at the Grand Central Station and brought me out here - I was weary - Tuesday night my retiring hour was 2 A.M. - (I sat up & wrote Crusader letters before I left) Wednesday night at Gladys' about eleven, and Martha and I talked until one Thursday night - So last night I was pretty glad to get to bed early - and I had a good rest.

Today Mrs. Miller's letter giving directions about arriving in Philadelphia came at noon - just in time for me to let her know what train I was coming on - She will get my letter Monday morning - and I shall arrive there at 11 A.M.

It is good to be here - Norma is just as dear as ever and indeed she did remember me - You should have seen the jumping

and heard the squealing when I arrived!  
I am going to Mrs. Smith's for Sunday  
dinners - and - though I'm prepared to  
find it won't really be so - Peggy  
Wellwood expects to be there too! Won't  
that be wonderful? I shan't send this  
letter, though, until I know whether  
she came or not. The suspense of  
not knowing whether she really comes  
or not won't be so bad for you as it  
is for me, maybe - but I'll try to tell  
you before this letter goes - I can't believe  
it -

Emily's letter tells wonderful things -  
Dr. Biederwolf, Miss Saxe and Homer  
Rodeheaver are on a trip around the world on  
an evangelistic tour. Margaret Wynn  
discovered Miss Saxe in a drapery  
shop - then Emily and others went  
out and got the three and they  
talked to the students of different  
schools - Rodeheaver sang "Brighten  
the corners" for the girls in English - and  
taught them to sing it in English - then  
he sang it for them in Hawaiian  
Japanese, Korean, Mandarin and  
Toochow - and then Hong Lau and  
Miss Pae sang it for him in  
Suataw - E. says - "Needless to

6.) say, everyone was interested" - They were all delighted and the people gave fine messages - and they in turn were delighted with the girls - and the others too, I suppose -

I didn't see Mr. Stafford and Mr. Wright at the office but maybe I can next Saturday - I'll try -

Sunday night.

Sunday dinner at the Smiths - and Peggy was there - just her same pretty, dainty self - The Smiths are fine people I think - Mother, father, Sister - and we spent the afternoon there. It was snowing and they sent me back in a taxi - Went again to church to night.

I spoke in the main Sunday school and many people said cordial words afterwards - Then I went into Mr. Smith's class of ~~young~~ women - 50, I guess, and he made me talk again - I told about my old ladies ~~again~~ -

I have had a beautiful time here - Off in the morning for Philadelphia - Love, love - (I'm sleepy!)

Abbie.



Albany -

Nov. 11, 8.45 P.M.

Dear Ones -

I've been having a "chham si'"  
time with tickets. There is a very  
dapper young clerk here who simply  
will not sell me a ticket to San Francisco.  
Says it is never done, etc - He would sell  
to Chicago, but I'd have to pay the excess baggage.  
So I've done the only thing I could think  
of and that is to buy just to Buffalo,  
(had to pay \$3.13 excess there!).

At Buffalo there is an office of the  
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. and  
I'm going to try again there -

I've taken the number of the tickets  
and shall write in to find out the  
"why" of this matter -

Don't think I'm downhearted - just mad  
because I don't know what I should or  
should not have done about it -

Idella is an old peach, isn't

she? She says I'm a good deal more practical than she thought I was when we were in college.

For instance - it was my sending the detailed schedule that brought her. If I hadn't sent it she would probably have been too busy and worried with her many affairs to have looked it up herself - She wanted to come all the way to Albany and would have done so but for an

exceptionally busy time this week - She had a splendid lunch, ham sandwiches, two kinds of cookies, jelly doughnuts, pickles, stuffed olives, bananas, apples, coffee - I didn't open my bag at all. She left me enough for supper - and some almond bars which she said she remembered I used to long to

Squander my nickels on ! Of course  
the time wasn't half long enough -  
I was happy to treat her to Ruth's  
delicious maple fudge, too -

I'm wondering if you have yet  
received the little "memo" from  
Hollister's, Greenfield. Not much  
from me, really, for you can simply  
imagine the loan to Arthur owed to  
me now - Call part of it a gift  
from father - for if it hadn't been  
for this he would have got  
more "for cream" than the  
small amount I deposited - Wonder  
when he found that, by the way?

And - I got it with the express  
stipulation that you ~~would~~ return  
it and get your money back if  
it wasn't just what you wanted.  
Not if you thought you ought not

to have it, but just if it didn't  
suit you - It may be too long,  
but it can be shortened - I'll  
be eager to hear what you think  
of it.

The reason I didn't say  
anything about my throat on the  
card is because I forgot it -

It's O.K. getting better all the  
time! And I feel fine - just  
"sorta" sleepy - I wanted to write  
to Ruth here, but I'm 'fraid I  
shouldn't say what I want to  
when I write to her. There's not  
much time left now, anyway  
and no good place to write -

J. K. gave me a book. "Strange  
Adventure of a Pebble" which I'm going  
to enjoy. I didn't say much this A.M.  
but what's the use - You know how I feel -  
Love love - Abbie

234 Bird Ave.

Buffalo - N. Y.

Mother dear -

Ruth's father was George Whitman, and she is lovely - Her brother George who lives with her seems fine, too - Went downtown with her this A.M. and got tickets - I'll have to pay excess to Chicago - but it will be worth \$10.90 (Sutton to Chicago) to see Ruth and Myrtle -

Called up Mrs. Foster this P.M. and had a nice talk with her. Also called Harold Plumer, who is coming tonight to take me to the station - He was very nice about it. Invited me to dinner but I didn't accept -

Edith Wilkes, Ruth's friend, who met me in her car this morning, is coming now to take me for a ride, so this will have to be

short and sweet -

Ruth says to tell you she  
thinks you have a pretty nice  
daughter —!

Love to you both -

Abbie

Cleveland

Nov. 14-

Dearest Ones -

I'm all in a whirl - I've been doing so much visiting, etc - The hours have been late, as you know - and especially here I have had such a steady heart-to-heart talk - the kind where you can't possibly say all you want to - that it is hard to write - I find my head in a whirl now - so much to write I don't know what to say - for there isn't time to write much - However!

I'll try to tell more about Ruth Whitman after I get on the steamer - May talk with Mrs. Foster was a nice one - Helen and John have gone back, and Frank wants to go next year - He is teaching in Hampden Inst. this year -

Ruth's brother George is nice - and so is the brother Homer, whose wife and 12 yr old daughter came out to dinner that night -

Harold P. came about 11, as he said he would - I was all ready then, but we sat talking a good "few minutes" and he appeared to enjoy meeting them -

He was very nice - seemed to enjoy seeing me and taking me down there to the station - carried my bags to the gate - then tipped a porter to carry them the rest of the way to the train, which I boarded about 5 min. of 12.

He laughed at my worry about his being up so late on my account - said he'd been up as late as that once before! I like him thoroughly - and couldn't see



anything in him <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> it  
just fine <sup>He sent his best regards to you & makes the ~~might~~ <sup>might</sup> see you -</sup>  
exclaimed when I said he  
lived on Delaware Ave. (I found it  
in the phone book) Its a swell  
part of the city, they seemed to  
infer - Their apartment ~~is~~ a  
nice comfortable one - but not  
imposing -

Everett met me yesterday morning  
at the train - and has been very  
nice - The little girls are lovely -  
and I am much impressed with  
"Auntie Madge" who works in a  
bank - is very attractive, yet  
dignified - intelligent etc -  
More later —

A Mrs. Keller, who has a son  
at Yale in China, took us to  
ride yesterday - I saw some very

lovely residences - but it rained,  
and the lake was hard to see -

Myrtle's home is lovely - and  
she has wonderful things - I  
~~entertained~~ them with Chinese  
first, and then they entertained  
me with their radio - which  
gets San Francisco & Boston &  
Forth Worth, Texas - as well as  
Cleveland ———

My throat continues to get  
better and I don't cough at all.  
I'm feeling fine -

Love — love

Abbie

Messages to everybody !

Mabel sends  
much love

6037 Kimbark Ave.

Chicago  
Sunday Nov. 16.

Mother dear -

It seems as though I haven't  
had a minute to write to you since  
I arrived here -

Mabel met me yesterday morning  
and it is so good to see her - As soon  
as we had had breakfast we went  
down town to see about rechecking  
baggage, buying tickets, etc. At  
last I have bought my ticket to  
San Francisco - and my trunks are  
checked all the way through - I had  
to pay <sup>\$</sup>1.26 storage here - but I  
wasn't surprised - because I've stopped

over at these various places. I shall have more to pay when I get there doubtless!

It took about all morning to get tickets and rubber heels on my shoes (while I waited) - Then after lunch we saw Jane Cowl in "Romeo & Juliet" just as she had planned. We enjoyed that immensely, as I knew we should - Then had supper & came home.

This morning we went to church and then (we had had the telephone message earlier in the A.M.) to Missionary Training school. Mrs. Pinkham couldn't be there but she left word for us to be invited over and shown over the school - The one who was hostess

in her stead was Dorothy Dowell! She has been quite finally turned down for the Philippines and is Director of Field Activities here for a year - taking Miss Troeck's place partly - The two Carman girls were at our table too - (don't whisper it, but I had forgotten they were here!) and we had a lovely time -

Back here in a rush to meet Mr. Jui of Swatow (we had seen a glimpse of him at church). He is so fine - and I admire him more and more - We had a lot of messages for me to tell Swatow people - and I think it did him good to talk about some of his problems and his worries about

What he can do when he goes  
back - I was just delighted  
at the good talk we had <sup>made several</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>Ching's tea</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and cakes.</sup>

Then we went to Mrs. Shirk's  
for an hour - She wants to be  
remembered to my "sweet, sweet-  
faced mother", to whom she was  
"greatly attracted" at Milwaukee.

Then we had supper and came  
back and it's 9.30 already - You see  
it has been a pretty full day and  
M. and I still haven't had half  
time enough to talk -

I've been writing and trying to  
visit too - and this is a jumble -

So glad the heads are right - I do  
not intend to cable from Shanghai!

With love Abbie

Beyond Chicago -  
Mon A. M. Nov. 17

Dearests -

Mabel got me up at 5.30 this morning, got me downtown and got breakfast into me - figs, toast & coffee - and got me off on this train at 8.15 - We talked a lot last night - so I was sleepy after the train left. Then I took out Aunt Fannie's samples and have been pegging away at them -

It is now 10.30 - and we have stopped at a station - which brought back memories and made me pick up my pad to scribble a word - Guess where — ? Its a red brick station, with a clock in its tower, and I can see park benches on the other side of it - and a familiar street corner where cars stop - 3rd street cars, I think! It is snowing quite hard - I hope Ill strike a blizzard in St Paul again this time! Now we are leaving ~~now~~, just caught a glimpse of the flag flying from

the Y. M. C. A. - where they hold  
receptions for missionaries - something.  
There's a church spire, too - I watched  
for a glimpse of the auditorium, but  
that is too far up-town, I guess -  
(Goodbye, Milwaukee - I hope I'll ever  
see you again?)

Later -

What do you suppose I've been  
doing now? In Cleveland  
Myrtle's sister Madge and I were  
looking over some cross word  
puzzles and she found out that  
I liked them so she gave me  
a book - (fifty puzzles) when  
I came away - I have been  
whiling away the time with  
that this afternoon - I have  
no dictionary though, so I  
have some difficulty in solving



any whole puzzles as yet -  
I have five about half done,  
though - I slept about an hour, too -

I wonder if you will think  
I am sick when you try to  
decipher this scrawl - or  
whether you will realize that  
the C. M. + St. P. R. R. is going  
about 50 miles an hour and  
so writing, as a fine art, can  
scarcely be pursued with much  
ease -

My cold & my throat & my  
ear have continued to get better  
but they got better more rapidly  
yesterday than they have before.  
My sin twister was good for me, I  
guess! I am really all right now  
and all I need is a long nights  
rest, which I intend to get.

I meant to write to Ruth long  
before this, but I just couldn't

seem to do it - Perhaps I  
can on the train but if not -  
then I shan't do it until we  
get to San Francisco - It certainly  
has been a grand rush so far - still  
I wouldn't have missed one bit of it -  
It is not nearly so nice to travel alone  
as with some one ! I have been  
"sorta" lonesome today - Almost  
wish I had Miel Davis, or somebody !

I had a most extravagant  
dinner - but it cost more than I  
thought at my first look. I had  
pork chops, mashed potatoes, celery,  
coffee and icecream - and that,  
without bread 'n' butter 's anything,  
set me back \$1.70 - I ate it all  
though, and I'm not going to the  
diner to night - but nibble on my  
chocolate bars that J. K. gave me,  
and a piece of maple fudge, and  
a chocolate almond that Mabel  
gave me - and then go to sleep -

Wish I could see you, but since I  
cant I'm going to read your two  
letters over again, then go to  
bed - The porter has come now  
with the sheets, and although its  
"only six thirty" I'm glad to be  
"letting the hay" early -

Don't know where I can mail  
this <sup>letter</sup> to-morrow anyway - so  
you'll have at least this little  
extra word between Chicago and  
Seattle -

Love - love, love, to both -

Abbie

Greetings and love to folks  
who would like it.

Nov. 19 -  
Rocky Mts.

Mother dear -

I've just scribbled  
to Ruth - Its an awful scrawl  
but it is the best I could do.  
See how much worse I can  
do when Im not trying quite  
so hard!

If you think what I have  
written sounds silly, dont  
give it to her - but let me  
know and I'll write again.  
I thought Id better send through  
you instead of directly through  
the P.O. at Salt Lake - You might  
put it in an envelope and  
seal it if you want to -  
She will understand -  
Graciously! We are now

wobbling something fierce,  
so I guess I'll quit -  
I have written to Mabel  
and Myrtle, and Ruth Whitman  
I must send a card to I. K.  
and one to Aunt Mary -  
Then I guess the rest can  
wait -

Unch, much Love  
Abbie

Friday morning Nov. 21

Dear Mother -

I'm in Uncle Cyrus' room and he has provided all the paper, envelopes - and even stamps for me to write to you - They are all lovely to me even as they were before -

Lea met me at the station yesterday

morning with "Rusty" the younger girlie - ~~then on the way we went to King's garden for Betty Lea -~~ and took me out to her home for lunch -

After that she put the babies to bed and took me down street to do an errand for her mother - This was the errand: to buy me a pair of gloves, a woollen scarf, or some woollen stockings - I told Lea I

should not choose the gloves - but it was hard to choose between woolen socks and the scarf - I knew the former would be useful - and I should very much like to have the latter - When we looked at the scarfs, though, I told her that I would risk my woolen stockings wearing a little longer - and let them go, for the sake of having such a beautiful soft blue Scotch flannel neck scarf with a rather big indistinct plaid faintly outlined in white, buff and orange - It's really lovely - and I'm so happy to have it - After that we came back and got the children and drove out to the park - and I saw kangaroos and polar bears for the first time in my life! They brought me to the boat, where Mr. Jozzam, Pierce, Ruth & their children were waiting - in Mr.

Jazzam's car -

Their cook is on a vacation (Lulu's, I mean) <sup>(herself)</sup> so she had dinner nearly ready for us when we got here - I had a good talk with Uncle Cyrus last evening - a nice hot bath - and to bed early - Ruth has been out here with her mother ever since Warren's death - and Lulu says that keeping busy has been a great blessing to her -

This morning I wasn't up until about 8.30 - and I've done washing of undersuit, teddy, and 12 handkerchiefs & one pr. of stockings since I had breakfast - the things are drying in front of their big big open



fire - and will be dry enough, probably - to  
put into my suitcase this afternoon - when  
I go back to Lea's for the night - I leave  
at 8.15 to-morrow morning -

Lulu is wonderfully brave, and so are  
they all - The grief has sweetened Mr. J.  
so Lea says - and has brought him  
nearer to Lulu - The thing is doubly  
hard for them all because Mr. J. took  
warren to his doctor - and serum was  
given for infantile paralysis - They are  
not sure, now, that he had that trouble,  
and if not - the serum was of the  
kind that could kill a person who did  
not have the disease - Mr. J. feels that  
Lulu must blame him for W's death -  
and Lulu says she doesn't dare to think

WASHINGTON

that is so - but yet she is torn to  
pieces just at the thought that it  
seems such an unnecessary death -  
All this, from Lea - Lulu has talked  
very little - but so bravely - I wish  
she could see you - I can't help feeling  
that sympathy like yours could comfort  
her more than most people's - You  
could understand what such a loss  
would mean - and know, too - that  
so many things might be worse than  
such a grief - She speaks very  
lovingly of you -

Wouldn't it be fine if some of them  
were East when its time for my next

Furlough - and could bring you out  
here to meet me - ? I haven't suggested  
it, though !

Uncle Cyrus is as much interested  
in things as ever - He gave me  
five dollars this morning - and told  
me to say nothing to the folks here -  
Goodbye until the next letter -

Much, much love to you both -

Abbie -

I enclose check - I'll be very grateful  
to have you send five to Houston -  
Use the rest of the cash when you  
need it -

Leaving Salem

Mon. A. M. Nov. 24

Dearests -

I have just written to Lulu and Lea - and it is pretty dreadful scrawling - It will be easier to write with pencil - and I know you won't mind - I've much to say!

Where did I leave off? Oh yes, Friday afternoon out at Crystal Springs - After lunch we just sat and visited until 3 o'clock, then Lulu took me in her car, three miles to a garage - where a jitney took me the rest of the way over a very rough road to the boat - She has learned to drive and it has taken a lot of courage on her part - but she can get about much more easily, of course - is more independent, I mean, about getting to town, etc -

Lea met me at the boat - with

the children - we took them home,  
then drove back to town to get  
Thacher - She had a lovely little  
dinner - yet very simple - After  
that the children were put to bed -  
(Lea has a young Russian girl to  
help her now) and then they took  
me out for a ride - All three of us  
tucked cozily into the front seat -  
It was a beautiful ride - wonderful  
starlight - and we rode all  
around the highest hill - with  
the rest of the city stretched  
out below us - a myriad of  
gorgeous lights - like a "diamond  
pin cushion", as Lea said -

I like Thacher so much - and  
feel that I know him so much  
better this time - The children  
are adorable - Rusty is a ray of  
almost unearthly sunshine - she is  
so sweet - Thacher brought me a

<sup>2</sup> little package from Pierce - I could  
tell it was a book - and Thacher  
said, with a twinkle at Lea, "I think  
it feels like a copy of 'Science and  
Health' " - Lea said "why you  
nasty thing!" but she had to  
laugh - I said - "you mean  
you think that is what Pierce  
would be likely to send to me?" -  
"Oh no," he said, "Pierce and I are  
just messengers!" - Lea is a  
dear - and more & more I think  
that down deep we have a close  
kindred feeling <sup>(The book was a new one  
of Edna Ferber's "So Big"  
from Ruth & Pierce)</sup>

They all took me to the train  
Saturday A.M. and Lea gave me  
a lunch - eleven sandwiches!  
I didn't think I was hungry - but  
I ate six and a half at the  
first <sup>roll up</sup> They were rye bread with  
nuts & caraway in the bread, and  
cheese between - and white ones

with strawberry jam + others  
with olives + cheese - Then she  
put in besides about a dozen  
olives and two or three dozen  
unshelled almonds - and two  
apples - I wrote to her that  
if I ever went on my honeymoon  
I should send for her to pack  
the luncheon!

Ada and Bob and Bob, jr.  
(The baby's a dear)  
met me at the train and went  
to their home which is quite  
near by - We had been there only  
a few minutes when we heard  
a tap-tap on the veranda and  
Ada said, "There's your uncle -"  
Sure enough it was. He had  
walked up to the station, a  
full mile, to meet me - But  
he had been mistaken about

3 the time of the train and he was too late - He was dreadfully disappointed. He got a taxi then, to bring him to Ada's to see me - and I loved him as soon as I saw him. He fished out a five dollar bill for me to pay expenses in Salem (I didn't have use for any of it, of course!!) Ada saw - and we had quite a joke about my board money -) Then he got back into the taxi and went home - Friends of Ada's took me down to his house Sunday morning about 10 - He was just sweeping up - His house isn't clean, of course - and fearfully tittered. But I don't know as it is a bit worse than a good many men would have



it living alone - Pa, for  
instance, or me if I were  
a man! He has no one  
helping him, and the one  
room I was in was piled  
high with books, papers, wood,  
and things of every description.  
On a table he had big dishes  
of oranges, apples, bananas,  
dates, and walnuts - which  
he kept pressing on me from  
time to time. I ate an  
apple, and some dates - and  
two pears which he had  
baked for me on the top of  
the stove - They were good, too.  
He had made up his mind  
that he wouldn't talk  
his theories to me, but poor  
dear soul, he couldn't help it.

<sup>I could</sup> agree pretty well with <sup>some things</sup> <sup>go</sup> - and when I could, <sup>(4)</sup>  
- <sup>9th</sup> when I couldn't, I  
overred mildly that I had  
never thought of it that way.  
For instance, he is cut all to  
pieces to have had Warren, jr.  
cremated. He calls it nothing  
short of heathenish, and wrong.  
He apologized all over himself  
for expounding his theories -  
and I told him that helped  
us get acquainted - He believes  
there is no heaven nor hell, but  
only conditional immortality -  
and says the only verse in  
the Bible opposed to his theory  
is where the devil said to Eve,  
"Thou shalt not surely die!"!  
Now he does gloat over making a  
point!  
A friend of Bob's, and also  
of Uncle Arthur's came for me about

One, and he and his  
wife were Ada's guests  
at dinner - They stayed  
until after four, then took  
me down to Uncle Arthur's  
again, and I visited him  
until church time - I sang  
in Chinese, and he said my  
pronunciation was bad! Then  
he got out one of my  
favorite songs, "Fly as a bird"  
and asked me to sing it  
because he thought it would  
suit my voice - I can't begin  
to tell all we said, but he  
was just dear and sweet  
every minute - I had one  
knock down - He wishes  
Harold Plummer would marry  
Ethel Peterson! He thinks Harold

3) a bright man, but that he doesn't care so much for society - I'm not so sure of that myself - !

I shall never see that four-generation picture, with myself the youngest, without seeing and hearing the tears in his eyes and voice as he said almost reverently, "There are four persons whom I am proud to call my own." He is afraid, mother, that he expounded his theories too freely to you at Rollinsford - and was quite overcome when I told him you sent your love. Father, he wishes he might meet you - and his namesake, too -

He declined Ada's invitations -  
in such a courteous note -  
Our talk was intimate, not  
a bit distant, from the first  
minute - He deplores Cyrus'  
& Lulu's beliefs, and wishes  
Uncle George were a more  
earnest ~~Christian~~ <sup>Christian</sup> - but  
he worships them all - He  
is queer, but he is pure gold.

We went to the church in  
time for me to put on my little  
white suit - Mrs. Shanks, the

minister, was very cordial -  
Uncle Arthur sat on the back  
seat but I think he heard - He  
looked as though he was hearing!  
Afterwards a great many people  
came to speak to me -  
Uncle Arthur was almost  
overwhelmed as he told me  
afterwards that more people

b) shook hands with him <sup>then</sup>  
ever before at one time in the  
Baptist church - and "there were  
nothing but compliments - very high  
ones, for your address" - He  
couldn't tell me very well what  
he himself thought - but I guess  
he wasn't badly disappointed -  
It was hard to say goodbye,  
he said, but he did it that  
night - with many tender blessing  
and good wishes - and when  
I kissed him good bye I  
didn't expect to see him again.  
He filled a paper bag with  
oranges, nuts, dates and apples,  
(I had to leave some at Ada's -)  
and <sup>gave me</sup> a twenty-dollar gold piece,  
which he wished were more -  
Wasn't that lovely?

At church I met friends of  
Louise Campbell and Edith Travis  
and Lucille Withers, and a class-  
mate of Mr. Waters who hasn't seen

him since they graduated from  
Rochester - It was thrilling - and  
I was so glad I had mentioned  
the different names <sup>(also Miss Hunder)</sup>  
<sup>(who remembers you and me at Miller)</sup>

Ada took me home and  
had hot chocolate, and nut bread,  
and cottage cheese - Nothing ever  
tasted much better -

This morning - Uncle Arthur was  
at the train to see me off -  
walked up again! I was afraid  
he would -

I wish you could have heard  
Lulu looking at that same fam-  
ily generation picture, naming over the  
various ones, - say "and that  
is my cousin Clark" - I'm not  
half grateful enough for belonging  
to such as these out here -  
and you - and Father!

Well - I have no more paper -  
but I guess I've told you  
about all I can -

Trisco next!

All love - Abbie

Hotel Ramona, Ellis St. near Powell, San Francisco.





28023N



RED CROSS  
CALIF. +  
CABIN



Rev. E. Sanderson

Sutton

Vermont

Feb. 2, 1924  
San Francisco

Wed A. M.

Arrived safely but Ruth Sperry is not yet here - I shall get in touch with her as soon as I can. An interesting trip down from Salem. Have already met a Chi Omega jeweler who recognized my pin, and a girl who knows Katherine Bohm - love again

Abbie



# Hotel Ramona

J. L. MURPHY

MANAGER

174 ELLIS ST. NEAR POWELL

San Francisco

Saturday morning -

Dearests -

I'm very much ashamed to think  
all this time has gone by without  
my writing - But the days here have  
been busy -

Wednesday I didn't write because  
I was so disappointed that Anth  
hadn't come - and then when  
the telegram came Thursday that  
she was delayed and couldn't  
get here until Fri. morning - I  
was more than ever down in  
the mouth - But Fannie  
came - and I had her as  
my guest for Thanksgiving  
dinner - I was pretty

thankful to have her - I  
shouldn't have liked to be  
here alone on Thanksgiving -  
I might have stayed a day  
longer in Salem - and Uncle  
Arthur wanted me so!  
But it is just as well, I guess.  
And since Ruth came, we have  
been busy talking, shopping, etc.  
It is now 10.30 - my trunks  
have gone - and we go in about  
a half hour - We are going to  
take a taxi - It will cost a  
little more - but with all the  
bags, etc - it will be much easier.

I forgot to say that the  
day I was here alone I rested  
most of the time - The visit  
in Salem was the climax of

2)



# Hotel Ramona

J. L. MURPHY

PROPRIETOR

174 ELLIS ST. NEAR DOWELL

San Francisco

a round of visiting and you can imagine how very weary I was. I was afraid at first that I was coming down with another cold. But the good daytime sleep I had drove it all away and I felt fit as a fiddle -

That morning my phone rang and a girl asked me if I knew Katherine Bohm! She and her friend have been staying at this hotel and she saw the name Swatow. She was attracted by the name ~~Bob~~ called me up - She went to school with K.

They took me as their guest to the wonderful San Francisco Symphony orchestra concert - which delighted me, of course.

Then she asked if I'd be willing to take a package to K. I said I would - So she bought a 5 lb box of chocolates for her and a 3 lb one for me!

Yesterday morning Fannie & I spent at the Consulate, S. S. office, etc - I saw a big pile of mail for me but I didn't get it -

It is lovely to see Ruth & she has the dearest, brightest Margaret Mae - who appears

3/



Hotel Ramona

J. L. MURPHY

MANAGER

174 ELLIS ST. NEAR POWELL

San Francisco

& love "Aunt Abbie" already -

Fannie seems delighted to go  
with me - said she was determined  
to go with me, fighting or no  
fighting - But didn't want to  
unless I went -

Time to go to the steamer,

Love love love !!!

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

2 o'clock Sat. P.M.

Mother dear -

Were anchored in San Francisco Harbor and I don't know whether there will be any chance to send mail ashore or not - I was so glad to have Ruth there to say goodbye to me - Miss Abell, Kay Bolnes friend (and Miss Abell's friend -) were down at the boat to and both left lovely flowers - Ruth violets and Miss Abell huge yellow chrysanthemums -

There is a stack of mail, which I have not touched yet, but upon which I begin to feast this afternoon - Lots of

packages - a telegram from  
Mrs. Miller, etc. etc. Christmas  
box from Seattle - your box -  
which I've opened - A nice new  
thing, thank you!

Your letters are to be the first.

Love - love, if I can't  
send it now - or it will have  
to wait until Honolulu if I  
can't.

Always your own

Abbie





MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

Tuesday night.  
Dec. 2 -

Dearests,

We embarked Saturday noon -

I was more seasick than I had thought -  
and although I went in to dinner  
that night, I was seasick before  
I went to bed. I kept the  
most of my dinner, but lost  
the carrots. MORAL: don't eat  
carrots first day on shipboard!

The next morning I got ready for  
breakfast but before I could get  
out to the dining room I lost  
my soup - I guess, left over from  
the night before - I went out to  
breakfast anyway. But was glad to

get up in my steamer chair on deck as soon as possible - I had luncheon there - and crawled down to dinner at night - Oh yes - I managed to get to the church service in the morning - but I don't know yet just how I did it. Poor little Miss Ching was moored to her deck chair - sick as she could be -

Monday I got up to breakfast but crawled back on my berth and stayed there all day - I slept soundly most of the time - didn't wake up until long after lunch time and the stewards couldn't get anything but sandwiches and tea for me - Last night I had dinner sent in to the cabin -

Alas for my reputation -! I have been feeling pretty well today -

and haven't lost any more meals  
since those first spasms - I  
have had to fight squeamishness  
ever since. Isn't it funny that  
it had to strike me this time?  
Well - I always said that I  
didn't feel like boasting - for I  
was never sure that I was very  
far from it - I may comfort myself  
lucky that I haven't been  
dreadfully sick the way some  
people have - It has been a  
very rough voyage so far -

I don't know as I wrote  
anything about meeting Miss  
Ching at the Western Pacific  
station in San Francisco - Oh  
I guess I did tell about having  
her for my Thanksgiving dinner  
guest -

On Saturday Ruth and her dear little girl, and Katherine Bobb's friend and her friend, came down to see me off. Ruth brought violets and the other girls a huge bouquet of beautiful big chrysanthemums, which are still lovely in our cabin.

I have not attempted to dress up until tonight, when I made a dive into my trunk after gray footgear and my little dark blue silk.

I cannot find anything in my bags and trunk. I cannot find my little fancy comb. I cannot find my curling iron. nor the address of Dorothy Cadwell, Alice Harrison's friend in Honolulu. nor any summer undervests. I wonder if I let you pack the



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

last mentioned in my big trunk -  
or whether I left them upstairs in  
a bureau drawer in Dutton -

The music has struck up and  
Low I should love to "follow that  
impulse" - ! It may be wrong to  
dance, but how can it be wrong  
to want to, when you were  
born that way? There

gray shoes, too, fairly make  
my toes itch to be up and at it.

(P.S. Don't worry! - I shan't do it!)

By this time I had intended to  
have at least twenty letters  
written - and here I am - just

beginning my first one. I have  
a suspicion, too, that this one  
will not be prolonged very  
much tonight.

My cabin mate is Miss Helen  
Burton - a girl who has a gift  
shop in Peking. She was a  
common working girl and has  
made great strides in the business  
lines. She has the most wonderful  
(some of them)  
yet simple - gowns utilizing Chinese  
embroideries and fabrics - She  
seems a nice sort -

I haven't met many people  
on account of my strange - shall  
I say - introspectiveness? The last  
two days - Mr. & Mrs. Taylor, however,  
Y. M. C. A. people going to Manila  
know the Cowles' - and Mrs.  
Squires of Squires Bingham

department store in Shanghai, is  
on board - She knows all of  
our Swatow children who studied  
at Shanghai American School -  
and she is the one who took  
Evelyn's parasol and mine from  
Japan to Shanghai for Peggy.

I've met two missionaries of the  
Congregational Board - I think  
there are very few missionaries  
on the ship -

Miss Ching and I have a  
table by ourselves - and since  
she has not appeared until  
tonight - my few appearances  
in the dining room have been  
alone, in state, as it were -

I have finished all the steamer  
letters except the ones from  
the Ricker girls - and as those  
were not wildly exciting, I

could manage to let them wait.

I haven't counted the others, but aside from yours, & Sadie's & Stella's, there were letters from Mabel Bovell, Ruth Whitman, Zulma, Mrs. Webber - 4 from Emily, one from J<sup>n</sup> Kim, the girl who "couldn't be baptized yet" - She still hasn't - but she hopes to "start a Christian household in the future and wants me to help tell her how" - From Elsie Kittitz, Myrtle, Bertha Woodworth, Aunt Susie, Frances - (who hopes before very long to be Frances White) - from Arthur & Gladys - by air mail - and, <sup>by</sup> the same route from Mrs. Clark - I can't begin to tell you who else - for they are all down stairs -

I have a notion to stop this for this present - and write to Uncle Arthur or Aunt Fannie - or M. Bovell or some other important one - I want





MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

NOVAK.  
to get in some exercise to-morrow  
for I know I shall feel better if I  
do - but I want to write some  
letters too -

One thing more I must write  
about - In perhaps less than  
ten days you should receive  
some "finished goods" (and I  
hope they'll not be "damaged goods")  
from Novak, Photographers, 833  
Market St, San Francisco - The  
larger one is for you and pa -  
And I must ask you to send  
the others - I wanted some mailed  
from the shop but they were  
afraid of a mix up in the

Christmas rush - So - I have  
made out my list as follows -

{ Arthur -  
Mabel Bozell  
(415 South 8th St.  
Burlington, Iowa)

These to be sent as from me.

The following to be sent as  
gifts from you to the recipients.

Uncle Arthur

Uncle Cyrus

Uncle Geo.

Aunts Bertie & Gertrude -

Uncle Will

Aunt Susie

Uncle Samuel

Uncle Homer -

If you think it's not necessary  
to send to all of these, use  
your own judgement - I have

Had two sent to China - for  
Emily and Pearl Mason -

If you think that Marion Russ  
and Cousin Harriet would appreciate  
pictures too - use some of my  
money and send to Novak for  
two more - I don't know how  
much they will be - These  
pictures were \$4.1 a dozen  
but I got them for \$2.2 and  
the big one thrown in. If  
you like the smaller better  
than the larger and prefer  
to send the larger to Arturs -  
that's all right, too - Any  
way you think best -

Thursday P.M.

Feeling much better, thank you -  
It got hot yesterday and right  
after lunch I had to put on  
my gray voile (black lace) to keep from

suffocating (a la Pa). This morning  
I got into my big trunk and hauled  
out my little black & white sport  
suit, my little dotted crepe (white)  
and the polka-dotted one - Which  
I shall wear, I don't know - Think  
I'll try the sport suit first.

To-morrow is Honolulu, though -  
So I'll put on the little voile one tomorrow.  
I've worn the dark blue silk today -  
To-night they have a big dinner-dance.  
I shall put on the red silk - I don't  
dance, but I do "dinner", so I'll  
do it up brown -

I've played shuffleboard and ring  
toss to-day - and expect to be lame  
to-morrow -

I found the silk vests in the big  
trunk - and also the little comb -  
I can't find "Floralyn's" address, but  
I have thought of it - The curling  
iron has not turned up yet!

I've written to Mabel B. - and no  
one else - but I've ~~sent~~ scribbled  
18 postcards to send from Honolulu -  
I had  $29 + 38 = 67$  steamer letters & one  
telegram - (Mrs. Miller) - I finished them all  
today. The 38 were from Rickes girls!  
Love - Abbie

Did I put handkerchief down  
for Helen Fielden, 1 Bond  
Street Swampscott <sup>for Christmas?</sup> - I want  
to send her a nice one - and  
also to Elsie Kittitz 2700  
South 8th Street - Philadelphia -

Isn't it queer that Elsie's & Mabel's addresses  
are both South 8th?

I haven't said a word of appreciation  
of the letters from you folks - but  
you know how I feel -

The "other" little medicine dropper  
bottle contains medicine to take  
after milk - given me by Mrs. Mitchell's  
daughters - I don't think it ever  
helped me much -

We didn't have very good success  
with the pictures, did we?

Crude oil (for dandruff) is in  
the vanilla bottle - no its American  
oil in the vanilla bottle, after all -  
The crude oil is in a bottle something

like a peroxide bottle - Smells like  
kerosene -

The Citizens Savings Bank slips  
& envelopes I have as many as I  
need -

I will surely write to Miss  
Milliken - don't send the money -  
better save it for an emergency!  
Mark up the things you send  
to Ethel according to your  
best judgment, was there  
duty?

P.S. Church service this morning -  
Mr. Taylor led again - assisted  
by Mr. Schenk, a missionary  
in Hawaii -



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

December 7-1924

Dear Ones -

Nearly two whole days  
gone by since we left Honolulu  
and I haven't written a word to  
you about it yet. The days  
are such lazy ones!

Friday morning they routed  
us out good and early - we  
had to be on the <sup>promenade</sup> ~~upper~~ deck  
6.40 A.M. Of course there was a  
little delay, as there always  
is - then the doctor came on and  
we went through the form of  
quarantine inspection - Then

we went down to breakfast -  
and just had plenty of time  
to get ready before the boat  
landed -

I went as soon as I could  
to the Seaside Hotel to find Miss  
Cadwell, Alice Harrison's friend -  
but she had just moved to the  
Granville, about two miles from  
there. I tried to call her  
up but found she was at  
school and would not be  
at liberty until noon.

It happens that the Seaside  
Hotel is down at the famous  
Waikiki Beach - It also happened  
that Mr. & Mrs. Taylor (Y. M. C. A. workers  
returning to Manila) had been  
to Honolulu two or three times -  
and had "seen the sights"  
before - So they had planned



to go with their six year old son down to Waikiki and play around on the beach all day. So we went with them as far as the beach -

When I found that I could not get hold of Miss Cadwell-Jennie and I decided to take an automobile ride to the Pali - (where they say you get the most wonderful view in the world -) then ~~came~~ back & have lunch with the Taylors and see Miss Cadwell on the way back to the city -

We took the ride. ~~It cost six dollars, and we were gone only about an hour - but it was worth it.~~ I guess "They" are right about the view - I wouldn't have missed it for anything, - to say

nothing of the lovely ride we  
had getting there - from the  
hot tropical sunlight, through  
cool mist and a spatter of rain  
into the cold breezes of the higher  
air - at the top powerful  
gusto of wind which threatened  
to blow even the motor cars  
off the cliff -

The view itself was wonderful  
and the varied blues and  
greens and yellows and  
purples of the sea were  
beyond description - We  
stood on a cliff that jutted  
out over the ledge of the hill -  
with a sheer drop of I don't  
know how many hundred - or  
thousand! - feet - Then the  
return ride - back again  
through streets lined with



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

cocoanut and royal palm trees - guava, bread fruit, brilliant red crotons everywhere and a bewildering number of unfamiliar shrubs and plants - all luxuriant in their foliage - Platanus, "chain of love" - oh what is the use of trying to remember them - ? It was like being in a dream -

We came back - and Mr. Taylor led the way to the Moana Hotel, which we found later is probably the finest one there. The dining

room overlooks the sands of Waikiki - and the brilliantly blue ocean - We sat ~~not~~ far from a window - and we could see the surf riders sailing in towards the shore - balancing skilfully on their boards -

Mr. Taylor settled the bills and I still feel guilty because they refuse to let us pay - We had a wonderful dinner, though - and a delightful visit - Fannie and I went immediately to the Granville - where we easily found Miss Cadwell - She had no notion that I was coming - Alice had evidently not written to her - She is very busy teaching Dramatics in the McKinley School there - and would have had no time, I

Take it, to entertain me if I  
had found her in the morning.  
She liked Alice, she said - very  
much - and although she seemed  
somewhat embarrassed at my  
appearing so suddenly - was  
most cordial - Her father &  
mother are going on a trip around  
the world and she expects  
to join them when they reach  
Honolulu - I invited her  
to come and get a glimpse of  
Swatow - and she said  
she hoped she might -

We didn't stay long - then  
~~went~~ back to the center of  
the town and looked around  
in the shops until 2.30 - when  
we rushed back to the boat.  
We were scheduled to sail at 3

but some hold up delayed us about an hour.

We had witnessed several flirtations between San Francisco and Honolulu - and the leave-takings were amusing in one or two instances - We didn't buy any of the wreaths of flowers that every ~~body~~<sup>one</sup> had hanging around his neck - but somebody gave us each one before the boat sailed - They are so lovely! And the music, too - an incomparable Hawaiian band welcomed us with "Aloha" and some other <sup>songs</sup> and our own orchestra (Filipino, I think), played as we left port -

But I shall never think about leaving Honolulu without having a vivid memory of the diving boys. We saw them first



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT JAFFE

splashing around in the water  
when the boat was still at the  
dock - begging for money to dive  
for - Then suddenly, as the  
ship was steaming slowly out into  
the harbor - we looked up and  
there, on the highest rail of the  
topmost deck of the huge ocean  
liner - were perched about  
a dozen dusky skinned youths  
with thickest woolly mops of hair -  
It was hard to believe that  
any one would dare to dive  
from such a dizzy height -  
and we held our breaths to  
watch - But after a minute one

stood erect - made a spring -  
and went down straight as  
a jackknife. The next turned  
three summersaults in the  
air, ending with a perfect nose  
dive - The one after that  
simply jumped and went down  
feet first - with a terrific  
splash - Another pretended  
to sprawl all over himself and  
we were almost sure he had fallen  
but he straightened out for the  
prettiest dive just before he touched  
the water - And so it went.

They are surely marvels -

We were pretty weary -  
but glad to relax for some  
very good funny movies  
right after dinner - Then we  
went to bed - Yesterday I



Lounged all day - read some,  
played deck golf a little, and  
spent the rest of my time intending  
to write to you and then I  
not doing it!

Not quite all of the time, though.  
Just before luncheon, my roommate  
produced an alligator pear  
which she had given to her at  
H., got the boy to get salad  
oil and vinegar, salt and  
pepper - and she treated me  
to my first taste of that fruit.  
I shall have to acquire a  
taste for it, I'm sure - but  
you know me - I ate it  
all - Then at lunch I  
had pork chops - fried  
potatoes, fried egg plant -  
and topped off with an  
apple - I began to feel badly.

and while I was not nauseated - still I knew things in my turning weren't right - and I was getting an awful headache. Moreover - we were to have a party last night - and I didn't want to miss it on account of a headache - So I decided to use Marguerite's method - I stuck my finger in my throat, and up came the alligator pear, and the apple - which had apparently had a fight. - I began to feel better immediately and continued to do so -

Then I got ready for the party - Mrs. Taylor loaned me an old white silk dress that came just below my knees - and I mummaged in my hat trunk - pulled out the



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

old black satin hat and the  
plume Flora gave me - my  
black and red bead girdle, the  
rest of the beads - and that  
old piece of black maline.  
I ripped the crown from the  
hat - and I wonder if I  
can possibly draw a picture  
of it



all this is plume

Made earrings of the red beads  
and silver cord - and crushed  
the maline into a big butterfly

effect at the belt & tied it with  
girdle in middle of front -

borrowed my room mate's rouge  
and lipstick - also a stick of  
gum - and they said I  
looked fierce tough - I forgot to  
say that I pinned the plume  
in place with the aid of the  
tinsel Christmas tree star -

Fannie wore my dark blue  
silk (with the beads) and the  
brim of the satin hat with  
the black veil draped over  
it for a crown and floating  
off one side - She was  
cute - the thing seemed to  
fit her well enough but was  
terrifically long - We had  
a good time - sat with the

Taylor at their table - and  
joined in the grand march,  
but not in the dancing -  
It was a Hard Times party -  
and there were placards all  
over the dining room that were  
funny - We had no menu-  
cards - the worst old  
"brass" silverware - and tin  
and enamel plates to eat  
from - dull faded blue  
tablecloths - etc - Some  
wonderful costumes - notably  
a girl who dressed as a  
newsboy <sup>(barefoot)</sup> - and an Irish-  
man with a bottle in his  
hip pocket that he sadly  
said people scorned as  
soon as they smelt it -

There is to be another party

Wednesday night and while I  
don't hope for first prize yet  
I'm going to give them something  
a little different from anything  
we saw the other night.

Fannie says she has to laugh  
whenever she thinks of it -  
I may not be able to get all  
the paraphernalia - but I'll  
make a stab at it -

The tournament lists have  
been posted and I'm in for  
deck tennis, deck golf - deck  
quoits & shuffleboard - It  
is foolish, I know - but I  
need the exercise - and  
three weeks from now my  
shipmates will have forgotten  
what a rotten player I am!  
There won't be room for more  
than this in one envelope so I'm going  
to seal it up & mail it. Love, Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

Dec. 11 -

Dear Mother,

Well, we have had our costume party and "a good time was had by all". I got together my old maid idea - and the things I didn't have I borrowed. I carried my old music case and little red manicure case this time and I think they ~~have~~ added to the effect. ~~I~~ I have found out one thing - though. Those slipper buckles & bows that I fixed so carefully aren't right. not to wear with that dress anyway. In order to have ~~and~~ style you must wear

either silvers or black slippers.  
(Having no silver ones, I shall  
probably wear black!) I mean with  
my pink gown -

There were some excellent costumes  
and there were prizes offered  
as follows:

Most beautifully dressed lady (character  
carried out while in costume)

First - and Second

Same (first & second) for men

Most original costume - one seldom  
seen -

First & second - for either men or women

one prize for each } Most clever costume - character  
carried out while in costume - one  
for ladies - & one for men

We went to dinner dressed in  
costume - and then we  
promenaded single file before  
the three judges - After we  
had marched around twice  
we were to be given a piece



of paper if we were wanted  
to keep on marching - Third  
time around a different  
colored paper was to be  
given to those who were  
best - and next time  
still another - each round  
those who didn't get the little  
"chips" were to drop out -

I had hardly entered  
the hall before I was given  
a chip - and I got one the  
next time and the next - so  
it wouldn't have surprised me  
if my name had been called  
for any one of the prizes -  
As it was - the old maid  
got the last prize announced  
~~but one~~ <sup>the last one was the ring</sup> - for the most clever  
costume - and there was  
more enthusiastic applause  
then than at any other time -  
Don't know yet what the prize  
is to be. We have deck

sports of some sort every day -  
I got into semi finals in  
deck quoits, deck tennis and  
shuffle board - but got beaten  
the next round. I have  
been beaten in everything except  
chalking the pig's eye - By  
some mistake I got the  
mark exactly on the pig's eye -  
and some people were reported  
to have suspected me of cheating.  
Isn't that the limit? It's a blindfold  
game, you know!

Tonight we have had a concert  
and vaudeville show - We really  
have a number of talented people  
on the boat - I can't write  
about it now, though, because I  
am so - o. sleepy!

Sunday morning -

To continue about costumes. The  
first prize for well dressed lady was  
awarded to a Mrs. Barker who  
was draped beautifully in a beautiful



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

black and white fringed silk  
Chinese embroidered shawl -  
Silver slippers, and a silver rose  
in her dark hair completed the  
effect. There were other scarfs just  
as lovely, but her own beauty had  
something to do with it. Second  
prize to Miss Roth who was  
dressed as a Hula-hula girl -  
Hawaiian dancer - She had her  
short ~~black~~ <sup>black</sup> hair fluffed out straight  
all around her head - was a  
boys bathing suit and a skirt of  
long grasses - Bare legs and  
grass shoes -

First prize in original costume  
to little short fat Mrs. Fowler  
who dressed and acted like a baby -  
milk bottle, rattle etc. Second prize,

Mrs. Carman of Manila who was dressed in white towels on which dozens of spoons rattled and clacked. She carried a big spoon two thirds as tall as herself -

Best dressed gentleman - Mr. Robertson, a real Scotsman dressed in kilts - He had the Brogue all right - he had quite a lot to say to me too, and we had a grand time entertaining the folks near us - I heard him tell somebody who was advising him to get married that he was thinking about it - There was a lassie who'd lost her mon, and so forth -

Second prize to Mr. Fritz, who wore a sheik's costume -

Most clever ladies costume - old maid - most clever man's, a caveman - very realistic - Mr. Sims, a Standard Oil man going to Shanghai.

Last night we had the Sayonara or  
Goodbye to the <sup>Yokohama</sup> ~~Japanese~~ passengers.  
A swell dinner where some of them  
danced - Then the distribution  
of prizes - I received a bottle  
of perfume which they say costs  
eight dollars in America -  
Houbigants' Quelques Fleurs - and  
I love it - Only one prize was  
given to any one person - That  
means if a person won in three  
or four things, he got a good  
prize, but only one - I think mine  
was as nice as any there was -

One got an ivory plaque - another  
a string of beads - another tatami  
etc. The ~~men~~ <sup>ladies</sup> got shaving sticks,  
pens, purses, etc -

The money was raised by  
subscription - I paid a dollar  
towards prizes and tips for the  
stewards, the orchestra - and a  
present for the captain - So I

ought to feel rather cheap about  
getting so much for so little.  
We had \$250 collected and  
that must have meant that some  
people gave \$5.00 or more - I didn't  
feel that I could

~~I wore my pink gown for the  
first time last night and  
felt quite swell - I wore black  
shoes - the new ones - and felt  
quite dressed up -~~

We have been having fearfully  
rough weather - dips and scoops of  
forty or fifty feet. You wouldn't  
like it very well - and I'm wondering  
what kind of a sailor Father would  
be in this kind of weather - I haven't  
been sick again - But oh dear -  
I really can't say I care for so  
much motion. It is too much like  
earthquakes for me -  
I forgot part of my story - We  
lounged around and talked and sang



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

a while, then a little after ten we came way up to the tea room and had chop suey, tea and rice. I got along famously with my chopsticks - and ate the rice all up - in spite of my dinner at seven o'clock. Fannie enjoyed it immensely -

I haven't time to tell you all about the rice - and the funny - and the many - people on the boat -

There are some nice ones, and some funny ones - and some who are a little hard to decide about.

A Mr. Shenck - missionary in Hawaii - is on his way to Manila for a vacation. It seems as though

I must have seen him before,  
but I suppose not. He's been  
out in Honolulu some time -  
Knew my Pekin roommate Miss  
Burton (she was in Honolulu for  
a time) has a wife & four children -  
I have enjoyed singing with him -  
tremendously. He has a lot of  
Hawaiian songs - and they are  
perfectly beautiful

As Mr. Pfannenschmidt ~~who~~  
was my partner in shuffleboard,  
~~has hung around me a little and~~  
~~I feel sure would have done so more~~  
~~but for the dancing and the bridge -~~  
~~or - if I danced or played bridge -~~

Some people think he is fine and  
has high ideals and a brilliant  
mind - Others think he is a  
nut - and still others that he is  
a rake - He is exceedingly  
handsome - and I am inclined



to think a lot of his trouble is -  
youthfulness . ! He goes to  
Manila for a drug concern -

We are to have church again  
this morning - this time  
Mr. Schenck is to officiate -

The Taylors are as nice as ever -

We are getting jigglier &  
jigglier - I shall have to  
stop - This is mailed at

Yokohama -

With love to you dears -

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

Dec 19 -  
Shanghai

Dear Ones -

The letter I wrote this P.M. I dated Dec 20 ! It is now 10 P.M. but they are loading and I can't sleep -

Helen Clark is in Huchow, sick. She couldn't find any one to travel with her anyway - and doesn't quite dare to travel alone yet - I am so disappointed !

I had letters here from her, from Pearl Mason, from Mabelle, and from Emily. The one from Emily brings news that I have feared, yet hoped I shouldn't hear - At Conference the votes for return after furlough were all unconditional "yes" except for Emily. She had 31 "yes" and one "conditional". Mabelle voted that one - and gave

To the Committee<sup>as</sup> her reason  
that Emily's attitude towards the  
work at times wasn't a right one -  
She admitted that this was probably  
influenced by E's health - but wouldn't  
say that her vote was conditional on  
health grounds. (When you vote conditional  
it means that you favor the person's  
return to the work only on condition  
that certain attitudes or deficiencies  
be altered or corrected.)

Poor E. is cut up about it - and of  
course I'm dreadfully sorry - Now don't  
you think it is just as well I took  
a later boat and missed that  
much of the fray? Marguerite got  
there in time for it, and I should  
have if I had gone just one boat  
earlier - It's just what I felt in  
my bones was going to happen, and  
it seemed as though I just could  
not endure being there to begin  
the term's work that way - (To  
say nothing at all about my staying two  
or three weeks longer with you people!  
Well - I guess there will still be

enough "fray" to keep up the excitement between Christmas and when Emily goes home! It will do me good to know that you folks are helping me all the time.

I had a beautiful loving note from Mabelle today - Oh - things will work out some how - They must.

And it looks now as though this boat will get into Hongkong in time to catch the Tuesday boat up to Swatow - Emily will be there and will have tickets all bought and everything - and if nothing happens will go through flying, just barely making connections -

Fannie Ching's people met her here - her friends, I mean - and she is exceedingly happy to be in China again - She is a dear sweet girl - and so sensible and sane, yet with a burning desire and intention to help the people -

Mr. J. P. Davies - the mission treasurer, came aboard the boat tonight - changed some money for me.

told me about some packages they  
want me to take to Swatow for  
Helen Clark - and also arranged to  
take mine to send to her. I'm going  
up to the office in the morning and  
settle my accounts - I have them  
all made out to date, so I shall be  
able to get that fixed hunky dory -  
return the 98.43 I now have left  
of my \$250 - and get enough Mex. to  
take me from Hong Kong to Swatow -  
That will leave very little adjustment  
to be attended to -

Oh - I'm sorry Helen couldn't come -  
I'm eager to see Emily - and sorry  
for her - and just more than <sup>a</sup> well  
bit fearful of the situation in our  
house in Swatow - Well - His  
grace cannot fail to be sufficient -  
if I trust - I know I am not faithful  
as I ought and want to be, though!

Much - much love

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT


Dec 20.

Hearing Shanghai

Dearest Ones,

~~Sure and its ashamed  
that I am for not having written  
to you as I should! I'm sure  
you'll think there is a vast difference  
between the letters of my first trips  
and the ones you are getting from  
me now - I don't seem to  
have much ambition to write, somehow.~~

We arrived in Yokohama  
Monday night - too late, we thought,  
to go ashore - We did go  
ashore the next morning, however -  
It was a heart-achey business to  
try to find one single land mark that  
was familiar - It is not recognizable,

truly. I found one little shop that  
was there before - the one where I got  
my kimonos. but I didn't go in -  
Fannie and I just walked around  
and looked a little bit, and got  
back to the boat in plenty of time  
for her sailing - at 10 A.M. Tuesday -  
<sup>we did no shopping there -</sup>  
We arrived in Kobe about 10 Wed.  
morning. I went directly to Tanaguchi's  
and got what dishes I wanted that he  
had in stock - and ordered a few  
more - I also purchased an afternoon  
tea set - Tea pot, sugar and creamer,  
and one dozen dainty cups with  
the elongated saucer for sandwiches.  
Have you seen them? These are  
almost black, with a delicate maple  
leaf pattern - leaves hardly bigger  
than this  just a spray or  
two against the black. I'm waiting  
to see how the girls will like them -  
I paid a little less than ten dollars  
for the set - I'm simply crazy about  
them - I also bought ten strings <sup>beads</sup> of pearls, prices varying from 40¢ to  
\$2.50 - The most of them cheap ones -

I'm going to hide all but one string  
in the bottom of my big trunk - to save  
for future use - and let no one know  
that I have them - I'm glad I got  
them - and I hope some of them  
will be left when I come home -  
Would you like a string? Now?

I'm getting a little ahead of my  
story. We came back to the  
boat in our ricksha\*, had lunch,  
and then I started out alone - I  
rode all around through those  
narrow streets - bought some Japanese  
candy - the girls are very fond of it,  
I know. Bought a little box of  
pastel crayons - and about 20 dozen  
paper handkerchiefs like the enclosed.  
For these I paid 32 sen or about 13  
cents. They're good for gloves, & a  
number of other things.

I bought a string of beads and  
a bracelet to match, of lacquer  
and inlaid mother of pearl -  
and got them for \$3.20 gold -  
I've wanted some for years - 'n' I  
guess that's all! We left Kobe Wed. 8. P. M.

Mr. Pfannen-schmidt - a young  
man on his way to Manila



has been quite attentive to 'Miss  
Jacobus and Congregational nurse,  
~~but he has had a few kind words~~  
~~for me~~. He is tremendously  
disappointed in Japan - and I  
think I have a little of that feeling,  
too - Of course, the country had a  
terrible shock - in the quake - and  
another shock in the exclusion  
bill - I believe many of them  
hate us -

Now we are pulling into  
Shanghai - Friday night -  
It's about 4 P.M. now - I am  
going to the baggage room to  
get Helen Clark's things - then  
have tea, and then get dressed -  
I wonder, wonder whether Helen will  
be there - and whether I shall  
see anyone else I know - I'm  
getting quite excited already -  
Goodbye until the next time -

Love - love -

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

PROGRAMME  
OF  
*Entertainments and Deck Sports*

Voyage No. 11-84 Outward

DECEMBER 1924.

*Between San Francisco and Yokohama*

---

**Executive Committee**

—:O:—

HONORARY CHAIRMAN.....Captain John G. Moreno  
CHAIRMAN.....Mr. H. B. Fowler  
SECRETARY.....Mr. D. C. Sims  
TREASURER.....Mr. Joseph Huckins Jr.  
DECK GAMES.....Mr. Chester Fritz  
ENTERTAINMENT.....Mr. W. L. Applegate  
FINANCE AND PRIZES.....Mr. C. F. O'Neil

---



## General Committee

---

### DECK GAMES AND TOURNAMENTS

Mr. Chester Fritz, Chairman

SHUFFLEBOARD.....	Mr. Henry Wagner
DECK TENNIS.....	Mr. F. E. Pfannenschmidt
DECK QUOITS.....	Mr. W. N. Allen
DECK GOLF.....	Mr. James Taylor
GOLF DRIVING.....	Mr. H. Krusi
MAH JONGG.....	Mrs. Amy Roth
BRIDGE.....	Mrs. P. D. Carman

---

### ENTERTAINMENTS

Mr. W. L. Applegate, Chairman

Mrs. P. D. Carman	Mr. F. E. Pfannenschmidt
Mr. B. Montieth Webb	Mrs. A. M. Jordan
Mr. H. H. Solomon	

---

### FINANCE AND PRIZES

Mr. C. F. O'Neil, Chairman.

Mrs. R. W. Squires	Mrs. Chas. H. Talbot
--------------------	----------------------

---

### JUDGES OF ALL EVENTS

Mr. H. Krusi	Mr. D. Mainzer	Mr. C. A. Pooke
--------------	----------------	-----------------

---

### SERGEANT AT ARMS

Mr. J. G. Shuler

## PROGRAM OF DECK GAMES

---

Wednesday, Dec. 10th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Potato Race.....Children
  2. Nail Driving Contest.....Ladies
  3. Sack Race.....Men
  4. Cracker Eating Contest.....Mixed
  5. Peanut Race.....Men
  6. Egg and Spoon Race.....Ladies
  7. Shoe Race.....Mixed
- 

Thursday, Dec. 11th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Egg and Spoon Race.....Children
  2. Potato Race.....Ladies
  3. "Are you there, Casey?".....Men
  4. Chalking the Pig's Eye.....Ladies
  5. Suit Case Race.....Mixed
  6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single).....Men
  7. Elimination Drill "Kelly Says".....Mixed
- 

Friday, Dec. 12th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Sack Race.....Children
2. Wheelbarrow Race.....Men
3. Powder Your Nose.....Ladies
4. Needle and Thread Race.....Mixed
5. Obstacle Race.....Men
6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single).....Ladies
7. Affinity Race.....Mixed

## SPECIAL EVENTS

---

- Thur. Dec. 4th Farewell Dinner Dance to our Honolulu  
Passengers
- Fri. Dec. 5th Motion Pictures and Dance
- Sat. Dec. 6th "Hard Times" Party in Dining Saloon at  
7.00 P. M.
- Sun. Dec. 7th Divine Services - Social Hall - 11.00 A. M.  
Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.
- Mon. Dec. 8th Bridge Tournament in Tea Room - 8.15 P. M.  
Motion Pictures and Dance on Promenade  
Deck
- Tues. Dec. 9th No Have Got
- Wed. Dec. 10th Costume Dinner and Dance - Dining Saloon at  
7.00 P. M.  
Grand March on Promenade Deck at 8.30 P. M.
- Thur. Dec. 11th Concert and Vaudeville in Social Hall at  
8.30 P. M.
- Fri. Dec. 12th Mah-Jongg Tournament - Tea Room - 8.30 P. M.  
Motion Pictures and Dancing on Promenade  
Deck
- Sat. Dec. 13th Sayonara Dinner to our Japan Passengers  
Distribution of Prizes  
Dancing  
Oriental Supper in Tea Room - 10.15 P. M.
- Sun. Dec. 14th Divine Services in Social Hall at 11.00 A. M.  
Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.

No 1.

If you send for more of Swatow China  
my pictures be sure to send one Christmas Day !!  
to "Aunt Sadie".

Mother dear,

Isn't it wonderful that I really  
got here in plenty of time? And this  
has been such a happy day, too -

In Shanghai I went shopping with  
one of the women on the boat - and I  
saw a silk velvet hat that just  
matched my coat - It was trimmed  
with purple blue ribbon - so I got  
some blue and gold, and some orange  
and gold ribbon - and my time from  
Shanghai to Hong Kong was largely  
spent making some very pretty little  
flat French flowers to put on it -  
It is a great success and looks  
wonderful with my coat, and with my  
brown and gray and blue dresses -  
It's a good change from the black,  
too - I made some blue flowers and  
some orange, and some blue with little  
orange centers - I paid \$10.50 Mex.

for it -

We arrived in Hongkong about 16 hours ahead of our schedule - Emily had no way of knowing that - and she was out shopping - We arrived a little before three - Just about that time she went to the office to see what time she should go to meet the ship the next morning and they told her the "Taft" had just come in - "Goodbye" she said over her shoulder and off she ported to the ferry - Of course I couldn't help being disappointed not to see her on the dock - I looked and looked and finally went down to my cabin to see about getting my baggage off - Tap-tap tap - "Anybody home?" - and there she was - She is such a dear girl - she is very tired just now, though, and needs her furlough badly - This business about the votes has upset her - and she is pretty "edgy" - But - I'm amazed to find how many of the others are in the same condition and ~~are to be sent to the~~ keep

wondering whether I was that way  
before I went home - I'm afraid I  
was sometimes - not only then, but  
after I got home - I think with shame  
and remorse of the various times when  
words of mine to you had a sharp  
edge - and I shall never cease to be  
sorry for every one that ever came past  
my lips - Oh I hope I may be  
kept from it out here! I do think  
that nine-tenths of the heart ache  
would be avoided out here if  
people could keep sweet - I know  
some don't feel that way - and  
"feel better" after they have boiled over  
a little - but that's the way I feel  
about it - I believe Emily is willing  
to try hard to have things pleasant  
and I shall do my utmost -

Dr. E. and I had the night in  
Hongkong - and went shopping the  
next day. I bought a new bed net -  
and should have bought a pillow hat if



I had been able to find one -

Emily had a great many errands for various people and I had some.

I saw Mr. Huang - one of our fine "educated in America" young men - who has been through the tragedy of accidentally shooting another young man - his dear friend. The injured man lived only a few hours and now Mr. Huang has had to go into hiding - It is dreadful.

Our boat sailed at 4 - and we had a dreadfully rough trip - both of us trying hard to be sea sick -

When we arrived here the waves were so big that most people didn't dare to come out to the boat - Mabelle, Clara, and Mrs. Worley did come - a number of the others were busy with school exercises - The girls were on the jetty singing Chinese welcome songs and shooting off firecrackers - Mrs. Ashmore and Miss Pollman and Mrs. Page were down there too - and at the top of the hill Mrs.

4 Capen and Mrs. Bonfield came out -  
The others have all come to see me since  
then - except Mr. Capen and Mr. Waters  
and they are both fearfully busy -

Emily has been pretty sick today  
and yesterday - "just my luck", she says -  
but she has done wonderfully well, I  
think - and everything has been peaceful -  
The waves dashed so high that my  
nice coat got all spotted - and the  
salt made nice brown spots all over  
it - we were all soured - I'm rather  
sick about it but hope something can  
be done - ~~Everybody has raved about~~

~~it - and my hat - and my brown dress.~~  
~~Today and tonight I wore the red~~  
~~one and gray shoes and pearls (which~~  
~~I strung on the boat) and they have~~  
~~raved about that too -~~

Last night we went over to Eastview  
and filled our stockings - and this morning  
went there and opened them - and had a

wonderful breakfast - with some of my beloved Swatow oranges - Then I went around with one or two of the things - for Mrs. Ashmore, and Mrs. Capen - then back to Eastview for my things - lovely ones - though I must stop now to enumerate.

By the time I got back again it was fast time to go to church. I went just the same - and saw a good many Chinese friends, who were all very cordial - It was pretty fine!

Then we came over to the Domestic Science Bldg and the Chinese girls had their Christmas tree - The Greenwills bags got here in time and were just lovely - they don't know what they would have done without them - I shall certainly write to them about it. Oh - I wish you both could see us with the girls out here!

At one-thirty we went to Sherrin Bungalow for dinner - which was another wonder - plum-pudd'n' and all!

Sat around and talked until 4.30 -  
then got ready to go over to school  
to a feast at 5 o'clock! I didn't  
suppose I could eat a thing, but  
I devoured a whole bowl of noodles  
and some fish balls and greens, and  
beef cutlets and young peas in the  
pods - a little Chinese shell fish,  
and and orange -

Emily was pretty sick by that  
time, so we came home with her, then  
I went with Margaret Winn and  
Clara Leach down to the Hobart - in  
a few minutes - They are living  
the best house now - Then I came  
back - and here I am!

Margaret Winn looks dreadfully  
has fearful neuritis and is very  
much run down. She is to be sent  
home in February on account of her  
health. She will be missed on  
account of her teaching English - as  
Emily will - I didn't mean to say what  
I did there. I'm half asleep already -

I meant that with two gone we shall have to hustle to find somebody to do their work - I'm sure I can't do even as much as Emily has been doing - because some of hers will be new to me and will require a great deal of preparation -

The Chinese girls are a joy - I'm having a queer time trying to remember Chinese words - they come pretty slowly sometimes - and I think I have forgotten a lot - I'm dead sure I shall have to buckle down to hard study -

In among all these affairs I have had callers - so I've been fairly busy - No trunks touched yet, save to take out the Christmas presents and my dress - Greetings to my dear friends in Dutton!

Always with love,

Abbie

Sunday, Dec. 28.

Dear Ones,

Christmas was surely a wonderful day. I guess I told you that Christmas night we were invited to the school to supper and although I was pretty full already, yet I did manage to do some wielding of the chopsticks and enjoyed it too. Friday morning the sun was shining (it had rained the day before), and we all had our cameras out as we climbed the hill for the laying of the corner stone in the new girls' high school building. About five minutes before we left the house Mabelle asked me if I would announce the program. I was scared to death and felt sure I couldn't do it decently, but I said I'd try. So I got hold of Miss One and frantically asked her how to say my few sentences.

The girls began with their new school song, which is lovely; and, as usual, my heart just filled right up at the familiar sound of their sweet voices. Then Mabelle explained about the sealed pewter box which was to be placed in a hole under the corner stone - It contains a copy of Dr. Ashmore's translation of the Bible, <sup>the latest copy</sup> of ~~the~~ Chinese Bible magazine, <sup>(they couldn't get there)</sup> some 1924 coins - a history of the school to the present time, <sup>the local church paper</sup> and a paper with the names of all of us pupils & teachers, written each in <sup>her own handwriting</sup> ~~her own handwriting~~ <sup>2nd school songs and pictures of friends</sup>. I think there were some other things too. The address of the morning was by Mrs. Ashmore, an explanation of the meaning of this latest gift to the girls' work from the women in America.

(It was just fine. She wants me to write up the laying of corner stones to send home - maybe I will.) Helen Pua translated for her, and then the poor girl had to get right up herself and make the reply. Then came the laying of the stone. Mrs. Ashmore, our oldest present worker among the girls, one who has always had that passionate work much on her heart, went on the first trial of mortar (and various pictures were taken of her.) Then Mrs. Waters offered prayer, the girls sang two more songs and we went home. It really was a beautiful service and I'm so glad they waited for it until I got here.

We were all invited to the girls' school at 3.30 in the afternoon. I was warned beforehand that it was a Christmas party, a welcome to me, and a goodbye to Emily and Margaret, all rolled into one.

The Christmas play was a lovely little thing, showing the Christmas spirit as revealed in the treatment of a poor little orphan girl by a family who <sup>and</sup> adopted her and <sup>took her in</sup>. There were Christmas songs and repeating the Christmas scripture, then the girls rose and sang a welcome song (composed in English for the occasion). I made my bow and thanked them in English; and thought that was the end of my part. But then there was more palaver about me, and my dear little Gin-kien - the girl who "couldn't be baptized yet", stood out and read a Chinese welcome poem, also composed for the occasion. I ~~must find out whether she made it up herself~~ and what it means. I thought that was enough of a welcome - ~~but~~ and when the next number on the program - another playlet. Mao announced as the "Diary of the Girls' School", I still had

no notion of what was coming - The scene opened with  
Miss One teaching a class and then telling the girls it was  
time to go to say goodbye to the Sing Koo-nie who was  
going to America - Then there were tears because of her  
leaving - and a general cry of regret - then a hustle and  
bustle - then standing in a double line while Miss Sanderson  
and Miss Miller arms around each other's waists, marching  
through the middle - "Miss Sanderson" nodded to the girls  
as they went along - I never dreamed that any two  
of our little Chinese girls could look so tall and lanky -  
But they had borrowed white dresses and wore pink  
ribbon belts tied on one side The way we do  
with our white dresses - The hair dressing was  
lovely, took us both off to perfection - I laughed  
till my face ached. Then at the end of the line came  
one of the shortest girls in school - with a pink  
dress and a little cloth hat of Miss Culley's -  
The likeness was unmistakable - and poor Miss Culley,  
was all alone, too! <sup>They sang the good bye song - they sang it again.</sup>  
next scene was a geometry class taught by Miss One.  
The girls were all expressing their regret at Miss S's  
leaving - "Miss One" told them to cheer up - they could all  
write letters and send them by Miss Miller (at which  
everybody laughed again) - The next was an English class  
taught by Miss Miller - The girls gave sentences such  
as "I am sorry Miss Sanderson went home" - "I am  
glad Miss Sanderson will come back," etc. - Then "Miss  
Miller told of a letter she had just had from Miss S. - and



said that Miss S. was coming back and was to arrive the day before Christmas - "Miss N." then said she was already tired of answering the questions that everybody asked her when they saw her - (about me) and one of the girls said she'd better write the answers on a card and tie it around her neck to save herself trouble. One of the girls wrote for her "I, Song Kou-mie gets back the day before Christmas" - No, the 1st one was "Song Kou-mie is coming back!" - and the second was the above - and the 3rd "I'm happy now" - and 4th, "I'm going to Hong Kong to meet her."

This actually happened, and the girl who took the part of Miss Miller was the one who wrote it and hung it around her neck - She sent the card to me and I got it in Shanghai. The next scene was where they went to meet me at the jetty - and they got ~~there~~ to the wrong jetty and had to run around to the other one - just as they did the other morning. Then they sang the welcome song, and had the five crackers - and had Emily & me come through the double line again, but didn't keep us together that time - had me come back through the line alone and speak to the girls and teachers separately with the "glad to see you", etc - and then had me fling an arm around "Miss One" - and go off chatting with her - It was all such a good imitation that the girls were all "pleased to death" - I was so glad that I had welcomed them just as I did - for it showed how glad I was to see them! There was a lot of noise - this "Well - wasn't that the nicest kind of a welcome home?" I'm just delighted - It warms my heart and makes me feel that it's not all flattery - !

The last part of the program was a speech in English by one of the girls, a farewell to Emily and Margaret - with the presentation to each of them of a gorgeously embroidered red satin pillow top and a Chinese silk flag - It was altogether a very well carried out affair, and time was saved by putting three occasions into ones.

Yesterday I unpacked the things I need and put them in the bureau drawers in the little room where Emily was before I went home. I'm going to be there until she goes; it will be much easier for her to pack, etc, ~~after~~ in the big room where all her things are now - and she leaves the 5th of February any how. Vacation this year is from Jan 16 to Feb 10., so I'll have a little time before the beginning of school to get things settled in my own room again - I had it realized she was going so soon - I had it in my mind that they were to go the last of February. It seems very soon.

I got my trunks up attic yesterday, and my room is as settled as I shall have it until I move. Last night Emily and I were invited to the Bungalow for "sugiki" or "sukiaki" (I don't know how it is spelled) or Japanese dinner - It was delicious and tasted so good - I am very fond of it. Mrs. Bonsfield was there too.

This morning I went to Chinese church at 8.30, then down to a Baptismal service where two of our girls, two women, and a large number of Academy boys were baptized. After that I went over to see Mrs. Ashmore for about a half hour. Then E. came after me and we went down to English church. It was Episcopal service. with a Rector from Hongkong. We were so glad to know the chants that we used to practice - If we had never known them, the English service would seem very flat, I fear.

They had communion afterwards and we didn't stay -  
(we have a feeling they don't want any but church of  
England folk for that) - so I didn't see (to speak to) many  
of the people I wanted to see. A number of the old  
ones are still here.

This afternoon I have been talking and writing letters,  
and entertaining callers. To-morrow I must finish up  
getting ready my gifts for the Chinese teachers (mostly little  
30 or 40¢ or 20¢ strings of Japanese pearls) - then go to  
the American consuls to register - I'm to begin flaking  
over some classwork this week. Poor Margaret is in  
pretty bad shape nervously - and Emily is pretty much  
on the ragged edge a good deal of the time. I shall  
be glad to help what I can.

Time to go to bed now.

With love,

Abbie.

P.S. Your 1st. letter arrived in time for Emily to take it  
to Hongkong and I had it as soon as <sup>Nov. 20</sup> I landed. <sup>No. 2</sup> <sup>Dec 28</sup> - not too bad! You say  
came this P.M. while I was writing this letter. A letter "started" Monday A.M. from Salem should have arrived Sat.  
Your phraseology is correct but the meaning is twisted. The letter  
never did get "started" to be written until I was leaving Salem on the  
train Monday morning. And it didn't get "started" in the P.O. until  
the next day after that, I think - or that afternoon, anyway.

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

**Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 149**

**Finding aid for collection available at:**

**<http://hdl.handle.net/10079/fa/divinity.149>**

**Series: I. Correspondence**

**Subseries: Family correspondence**

**Box / folder: 3 / 16**

**Folder label: AGS to family, on furlough in U.S., en route back to China,  
arrival back in Swatow**

**Dates: 1924 Feb - Dec**

For copyright information see: <http://www.library.yale.edu/div/permissions.html>

Originals of collection held at:

Yale Divinity School Library, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven, CT 0511  
([divinity.library@yale.edu](mailto:divinity.library@yale.edu))

Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service  
Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian  
Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China  
515063

Bloomfield -

Feb 16, 1924

Dear One -

Well - here I am - almost dazed  
with having such a good time, seeing so  
many people - and getting so many letters -  
I am surely grateful to have you so  
thoughtful about re-mailing the letters here -  
They all gasped at the pile of letters that  
arrived in me! Don't Paul the limit?  
He says his family is to meet him in  
New York (with a Ford) and take a leisurely  
trip westward through New England (!) +  
the Berkshires to Lake George + thence  
to Ohio - He wonders if their wanderings  
would take them anywhere near Sutton  
Vermont! I'm sure the party would include  
his father and mother - and perhaps "Helen".  
Shall I tell him that "westward wanderings"  
such as he mentions would certainly lead  
them to Sutton if only their noses were  
pointed in the right direction? I wish you  
could meet him - and they wouldn't stay  
more than one night - How about it?  
I suppose it would be in August - but  
I'll find out about that too. <sup>He was grateful for</sup>  
<sup>my statement about</sup>  
<sup>missionary work -</sup>  
Well - I know you are crazy to hear all  
about my trip - and I don't know whether I

can get it all in or not -

"Aunt Alice's" car is a beauty & we had a fine ride up from New London - I told you that we called at the different places - Alice Gitchell was overwhelmed - felt much honored to have me call - I know that I remembered her - Mrs. Furber recollected the time you called & borrowed Mark's trousers for a pattern and there was a pouch of tobacco in the pockets - Mrs. Dart was so scandalized, she said, but Mother laughed it off and was very nice about it. Mrs. Austin died some time ago - I saw Mrs. Austin and he sent his best regards to you both -

Mrs. Church (I went up alone to see her) lives next house beyond P.M. S. I saw Tom who had "never enjoyed any couple as I did your father & mother and wish they would come back Dorothy came home from school early - a big tall girl who looks a lot like Grace. She wants to see you so bad she doesn't know what to do -

Grace and Charlie came down the next morning and called at Gladys' to see me for about 20 minutes - They brought their little girl - about 2 - who is a darling - Mrs. Norman Allen gushed over me more than any one else did -

Was there a Frank Richards there

4 While we were there? He worked for Robertson  
for a while? I saw him & didn't know  
who he was - Gladys thought he could not  
have been there when we were there. He had  
a familiar look - but the name means  
nothing to me - I saw Fred Chapel on  
the street - he reminds me more than ever  
of Charles Rich - (who is married, in  
Washington, Myrtle writes me; and Mme  
Morey takes his part & says she knows  
he was basely slandered at the time of  
his other marriage!)

Nan Allen I never knew, I guess - but  
she & Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy  
to come & speak - I guess Joe mentioned  
all the others - I didn't see the Smiths  
& Phillips -

Oh yes - Susie and Jennie are much  
the same, but older - and Susie is  
fatter - Grace Hooper has not changed a  
bit - Alice is dead - and Nellie Chapman  
too - & Ed Phillips - and George Smith -

They are all wild to see you, Mother  
and every one speaks of Father, too -  
Mrs. Woodmansee and Mrs. Church were  
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me  
than anyone else - and they did so want  
to see you -

Charles Chapman will go part or  
all the way to meet us if you can  
come to Montville - I'm sure he

means it, too - I told them I wanted  
you to go to Milwaukee with me - and  
I think he would take us or bring us  
home part way - truly -! Grace is fat.

Gladys brought me back to New London  
in the car - and there on the station platform  
I knew him instantly - Gladys didn't  
remember him at all - she's exceedingly  
absentminded about some things - And  
she said "Do you dare speak to him?" Of  
course I dared - and he remembered  
me, though he did not recognize me -  
I guess he is an inveterate smoker and  
guess he doesn't know a great deal -  
but he was pleased, and sent his best  
regards - as did everybody who didn't  
send love!

Mr. Lyman is a business man who  
is burdened by the cares of the mill -  
and Gladys hardly dares to ask him  
to do anything, I guess - He is nice  
and good looking - but I'm glad he is  
her husband and not mine! I did not  
feel very much at ease with him (as  
I did with Charles Chapman, for instance)  
Welles to Episcopal - and will not go to  
the Baptist service - and I guess J. is



3) not very regular in her own church attendance  
The children go to Sunday school -  
Elizabeth is very religious - a good bit  
self conscious - and a veritable little  
grandmother - she is so old - a very bright  
child - The other two are attractive, too -

Oh - I nearly forgot my visit with  
Mrs. Coen - I did enjoy it so - and I think  
she did too - she and Stella are living  
upstairs in the old Homestead - did you  
know that? She thinks Gladys pays too  
much attention to her children - but that  
the children are adorable - of course -

You certainly have a halo - there in  
Montville, Mother - I shall not be able to  
write all the details - but I'm hoping I  
can tell you some more when I get home  
+ we get to talking -

Martha met me at the station - took  
me to her Settlement house - Her co-workers,  
Miss Odell - a Baptist minister's daughter -  
is a sweet young thing - + Miss Cheseboro,  
a city worker, also lives here - Martha  
had a girls singing class in the P.M.  
and she got me to show pictures and  
sing in Chinese, etc - In the evening there  
was an Italian prayer meeting - and  
although I nearly went to sleep during the  
talk - yet the singing was wonderful -  
It makes me wonder why I ever even

try to sing myself - with my tiny voice -  
Talk about volume! They nearly brought  
down the roof - and they love to sing, too -  
all in Italian - One old blind man  
sang his very soul out - it seemed - it  
was thrilling just to watch him -

The next morning Martha took me in to  
the rooms - and I went to see Mrs. Hill  
first - and he made all the arrangements  
to have me go to New Rochelle for lunch  
and have a nice visit - It's three  
miles from the station and Anne paid the  
taxi both ways (\$1.50 each way, I think). (Her  
letter of welcome, telling me to have Mrs. Hill  
telephone, was at Martha's waiting for me)  
I telephoned from the rooms to Uncle Homer  
(who had already called me up at  
491 Henry St. Thursday night)

I saw Miss McVeigh and Mrs. Long - both of  
whom are very nice - but think I ought not  
to do any speaking while I am studying -  
I almost got in money for when Miss McVeigh  
pierced me with her eagle eye and said  
"away for two weeks? what you doing? visiting?"  
I was afraid she thought I ought to be studying  
as I said "well, I'm doing a little speaking"  
to - And then she informed me that  
I ought not to be doing any speaking -  
!!!! - just like that!

4) But she was very nice - and I found out that they ~~are~~ not planning to detain anyone this fall if they can get money & send them back - I also found that the plan is to invite to Milwaukee all missionaries who are sailing this fall who haven't been to N. B. C. this furlough. Since I've never been, that's all the more reason why they are glad to send me - I asked if they were expecting to have any refit allowance and Miss McVeigh said they were not able to give any refit from the New England District - Some particular person might be interested in giving screens for my studies and my new trunk - and possibly, but not probably, my cot bed -

I spoke about meetings in Maine - and she thinks Dr. Whittemore should get in touch with the Board of Promotion - Since they really have first claim - Since he is Director of Promotion that ought not to be very difficult I should think -

Mrs. Hill wants the Board to communicate with me about teaching in summer assembly schools - possibly on my way back from Milwaukee - two weeks in Ohio and two more somewhere else etc - ! ! ! I also mentioned that and told her I knew if it proved possible for you to go that you would not enjoy it so much if you had to travel alone - She said they would take that into

consideration - And they would also  
want and see how my health is and  
how much, and where, my work would  
be in Maine -

I'm lazy - I hope I shan't have to!

Well! Just as I was about to leave for  
Grand Central Station I discovered Miss Brigham  
and when she found out that I didn't  
know the way she insisted that she  
really needed to go down and buy her  
ticket - maybe I told you!

Just after I got out to Annie's, Ruth  
came from school and we three had lunch  
together - Billy was upstairs in bed with  
a little sore throat - Ruth had had to stay  
in bed with one the day before and he  
thought that was pretty nice. So the next  
day he had a sore throat. By noon he  
found that staying in bed was not  
such a lovely thing as he had thought.  
But I went upstairs twice to see him -  
and showed him my pictures -  
Annie and I had such a good visit  
& she asked all about you - of course -  
and Arthur - Then Ruth played  
on the cello - and then on the violin.  
She is only 15 and plays wonderfully  
well, I think - I just loved it - and  
I know her mother is proud of her - justly -

5) The time passed all too quickly and the taxi came for me - Annie's home is lovely - lovelier, I think, than the one in Newton Center - everything is spic and span and you get a sense of space somehow - and the colors all blend so beautifully -

Mary Earling's is like that, too - as though she had things just the way she wanted them - I expected to find Gladys' the same, but somehow it wasn't - Things were nice - but not particularly orderly - though not noticeably otherwise -

Uncle Homer met me at the Grand Central Station and brought me out here - I was weary - Tuesday night my retiring hour was 2 A.M. - (I sat up & wrote Crusader letters before I left) Wednesday night at Gladys' about eleven, and Martha and I talked until one Thursday night - So last night I was pretty glad to get to bed early - and I had a good rest.

Today Mrs. Miller's letter giving directions about arriving in Philadelphia came at noon - just in time for me to let her know what train I was coming on - She will get my letter Monday morning - and I shall arrive there at 11 A.M.

It is good to be here - Norma is just as dear as ever and indeed she did remember me - You should have seen the jumping

and heard the squealing when I arrived!  
I am going to Mrs. Smith's for Sunday  
dinners - and - though I'm prepared to  
find it won't really be so - Peggy  
Wellwood expects to be there too! Won't  
that be wonderful? I shan't send this  
letter, though, until I know whether  
she came or not. The suspense of  
not knowing whether she really comes  
or not won't be so bad for you as it  
is for me, maybe - but I'll try to tell  
you before this letter goes - I can't believe  
it -

Emily's letter tells wonderful things -  
Dr. Biederwolf, Miss Saxe and Homer  
Rodeheaver are on a trip around the world on  
an evangelistic tour. Margaret Wynn  
discovered Miss Saxe in a drapery  
shop - then Emily and others went  
out and got the three and they  
talked to the students of different  
schools - Rodeheaver sang "Brighten  
the corners" for the girls in English - and  
taught them to sing it in English - then  
he sang it for them in Hawaiian  
Japanese, Korean, Mandarin and  
Toochow - and then Hong Lau and  
Miss Pae sang it for him in  
Suato - E. says - "Needless to

6.) say, everyone was interested" - They were all delighted and the people gave fine messages - and they in turn were delighted with the girls - and the others too, I suppose -

I didn't see Mr. Stafford and Mr. Wright at the office but maybe I can next Saturday - I'll try -

Sunday night.

Sunday dinner at the Smiths - and Peggy was there - just her same pretty, dainty self - The Smiths are fine people I think - Mother, father, Sister - and we spent the afternoon there. It was snowing and they sent me back in a taxi - Went again to church to night.

I spoke in the main Sunday school and many people said cordial words afterwards - Then I went into Mr. Smith's class of ~~young~~ women - 50, I guess, and he made me talk again - I told about my old ladies ~~again~~ -

I have had a beautiful time here - Off in the morning for Philadelphia -

Love, love - (I'm sleepy!)

Abbie.

Albany -

Nov. 11, 8.45 P.M.

Dear Ones -

I've been having a "chham si'"  
time with tickets. There is a very  
dapper young clerk here who simply  
will not sell me a ticket to San Francisco.  
Says it is never done, etc - He would sell  
to Chicago, but I'd have to pay the excess baggage.  
So I've done the only thing I could think  
of and that is to buy just to Buffalo,  
(had to pay \$3.13 excess there!).

At Buffalo there is an office of the  
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. and  
I'm going to try again there -

I've taken the number of the tickets  
and shall write in to find out the  
"why" of this matter -

Don't think I'm downhearted - just mad  
because I don't know what I should or  
should not have done about it -

Idella is an old peach, isn't



she? She says I'm a good deal more practical than she thought I was when we were in college.

For instance - it was my sending the detailed schedule that brought her. If I hadn't sent it she would probably have been too busy and worried with her many affairs to have looked it up herself - She wanted to come all the way to Albany and would have done so but for an

exceptionally busy time this week - She had a splendid lunch, ham sandwiches, two kinds of cookies, jelly doughnuts, pickles, stuffed olives, bananas, apples, coffee - I didn't open my bag at all. She left me enough for supper - and some almond bars which she said she remembered I used to long to

Squander my nickels on ! Of course  
the time wasn't half long enough -  
I was happy to treat her to Ruth's  
delicious maple fudge, too -

I'm wondering if you have yet  
received the little "memo" from  
Hollister's, Greenfield. Not much  
from me, really, for you can simply  
imagine the loan to Arthur owed to  
me now - Call part of it a gift  
from father - for if it hadn't been  
for this he would have got  
more "for cream" than the  
small amount I deposited - Wonder  
when he found that, by the way?

And - I got it with the express  
stipulation that you ~~would~~ return  
it and get your money back if  
it wasn't just what you wanted.  
Not if you thought you ought not

to have it, but just if it didn't  
suit you - It may be too long,  
but it can be shortened - I'll  
be eager to hear what you think  
of it.

The reason I didn't say  
anything about my throat on the  
card is because I forgot it -

It's O.K. getting better all the  
time! And I feel fine - just  
"sorta" sleepy - I wanted to write  
to Ruth here, but I'm 'fraid I  
shouldn't say what I want to  
when I write to her. There's not  
much time left now, anyway  
and no good place to write -

J. K. gave me a book. "Strange  
Adventure of a Pebble" which I'm going  
to enjoy. I didn't say much this A.M.  
but what's the use - You know how I feel -  
Love love - Abbie

234 Bird Ave.

Buffalo - N. Y.

Mother dear -

Ruth's father was George Whitman, and she is lovely - Her brother George who lives with her seems fine, too - Went downtown with her this A.M. and got tickets - I'll have to pay excess to Chicago - but it will be worth it \$10.90 (Sutton to Chicago) to see Ruth and Myrtle -

Called up Mrs. Foster this P.M. and had a nice talk with her. Also called Harold Plumer, who is coming tonight to take me to the station - He was very nice about it. Invited me to dinner but I didn't accept -

Edith Wilkes, Ruth's friend, who met me in her car this morning, is coming now to take me for a ride, so this will have to be

short and sweet -

Ruth says to tell you she  
thinks you have a pretty nice  
daughter —!

Love to you both -

Abbie

Cleveland

Nov. 14-

Dearest Ones -

I'm all in a whirl - I've been doing so much visiting, etc - The hours have been late, as you know - and especially here I have had such a steady heart-to-heart talk - the kind where you can't possibly say all you want to - that it is hard to write - I find my head in a whirl now - so much to write I don't know what to say - for there isn't time to write much - However!

I'll try to tell more about Ruth Whitman after I get on the steamer - May talk with Mrs. Foster was a nice one - Helen and John have gone back, and Frank wants to go next year - He is teaching in Hampden Inst. this year -

Ruth's brother George is nice - and so is the brother Homer, whose wife and 12 yr old daughter came out to dinner that night -

Harold P. came about 11, as he said he would - I was all ready then, but we sat talking a good "few minutes" and he appeared to enjoy meeting them -

He was very nice - seemed to enjoy seeing me and taking me down there to the station - carried my bags to the gate - then tipped a porter to carry them the rest of the way to the train, which I boarded about 5 min. of 12.

He laughed at my worry about his being up so late on my account - said he'd been up as late as that once before! I like him thoroughly - and couldn't see

anything in him <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> it  
just fine <sup>He sent his best regards to you & makes the ~~might~~ <sup>might</sup> see you.</sup>  
exclaimed when I said he  
lived on Delaware Ave. (I found it  
in the phone book) Its a swell  
part of the city, they seemed to  
infer - Their apartment ~~is~~ a  
nice comfortable one - but not  
imposing -

Everett met me yesterday morning  
at the train - and has been very  
nice - The little girls are lovely -  
and I am much impressed with  
"Auntie Madge" who works in a  
bank - is very attractive, yet  
dignified - intelligent etc -  
More later —

A Mrs. Keller, who has a son  
at Yale in China, took us to  
ride yesterday - I saw some very



lovely residences - but it rained,  
and the lake was hard to see -

Myrtle's home is lovely - and  
she has wonderful things - I  
~~entertained~~ them with Chinese  
first, and then they entertained  
me with their radio - which  
gets San Francisco & Boston &  
Forth Worth, Texas - as well as  
Cleveland ———

My throat continues to get  
better and I don't cough at all.  
I'm feeling fine -

Love — love

Abbie

Messages to everybody !

Mabel sends  
much love

6037 Kimbark Ave.

Chicago -  
Sunday Nov. 16.

Mother dear -

It seems as though I haven't  
had a minute to write to you since  
I arrived here -

Mabel met me yesterday morning  
and it is so good to see her - As soon  
as we had had breakfast we went  
down town to see about rechecking  
baggage, buying tickets, etc. At  
last I have bought my ticket to  
San Francisco - and my trunks are  
checked all the way through - I had  
to pay <sup>\$</sup>1.26 storage here - but I  
wasn't surprised - because I've stopped

over at these various places. I shall have more to pay when I get there doubtless!

It took about all morning to get tickets and rubber heels on my shoes (while I waited) - Then after lunch we saw Jane Cowl in "Romeo & Juliet" just as she had planned. We enjoyed that immensely, as I knew we should - Then had supper & came home -

This morning we went to church and then (we had had the telephone message earlier in the A.M.) to Missionary Training school. Mrs. Pinkham couldn't be there but she left word for us to be invited over and shown over the school - The one who was hostess

in her stead was Dorothy Dowell! She has been quite finally turned down for the Philippines and is Director of Field Activities here for a year - taking Miss Troeck's place partly - The two Carman girls were at our table too - (don't whisper it, but I had forgotten they were here!) and we had a lovely time -

Back here in a rush to meet Mr. Jui of Swatow (we had seen a glimpse of him at church). He is so fine - and I admire him more and more - We had a lot of messages for me to tell Swatow people - and I think it did him good to talk about some of his problems and his worries about

What he can do when he goes  
back - I was just delighted  
at the good talk we had <sup>made several</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>Ching's tea</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and cakes.</sup>

Then we went to Mrs. Shirk's  
for an hour - She wants to be  
remembered to my "sweet, sweet-  
faced mother", to whom she was  
"greatly attracted" at Milwaukee.

Then we had supper and came  
back and it's 9.30 already - You see  
it has been a pretty full day and  
M. and I still haven't had half  
time enough to talk -

I've been writing and trying to  
visit too - and this is a jumble -

So glad the heads are right - I do  
not intend to cable from Shanghai!

With love Abbie

Beyond Chicago -  
Mon A. M. Nov. 17

Dearests -

Mabel got me up at 5.30 this morning, got me downtown and got breakfast into me - figs, toast & coffee - and got me off on this train at 8.15 - We talked a lot last night - so I was sleepy after the train left. Then I took out Aunt Fannie's samples and have been pegging away at them -

It is now 10.30 - and we have stopped at a station - which brought back memories and made me pick up my pad to scribble a word - Guess where — ? Its a red brick station, with a clock in its tower, and I can see park benches on the other side of it - and a familiar street corner where cars stop - 3rd street cars, I think! It is snowing quite hard - I hope Ill strike a blizzard in St Paul again this time! Now we are leaving ~~now~~, just caught a glimpse of the flag flying from

the Y. M. C. A. - where they hold  
receptions for missionaries - something.  
There's a church spire, too - I watched  
for a glimpse of the auditorium, but  
that is too far up-town, I guess -  
(Goodbye, Milwaukee - I hope I'll ever  
see you again?)

Later -

What do you suppose I've been  
doing now? In Cleveland  
Myrtle's sister Madge and I were  
looking over some cross word  
puzzles and she found out that  
I liked them so she gave me  
a book - (fifty puzzles) when  
I came away - I have been  
whiling away the time with  
that this afternoon - I have  
no dictionary though, so I  
have some difficulty in solving

any whole puzzles as yet -  
I have five about half done,  
though - I slept about an hour, too -

I wonder if you will think  
I am sick when you try to  
decipher this scrawl - or  
whether you will realize that  
the C. M. + St. P. R. R. is going  
about 50 miles an hour and  
so writing, as a fine art, can  
scarcely be pursued with much  
ease -

My cold & my throat & my  
ear have continued to get better  
but they got better more rapidly  
yesterday than they have before.  
My sin twister was good for me, I  
guess! I am really all right now  
and all I need is a long nights  
rest, which I intend to get.

I meant to write to Ruth long  
before this, but I just couldn't



seem to do it - Perhaps I  
can on the train but if not -  
then I shan't do it until we  
get to San Francisco - It certainly  
has been a grand rush so far - still  
I wouldn't have missed one bit of it -  
It is not nearly so nice to travel alone  
as with some one ! I have been  
"sorta" lonesome today - Almost  
wish I had Miel Davis, or somebody !

I had a most extravagant  
dinner - but it cost more than I  
thought at my first look. I had  
pork chops, mashed potatoes, celery,  
coffee and icecream - and that,  
without bread 'n' butter 's anything,  
set me back \$1.70 - I ate it all  
though, and I'm not going to the  
diner to night - but nibble on my  
chocolate bars that J. K. gave me,  
and a piece of maple fudge, and  
a chocolate almond that Mabel  
gave me - and then go to sleep -

Wish I could see you, but since I  
cant I'm going to read your two  
letters over again, then go to  
bed - The porter has come now  
with the sheets, and although its  
"only six thirty" I'm glad to be  
"letting the hay" early -

Don't know where I can mail  
this <sup>letter</sup> to-morrow anyway - so  
you'll have at least this little  
extra word between Chicago and  
Seattle -

Love - love, love, to both -

Abbie

Greetings and love to folks  
who would like it.

Nov. 19 -  
Rocky Mts.

Mother dear -

I've just scribbled  
to Ruth - Its an awful scrawl  
but it is the best I could do.  
See how much worse I can  
do when I'm not trying quite  
so hard!

If you think what I have  
written sounds silly, don't  
give it to her - but let me  
know and I'll write again.  
I thought I'd better send through  
you instead of directly through  
the P.O. at Salt Lake - You might  
put it in an envelope and  
seal it if you want to -  
She will understand -  
Graciously! We are now

wobbling something fierce,  
so I guess I'll quit -  
I have written to Mabel  
and Myrtle, and Ruth Whitman  
I must send a card to I. K.  
and one to Aunt Mary -  
Then I guess the rest can  
wait -

Unch, much Love  
Abbie

Friday morning Nov. 21

Dear Mother -

I'm in Uncle Cyrus' room and he has provided all the paper, envelopes - and even stamps for me to write to you - They are all lovely to me even as they were before -

Lea met me at the station yesterday

morning with "Rusty" the younger girlie - ~~then on the way we went to King's garden for Betty Lea -~~ and took me out to her home for lunch -

After that she put the babies to bed and took me down street to do an errand for her mother - This was the errand: to buy me a pair of gloves, a woollen scarf, or some woollen stockings - I told Lea I

should not choose the gloves - but it was hard to choose between woolen socks and the scarf - I knew the former would be useful - and I should very much like to have the latter - When we looked at the scarfs, though, I told her that I would risk my woolen stockings wearing a little longer - and let them go, for the sake of having such a beautiful soft blue Scotch flannel neck scarf with a rather big indistinct plaid faintly outlined in white, buff and orange - It's really lovely - and I'm so happy to have it - After that we came back and got the children and drove out to the park - and I saw kangaroos and polar bears for the first time in my life! They brought me to the boat, where Mr. Jozzam, Pierce, Ruth & their children were waiting - in Mr.

Jazzam's car -

Their cook is on a vacation (Lulu's, I mean) <sup>(herself)</sup> so she had dinner nearly ready for us when we got here - I had a good talk with Uncle Cyrus last evening - a nice hot bath - and to bed early - Ruth has been out here with her mother ever since Warren's death - and Lulu says that keeping busy has been a great blessing to her -

This morning I wasn't up until about 8.30 - and I've done washing of undersuit, teddy, and 12 handkerchiefs & one pr. of stockings since I had breakfast - the things are drying in front of their big big open

fire - and will be dry enough, probably - to  
put into my suitcase this afternoon - when  
I go back to Lea's for the night - I leave  
at 8.15 to-morrow morning -

Lulu is wonderfully brave, and so are  
they all - The grief has sweetened Mr. J.  
so Lea says - and has brought him  
nearer to Lulu - The thing is doubly  
hard for them all because Mr. J. took  
warren to his doctor - and serum was  
given for infantile paralysis - They are  
not sure, now, that he had that trouble,  
and if not - the serum was of the  
kind that could kill a person who did  
not have the disease - Mr. J. feels that  
Lulu must blame him for W's death -  
and Lulu says she doesn't dare to think



WASHINGTON

that is so - but yet she is torn to  
pieces just at the thought that it  
seems such an unnecessary death -  
All this, from Lea - Lulu has talked  
very little - but so bravely - I wish  
she could see you - I can't help feeling  
that sympathy like yours could comfort  
her more than most people's - You  
could understand what such a loss  
would mean - and know, too - that  
so many things might be worse than  
such a grief - She speaks very  
lovingly of you -

Wouldn't it be fine if some of them  
were East when its time for my next

Furlough - and could bring you out  
here to meet me - ? I haven't suggested  
it, though !

Uncle Cyrus is as much interested  
in things as ever - He gave me  
five dollars this morning - and told  
me to say nothing to the folks here -  
Goodbye until the next letter -

Much, much love to you both -

Abbie -

I enclose check - I'll be very grateful  
to have you send five to Houston -  
Use the rest of the cash when you  
need it -

Leaving Salem

Mon. A. M. Nov. 24

Dearests -

I have just written to Lulu and Lea - and it is pretty dreadful scrawling - It will be easier to write with pencil - and I know you won't mind - I've much to say!

Where did I leave off? Oh yes, Friday afternoon out at Crystal Springs - After lunch we just sat and visited until 3 o'clock, then Lulu took me in her car, three miles to a garage - where a jitney took me the rest of the way over a very rough road to the boat - She has learned to drive and it has taken a lot of courage on her part - but she can get about much more easily, of course - is more independent, I mean, about getting to town, etc -

Lea met me at the boat - with

the children - we took them home,  
then drove back to town to get  
Thacher - She had a lovely little  
dinner - yet very simple - After  
that the children were put to bed -  
(Lea has a young Russian girl to  
help her now) and then they took  
me out for a ride - All three of us  
tucked cozily into the front seat -  
It was a beautiful ride - wonderful  
starlight - and we rode all  
around the highest hill - with  
the rest of the city stretched  
out below us - a myriad of  
gorgeous lights - like a "diamond  
pin cushion", as Lea said -

I like Thacher so much - and  
feel that I know him so much  
better this time - The children  
are adorable - Rusty is a ray of  
almost unearthly sunshine - she is  
so sweet - Thacher brought me a

<sup>2</sup> little package from Pierce - I could  
tell it was a book - and Thacher  
said, with a twinkle at Lea, "I think  
it feels like a copy of 'Science and  
Health' " - Lea said "why you  
nasty thing!" but she had to  
laugh - I said - "you mean  
you think that is what Pierce  
would be likely to send to me?" -  
"Oh no," he said, "Pierce and I are  
just messengers!" - Lea is a  
dear - and more & more I think  
that down deep we have a close  
kindred feeling <sup>(The book was a new one  
of Edna Ferber's "So Big"  
from Ruth & Pierce)</sup>

They all took me to the train  
Saturday A.M. and Lea gave me  
a lunch - eleven sandwiches!  
I didn't think I was hungry - but  
I ate six and a half at the  
first <sup>rollup</sup> They were rye bread with  
nuts & caraway in the bread, and  
cheese between - and white ones

with strawberry jam + others  
with olives + cheese - Then she  
put in besides about a dozen  
olives and two or three dozen  
unshelled almonds - and two  
apples - I wrote to her that  
if I ever went on my honeymoon  
I should send for her to pack  
the luncheon!

Ada and Bob and Bob, jr.  
(The baby's a dear)  
met me at the train and went  
to their home which is quite  
near by - We had been there only  
a few minutes when we heard  
a tap-tap on the veranda and  
Ada said, "There's your uncle -"  
Sure enough it was. He had  
walked up to the station, a  
full mile, to meet me - But  
he had been mistaken about

3 the time of the train and he was too late - He was dreadfully disappointed. He got a taxi then, to bring him to Ada's to see me - and I loved him as soon as I saw him. He fished out a five dollar bill for me to pay expenses in Salem (I didn't have use for any of it, of course!!) Ada saw - and we had quite a joke about my board money -) Then he got back into the taxi and went home - Friends of Ada's took me down to his house Sunday morning about 10 - He was just sweeping up - His house isn't clean, of course - and fearfully tittered. But I don't know as it is a bit worse than a good many men would have

it living alone - Pa, for  
instance, or me if I were  
a man! He has no one  
helping him, and the one  
room I was in was piled  
high with books, papers, wood,  
and things of every description.  
On a table he had big dishes  
of oranges, apples, bananas,  
dates, and walnuts - which  
he kept pressing on me from  
time to time. I ate an  
apple, and some dates - and  
two pears which he had  
baked for me on the top of  
the stove - They were good, too.  
He had made up his mind  
that he wouldn't talk  
his theories to me, but poor  
dear soul, he couldn't help it.



<sup>I could</sup> agree pretty well with <sup>some things</sup> <sup>go</sup> - and when I could, <sup>(4)</sup>  
- <sup>9th</sup> when I couldn't, I  
overred mildly that I had  
never thought of it that way.  
For instance, he is cut all to  
pieces to have had Warren, jr.  
cremated. He calls it nothing  
short of heathenish, and wrong.  
He apologized all over himself  
for expounding his theories -  
and I told him that helped  
us get acquainted - He believes  
there is no heaven nor hell, but  
only conditional immortality -  
and says the only verse in  
the Bible opposed to his theory  
is where the devil said to Eve,  
"Thou shalt not surely die!"!  
Now he does gloat over making a  
point!  
A friend of Bob's, and also  
of Uncle Arthur's came for me about

One, and he and his  
wife were Ada's guests  
at dinner - They stayed  
until after four, then took  
me down to Uncle Arthur's  
again, and I visited him  
until church time - I sang  
in Chinese, and he said my  
pronunciation was bad! Then  
he got out one of my  
favorite songs, "Fly as a bird"  
and asked me to sing it  
because he thought it would  
suit my voice - I can't begin  
to tell all we said, but he  
was just dear and sweet  
every minute - I had one  
knock down - He wishes  
Harold Plummer would marry  
Ethel Peterson! He thinks Harold

3) a bright man, but that he doesn't care so much for society - I'm not so sure of that myself - !

I shall never see that four-generation picture, with myself the youngest, without seeing and hearing the tears in his eyes and voice as he said almost reverently, "There are four persons whom I am proud to call my own." He is afraid of his mother, that he expounded his theories too freely to you at Rollinsford - and was quite overcome when I told him you sent your love. Father, he wishes he might meet you - and his namesake, too -

He declined Ada's invitations -  
in such a courteous note -  
Our talk was intimate, not  
a bit distant, from the first  
minute - He deplores Cyrus'  
& Lulu's beliefs, and wishes  
Uncle George were a more  
earnest ~~Christian~~ <sup>Christian</sup> - but  
he worships them all - He  
is queer, but he is pure gold.

We went to the church in  
time for me to put on my little  
white suit - Mrs. Shanks, the

minister, was very cordial -  
Uncle Arthur sat on the back  
seat but I think he heard - He  
looked as though he was hearing!  
Afterwards a great many people  
came to speak to me -  
Uncle Arthur was almost  
overwhelmed as he told me  
afterwards that more people

b) shook hands with him <sup>then</sup>  
ever before at one time in the  
Baptist church - and "there were  
nothing but compliments - very high  
ones, for your address" - He  
couldn't tell me very well what  
he himself thought - but I guess  
he wasn't badly disappointed -  
It was hard to say goodbye,  
he said, but he did it that  
night - with many tender blessing  
and good wishes - and when  
I blesed him good bye I  
didn't expect to see him again.  
He filled a paper bag with  
oranges, nuts, dates and apples,  
(I had to leave some at Ada's -)  
and <sup>gave me</sup> a twenty-dollar gold piece,  
which he wished were more -  
Wasn't that lovely?

At church I met friends of  
Louise Campbell and Edith Travis  
and Lucille Withers, and a class-  
mate of Mr. Waters who hasn't seen

him since they graduated from  
Rochester - It was thrilling - and  
I was so glad I had mentioned  
the different names <sup>(also Miss Hunder)</sup>  
<sup>(who remembers you and me at Miller)</sup>

Ada took me home and  
had hot chocolate, and nut bread,  
and cottage cheese - Nothing ever  
tasted much better -

This morning - Uncle Arthur was  
at the train to see me off -  
walked up again! I was afraid  
he would -

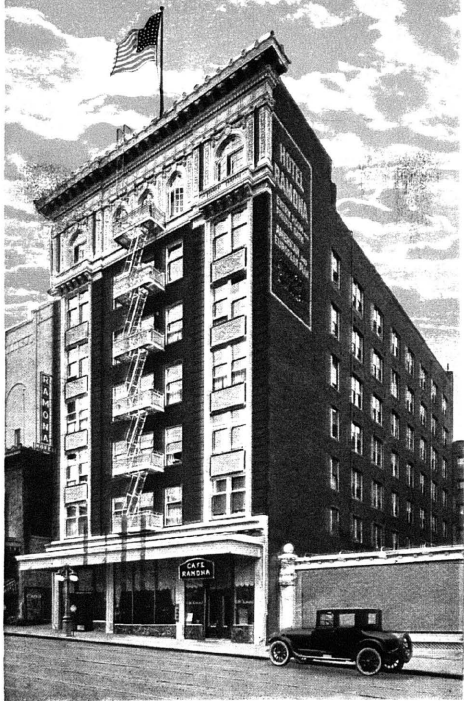
I wish you could have heard  
Lulu looking at that same fam-  
ily generation picture, naming over the  
various ones, - say "and that  
is my cousin Clark" - I'm not  
half grateful enough for belonging  
to such as these out here -  
and you - and Father!

Well - I have no more paper -  
but I guess I've told you  
about all I can -

Trisco next!

All love - Abbie

Hotel Ramona, Ellis St. near Powell, San Francisco.



28023N



RED CROSS  
CALIF. +  
CABIN



Rev. E. Sanderson

Sutton

Vermont

Feb. 2, 1924  
San Francisco

Wed A. M.

Arrived safely but Ruth Sperry  
is not yet here - I shall get in  
touch with her as soon as I can.  
An interesting trip down from  
Taleu. Have already met a  
Chi Omega jeweler who recognized  
my pin, and a girl who knows  
Katherine Bohm - love again  
Abbie

KOPP CO., MILWAUKEE





# Hotel Ramona

J. L. MURPHY

MANAGER

174 ELLIS ST. NEAR POWELL

San Francisco

Saturday morning -

Dearests -

I'm very much ashamed to think  
all this time has gone by without  
my writing - But the days here have  
been busy -

Wednesday I didn't write because  
I was so disappointed that Anth  
hadn't come - and then when  
the telegram came Thursday that  
she was delayed and couldn't  
get here until Fri. morning - I  
was more than ever down in  
the mouth - But Fannie  
came - and I had her as  
my guest for Thanksgiving  
dinner - I was pretty

thankful to have her - I  
shouldn't have liked to be  
here alone on Thanksgiving -  
I might have stayed a day  
longer in Salem - and Uncle  
Arthur wanted me so!  
But it is just as well, I guess.  
And since Ruth came, we have  
been busy talking, shopping, etc.  
It is now 10.30 - my trunks  
have gone - and we go in about  
a half hour - We are going to  
take a taxi - It will cost a  
little more - but with all the  
bags, etc - it will be much easier.

I forgot to say that the  
day I was here alone I rested  
most of the time - The visit  
in Salem was the climax of

2)



# Hotel Ramona

J. L. MURPHY  
FOUNDER  
174 ELLIS ST. NEAR DOWELL  
San Francisco

a round of visiting and you can imagine how very wearry I was. I was afraid at first that I was coming down with another cold. But the good daytime sleep I had drove it all away and I felt fit as a fiddle -

That morning my phone rang and a girl asked me if I knew Katherine Bohm ! She and her friend have been staying at this hotel and she saw the name Swatow. She was attracted by the name ~~Bob~~ called me up - She went to school with K.

They took me as their guest to the wonderful San Francisco Symphony orchestra concert - which delighted me, of course.

Then she asked if I'd be willing to take a package to K. I said I would - So she bought a 5 lb box of chocolates for her and a 3 lb one for me!

Yesterday morning Fannie & I spent at the Consulate, S. S. office, etc - I saw a big pile of mail for me but I didn't get it -

It is lovely to see Ruth & she has the dearest, brightest Margaret Mae - who appears

3/



Hotel Ramona

J. L. MURPHY

MANAGER

174 ELLIS ST. NEAR POWELL

San Francisco

& love "Aunt Abbie" already -

Fannie seems delighted to go  
with me - said she was determined  
to go with me, fighting or no  
fighting - But didn't want to  
unless I went -

Time to go to the steamer,

Love love love !!!

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

2 o'clock Sat. P.M.

Mother dear -

Were anchored in San Francisco Harbor and I don't know whether there will be any chance to send mail ashore or not - I was so glad to have Ruth there to say goodbye to me - Miss Abell, Kay Bolnes friend (and Miss Abell's friend -) were down at the boat to and both left lovely flowers - Ruth violets and Miss Abell huge yellow chrysanthemums -

There is a stack of mail, which I have not touched yet, but upon which I begin to feast this afternoon - Lots of

packages - a telegram from  
Mrs. Miller, etc. etc. Christmas  
box from Seattle - your box -  
which I've opened - A nice new  
thing, thank you!

Your letters are to be the first.

Love - love, if I can't  
send it now - or it will have  
to wait until Honolulu if I  
can't.

Always your own

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

Tuesday night.  
Dec. 2 -

Dearests,

We embarked Saturday noon -

I was more seasick than I had thought -  
and although I went in to dinner  
that night, I was seasick before  
I went to bed. I kept the  
most of my dinner, but lost  
the carrots. MORAL: don't eat  
carrots first day on shipboard!

The next morning I got ready for  
breakfast but before I could get  
out to the dining room I lost  
my soup - I guess, left over from  
the night before - I went out to  
breakfast anyway. But was glad to



get up in my steamer chair on deck as soon as possible - I had luncheon there - and crawled down to dinner at night - Oh yes - I managed to get to the church service in the morning - but I don't know yet just how I did it. Poor little Miss Ching was moored to her deck chair - sick as she could be -

Monday I got up to breakfast but crawled back on my berth and stayed there all day - I slept soundly most of the time - didn't wake up until long after lunch time and the stewards couldn't get anything but sandwiches and tea for me - Last night I had dinner sent in to the cabin -

Alas for my reputation -! I have been feeling pretty well today -

and haven't lost any more meals  
since those first spasms - I  
have had to fight squeamishness  
ever since. Isn't it funny that  
it had to strike me this time?  
Well - I always said that I  
didn't feel like boasting - for I  
was never sure that I was very  
far from it - I may comfort myself  
lucky that I haven't been  
dreadfully sick the way some  
people have - It has been a  
very rough voyage so far -

I don't know as I wrote  
anything about meeting Miss  
Ching at the Western Pacific  
station in San Francisco - Oh  
I guess I did tell about having  
her for my Thanksgiving dinner  
guest -

On Saturday Ruth and her dear little girl, and Katherine Bobb's friend and her friend, came down to see me off. Ruth brought violets and the other girls a huge bouquet of beautiful big chrysanthemums, which are still lovely in our cabin.

I have not attempted to dress up until tonight, when I made a dive into my trunk after gray footgear and my little dark blue silk.

I cannot find anything in my bags and trunk. I cannot find my little fancy comb. I cannot find my curling iron. nor the address of Dorothy Cadwell, Alice Harrison's friend in Honolulu. nor any summer undervests. I wonder if I let you pack the



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

last mentioned in my big trunk -  
or whether I left them upstairs in  
a bureau drawer in Dutton -

The music has struck up and  
Low I should love to "follow that  
impulse" - ! It may be wrong to  
dance, but how can it be wrong  
to want to, when you were  
born that way? There

gray shoes, too, fairly make  
my toes itch to be up and at it.

(P.S. Don't worry! - I shan't do it!)

By this time I had intended to  
have at least twenty letters  
written - and here I am - just

beginning my first one. I have  
a suspicion, too, that this one  
will not be prolonged very  
much tonight.

My cabin mate is Miss Helen  
Burton - a girl who has a gift  
shop in Peking. She was a  
common working girl and has  
made great strides in the business  
lines. She has the most wonderful  
<sup>(some of them)</sup> yet simple - gowns utilizing Chinese  
embroideries and fabrics - She  
seems a nice sort -

I haven't met many people  
on account of my strange - shall  
I say - introspectiveness? The last  
two days - Mr. & Mrs. Taylor, however,  
Y. M. C. A. people going to Manila  
know the Cowles' - and Mrs.  
Squires of Squires Bingham

department store in Shanghai, is  
on board - She knows all of  
our Swatow children who studied  
at Shanghai American School -  
and she is the one who took  
Evelyn's parasol and mine from  
Japan to Shanghai for Peggy.

I've met two missionaries of the  
Congregational Board - I think  
there are very few missionaries  
on the ship -

Miss Ching and I have a  
table by ourselves - and since  
she has not appeared until  
tonight - my few appearances  
in the dining room have been  
alone, in state, as it were -

I have finished all the steamer  
letters except the ones from  
the Ricker girls - and as those  
were not wildly exciting, I

could manage to let them wait.

I haven't counted the others, but aside from yours, & Sadie's & Stella's, there were letters from Mabel Bovell, Ruth Whitman, Zulma, Mrs. Webber - 4 from Emily, one from J<sup>n</sup> Kim, the girl who "couldn't be baptized yet" - She still hasn't - but she hopes to "start a Christian household in the future and wants me to help tell her how" - From Elsie Kittitz, Myrtle, Bertha Woodworth, Aunt Susie, Frances - (who hopes before very long to be Frances White) - from Arthur & Gladys - by air mail - and, <sup>by</sup> the same route from Mrs. Clark - I can't begin to tell you who else - for they are all down stairs -

I have a notion to stop this for this present - and write to Uncle Arthur or Aunt Fannie - or M. Bovell or some other important one - I want



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT

NOVAK.  
to get in some exercise to-morrow  
for I know I shall feel better if I  
do - but I want to write some  
letters too -

One thing more I must write  
about - In perhaps less than  
ten days you should receive  
some "finished goods" (and I  
hope they'll not be "damaged goods")  
from Novak, Photographer, 833  
Market St, San Francisco - The  
larger one is for you and pa -  
And I must ask you to send  
the others - I wanted some mailed  
from the shop but they were  
afraid of a mix up in the



Christmas rush - So - I have  
made out my list as follows -

{ Arthur -  
Mabel Bozell  
(415 South 8th St.  
Burlington, Iowa)

These to be sent as from me.

The following to be sent as  
gifts from you to the recipients.

Uncle Arthur

Uncle Cyrus

Uncle Geo.

Aunts Bertie & Gertrude -

Uncle Will

Aunt Susie

Uncle Samuel

Uncle Homer -

If you think it's not necessary  
to send to all of these, use  
your own judgement - I have

Had two sent to China - for  
Emily and Pearl Mason -

If you think that Marion Russ  
and Cousin Harriet would appreciate  
pictures too - use some of my  
money and send to Novak for  
two more - I don't know how  
much they will be - These  
pictures were \$4.1 a dozen  
but I got them for \$2.2 and  
the big one thrown in. If  
you like the smaller better  
than the larger and prefer  
to send the larger to Arturs -  
that's all right, too - Any  
way you think best -

Thursday P.M.

Feeling much better, thank you -  
It got hot yesterday and right  
after lunch I had to put on  
my gray voile (black lace) to keep from

suffocating (a la Pa). This morning  
I got into my big trunk and hauled  
out my little black & white sport  
suit, my little dotted crepe (white)  
and the polka-dotted one - Which  
I shall wear, I don't know - Think  
I'll try the sport suit first.

To-morrow is Honolulu, though -  
So I'll put on the little voile one tomorrow.  
I've worn the dark blue silk today -  
To-night they have a big dinner-dance.  
I shall put on the red silk - I don't  
dance, but I do "dinner", so I'll  
do it up brown -

I've played shuffleboard and ring  
toss to-day - and expect to be lame  
to-morrow -

I found the silk vests in the big  
trunk - and also the little comb -  
I can't find "Floralyn's" address, but  
I have thought of it - The curling  
iron has not turned up yet!

I've written to Mabel B. - and no  
one else - but I've ~~sent~~ scribbled  
18 postcards to send from Honolulu -  
I had  $29 + 38 = 67$  steamer letters & one  
telegram - (Mrs. Miller) - I finished them all  
today. The 38 were from Rickes girls!  
Love - Abbie

Did I put handkerchief down  
for Helen Fielden, 1 Bond  
Street Swampscott <sup>for Christmas?</sup> - I want  
to send her a nice one - and  
also to Elsie Kittitz 2700  
South 8th Street - Philadelphia -

Isn't it queer that Elsie's & Mabel's addresses  
are both South 8th?

I haven't said a word of appreciation  
of the letters from you folks - but  
you know how I feel -

The "other" little medicine dropper  
bottle contains medicine to take  
after milk - given me by Mrs. Mitchell's  
daughter - I don't think it ever  
helped me much -

We didn't have very good success  
with the pictures, did we?

Crude oil (for dandruff) is in  
the vanilla bottle - no it's American  
oil in the vanilla bottle, after all -  
The crude oil is in a bottle something

like a peroxide bottle - Smells like  
kerosene -

The Citizens' Savings Bank slips  
& envelopes I have as many as I  
need -

I will surely write to Miss  
Milliken - don't send the money -  
better save it for an emergency!  
Mark up the things you send  
to Ethel according to your  
best judgment, was there  
duty?

P.S. Church service this morning -  
Mr. Taylor led again - assisted  
by Mr. Schenk, a missionary  
in Hawaii -



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

December 7-1924

Dear Ones -

Nearly two whole days  
gone by since we left Honolulu  
and I haven't written a word to  
you about it yet. The days  
are such lazy ones!

Friday morning they routed  
us out good and early - we  
had to be on the <sup>promenade</sup> ~~upper~~ deck  
6.40 A.M. Of course there was a  
little delay, as there always  
is - then the doctor came on and  
we went through the form of  
quarantine inspection - Then

we went down to breakfast -  
and just had plenty of time  
to get ready before the boat  
landed -

I went as soon as I could  
to the Seaside Hotel to find Miss  
Cadwell, Alice Harrison's friend -  
but she had just moved to the  
Granville, about two miles from  
there. I tried to call her  
up but found she was at  
school and would not be  
at liberty until noon.

It happens that the Seaside  
Hotel is down at the famous  
Waikiki Beach - It also happened  
that Mr. & Mrs. Taylor (Y. M. C. A. workers  
returning to Manila) had been  
to Honolulu two or three times -  
and had "seen the sights"  
before - So they had planned

to go with their six year old son down to Waikiki and play around on the beach all day. So we went with them as far as the beach -

When I found that I could not get hold of Miss Cadwell-Jennie and I decided to take an automobile ride to the Pali - (where they say you get the most wonderful view in the world -) then ~~came~~ back & have lunch with the Taylors and see Miss Cadwell on the way back to the city -

We took the ride. ~~It cost six dollars, and we were gone only about an hour - but it was worth it.~~ I guess "they" are right about the view - I wouldn't have missed it for anything, - to say



nothing of the lovely ride we  
had getting there - from the  
hot tropical sunlight, through  
cool mist and a spatter of rain  
into the cold breezes of the higher  
air - at the top powerful  
gusto of wind which threatened  
to blow even the motor cars  
off the cliff -

The view itself was wonderful  
and the varied blues and  
greens and yellows and  
purples of the sea were  
beyond description - We  
stood on a cliff that jutted  
out over the ledge of the hill -  
with a sheer drop of I don't  
know how many hundred - or  
thousand! - feet - Then the  
return ride - back again  
through streets lined with



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

cocoanut and royal palm trees - guava, bread fruit, brilliant red crotons everywhere and a bewildering number of unfamiliar shrubs and plants - all luxuriant in their foliage - Platanus, "chain of love" - all what is the use of trying to remember them - ? It was like being in a dream -

We came back - and Mr. Taylor led the way to the Moana Hotel, which we found later is probably the finest one there. The dining

room overlooks the sands of Waikiki - and the brilliantly blue ocean - We sat ~~not~~ far from a window - and we could see the surf riders sailing in towards the shore - balancing skilfully on their boards -

Mr. Taylor settled the bills and I still feel guilty because they refuse to let us pay - We had a wonderful dinner, though - and a delightful visit - Fannie and I went immediately to the Granville - where we easily found Miss Cadwell - She had no notion that I was coming - Alice had evidently not written to her - She is very busy teaching Dramatics in the McKinley School there - and would have had no time, I

Take it, to entertain me if I  
had found her in the morning.  
She liked Alice, she said - very  
much - and although she seemed  
somewhat embarrassed at my  
appearing so suddenly - was  
most cordial - Her father &  
mother are going on a trip around  
the world and she expects  
to join them when they reach  
Honolulu - I invited her  
to come and get a glimpse of  
Swatow - and she said  
she hoped she might -

We didn't stay long - then  
~~went~~ back to the center of  
the town and looked around  
in the shops until 2.30 - when  
we rushed back to the boat.  
We were scheduled to sail at 3

but some hold up delayed us about an hour.

We had witnessed several flirtations between San Francisco and Honolulu - and the leave-takings were amusing in one or two instances - We didn't buy any of the wreaths of flowers that every ~~body~~<sup>one</sup> had hanging around his neck - but somebody gave us each one before the boat sailed - They are so lovely! And the music, too - an incomparable Hawaiian band welcomed us with "Aloha" and some other <sup>songs</sup> and our own orchestra (Filipino, I think), played as we left port -

But I shall never think about leaving Honolulu without having a vivid memory of the diving boys. We saw them first



MANAGING AGENTS

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

S. S. PRESIDENT JAFFE

splashing around in the water  
 when the boat was still at the  
 dock - begging for money to dive  
 for - Then suddenly, as the  
 ship was steaming slowly out into  
 the harbor - we looked up and  
 there, on the highest rail of the  
 top most deck of the huge ocean  
 liner - were perched about  
 a dozen dusky skinned youths  
 with thickest woolly mops of hair -  
 It was hard to believe that  
 anyone would dare to dive  
 from such a dizzy height -  
 and we held our breaths to  
 watch - But after a minute one

stood erect - made a spring -  
and went down straight as  
a jackknife. The next turned  
three summersaults in the  
air, ending with a perfect nose  
dive - The one after that  
simply jumped and went down  
feet first - with a terrific  
splash - Another pretended  
to sprawl all over himself and  
we were almost sure he had fallen  
but he straightened out for the  
prettiest dive just before he touched  
the water - And so it went.

They are surely marvels -

We were pretty weary -  
but glad to relax for some  
very good funny movies  
right after dinner - Then we  
went to bed - Yesterday I

Lounged all day - read some,  
played deck golf a little, and  
spent the rest of my time intending  
to write to you and then I  
not doing it!

Not quite all of the time, though.  
Just before luncheon, my roommate  
produced an alligator pear  
which she had given to her at  
H., got the boy to get salad  
oil and vinegar, salt and  
pepper - and she treated me  
to my first taste of that fruit.  
I shall have to acquire a  
taste for it, I'm sure - but  
you know me - I ate it  
all - Then at lunch I  
had pork chops - fried  
potatoes, fried egg plant -  
and topped off with an  
apple - I began to feel badly.



and while I was not nauseated -  
still I knew things in my  
turning weren't right - and I  
was getting an awful headache.  
Moreover - we were to have a  
party last night - and I didn't  
want to miss it on account of  
a headache - So I decided to  
use Marguerite's method - I  
stuck my finger in my throat,  
and up came the alligator pear,  
and the apple - which had  
apparently had a fight - I  
began to feel better immediately  
and continued to do so -

Then I got ready for the  
party - Mrs. Taylor loaned me  
an old white silk dress that  
came just below my knees -  
and I mummaged in my  
hat trunk - pulled out the



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

old black satin hat and the  
plume Flora gave me - my  
black and red bead girdle, the  
rest of the beads - and that  
old piece of black meline.  
I ripped the crown from the  
hat - and I wonder if I  
can possibly draw a picture  
of it



all this is plume

Made earrings of the red beads  
and silver cord and crushed  
the meline into a big butterfly

effect at the belt & tied it with  
girdle in middle of front -

borrowed my room mate's rouge  
and lipstick - also a stick of  
gum - and they said I  
looked fierce tough - I forgot to  
say that I pinned the plume  
in place with the aid of the  
tinsel Christmas tree star -

Fannie wore my dark blue  
silk (with the beads) and the  
brim of the satin hat with  
the black veil draped over  
it for a crown and floating  
off one side - She was  
cute - the thing seemed to  
fit her well enough but was  
terrifically long - We had  
a good time - sat with the

Taylor at their table - and  
joined in the grand march,  
but not in the dancing -  
It was a Hard Times party -  
and there were placards all  
over the dining room that were  
funny - We had no menu-  
cards - the worst old  
"brass" silverware - and tin  
and enamel plates to eat  
from - dull faded blue  
tablecloths - etc - Some  
wonderful costumes - notably  
a girl who dressed as a  
newsboy <sup>(barefoot)</sup> - and an Irish-  
man with a bottle in his  
hip pocket that he sadly  
said people scorned as  
soon as they smelt it -

There is to be another party

Wednesday night and while I  
don't hope for first prize yet  
I'm going to give them something  
a little different from anything  
we saw the other night.

Fannie says she has to laugh  
whenever she thinks of it -  
I may not be able to get all  
the paraphernalia - but I'll  
make a stab at it -

The tournament lists have  
been posted and I'm in for  
deck tennis, deck golf - deck  
quits & shuffleboard - It  
is foolish, I know - but I  
need the exercise - and  
three weeks from now my  
shipmates will have forgotten  
what a rotten player I am!  
There won't be room for more  
than this in one envelope so I'm going  
to seal it up & mail it. Love, Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

Dec. 11 -

Dear Mother,

Well, we have had our costume party and "a good time was had by all". I got together my old maid idea - and the things I didn't have I borrowed. I carried my old music case and little red manicure case this time and I think they ~~have~~ added to the effect. ~~I~~ I have found out one thing - though. Those slipper buckles & bows that I fixed so carefully aren't right. not to wear with that dress anyway. In order to have ~~and~~ style you must wear

either silvers or black slippers.  
(Having no silver ones, I shall  
probably wear black!) I mean with  
my pink gown -

There were some excellent costumes  
and there were prizes offered  
as follows:

Most beautifully dressed lady (character  
carried out while in costume)

First - and Second

Same (first & second) for men

Most original costume - one seldom  
seen -

First & second - for either men or women

one prize for each } Most clever costume - character  
carried out while in costume - one  
for ladies - & one for men

We went to dinner dressed in  
costume - and then we  
promenaded single file before  
the three judges - After we  
had marched around twice  
we were to be given a piece

of paper if we were wanted  
to keep on marching - Third  
time around a different  
colored paper was to be  
given to those who were  
best - and next time  
still another - each round  
those who didn't get the little  
"chips" were to drop out -

I had hardly entered  
the hall before I was given  
a chip - and I got one the  
next time and the next - so  
it wouldn't have surprised me  
if my name had been called  
for any one of the prizes -  
As it was - the old maid  
got the last prize announced  
~~but one~~ <sup>the last one was the ring</sup> - for the most clever  
costume - and there was  
more enthusiastic applause  
then than at any other time -  
Don't know yet what the prize  
is to be. We have deck



sports of some sort every day -  
I got into semi finals in  
deck quoits, deck tennis and  
shuffle board - but got beaten  
the next round. I have  
been beaten in everything except  
chalking the pig's eye - By  
some mistake I got the  
mark exactly on the pig's eye -  
and some people were reported  
to have suspected me of cheating.  
Isn't that the limit? It's a blindfold  
game, you know!

Tonight we have had a concert  
and vaudeville show - We really  
have a number of talented people  
on the boat - I can't write  
about it now, though, because I  
am so - o. sleepy!

Sunday morning -

To continue about costumes. The  
first prize for well dressed lady was  
awarded to a Mrs. Barker who  
was draped beautifully in a beautiful



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

black and white fringed silk  
Chinese embroidered shawl -  
Silver slippers, and a silver rose  
in her dark hair completed the  
effect. There were other scarfs just  
as lovely, but her own beauty had  
something to do with it. Second  
prize to Miss Roth who was  
dressed as a Hula-hula girl -  
Hawaiian dancer. She had her  
short ~~black~~ <sup>black</sup> hair fluffed out straight  
all around her head - was a  
boys bathing suit and a skirt of  
long grasses - Bare legs and  
grass shoes -

First prize in original costume  
to little short fat Mrs. Fowler  
who dressed and acted like a baby -  
milk bottle, rattle etc. Second prize,

Mrs. Carman of Manila who was dressed in white towels on which dozens of spoons rattled and clacked. She carried a big spoon two thirds as tall as herself -

Best dressed gentleman - Mr. Robertson, a real Scotsman dressed in kilts - He had the brogue all right - he had quite a lot to say to me too, and we had a grand time entertaining the folks near us - I heard him tell somebody who was advising him to get married that he was thinking about it - There was a lassie who'd lost her mon, and so forth -

Second prize to Mr. Fritz, who wore a sheik's costume -

Most clever ladies costume - old maid - most clever man's, a caveman - very realistic - Mr. Sims, a Standard Oil man going to Shanghai.

Last night we had the Sayonara or  
Goodbye to the <sup>Yokohama</sup> ~~Japanese~~ passengers.  
A swell dinner where some of them  
danced - Then the distribution  
of prizes - I received a bottle  
of perfume which they say costs  
eight dollars in America -  
Houbigants' Quelques Fleurs - and  
I love it - Only one prize was  
given to any one person - That  
means if a person won in three  
or four things, he got a good  
prize, but only one - I think mine  
was as nice as any there was -

One got an ivory plaque - another  
a string of beads - another tatami  
etc. The ~~men~~ <sup>ladies</sup> got shaving sticks,  
pens, purses, etc -

The money was raised by  
subscription - I paid a dollar  
towards prizes and tips for the  
stewards, the orchestra - and a  
present for the captain - So I

ought to feel rather cheap about  
getting so much for so little.  
We had \$250 collected and  
that must have meant that some  
people gave \$5.00 or more - I didn't  
feel that I could

~~I wore my pink gown for the  
first time last night and  
felt quite swell - I wore black  
shoes - the new ones - and felt  
quite dressed up -~~

We have been having fearfully  
rough weather - dips and scoops of  
forty or fifty feet. You wouldn't  
like it very well - and I'm wondering  
what kind of a sailor Father would  
be in this kind of weather - I haven't  
been sick again - But oh dear -  
I really can't say I care for so  
much motion. It is too much like  
earthquakes for me -  
I forgot part of my story - We  
lounged around and talked and sang



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

a while, then a little after ten we came way up to the tea room and had chop suey, tea and rice. I got along famously with my chopsticks - and ate the rice all up - in spite of my dinner at seven o'clock. Fannie enjoyed it immensely -

I haven't time to tell you all about the rice - and the funny - and the many - people on the boat -

There are some nice ones, and some funny ones - and some who are a little hard to decide about.

A Mr. Shenck - missionary in Hawaii - is on his way to Manila for a vacation. It seems as though

I must have seen him before,  
but I suppose not. He's been  
out in Honolulu some time -  
Knew my Pekin roommate Miss  
Burton (she was in Honolulu for  
a time) has a wife & four children -  
I have enjoyed singing with him -  
tremendously. He has a lot of  
Hawaiian songs - and they are  
perfectly beautiful

As Mr. Pfannenschmidt ~~who~~  
was my partner in shuffleboard,  
~~has hung around me a little and~~  
~~I feel sure would have done so more~~  
~~but for the dancing and the bridge -~~  
~~or - if I danced or played bridge -~~

Some people think he is fine and  
has high ideals and a brilliant  
mind - Others think he is a  
nut - and still others that he is  
a rake - He is exceedingly  
handsome - and I am inclined

to think a lot of his trouble is -  
youthfulness . ! He goes to  
Manila for a drug concern -

We are to have church again  
this morning - this time  
Mr. Schenck is to officiate -

The Taylors are as nice as ever -

We are getting jigglier &  
jigglier - I shall have to  
stop - This is mailed at

Yokohama -

With love to you dears -

Abbie





MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

Dec 19 -  
Shanghai

Dear Ones -

The letter I wrote this P.M. I dated Dec 20 ! It is now 10 P.M. but they are loading and I can't sleep -

Helen Clark is in Huchow, sick. She couldn't find any one to travel with her anyway - and doesn't quite dare to travel alone yet - I am so disappointed !

I had letters here from her, from Pearl Mason, from Mabelle, and from Emily. The one from Emily brings news that I have feared, yet hoped I shouldn't hear - At Conference the votes for return after furlough were all unconditional "yes" except for Emily. She had 31 "yes" and one "conditional". Mabelle voted that one - and gave

To the Committee<sup>as</sup> her reason -  
that Emily's attitude towards the  
work at times wasn't a right one -  
She admitted that this was probably  
influenced by E's health - but wouldn't  
say that her vote was conditional on  
health grounds. (When you vote conditional  
it means that you favor the person's  
return to the work only on condition  
that certain attitudes or deficiencies  
be altered or corrected.)

Poor E. is cut up about it - and of  
course I'm dreadfully sorry - Now don't  
you think it is just as well I took  
a later boat and missed that  
much of the fray? Marguerite got  
there in time for it, and I should  
have if I had gone just one boat  
earlier - It's just what I felt in  
my bones was going to happen, and  
it seemed as though I just could  
not endure being there to begin  
the term's work that way - (To  
say nothing at all about my staying two  
or three weeks longer with you people!  
Well - I guess there will still be

enough "fray" to keep up the excitement between Christmas and when Emily goes home! It will do me good to know that you folks are helping me all the time.

I had a beautiful loving note from Mabelle today - Oh - things will work out some how - They must.

And it looks now as though this boat will get into Hongkong in time to catch the Tuesday boat up to Swatow - Emily will be there and will have tickets all bought and everything - and if nothing happens will go through flying, just barely making connections -

Fannie Ching's people met her here - her friends, I mean - and she is exceedingly happy to be in China again - She is a dear sweet girl - and so sensible and sane, yet with a burning desire and intention to help the people -

Mr. J. P. Davies - the mission treasurer, came aboard the boat tonight - changed some money for me.

told me about some packages they  
want me to take to Swatow for  
Helen Clark - and also arranged to  
take mine to send to her. I'm going  
up to the office in the morning and  
settle my accounts - I have them  
all made out to date, so I shall be  
able to get that fixed hunky dory -  
return the 98.43 I now have left  
of my \$250 - and get enough Mex. to  
take me from Hong Kong to Swatow -  
That will leave very little adjustment  
to be attended to -

Oh - I'm sorry Helen couldn't come -  
I'm eager to see Emily - and sorry  
for her - and just more than <sup>a</sup> well  
bit fearful of the situation in our  
house in Swatow - Well - His  
grace cannot fail to be sufficient -  
if I trust - I know I am not faithful  
as I ought and want to be, though!

Much - much love

Abbie



MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT


Dec 20.

Hearing Shanghai

Dearest Ones,

~~Sure and its ashamed  
that I am for not having written  
to you as I should! I'm sure  
you'll think there is a vast difference  
between the letters of my first trips  
and the ones you are getting from  
me now - I don't seem to  
have much ambition to write, somehow.~~

We arrived in Yokohama  
Monday night - too late, we thought,  
to go ashore - We did go  
ashore the next morning, however -  
It was a heart-achey business to  
try to find one single land mark that  
was familiar - It is not recognizable,

truly. I found one little shop that  
was there before - the one where I got  
my kimonos. but I didn't go in -  
Fannie and I just walked around  
and looked a little bit, and got  
back to the boat in plenty of time  
for her sailing - at 10 A.M. Tuesday -  
<sup>we did no shopping there -</sup>  
We arrived in Kobe about 10 Wed.  
morning. I went directly to Tanaguchi's  
and got what dishes I wanted that he  
had in stock - and ordered a few  
more - I also purchased an afternoon  
tea set - Tea pot, sugar and creamer,  
and one dozen dainty cups with  
the elongated saucer for sandwiches.  
Have you seen them? These are  
almost black, with a delicate maple  
leaf pattern - leaves hardly bigger  
than this  just a spray or  
two against the black. I'm waiting  
to see how the girls will like them -  
I paid a little less than ten dollars  
for the set - I'm simply crazy about  
them - I also bought ten strings <sup>beads</sup>  
of pearls, prices varying from 40¢ to  
\$2.50 - The most of them cheap ones -

I'm going to hide all but one string  
in the bottom of my big trunk - to save  
for future use - and let no one know  
that I have them - I'm glad I got  
them - and I hope some of them  
will be left when I come home -  
Would you like a string? Now?

I'm getting a little ahead of my  
story. We came back to the  
boat in our ricksha\*, had lunch,  
and then I started out alone - I  
rode all around through those  
narrow streets - bought some Japanese  
candy - the girls are very fond of it,  
I know. Bought a little box of  
pastel crayons - and about 20 dozen  
paper handkerchiefs like the enclosed.  
For these I paid 32 sen or about 13  
cents. They're good for gloves, & a  
number of other things.

I bought a string of beads and  
a bracelet to match, of lacquer  
and inlaid mother of pearl -  
and got them for \$3.20 gold -  
I've wanted some for years - 'n' I  
guess that's all! We left Kobe Wed. 8. P. M.

Mr. Pfannen-schmidt - a young  
man on his way to Manila

has been quite attentive to 'Miss  
Jacobus and Congregational nurse,  
~~but he has had a few kind words~~  
~~for me~~. He is tremendously  
disappointed in Japan - and I  
think I have a little of that feeling,  
too - Of course, the country had a  
terrible shock - in the quake - and  
another shock in the exclusion  
bill - I believe many of them  
hate us -

Now we are pulling into  
Shanghai - Friday night -  
It's about 4. P.M. now - I am  
going to the baggage room to  
get Helen Clark's things - then  
have tea, and then get dressed -  
I wonder, wonder whether Helen will  
be there - and whether I shall  
see anyone else I know - I'm  
getting quite excited already -  
Goodbye until the next time -

Love - love -

Abbie





MANAGING AGENTS  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

PROGRAMME  
OF  
*Entertainments and Deck Sports*

Voyage No. 11-84 Outward

DECEMBER 1924.

*Between San Francisco and Yokohama*

---

**Executive Committee**

—:O:—

HONORARY CHAIRMAN.....	Captain John G. Moreno
CHAIRMAN.....	Mr. H. B. Fowler
SECRETARY.....	Mr. D. C. Sims
TREASURER.....	Mr. Joseph Huckins Jr.
DECK GAMES.....	Mr. Chester Fritz
ENTERTAINMENT.....	Mr. W. L. Applegate
FINANCE AND PRIZES.....	Mr. C. F. O'Neil

---



## General Committee

---

### DECK GAMES AND TOURNAMENTS

Mr. Chester Fritz, Chairman

SHUFFLEBOARD.....	Mr. Henry Wagner
DECK TENNIS.....	Mr. F. E. Pfannenschmidt
DECK QUOITS.....	Mr. W. N. Allen
DECK GOLF.....	Mr. James Taylor
GOLF DRIVING.....	Mr. H. Krusi
MAH JONGG.....	Mrs. Amy Roth
BRIDGE.....	Mrs. P. D. Carman

---

### ENTERTAINMENTS

Mr. W. L. Applegate, Chairman

Mrs. P. D. Carman	Mr. F. E. Pfannenschmidt
Mr. B. Montieth Webb	Mrs. A. M. Jordan
Mr. H. H. Solomon	

---

### FINANCE AND PRIZES

Mr. C. F. O'Neil, Chairman.

Mrs. R. W. Squires	Mrs. Chas. H. Talbot
--------------------	----------------------

---

### JUDGES OF ALL EVENTS

Mr. H. Krusi	Mr. D. Mainzer	Mr. C. A. Pooke
--------------	----------------	-----------------

---

### SERGEANT AT ARMS

Mr. J. G. Shuler

## PROGRAM OF DECK GAMES

---

Wednesday, Dec. 10th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Potato Race.....Children
  2. Nail Driving Contest.....Ladies
  3. Sack Race ..... Men
  4. Cracker Eating Contest.....Mixed
  5. Peanut Race.....Men
  6. Egg and Spoon Race.....Ladies
  7. Shoe Race ..... Mixed
- 

Thursday, Dec. 11th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Egg and Spoon Race.....Children
  2. Potato Race.....Ladies
  3. "Are you there, Casey?" ..... Men
  4. Chalking the Pig's Eye.....Ladies
  5. Suit Case Race.....Mixed
  6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single).....Men
  7. Elimination Drill "Kelly Says".....Mixed
- 

Friday, Dec. 12th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Sack Race.....Children
2. Wheelbarrow Race .....Men
3. Powder Your Nose.....Ladies
4. Needle and Thread Race.....Mixed
5. Obstacle Race.....Men
6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single).....Ladies
7. Affinity Race .....Mixed

## SPECIAL EVENTS

---

- Thur. Dec. 4th Farewell Dinner Dance to our Honolulu  
Passengers
- Fri. Dec. 5th Motion Pictures and Dance
- Sat. Dec. 6th "Hard Times" Party in Dining Saloon at  
7.00 P. M.
- Sun. Dec. 7th Divine Services - Social Hall - 11.00 A. M.  
Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.
- Mon. Dec. 8th Bridge Tournament in Tea Room - 8.15 P. M.  
Motion Pictures and Dance on Promenade  
Deck
- Tues. Dec. 9th No Have Got
- Wed. Dec. 10th Costume Dinner and Dance - Dining Saloon at  
7.00 P. M.  
Grand March on Promenade Deck at 8.30 P. M.
- Thur. Dec. 11th Concert and Vaudeville in Social Hall at  
8.30 P. M.
- Fri. Dec. 12th Mah-Jongg Tournament - Tea Room - 8.30 P. M.  
Motion Pictures and Dancing on Promenade  
Deck
- Sat. Dec. 13th Sayonara Dinner to our Japan Passengers  
Distribution of Prizes  
Dancing  
Oriental Supper in Tea Room - 10.15 P. M.
- Sun. Dec. 14th Divine Services in Social Hall at 11.00 A. M.  
Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.

No 1.

If you send for more of Swatow China  
my pictures be sure to send one Christmas Day !!  
to "Aunt Sadie".

Mother dear,

Isn't it wonderful that I really  
got here in plenty of time? And this  
has been such a happy day, too -

In Shanghai I went shopping with  
one of the women on the boat - and I  
saw a silk velvet hat that just  
matched my coat - It was trimmed  
with purple blue ribbon - so I got  
some blue and gold, and some orange  
and gold ribbon - and my time from  
Shanghai to Hong Kong was largely  
spent making some very pretty little  
flat French flowers to put on it -  
It is a great success and looks  
wonderful with my coat, and with my  
brown and gray and blue dresses -  
It's a good change from the black,  
too - I made some blue flowers and  
some orange, and some blue with little  
orange centers - I paid \$10.50 Mex.

for it -

We arrived in Hongkong about 16 hours ahead of our schedule - Emily had no way of knowing that - and she was out shopping - We arrived a little before three - Just about that time she went to the office to see what time she should go to meet the ship the next morning and they told her the "Taft" had just come in - "Goodbye" she said over her shoulder and off she ported to the ferry - Of course I couldn't help being disappointed not to see her on the dock - I looked and looked and finally went down to my cabin to see about getting my baggage off - Tap-tap tap - "Anybody home?" - and there she was - She is such a dear girl - she is very tired just now, though, and needs her furlough badly - This business about the votes has upset her - and she is pretty "edgy" - But - I'm amazed to find how many of the others are in the same condition and ~~are to be sent to~~ keep

wondering whether I was that way  
before I went home - I'm afraid I  
was sometimes - not only there, but  
after I got home - I think with shame  
and remorse of the various times when  
words of mine to you had a sharp  
edge - and I shall never cease to be  
sorry for every one that ever came past  
my lips - Oh I hope I may be  
kept from it out here! I do think  
that nine-tenths of the heart ache  
would be avoided out here if  
people could keep sweet - I know  
some don't feel that way - and  
"feel better" after they have boiled over  
a little - but that's the way I feel  
about it - I believe Emily is willing  
to try hard to have things pleasant  
and I shall do my utmost -

Dr. E. and I had the night in  
Hongkong - and went shopping the  
next day. I bought a new bed net -  
and should have bought a pillow hat if

I had been able to find one -

Emily had a great many errands for various people and I had some.

I saw Mr. Huang - one of our fine "educated in America" young men - who has been through the tragedy of accidentally shooting another young man - his dear friend. The injured man lived only a few hours and now Mr. Huang has had to go into hiding - It is dreadful.

Our boat sailed at 4 - and we had a dreadfully rough trip - both of us trying hard to be sea sick -

When we arrived here the waves were so big that most people didn't dare to come out to the boat - Mabelle, Clara, and Mrs. Worley did come - a number of the others were busy with school exercises - The girls were on the jetty singing Chinese welcome songs and shooting off firecrackers - Mrs. Ashmore and Miss Pollman and Mrs. Page were down there too - and at the top of the hill Mrs.



7 Capen and Mrs. Bonfield came out -  
The others have all come to see me since  
then - except Mr. Capen and Mr. Waters  
and they are both fearfully busy -

Emily has been pretty sick today  
and yesterday - "just my luck", she says -  
but she has done wonderfully well, I  
think - and everything has been peaceful -  
The waves dashed so high that my  
nice coat got all spotted - and the  
salt made nice brown spots all over  
it - we were all soured - I'm rather  
sick about it but hope something can  
be done - ~~Everybody has raved about~~

~~it - and my hat - and my brown dress.~~  
~~Today and tonight I wore the red~~  
~~one and gray shoes and pearls (which~~  
~~I strung on the boat) and they have~~  
~~raved about that too -~~

Last night we went over to Eastview  
and filled our stockings - and this morning  
went there and opened them - and had a

wonderful breakfast - with some of my beloved Swatow oranges - Then I went around with one or two of the things - for Mrs. Ashmore, and Mrs. Capen - then back to Eastview for my things - lovely ones - though I must stop now to enumerate.

By the time I got back again it was fast time to go to church. I went just the same - and saw a good many Chinese friends, who were all very cordial - It was pretty fine!

Then we came over to the Domestic Science Bldg and the Chinese girls had their Christmas tree - The Greenwells bags got here in time and were just lovely - they don't know what they would have done without them - I shall certainly write to them about it. Oh - I wish you both could see us with the girls out here!

At one-thirty we went to Sherrin Bungalow for dinner - which was another wonder - plum-pudd'n' and all!

Sat around and talked until 4.30 -  
then got ready to go over to school  
to a feast at 5 o'clock! I didn't  
suppose I could eat a thing, but  
I devoured a whole bowl of noodles  
and some fish balls and greens, and  
beef cutlets and young peas in the  
pods - a little Chinese shell fish,  
and and orange -

Emily was pretty sick by that  
time, so we came home with her, then  
I went with Margaret Winn and  
Clara Leach down to the Hobart - in  
a few minutes - They are living  
the best house now - Then I came  
back - and here I am!

Margaret Winn looks dreadfully  
has fearful neuritis and is very  
much run down. She is to be sent  
home in February on account of her  
health. She will be missed on  
account of her teaching English - as  
Emily will - I didn't mean to say what  
I did there. I'm half asleep already -

I meant that with two gone we shall have to hustle to find somebody to do their work - I'm sure I can't do even as much as Emily has been doing - because some of hers will be new to me and will require a great deal of preparation -

The Chinese girls are a joy - I'm having a queer time trying to remember Chinese words - they come pretty slowly sometimes - and I think I have forgotten a lot. I'm dead sure I shall have to buckle down to hard study -

In among all these affairs I have had callers - so I've been fairly busy - No trunks touched yet, save to take out the Christmas presents and my dress - Greetings to my dear friends in Dutton!

Always with love,

Abbie

Sunday, Dec. 28.

Dear Ones,

Christmas was surely a wonderful day. I guess I told you that Christmas night we were invited to the school to supper and although I was pretty full already, yet I did manage to do some wielding of the chopsticks and enjoyed it too. Friday morning the sun was shining (it had rained the day before), and we all had our cameras out as we climbed the hill for the laying of the corner stone in the new girls' high school building. About five minutes before we left the house Mabelle asked me if I would announce the program. I was scared to death and felt sure I couldn't do it decently, but I said I'd try. So I got hold of Miss One and frantically asked her how to say my few sentences.

The girls began with their new school song, which is lovely; and, as usual, my heart just filled right up at the familiar sound of their sweet voices. Then Mabelle explained about the sealed pewter box which was to be placed in a hole under the corner stone - It contains a copy of Dr. Ashmore's translation of the Bible, <sup>the latest copy</sup> of ~~the~~ Chinese Bible magazine, <sup>(they couldn't get there)</sup> some 1924 coins - a history of the school to the present time, <sup>the local church paper</sup> and a paper with the names of all of us pupils & teachers, written each in <sup>her own handwriting</sup> ~~her own handwriting~~ <sup>2nd school songs and pictures of friends</sup>. I think there were some other things too. The address of the morning was by Mrs. Ashmore, an explanation of the meaning of this latest gift to the girls' work from the women in America.

(It was just fine. She wants me to write up the laying of corner stones to send home - maybe I will.) Helen Pua translated for her, and then the poor girl had to get right up herself and make the reply. Then came the laying of the stone. Mrs. Ashmore, our oldest present worker among the girls, one who has always had that passionate work much on her heart, spent on the first trial of mortar (and various pictures were taken of her.) Then Mrs. Waters offered prayer, the girls sang two more songs and we went home. It really was a beautiful service and I'm so glad they waited for it until I got here.

We were all invited to the girls' school at 3.30 in the afternoon. I was warned beforehand that it was a Christmas party, a welcome to me, and a goodbye to Emily and Margaret, all rolled into one.

The Christmas play was a lovely little thing, showing the Christmas spirit as revealed in the treatment of a poor little orphan girl by a family who <sup>and</sup> adopted her and <sup>took her in</sup>. There were Christmas songs and repeating the Christmas scripture, then the girls rose and sang a welcome song (composed in English for the occasion). I made my bow and thanked them in English; and thought that was the end of my part. But then there was more palaver about me, and my dear little Gin-kien - the girl who "couldn't be baptized yet", stood out and read a Chinese welcome poem, also composed for the occasion. I ~~must find out whether she made it up herself~~ and what it means. I thought that was enough of a welcome - ~~but~~ and when the next number on the program - another playlet. Mao announced as the "Diary of the Girls' School", I still had

No notion of what was coming - The scene opened with Miss Pae teaching a class and then telling the girls it was time to go to say goodbye to the Sing Koo-nie who was going to America - Then there were tears because of her leaving - and a general cry of regret - then a hustle and bustle - then standing in a double line while Miss Sanderson and Miss Miller arms around each other's waists, marching through the middle - "Miss Sanderson" nodded to the girls as they went along - I never dreamed that any two of our little Chinese girls could look so tall and lanky - But they had borrowed white dresses and wore pink ribbon belts tied on one side The way we do with our white dresses - The hair dressing was lovely, took us both off to perfection - I laughed till my face ached. Then at the end of the line came one of the shortest girls in school - with a pink dress and a little cloth hat of Miss Culley's - The likeness was unmistakable - and poor Miss Culley, too! They sang the good bye song they sang together - The next scene was a geometry class taught by Miss Pae - The girls were all expressing their regret at Miss S.'s leaving - "Miss Pae" told them to cheer up - they could all write letters and send them by Miss Miller (at which everybody laughed again) - The next was an English class taught by Miss Miller - The girls gave sentences such as "I am sorry Miss Sanderson went home" - "I am glad Miss Sanderson will come back," etc - Then "Miss Miller" told of a letter she had just had from Miss S. - and

said that Miss S. was coming back and was to arrive the day before Christmas - "Miss N." then said she was already tired of answering the questions that everybody asked her when they saw her - (about me) and one of the girls said she'd better write the answers on a card and tie it around her neck to save herself trouble. One of the girls wrote for her "I, Song Kou-mie gets back the day before Christmas" - No, the 1st one was "Song Kou-mie is coming back!" - and the second was the above - and the 3rd "I'm happy now" - and 4th, "I'm going to Hong Kong to meet her."

This actually happened, and the girl who took the part of Miss Miller was the one who wrote it and hung it around her neck - She sent the card to me and I got it in Shanghai. The next scene was where they went to meet me at the jetty - and they got ~~there~~ to the wrong jetty and had to run around to the other one - just as they did the other morning. Then they sang the welcome song, and had the fire crackers - and had Emily & me come through the double line again, but didn't keep us together that time - had me come back through the line alone and speak to the girls and teachers separately with the "glad to see you" etc - and then had me fling an arm around "Miss One" - and go off chatting with her - It was all such a good imitation that the girls were all "pleased to death" - I was so glad that I had welcomed them just as I did - for it showed how glad I was to see them! There was a lot of noise - this "Well - wasn't that the nicest kind of a welcome home?" I'm just delighted - It warms my heart and makes me feel that it's not all flattery - !



The last part of the program was a speech in English by one of the girls, a farewell to Emily and Margaret - with the presentation to each of them of a gorgeously embroidered red satin pillow top and a Chinese silk flag - It was altogether a very well carried out affair, and time was saved by putting three occasions into ones.

Yesterday I unpacked the things I need and put them in the bureau drawers in the little room where Emily was before I went home. I'm going to be there until she goes; it will be much easier for her to pack, etc, ~~after~~ in the big room where all her things are now - and she leaves the 5th of February any how. Vacation this year is from Jan 16 to Feb 10., so I'll have a little time before the beginning of school to get things settled in my own room again - I had it realized she was going so soon - I had it in my mind that they were to go the last of February. It seems very soon.

I got my trunks up attic yesterday, and my room is as settled as I shall have it until I move. Last night Emily and I were invited to the Bungalow for "suziaki" or "sukiaki" (I don't know how it is spelled) or Japanese dinner - It was delicious and tasted so good. I am very fond of it. Mrs. Bonsfield was there too.

This morning I went to Chinese church at 8.30, then down to a Baptismal service where two of our girls, two women, and a large number of Academy boys were baptized. After that I went over to see Mrs. Ashmore for about a half hour. Then E. came after me and we went down to English church. It was Episcopal service. with a Rector from Hongkong. We were so glad to know the chants that we used to practice - If we had never known them, the English service would seem very flat, I fear.

They had communion afterwards and we didn't stay -  
(we have a feeling they don't want any but church of  
England folk for that) - so I didn't see (to speak to) many  
of the people I wanted to see. A number of the old  
ones are still here.

This afternoon I have been talking and writing letters,  
and entertaining callers. To-morrow I must finish up  
getting ready my gifts for the Chinese teachers (mostly little  
30 or 40¢ or 20¢ strings of Japanese pearls) - then go to  
the American consuls to register - I'm to begin flaking  
over some classwork this week. Poor Margaret is in  
pretty bad shape nervously - and Emily is pretty much  
on the ragged edge a good deal of the time. I shall  
be glad to help what I can.

Time to go to bed now.

With love,

Abbie.

P.S. Your 1st. letter arrived in time for Emily to take it  
to Hongkong and I had it as soon as <sup>Nov. 20</sup> I landed. <sup>No. 2</sup> <sup>Dec 28</sup> - not too bad!  
came this P.M. while I was writing this letter. You say  
a letter "started" Monday A.M. from Salem should have arrived Sat.  
Your phraseology is correct but the meaning is twisted. The letter  
never did get "started" to be written until I was leaving Salem on the  
train Monday morning. And it didn't get "started" in the P.O. until  
the next day after that, I think - or that afternoon, anyway.