

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 3 / 21

Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, Hong Kong, Peitaiho

Dates: 1926 May - Aug

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I have sweet peas now - sent a nice bunch to Mrs. Page this A.M. (May 4) Swatow, China
to her birthday — May 3, 1926

No 72

Dear Ones -

Another Sunday gone by without writing to you. And without receiving from you the letter for which I always long, especially, I think, on Sunday. But I was busy all day yesterday, pretty much -

The Waters have their 25th wedding anniversary next Friday night and they have asked us four girls (Edna, Velma, Chris + me) to plan for the entertainment - We are to have a musical program - first, then Mrs. Water is planning a cakewalk, then we are going to have some sort of games or entertainment - including, if we can, the "Old Maid's Machine" a "Fountain of Youth" paraphernalia - in which three or four of us go into a machine and come out surprisingly metamorphosed -

Then the Carmans leave for America to-morrow - My sewing woman is now pressing a dress for Mildred - I went over this morning before school to help her with it - and I'm going over with it now as soon as it is ready - I don't know what we shall do when Newton and Mildred go - It will be like having half the compound leave, I'm afraid - And they are not planning to come back, either -

I wish you could see my columbines. When

2) I got here from America I planted the seeds that I brought from Sutton. I didn't think they would ever come up, or amount to anything, but it seems that they did, after more than a year of nothing but a few leaves. I have seven pots of them, including white, blue, and ~~with~~ two shades of pink. I didn't know that you had so many colors of them. Everybody just loves them, for we haven't had any out here - The next thing I want is some dahlias - We have some new roses from Mr. Page - He has given us a good many, but we are going to buy these. Then he will use the money to send for some more new beautiful kinds and when he gets them started will give some of those to us - We shan't have the bother of getting them started nor the risk of having them die on our hands - We are getting to be some rose fanciers, I tell you - Fussing with roses is a good hobby to help us get away from the "cares" that beset and besiege us -

In the meantime we face the danger of having to close school. The Southern Baptist School in Canton is closed ^{in the same time} ~~registers as govt. school~~ They were ordered to ~~or wouldn't~~ - as had to close - Love Ethie

No 73

Swatow, China

May 9, 1926

Dear Cous,

Sunday night here - and way over there you're just getting ready to make up Sunday morning and go to church and ^{do} all the rest of the rest of the things that you do on Sunday.

I've so many things to write about that I don't know where to begin. Edna Smith has diphtheria. She is much better now, these last three days - but it is pretty hard for her - She is to sail for home in about a month.

Friday night Mr. & Mrs. Waters celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Mrs. W. had asked Velva and Edna & Elsie & me to be the

committee to arrange a musical program.
Elsie was quarantined with Edna -
and Velva found bugs in her own
throat, so that left me alone on the
committee - It also deprived us of
a member for solo, duet, trio, etc -
and the one who was to play for them. ^(Chis)

The day of the affair Mr. Capew was
laid up with laryngitis - so that
cut us out of another duet.

We had to cut out the Old Maid
Stunt we had planned and Mabelle
and I furnished the music! Mrs.
Ashmore read an original poem
composed for the occasion and
presented the couple with 50 silver
dollars (25 Gold) ^{(twenty five Mex. of}
which they gave themselves ^(Ashmores) -

I helped Uncle George decorate in the
P.M. The affair was really a
very nice one, only Mrs. Ashmore
got peeved because we didn't
call for the poem when the

½ rest of the program was going on - We thought that part had better wait until after the eat and come just before we went home - However she has forgiven me, and said that when I was standing up there singing she wished so hard that I had been her daughter-in-law! "Nothing at all against Ethel, but I do like you" said she! I wore the dress that Carice Ward gave me - every body admires it. Masquerade said I looked like a fairy - ! Big one, eh? Well - I like it myself -

Yesterday afternoon our girls held the formal opening of their student government society. It was a fine program - Singing, good speech - solo (by me) - Play-folk dance - song - But Mrs.

Achmore and Mrs. Waters didn't
approve of the dancing and
said so - It was beautiful
and modest - far more so than
many of the Colby Day, Ivy
Day dances - but I guess the
ribbons dangling from their wrists
made it seem wicked, a
something! We know it is O.K.
but it isn't very nice to be
disapproved of!

Last night I came the news
of Charles Warren's death - and
also of the death of my dear
Ruth Whitman - I'm glad
neither one had to suffer longer,
but its hard for the dear
ones who are left. Ruth
was in bed ten weeks - Edith
Wilkes - her best friend - who
took me driving while I was there,
wrote to me - Ruth died Mar 21,

3) just a week before I wrote my last letter to her - I had written Mrs. S, though - so she did hear from me - no - she probably didn't get that one either - and the one before that was long ago -

Your letters 72 & 73 arrived last night. How are you going to "pay yourself back" the \$21 when my next check for \$10 reaches you, said \$10 being supposed to apply on insurance - and books? I think you are getting cheated - Thank you for sending it.

Its afraid Father's gift was lost - it was a package of Jasmine Chinese

tea - Was Florio dress rayon? Its very

pretty - Ethel Peterson may send some money for talking and if so, keep it for books etc - I'll send you some more talking soon -

Wasnt the stationery company good? They know what is good business, all right

Oh, my dears - I wonder if you know
how I enjoy your letters! Last night
Mother, I was so blue and down hearted
and when your letters came they
did me so much good - It was
almost like having a talk with you.

The same mail brought a letter
from Lena Greene saying that they
were sending me a birthday box
containing 8 balls crochet cotton, 3 doz
balls of thread - 2 one lb. boxes of
chocolates & a tin of ginger snaps,
and patchwork pieces, and a
money order to pay the duty!

This for birthday -

Well, me loves - I must
go to bed - sure -

Yours own & only

Abigail

The mosquitoes are fierce - I do hope we
can get our screens in soon!

Swatow, China

No 74.

May 14, 1926

My dear ones,

In the midst of a
diphtheria epidemic! I have
had my throat scraped three
times (that sounds awful - but
all it is is scraping a little
place with a wire hook to get
mucus) but they didn't find any
bugs. Nearly half the girls in
our school, however, have throats
which show the germs - and it
was thought wise for both Mabelle
and me to be "shot" with the
anti-toxin - She had the hypo-
yesterday and I had it to-day.

Qui-kin, the cook, had it yesterday
and Mai Ché, my sewing woman,
had it day before yesterday - and

He is going to lay off for two or three days. I don't really believe she has diphtheria but I think she has malaria - and we are doing her with quinine.

Thursday and yesterday it was rather appalling to see the girls dropping out of classes. As each class was examined, a number more were found with bugs and they were not allowed to come to class. What we shall do on Monday, I don't know, for only a few of the higher girls are free from the germs. Have the classes, I guess, and keep the one or two wells over it! To-morrow the girls are not going to church - no S.S. - no to any meeting outside of

2) the school -

There are not many real cases of diphtheria - only 6 or 8 - but with so many precautions a real epidemic ought to be averted - Let us hope so -

When the first girls were told that they had the germs, they were pretty foborn - and more than one wept. But after a while it got to be rather a lark -

Miss Eng, the teacher who has charge of the kitchen, is not finding it much of a lark to arrange the separate eating places and sleeping places for the infected girls and the non infected ones. She is a splendid manager, but she is almost at her wit's end to know how to arrange this business. The kitchen women

have the germs too, which
complicates matters. But we
are trusting that everything will
come out all right.

Edna is much better; she was
propped up on three pillows to-day
and it didn't seem to hurt her
at all. and no other foreigner
is sick in bed, though Mr. Capen
and Mr. Page both have been.

Velva herself is very tired, but
she told me today that she
thinks they have the thing
pretty well under control.
Love - love, love -

Next day - About 10.30 last night we went
out on the Point to see a blaze which proved
to be near the launch landings in Swatow.
It was a huge fire - more than a
hundred buildings burned - 10 people
missing!

No 75

Swatow, China

May 16, 1926

Dearest Mother & Father,

I wrote you a letter just yesterday (I realize now that I dated it May 14) but I feel like writing to you tonight so I'm going to begin another letter. I have eight letters ready to mail; two of them are to Mrs. Ladd and Mrs. Streeter. I'm afraid Mr. Streeter's will be too late to reach him in America, or isn't he leaving until fall? Do you know? Another of my letters is to Mrs. Ladd. She sent for a little tattling and I've sent it, with this as the accompanying letter. I told her I hoped she had passed on my thanks to Lucius Crauska for the thread from his mill sent by her - and then asked her - or said I was tempted to ask her to send my letter to her on for him to see - I wonder whether that was wise?

I wrote in my letter to her about
our voluntary Bible classes, about
our upset political conditions diphtheria
scare, etc. - Things which he might be
interested to hear about but which
would be hard for me to put in a
letter to him. Then, too, he won't
have to answer my letter to her!
Aren't I silly? But I dread most
terribly the thought of trying to
write to him. —

I wish I had a letter from you - and
tonight - but since I haven't, I'm
reading over yours written since January.
I think there are a number of questions
which I haven't yet answered -

Did I tell you that Mrs. Lippshart
was here in Doratus just two days -
and that while I was cooped up
with my knee? Perhaps that
explains why I didn't write about
his being here. It makes me
plum tired to have folks come

2) all the way out here and hope to learn two or three books' worth of stuff in two or three days! Of course, we were glad to have him here, but he didn't see all sides of many of our questions. Maybe he saw more than I think he did, and realizes that you have to be optimistic in print; I dream!

And I think I've explained that we feared an Anti-Xtes demonstration at Mass time, but none came. I speak of.

Have I told you that Emily sent me a beautiful big silence cloth to fit her table. She wrote me afterwards that it was rather a selfish gift, for she ~~didn't~~ ^{was} expecting to enjoy it herself out here. And now she is not to live in this house if she does come out - and I don't know whether she'll want to talk her table or not. The Bakers have

one of their own but not a nice one
like this. Ah me!

Regarding accounts: I certainly
do have more than my own money to
attend to and I don't relish it very
much. When Emily went home I tried
hard to get Mabelle not to give me
any part of the school account. But
she thinks I ought to have the job
of paying the teacher (I detest it
myself) and of taking the tuitions
and kitchen accounts from Miss Eng.
It seems to me that what I do doesn't
help very much and just means
another handling of the funds,
but I was made to feel that I'd
be shirking if I didn't do it -
so that's that!

My account for the half year
ending Apr. 30 is all finished and
is in M's hands - and all straight.
I also have some of the girls' missionary
money for them and the money
for the Intermediate Department of

3) the Sunday School - and those accounts are all straight. My own personal is always the hardest for me to keep for the reason. I suppose, that no one makes me keep it. But I've begun again now and the thing has balanced every time so far.

I wonder if my letters are straight yet? My record runs thus, No 60, Feb 21; No 61, Feb 28; 62, Mar 3; 63, Mar 6; 64, Mar 15; 65, Mar 21; 66, Mar 23; 67, Mar 28; 68, Apr. 5; 69, Apr 15; 70, Apr 16; 71, Apr. 19; 72, May 4; 73, May 9; 74, May 14; 75, May 16. Have you received them all - and a little remembrance for each of your birthdays?

I'm sort-of out-of sorts tonight I guess, and wonder what's the use of trying to be good anyway? You struggle along and try to be nice to everybody and not do or say things that will make hard feelings - and break your neck to be nice, almost. Then

somebody else comes along and
flares up and blazes out - and things
go the way she wants 'em to -
This is low down tattling, I know -
But I feel that way. I've begun
my turn at keeping house and
because a deer slammed tonight the
boy got blown sky high - But it
would never do for me to lose my
temper - and yet I'm just a rambly
pamby and people walk all over me,
if I don't - 'Mebbe so!

I know what is the real trouble with
me - I'm just plain peevish. I have
been examined three times and had
^{diphth.} no germs any time, yet Mabelle
went to Velva and arranged to have
me take the anti-toxin. Then came
home and told me Velva said I
was to have it! I just found that
out to-day, and it ruins me every

4) time I think about it. No reason why
it should - for my arm hasn't troubled
me a particle. I have forgotten I
had it the most of the time - Mabelle
was probably right in arranging for it.
She asked me if I didn't want to
have it, the day before - and I said
no - that the doctors had told me
I didn't need it and better not
take it unless I did need it. And
then after that - oh well, "what's
the use o' worryin' it never was
worth while" - so I better "pack up my
troubles in my old hat bag & smile - etc".
But, I hate to have things like that
managed so patently opposite to what
I have planned - Now - you know
how wicked I am - "but it fits".
We had a little service all by
ourselves today for the girls who are
all well and not suspected - That
was Mabelle's arranging for, although
Miss One had already said we
wouldn't have any - But we
had a good meeting.

Miss Lane read Scripture - the whole story of Samson - I wondered what lesson there might be from it for me - and the verse that gripped me as being fraught with a great sorrow was Judges 16:28, the last part of the verse "And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him". I don't remember having read that verse before -

Sleepy-time! I meant to write to Mr. Mann tonight but I didn't get it done!

Love - n' there s'more v'it -

Yours

Abbie

P.S. Do you think I'm awful wicked?

No 76

Soochow, China

May 21, 1926.

Dear Quen,

Thirty-five years ago
yesterday - something happened,
if I remember correctly (!).
Well - I'm very glad it happened!
for that was the event that
gave me the father and mother
dearer than any other father
or mother could possibly be
to me - All this because
I feel that way and want
to say it, not simply because
I'm trying to think of something
appropriate to the occasion.
I'm several thousand miles late
in saying it, anyway!

It's Friday night and I'm
in the mood to write and tell

you about some of the things
that we are meeting these
days - It's hot (oh I forgot.
I swore off of saying "it's hot"
yesterday & and I haven't
said it all day today!)
but it wouldn't be as hot as
it is if I didn't have the doors
and windows all shut tight to
keep out the ^{flying} white ants. It is
raining and that really
makes it cooler than it
was this morning - My feet
and knees are all wrapped up
in an old couch cover to keep
off the mosquitoes - They'd be
cooler if they weren't. I'd also
be several degrees cooler if I
could see to write in the dark,
instead of using this nice
low-may? candle power
Rochester lamp, which gives

2) off a great deal of heat as well as light - All of which serves as a big relief after not having said once to anybody all day today. "It's hot" - Not in English nor in Chinese either. But I have thought it several times - I guess that's enough of that subject.

Did I tell you that at Conference time I was elected on the Executive ^{Committee} ~~member~~ of the Reference Committee - a brand new Com. just "born"? It was supposed to be created to handle emergencies, etc - but the first thing it has had to do has been to take over the Kaying Case - The College buildings up there have been usurped and what do is a big problem -

Dr. Greenbank, Mr. Page & I
spent a good part of one
morning not long ago deciding
that we couldn't do much
that would be satisfactory
unless what we decided
was decided when Mr. Griffin
(of Kaying) was here. So we
telegraphed him to come
down — He has been here
this week, and a part of
two more mornings has
been spent in consultation
and discussion — We
cannot take definite steps
to regain any property, now —
we think there is not a $\frac{1}{100}$
part of one per cent of a ghost
of a chance to get back the
property while the present
government is in power —
Which, Mr. Page says, is a

3) pretty this ghost! So the
Consul will take measures
such as are necessary not to
let the case go by default.
That is, we don't press the
case now - but protest against
the action, and leave it in
condition so that we can
again take up our case
if the government changes -

But I don't know that any
amount of effort will get us
anywhere - Things look
now as though it will be
very easy for any property
here in South China to
slip through our hands -

The truth is that the
Bolsheviks are trying to
get possession of everything
north while - There has
been a big plan on foot to

get hold of all the decent school
& hospital buildings - This
Anglo Chinese College (Eng. Presbyt.)
in Swatow was first on the
list, Nanyang College was second,
and our Boys' Academy here
in Kachelick is the next on the
list - Agitators are doing everything
to try to break up that school -

Mr. Page said the other day
that he could see no advantage
in keeping school there just
now except as a means of
holding the buildings - If
we don't have school in them,
the government will grab them
in a hurry.

A new movement is on
foot - a Sun Yat Sen Memorial
College - They had a
Enthusiasm meeting for it
the other day - Our girls

4) were asked to give a dance
on the program - but did
not accept! (They have been
having folk-dances in their gym,
and people have heard about it.)
Well, at that meeting the
question was asked "Where is
this new college to be located?"
The answer was "We don't know
yet. Either in Chaohowfu or
Kakchiu". The only place
they could have it in Kakchiu
would be the Boys' Academy
buildings - Our Girls' School
Building is only half finished -
I wonder if they would scorn
that? The college is to be ^{anti-religious} foreign.
Yesterday our school received
notice that all schools are
to have a memorial service
an hour long every Monday
for Sun Yat Sen. His picture

is to be hung in a prominent place and bowed to three times (the regular ceremonial worship). Moreover, govt. representatives propose to come over this coming Monday and give a talk to our girls - On what subject, we know not. We are daring to tell them they must not come, but we don't know what will happen! It may be just a threat and nothing will happen - ! But we might even have to close our school -

We are facing another question. Helen Poe has received notice that she has been elected a Barbour Scholar - at the University of Michigan - and she has opportunity to enter there as a graduate

5) Student this fall - She hates
to miss an opportunity like that -
\$300. per year provided, and her college fees -
We don't see what we can do
without her - It all seems like
a blank wall - Yet I don't
feel that it will do any good
to urge her to stay now for
she will think we want to
keep her back from having
advantages such as we had.
I'm not sure but that it is
right for her to go, although
it leaves us so in the dark
as to how to carry on the school.
The day is past when a
foreigner, like me, can run a
school with only two Chinese
women teachers, neither of
high school grade, to help -
The principal must be a Chinese,
and should be a College grad.
Well - you may be sure we

are praying a good deal about that.

Diphtheria continues under pretty good control - although the doctors are now despairing of the lives of two small babies who have the disease. Our girls come to school - but those who were found to have diphtheria germs sit on one side of the room, while the "clean" girls sit on the other side - It does not seem to be a very dangerous disease here to the Chinese - as far -

I forgot to say that the Kung Yee (one of the finest) hospital in Canton, has been seized by the Reds - and it is now nip and tuck as to whether they will get control

6.) of Canton Christian College -
All of these things are pure
robbery - but it is the
present Chinese method of
expressing their disapproval
of all this foreign imperialism.
Next morning.

It is still raining, raining, and
I am afraid I have chosen a poor day
to wash my hair - Still, the wind is
east, which is much drier than a south
wind -

I have been making up dresses - and
making over - I have shortened many
of my dresses a full six inches!

Thirteen inches off the floor is a very
comfortable length - Don't be shocked,
please - The Chinese quite approve of
short skirts, although theirs are
pretty long just now - I must
put in little sketches of mine -

My yellow linen that Mrs. ? cut
out and you made up - Don't narrowing

and adjusting at the waist (not narrowing
the shirt!) so that I can wear it
without a belt - the 3 stripes
serve as waist line and trimming
both - When I get a hat or two
fixed up I shall feel quite rich -

I'm going to cut out a pink
voile dress for Edna as soon as my
hair gets dry. She is getting better
fast but is worried over her preparing
to go home - Poor youngster, I don't
blame her - It's tough luck to be
sick in bed just when you want and
need to do so many things!

With ever so much love

Abbie -

My love and best wishes to Sutton
friends - to whomever ones you
think would appreciate it!

No 76

Swatow, China

(~~should be 77~~)

May 31, 1926

Dear Bess,

Its time for me to go to bed. But I didn't get a letter off to you yesterday and I hate to let this month close without telling you what a happy birthday I had. It was uneventful, but happy. When I got out to breakfast in the morning I found a beautiful tatted collar waiting for me. Before breakfast was over I had lovely songs from the Capers and a Bible Crossword Puzzle Book from Marguerite - who gives this birthday gift to Mabelle and me jointly - We have already done one of these - I found waiting for me two bottles of perfumed

Bath salts, from Elsie, and a
regret from Edna that she
couldn't yet send me anything.
In the afternoon I had notes
of greeting from Mrs. Waters and
Mrs. Page, and a call from
Mrs. Ashmore, who meant to
remember my birthday, forgot
it - and wrote such an apology
later! (I'll enclose it). Then I just
had time to run over and peek
at Edna and see how Elsie's
bad cold was getting along, before
I had to come back for our
dinner guests, Mrs. Daley and
Miss Traver. They brought me a
beautiful embroidered centerpiece
(about 24 in.). The only surprise
part of the dinner was the
birthday cake - a handsome one,
white, adorned with a pink -
dainty flower basket and
saying in artist's Chinese that

2. flower basket was to wish the
Sng Kowiso happiness, congratulations
and blessing on her birthday - It
was adorned with one candle
which Mabelle admitted was all
she had. But she thought it
might stand for first year
on Reference Committee!

After dinner I passed around
a box of Page and Shaw's chocolates,
which had arrived the Monday
before, along with another box of
chocolates, a can of delicious,
crisp, tiny ginger snaps, and
a nice box of thread and
patch work pieces (and \$3 &
pay duty with, had there been
any) from - guess whom?
Can't you guess? Try hard -
Well - it helped to make me glad
I was ban - although I've been
glad of that many times - and
glad also that I happened to be ban

Greenville N.H.! The cookies
were from Dora Laurence - and
I took them around to all the
people in the compound for a
taste while they were nice and
fresh - I'm glad I did, for they
began to get soft the very
next day. One Box of Chocolates
was from the Ladies Miss. Society
and the other from the president,
Lena Greene - The '3 was from

Mrs. Greene, and it brought \$5 +
me - I've got to hurry up and
write that thank you letter, ^{sure}

The samples of your hat came ^{mother} &
I think they are lovely - but I
think you'd better keep the trimming
to put on a dress - It surely
would make a scrummy-wrapping
costume - hat & dress to match!
So - you'd better keep it yourself instead
of sending it to me - do you hear?

3. Let me see - who was I?
After birthday dinner I was
called downstairs by one of
the teachers who (little Miss
Goin) who had brought me a
pretty orange feather hand-
painted fan! She ought not
to - but I don't know how to
keep her from doing it!

The next day Velva sent over
a dear little silver bonbon spoon -
and I received a nice birthday
letter from Clara - I guess I'll
enclose some of these billets d'ox
instead of putting them in the
waste basket - You'll enjoy them,
I think -

The writing paper hasn't arrived
but I'm looking forward to it,
and the anticipation is a pleasure -
Love, love

Abbie

Miss Anderson

May 27, 1926

Abbie Darlin':

I'm not sure I remembered
the correct colors of the bath
suits, so they are subject to change
if you prefer rose or green!

Love, love, love to you,
precious girl & a wonderfully
blessed birthday, the beginning
of a thrice blessed, victorious
& glorious year.

I had a nice card picked
out for you but that tyrant
of a Marguerite sent me back
to bed yesterday morning &

she's keeping me there today
again, with tomorrow +
uncertainty. Nothing wrong
but a little cold + a little
malaria. If Silva had not
nagged me about the cold
so much I'd still be up
+ doing my bit. I really
don't feel sick + feel quite
guilty over staying in bed.
Loi Mue Che is helping
Edna, ^(the signatory) which is around
today so we're all taken

Care of.

Poor Velva was up with Ben Jim's
baby all night. Such a life!

Yours Mabelle must not
worry about us, for we're really
all right.

How I want to be with you on
your birthday! But I'm loving you
hard.

Again Happy Birthday from both
Edna & me. She's so sorry she can't
send her remembrance in more tangible
form but the love is there
-most love, Edna

Dear Abbie: -

I approach you on
bended knee with
my forehead on the
cold ground. A me!
It is too painful.
When I read your name
in the Remembrance
book I thought - I must
go right up and see
what to do for her birthday.
And then - I got forget.
When I went over to call
that day no doubt you
thought "she is coming to
congratulate me on my

birthday" & I never said
a word. How can you
believe me when I say
I love you. — deeds are
more telling than words.
Well it does look black
for me — but you will
just have to forgive
a doddering old woman
who lets the Chinese get
on her nerves.

We are going over to see
the Consul to sign a paper
at 9-30. If you want to
cross, come & go with us.
Nevertheless I love you.

Your old friend

Lida S. Ashmore.

Thursday, May 27th.

Dear Abbie:-

The little Book of
Remembrance tells us that to-day
is your Birthday. We want
to add our heartiest congratu-
lations to those of many others

who are remembering you to-day.
We love you and our hearts
are full of good wishes for you.
May you spend many birth-
days with us!

Truly yours.

Mary S. Waters.

Abbie dear - don't take offence at the
box: It is no kind that you need
further: And the contents is not
what I would like to give you,
for I love you a lot.

Eliza



With more time than
my delay would
indicate, and here's
hoping your next
birthday will come
as a more auspicious
time!

I sent my photo for her
birthday -

Dearest Abbie,

How could
you give me
anything more lovely than
this beautiful picture of



your own dear precious
self.

C. G. K. with a
great big loving thank you
Weymouth.

A very happy BIRTHDAY



As each rose that doth unfold
Seemeth fairer than the last,
So may every Birthday hold
Something sweeter than the past ones.



POST CARD.



THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN
ON THIS SIDE

PLACE POSTAGE
STAMP HERE

DOMESTIC
ONE CENT

FOREIGN
TWO CENTS

Dear, dear Abbie,

Yes, and not only the
Birthday, but the year following, too.
And may it be full of greater, deeper
joy than ever, as thy strength is
manifested in and through you
to others.

With more love (in degree) than there
are little stitches in the collar from your
flowered fustian - Mabel

No 78.

Swatow, China

June 6, 1926

Dearest,

It never rains but it pours! A number of our girls were still in quarantine from the diphtheria germs - though none of them had the real thing; when along comes another germ and knocks down a lot more folks - Fully half our upper class girls are down - 27 in all so far - They first thought it was flu, but now think it is dengue - a head achey, bone-achey business, too. Poor Velva and Marguerite are just worn to frazzles - they've had so much to do - The assembly room looks almost bare, with such depleted numbers - so many sick, and a number more out taking care of the sick ones -

I think I told you that Helen Poe has a scholarship to study in the University of Michigan next year and longer, I guess - She has definitely resigned and says that even if she does not go to America she will not stay here - She is weary of all the problems,

I know - Well - it falls back on Miss Culley where she goes - and no foreigner ought to have to try to be the principal of a high school in this day and - degeneration. I nearly said 'But here in China. They demand a college education, or its equivalent. Mabelle has had the equivalent, of course, but they also demand that the principal be a Chinese. There is ~~no~~ other woman college graduate available for the place. Tang Tek Kuan, in the Woman's School, is the only other one (Christian) in this district - So I don't know what we are coming to, I'm sure -

Oh, I can't help feeling ricked - Mabelle is so distressed about this whole thing: has "asked for guidance" and "can't see anything but a blank wall" ahead of her. Oh I don't suppose it really can be a punishment for being so obstinate about not letting Emily come back here - Three of the other teachers have resigned - and Mabelle has just lost heart about the whole thing. She doesn't see how we can carry on - and doesn't feel equal to the task - She has

worked so hard to build the school up to high
 school grade and now to have it slump -
 it just makes her feel that the bottom has
 dropped out of everything - I know I'm
 probably very wicked I has asked for
 guidance - well - so have some of the
 rest of us sometimes - but God doesn't always
 reveal to us just how he is going to lead
 us - and I don't think we can always
 expect him to; especially, it seems to me,
 if we have judget folks harshly - as she
 certainly did when she said she would
 leave if Emily came back to this school!
 It seems to me the least we can do is to
 bear and forbear a little - Of course she
~~she~~ stood a lot and can't stand any
 more - that's what she would say - but I
don't know - If the people felt as they did,
 they ought to write and tell Emily so - but
 not let her think all the time she would
 be allowed to come back and then

suddenly sit on her and tell her she is
not wanted, she must stay at home. That's
what it would have been, if Mrs. Hildreth
hadn't asked for her to come to Charchowfn -
Oh dear - I guess I'm depressed - I need
another letter from you -

You got the reading prize - Hoosay for Sutton! I'm
proud enough to bust a nut! I know
whose work done that, all right! And you got
along with your quots in spite of the Cursive,
didn't you? Go ahead and shake 'em, why
don't you? Just give 'em a jolt or so!

Three weeks from last Friday is our
graduation. Between now and then I have
an my program, in addition to reviews and
examinations, a choir social, girls missionary
meeting, women's missionary meeting,
Reference Committee, and maybe Woman's Committee.
Mabelle & I ought to entertain the teachers, and
the three graduating classes - but we haven't
much heart for it this year -

Love
Abbie

No 79.

ABBIE G. SANDERSON
SWATOW, CHINA

June 13, 1926

Dearest Quas -

How do I look in dark
blue on white? Pretty spiffy, eh?
But you needn't think I'm going
to waste very much of it on you
folks! Just enough to say
thank-you and to let you know how
it looks - I certainly do like it a
lot. I like it, too - just with
my name and Swatow China, on
it. Emily had some with Girls' School
on it, once, and she never liked it
very well. I'm sure I like this
better. I wondered if it would be

this way, before it arrived, and hoped
it would be. The printing is so fine,
too, and clear -

Well - I broke my good health
record by getting a fever which
sent me to bed last Wednesday,
and my temperature, though never
higher than 101 or a little over,
has not been normal until today.
I've been loafing and letting other
folks give my exams, and so on.
I'm sitting up a good bit today,
and shall go out to one exam
to-morrow, and maybe a Bible class.
if I feel as fine as I do today.
The doctors have been having
their hands full with an epidemic of

ABRAHAM G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

the same thing that I have had, and they called it dengue. Well - I was not very comfortable - but I wasn't watched the way I was when I had dengue in 1922. And now they have decided it is a form of the flu - wheeziness in the chest - and a terrific cough make that sound quite plausible to me - I know I've never had anything just like this before.

Well - I've been raving about my flu so hard that I forgot to tell you we have had a cable saying that the Board approves Emily's coming to Chaoshow - I didn't

really believe they would do it but
Din is glad! For I feel confident
that E. will do so well she will
mightily surprise some people
who think she is bound to make
a failure of things - She had
her sailing all booked, and her mother
is coming with her to Seattle - and
it would have been pretty late to
change - and pretty hard -

Her birthday present to me just
arrived - a handsome pin seal
under arm purse - it was very
extravagant of her - but of course,
its lovely -
(But I like yours better!)

Heaps of love Abbie

No 80

Swatow, China

June 19, 1926

Dear Mother & Dad,

Before I forget it any longer, I want to speak of the story "Curlique" and how much I have enjoyed reading it. After I finished it I gave it to Mabelle and I'm planning now to put it in a steamer letter for Edna Smith when she sails - It's a good one!

Before I forget, too, I want to tell you to say thank you to Mr. & Mrs. Chapman for the attractive and welcome birthday card, which came while I was fretting miserably in bed with the "flu" fever - Tell them it helped me to get better soon!

Gladys Paul asked me to send her some baby things ^{for a present} for her, which I did - to the value of \$8.00. In

payment she sends me \$30 - and
tells me to keep the rest for a
birthday present. What do you
know about that?

About Mrs. Gray's yokes and tally.
I haven't any worse tally like
what she wants but will have
some made this summer as
near what she wants as I can.
About the beading - As to yokes -
the girl who promised to do them
has been married and has a baby -
as I guess. I'll have to get some
one else to do some! But
when they send orders I wish they
would send a sample - I'm
keeping a book by numbers now -
a thing I should have begun
long ago - The pieces I sent you
were Nos 2, 7, 1, 5, 12, 15, 17, 14 -
and they may be ordered by those
numbers but if you want to be
sure of the exact match better
send a sample -

2)

Sunday afternoon - I have been lazily loafing all this afternoon. This morning we had our promotion exercises at Sunday School - Then regular church service - and then we went down to a baptismal service, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen anywhere. - Three of our girls, and a boy, were baptized. Mr. Capen did the baptizing and he knows how to do it. The last service before this was a travesty on the ordinance - The feet came up, and of all the splutters and grabs you ever saw, with laughs, of course, from the crowd, that was about the worst I ever saw - But this beautiful service made up for the other one - except that I am sorry

for the ones who were baptized the other time.

Well, what do you suppose I am going to do now? It is not then quite certain but the plan has been suggested that I take Edna to Hong Kong next week and get her started on her homeward journey - If I go, it means my expenses paid etc - Of course I shall not stay a moment longer than I have to, but the doctors have decided that Edna needs to have some one go with her to get her started - She is dreadfully nervous, cries at the least little thing and just is not fit to start off by herself. She was planning to go up the coast to Shanghai - but she didn't want to go alone there and when the doctors suggested her having some body go to Hong Kong with

her, she simply broke down and
 cried with the relief - She
 had been dreading it so -
 They are going to bring it up
 to Reference Committee and
 get a vote about it, and
 of course some other plan
 may be found - But at
 present it looks as though I
 would be going with her. School
 will be out, and I'm not on the
 Committee of Eighty which will be
 meeting at the time of the Chinese
 Convention - (though I expect to
 be back for that, surely - July 20).
 Reference Committee meets this
 week and then that will be over.
 When this thing was suggested
 to me last night and they
 asked me if I would consider

going - I came home and looked
over my wardrobe to see what
I had to wear - I fear my
dresses are not particularly
suitable for a trip like this,
yet they might be worse -
Underclothes are always a
problem when you are
traveling in the summer time.
If I live long enough I am
going to have some silk
ones sometime that can
be washed out in a wash tub
and will dry overnight - in
steamer, hotel or wherever -
But I guess I can manage.

I am going to try to hang
on to my money, but it will
be a hard job - I must though,
if I'm going off later with
Clara up north! And that
trip has been planned for
over a year - So I guess
I can't give that up unless I
have to.

Dad has just come from Miss
 Lacey that we have reservations
 to Pui-ta-ho on a boat from
 Shanghai July 30 - Shant I
 be the big globe trotter, though,
 if I go to Hong Kong and
 then to Shanghai Pui-ta-ho -
 maybe Peking, and back down
 to Shanghai in time to meet
 Emily, and then back to
 Swatow in time for the
 opening of school - ! I guess
 I shall have to stay put until
 furlough time, after I get
 back this summer -

The trip to H. K. won't be
 all a task however - for
 Edna really is not well. Her
 heart is bad and I shall
 be worried about her until

she is safely settled on the
boat for America - There will
be her baggage to attend to,
and its so late now we
shall probably have to cable
from there to Shanghai
about tickets, etc. Well - it
will be quite different from
the routine of school work,
anyway!

I have one more examination
to-morrow morning. When I
get that done, and corrected,
and those grades done, my
work for the term will be about
finished - My accounts are
up-to-date - and I have to
have one more reckoning and
one more payment to the
teachers - their salaries - then
a rest from that for a little
while -

With all this gadding, do you wonder
that I need any extra ^{expenses} that may
be coming from talking? etc -
Follow up with Mr. Arthur and his
I'd love to hear about his plans - don't let this

Swatow China

June 27, 1926

Dear One,

This is an experiment - to save paper - This is a bit from a roll of five inch black ribbon that was sent out for hair-ribbon for the girls - They don't use black ribbons here - so I used some of the ribbon to make a hat - which was not particularly successful, I may say! but this is the paper that came off, and I hated to waste it.

Well: Reference Committee is over, and graduation is over - At the former, they like to have some one who is a stenographer do the work of recording secretary - But Elsie has been sick and is worn out with taking care of Edna, and has lost six weeks from her language study besides. So the Language Committee said she must not be asked to do it this time. Velva is the other one who can do such work - and she is into the medical work heels over head just now. So we met without a stenog. and when it came to appointing a recording sec. they appointed me! It was a short, easy session, however, and I had no difficulty in getting

plenary. and when at the time they appointed me!
a recording sec. It was a short, easy session. However,
and I had no difficulty in getting
things down on paper after a fashion.
Mr. Page, the Corresponding Secretary, who
presented all the business, sat
at the same table and was very
good about helping with the wording
of difficult motions. I don't know
what he thinks of the minutes, now
that he has taken them to go over,
but it got done, any way!

I learned some things at this
session - not all of which
are complimentary about certain
co-workers of mine, and which I
therefore will not repeat - I found
out also that when I think I have
anything to say it is hard for
me to remember that I'm only a
young green thing, and keep still
to let the older ones talk!

Among other things we voted to
recommend to Conference the ~~sending~~
~~out of a~~ selecting of an Executive
Secretary, whose full time shall be
given to the routine and executive
part of the work. Two years ago
I think it very doubtful whether
our reference Committee would have
passed such a recommendation,
but it was passed unanimously
this time. Not all the members of
the mission will agree. But I haven't
much doubt that it will go through,
and that at the next conference, too.

Another thing they did was vote that
the Treasurer forward money for
my expenses to Hong Kong with

Another thing they did was vote that the Treasurer forward money for my expenses to Hong Kong with Edna. It will all go on her travel account, I suppose. Her ship, the S.S. "President Pierce" sails from Hong Kong a week from to-day, and we are probably leaving here Tuesday. I feel very much rushed - but I'm just going to do what I can to-morrow and let the rest go, of course.

Graduation was very pretty this year. I had almost nothing to do with it - I had expected to be in Ref. Com. all of Tuesday and Wednesday - but we were finished in three sessions - Monday eve, and Tues A.M. + P.M. (7.30 - 9) (8.30 - 10) (2.30 - 4.30). But late Wednesday P.M. they came after me to help them out with letters. They had a plaque covered with pine needles, and the ^{white} ~~green~~ letters 1926 above the characters for "graduating classes" - They did look pretty bad. Mabelle had been busy practicing music, and when she saw those letters she said she just couldn't stand it so she came after me - I made some plain block letters 1926 for them like the ones we used to put on banners - and fixed them up in a jiffy - The poor girls had been

working all day on them and were
tired to pieces

(Just there I tipped over the ink-
bottle - or rather - I tipped it
over after I had written about two
feet more about graduation!

I just can't write it over, because it
is now time to go to bed and I
have heaps to do to-morrow -)

To continue: Friday night we
were invited over to have a last
supper (Chinese) with the women
teachers, and had a fine time.

Saturday Clara came down from Kitzguy
and nine of us went to Double Island
for a swim and picnic supper.

We visited with Beckie Cowles and
Waneta Hobart, who've gone down

there - and saw the Stockers, who
live there all the time - Went down
skimming in about a half hour,

and came back in about an hour,
by beautiful moonlight. It was
so restful. This afternoon just

after I had been writing to you,

Anna came down from Kaying -

We had invited Edna, Elsie, Velva
and Clara (who is staying with Velva)

to supper tonight (last chance to have
Edna) and of course it was great

to have Anna get here just in
time for that.

I don't believe I ever told you
that after the folks got back up

time for that.

I don't believe I ever told you that after the folks got back up to Kaying they found conditions so very greatly improved that by letter and telegraph they were able to persuade our consul to let them stay on instead

of leaving - So Anna didn't have to close her school after all, and she's back down here again on her way to - where do you suppose? Pci-ta-hon, to be with Helen and Jay - who have just decided that that is where they are going. Of course Clara and I are tickled pink. Tonight at supper I asked Clara to ask the blessing - Right afterwards I told her that Anna was going to be at Pci-ta-ho - and she said "well, if I'd known that before I asked the blessing I'd have been thankful for one thing more!"

Both Anna and Clara send you their warm love, Mother. Anna says: "Your mother is so nice, Abbie!" I say, say I, "yes I think so too!"

Well, since I've damaged things a little well as to paper and

I say, say I, yes I must
Well, since I've damaged things
up pretty well as to paper and
ink, I guess I'd better quit. This
is my second spill tonight. I wonder
what the third will be? The first
was knocking my glass dessert
dish I (this kind) off into my lap
after I had finished. It didn't
break - I had on my grey voile
with black lace, and I guess it
is not much damaged - And I
didn't spill the ink in my lap!
Didn't get any on my dress at all, but
spoiled the second of my six
green ten cent desk blotters!

Heaps of love

Abbie

1881

No 82

ABERLE G. SANDERSON
SWATOW, CHINA

Hongkong
July 4, 1926

Dear Ones,

I am almost too sleepy
to write but I do want to get a
line off to you tonight if I can -

I left Swatow with Elna
last Wednesday. We got here Thursday
morning after a very comfortable trip,
and found we could get in here
at the Helena May Institute - which
is practically a Y. H. C. A.

I expected to go back to Swatow
on today's boat, but it sailed just
when Elna was leaving and
she needed me up to the last

minute - The day we got here was
a holiday (Bank Holiday) so we
couldn't get Edna's baggage attended
to, nor see about tickets, nor
anything, until the next day -
That business took us the whole
of Friday morning, just about.

Then Edna had other errands to
do - she couldn't rush, just had
to go slow - and she dissolved
in tears (though she tried not to)
when she thought of trying to
go anywhere alone, or stay
here alone, even - When she
was buying things - her head
went all dizzy in a whirl and

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ABBIE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

she didn't know anything she said.
So I decided that I couldn't very
well run around and do my own
errands, and other peoples' commissions
and let Edna get hysterical and run
out in the meantime - and alas that
I couldn't leave her in the condition
she is in until her boat had sailed.
So - my boat has gone, and I
am to be here another week
probably - at the Board's expense -

On ^{one of the} Thursday afternoon we went
down to the Swatow drawn work
shops and got them to telephone to
Mr. Hwang (the one who used to be

the principal of our Orator Boy's Academy - whose wife used to teach in our school. Her sister, Min Lan Chieh Hui, is one of our teachers -) We immediately invited Mr. & Mrs. Mans restaurant for afternoon tea at 4 on Friday. They brought two children, and we had a lovely time.

Today Edna and I started out just at nine in a taxi, with a coolie. We went down to the ferry - and then, coolie and all, across to the other side and aboard the Steamer. Edna's boxes and trunks were all there and so she could rest easy about that. Mr. Wang got there at the same time, and he took us out to the college where

ABELLE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

he is president - a sort of private school - They served us tea, and we had a nice talk all together before we came back to the boat. Edna sailed just at noon - I do hope she gets home O.K.

I tried to do all I could for her, of course - and what do you suppose she did? Gave me for my birthday present, a beautiful camphor wood box! It is about $37'' \times (17'' \text{ high}) \times (8'' \text{ wide})$ - I was getting two boxes for Edith Traver - and so we got the three all together much cheaper than usual - Edith expected me to have to pay $\$15$ or 18 apiece and we

got these for \$11 each - I protested
at Edna's doing this for me - but
she said I had done so many
things for her (I hadn't really - I
just made one dress for her) and
there took the time to come down
here, etc - Well, I think it is
a pretty nice present, anyway!

When I got home this noon I
was dead tired - It has been
something of a strain, I realize
now, to see that every thing was
done - and to see that Edna
didn't overdo - and all the rest.
But of course it has all been
lovely - ^{this noon from the boat} When I got back, I found a

newcomer at my table - an inland girl from
the "Assembly of God" mission - premillennialist.
but who needs companionship - Love Abbie

No 83

ABRAHAM G. SANDERSON
SWATOW, CHINA

Hong Kong —

July 5, 1926

Dear Father —

What is your interpretation, please, of the parable of the new patch on the old garment in Luke 9: 38 - 44 and is it the same as the parable of the new wine in old wine skins? I can't seem to get a satisfactory explanation of those or of verse 39 —

A Miss ^(a)Clarke, missionary under the Assemblies of God mission — who is staying here for a few weeks for a vacation — is sitting at my table — and all yesterday afternoon and evening she tried to convince me that the premillennialist view of religion is

the only right, sane, cheerful, joyful, reverent way to look at the Bible.

"Why," said she, "the post-millennialists have no scriptures back of them" -

Say I, not in as charitable a spirit as I might have had, I said, "That's because you are a pre-millennialist"!

She excuses me. However, on the ground that she has had a better chance for study about the second coming of Christ than I have, she supposes - She is a Moody Institute girl - and knows Hattie Bailey, the girl who sailed with me on my first trip -

Well - I got all riled up inside, as it were - for I thought that if this lady took it upon herself to convert me - morning noon and night the rest of the time I am here, that

2)

ABBIE G. SANDERSON

SHANTON, CHINA.

I shouldn't get quite the rest that I hope for! So I came upstairs and sat me down to my New Testament. I was too sleepy - so I went at it for about an hour before breakfast this morning -

After much reading and meditating (in the midst of which I came upon the above mentioned parables) I decided that this girl is in great need of companionship - and has been taught to look upon all pleasures as wicked. It occurred to me that perhaps during this coming week I can do something for her in the way of being friendly and companionable - She has

mannerisms that fret me to pieces,
and she seems affected, nervous,
embarrassed, etc. ^{and very busy even} But I decided
I'd better not judge. And then
I decided that probably her
spiritual life is deeper, or at
least, far more conscientious than
mine; that I'd better not be so
Pharisaical in my thinking I was
so much better off than she!
Perhaps she will do me a lot
of good - what I need - and in
the meantime - I guess I'd better
be as kind to her as I can.

Tonight after dinner a girl
whose name I have not learned -
French, I think, accosted me in a

3/

ABBIE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

Whisper, asking if I were an inland girl - and would I therefore (?!) like to purchase from her a piece of red voile which belongs to a girl whose mother has just died. ^{and says with interest} She took me to her room to show the cloth to me, and closed her door - speaking all the while in a furtive whisper and covering the cloth with a paper at every little noise - very eagerly trying to get me to buy it - which of course I wouldn't do.

I wonder!

I did quite a bit of shopping for Swatow folks this morning, and rested all this P.M.

Love Abbie

No 84

ABBE G. SANDERSON
SHANTON, CHINA

Hong Kong
July 6, 1926

Mother dear -

If I lived in Hong Kong
all the time I think I should try
to follow the steamers more closely.
When I know an Admiral or an
Empress boat is leaving the next
day, there's quite an incentive to
get just one more message off
to you - somehow - even though it
may not be worth the ten cents it
takes to send it - I wonder how
many of my letters give you that
feeling - as though you wonder why

I thought that scrap ^{to me} was worth
sending! Well - yours never
do - I tell you - But I'm
afraid I don't write you very
many good "missionary" letters -

Now Miss Clause is a good
missionary - much better, I'm sure,
than I am - for she considers
nicked lots of things that I don't.
movies, etc - but we are getting
along pretty well - She goes
with me shopping and about
everywhere I go - and of course
it is much nicer not to have
to go alone - I helped her to pick
out a pretty blue and white
flowered georgette crepe - and
then when she thought about

2)

ABBE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

taking it to the tailor, I said, why didn't she get a pattern & I'd help her cut it out and sew it up! Well, we did - and I'm beginning to wish I hadn't bitten off quite such a big mouthful, for she can sew scarcely at all! I have to go shopping to-morrow morning - and pack either to-morrow P.M. or Sat. A.M. - and I don't know just when the dress will get finished!

I saw Mrs. Hance (who used to live in Swatow) yesterday on the street. and she has invited me to her house (up on the Peak) for

lunch Saturday noon and, if
they can have the Company's lunch,
we are to have a launch picnic
that afternoon. Won't that be
nice? And yet I'd enjoy it
much better if Edna or Emily
or another one of "us" were
going too! I rather dread
social affairs with the Community
people if I have to go alone!

To return to Miss Claus -
she really is a whole lot better
than me - yesterday I had the
"dazzles" in my eyes and I was
afraid I was going to be sick -
I guess she was too! She went
down to her room and prayed

3/

ABBIE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

for me, because she didn't want
me to get sick - My only comfort
is, - I got better right away,
and went down-town shopping
with her!

It's getting late - so I'll close -
with lots of love to both of
dear ones - and affectionate
remembrance to all 'inquiring friends'.

Yours ever

Abbie

2085

AMIE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA.

July 17, 1926

Dear Pa.

To come straight to the point first thing. Of course I'll be glad to buy your shares if you find it is necessary. When that time comes, i. e. when you find it necessary to use the money, Mother can pay you \$200 from my bank account, if there is that amount there - As I said before, I'd be willing to go to the Boston bank if necessary, but not if unnecessary — Is this O. K. ?

I got back from my trip to Hongkong with Edna Smith last

Monday morning. I did a good deal of running around in Hong Kong and it wasn't a very restful time - I helped that Miss Hance to do shopping and to make a dress. Saturday I went with Mrs. Hance to lunch and afterward she took me with her on a launch picnic - Mrs. Hance, a Mr. Ramsay who lives here in Swatow, and another man, and a woman, were the others at the party - We went to Big Wave Bay and had a swim (I didn't go in for I had no suit) then had a substantial tea on the way back - Swatow
When I got back here Monday morning it was hot hotter hottest.

2/
ABBE G. SANDERSON

SPATON, CHINA

A preacher's institute began on ~~Thursday~~ but I didn't go - didn't dream I was supposed to. At noon a distressed word came from Mrs. Waters wondering why none of us were there. It turns out that it is a Preacher-Teacher Institute - or Retreat. So Thursday and Friday I went. It really is a very lively meeting, in which they are discussing a good many of the problems which will have to be thrashed out at the Convention meetings next week.

But, hot as I have been all week - and busy going to these meetings I hadn't planned on, and

trying to get a little sewing done in
between times, let me tell you I am
having a real rest - cool, and delightful -
right now. This A.M. (Sat.) at 5.30 I
started off and came over here to Chaoyang.
A wind has blown up so that it is
cooler - and I had a two hours
sleep right after dinner - Mrs.
Joocebeck has shown me her quilts
(she has pieced so many beautiful
ones -) and now she sits here
reading, while I am writing to
you -

Dr. Joocebeck has been at the meetings.
He came home last night but has been
away all day - and he is expected
back any moment now -

Dr. Proctor of East China is now

3)

ABBIE G. SANDERSON

BRATON, CHINA

down here observing - He came to the Institute and now he is getting interested and thinks he'll stay through the Convention -

I had such a nice note from Mrs. Greesbuck just as I was leaving for Hongkong. She asked me when I was coming over here to stay a week. Well, since I'm leaving for the north the last of next week or maybe before, I decided my visit here would have to be this week-end. I didn't see how I could come but I just wanted to so badly that I had to pick up and come anyway.

Mrs. J. is just the same dear beloved lady that she always was and - well - restful is the word that fits.

When I go back Monday morning I shall be a new woman I believe.

Then Monday and Tuesday I shall rush to get odds and ends of sewing done, and my packing, and then Tuesday night the big Chinese convention begins - I shall want to be there for every session if possible; I hope our boat won't leave for Shanghai before the thing is over -

Sunday P.M.

By the time Dr. Froese got home last night a good-sized wind had developed - and all day today we have

ABBIE G. SANDERSON

SWATOW, CHINA

been in the grip of a near-typhoon.

Mrs. Greenback hates it so, and she is so lonely for the children - well,

I'm very glad I came, anyway -

If it has cheered her up at all, I'm glad, and so for myself. I'm certainly having a rest. I may not get

back to-morrow morning tho. I shall have to wait and see how much it is blowing when to-morrow gets here.

I'm eating like a pig. I always do when I come over here. Mrs. G. is a genius for having nice things to eat.

I have been reading a book of Dr. Greenback's which I should like to

own. It is Dr. Gribb's "Never Man Is Spoken". I think I might be able to use it in a Bible Study class. Now would you like to get it, read it yourself, and then send it on to me? We have some tattering money that Mother has - if she has any!

Some day I should also like to have the book "The Master and the Twelve", by J. G. W. Ward (George H. Doran Co.). I received the book that Mother sent "Sunshine and Shadows" - Thanks - and never mind about the others I wrote for -

You may be sure I shall be thinking of you in all the problems that you have ahead of you - and shall be praying that they may all be solved easily and wisely, and happily. God bless you as you meet and struggle with them. Love to my dear ones,
Aunt

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CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

S.S. Soochow

July 25, 1926

Dear Ones,

Everyone is enjoying a cool breeze that has just sprung up, at six o'clock in the evening after a long hot exhausting day.

I thought surely that by this time I should have a number of good long letters written - but I have actually done nothing but eat and sleep - all today and all yesterday afternoon -

The Chinese Convention is the big thing that is filling our minds just now - After the "explosion" of last summer we have all been on tiptoe to see what kind of meetings would take place this year. I am supposed to report the Convention

To Thirion and I haven't yet collected my thoughts. I'd better sport it off in a natural way to you first, I suppose and then cull what should be put into print from that.

The Convention was preceded by a Retreat for Christian workers, - a series of meetings in which the inspirational and the devotional were supplemented by frank, helpful discussions of certain problems which were to be up for discussion at the big convention. - Each morning at ten one of the Christian leaders presented an important subject. The meeting then divided into four groups for discussion, ~~after which~~ (the women being in one group by themselves) and then the findings of the group discussions were presented to the whole body for further discussion.

Some subjects discussed were
"How may we ^{Better} ^{Chinese}
the Development of Trained Leaders".

"How to Raise ^{the} standard of (?)
Education". Has the time yet
come for the Chinese to take over
mission property? - The Importance
of the Spiritual Life in the Develop-
ment of the Dia Tang churches.
We did not divide into groups
for the discussion of Education.

If this Retreat did nothing
else, it gave the leaders opportunity
to put into their ideas, and hear
to expression. And some
the ideas of others. - And some
of the bothering problems were
partly thrashed out ahead of
time, instead of coming up all
of a sudden and having to
be decided when no one had
had a chance to think things
out clearly. - I hope they
will have such meetings every

year. You should have heard
the ^{open} way the women expressed
their opinions in the separate
groups; in regard to some
questions they dared to be
far more outspoken than did
the men! (Y. M. Y. H. C. A. Committee) at same time.

The Convention itself began
the evening of July 20th. I seldom
in a meeting anywhere have I
been more gripped than I was
by the message brought that
evening by Principal La. of
the Solators ~~Academy~~ Academy. ~~His~~
~~theme was "Rebirth"~~ Again and
again during his address the
call rang out "Ye must be born
again." Born again! A
large ~~Prayer~~ Silent Prayer had
a large place that evening.
Mr. Fu led ~~the~~ thoughts and
the audience which filled our

CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

2/
Kakchich chapel²² sat silent with bowed heads, in earnest desire ~~for~~ that every heart might ~~be~~ have the right prepositional ~~for~~ this important Convention that all selfish desires and motives should be taken away and ~~that~~ first place be given to our Lord Christ. Truly it was a wonderful opening for the Convention.

Following that came the election of Convention officers. Mr. Tai Kwan It was elected chairman, and Mrs. Lo Siab Kwan, last year's presiding officer, vice chairman. Later on the meetings a second vice chairman was elected, Miss Alice Chen.

principal of the Maonai School.
Mrs. Heng Tzu Kien, Swanton Dist.
Christian Institute was made
the Secretary.

On Wednesday morning after
the devotional half hour, came
an ~~inspirational~~ address by Dr. Tai.
Again Christ was made the
center of our attention. Whatever
effort is made, it must all
be with the aim of preaching
Christ's saving power, else it
is useless. Dr. Tai gave a general
outline of the work of the ^{his} T'ang
Convention but the emphasis
was laid upon the need of
spiritual gifts if any real
good was to be accomplished.

At the business session which
followed, such as at the other
sessions, Dr. Tai proved his ability
as a tactful, patient, wise chairman.

The various committees were
elected. quick to understand the
various points of view and
fair to all who wished to speak.

It is amazing to see how
this Convention Body has literally
come from darkness into light.
~~Two or three~~ A few short years ago meetings
were held which were called conventions

but many of the missionaries
~~over~~ were not in attendance,
and few of the Chinese were
very deeply interested. Now,
what a difference! Nothing
dead about these meetings!

Aug 4- Shouldn't you think I'd have
found ambition to finish this
letter long ago? Well- I'm a
pill, and I know it. I just
do manage to do about the biggest

account of nothing at all ship!

I haven't even told you yet about our exciting get-away from Swatow. We found that the only boat coming late enough to let us stay there for the Conv., and soon enough to get us to Shai for the 30th - (day on boat was scheduled to leave Shai) was a British boat. That meant no Chinese sampan would be allowed to take us and our things out to it. So Mr. Capen went to see the American Consul ^(too) and he agreed to lend us his gig and his gigmen for the occasion. They came over at 9. on Friday the 2nd and waited there in the Charley sun all day for the boat which didn't come in! My trunk and even my two bags were down in the boat - and it was hot, and we didn't go to all the meetings, but the ones we did go to were not able to hold more than half an

3) attention because we had to have one eye out for the boat all the time, and we had to be ready to go at any minute. At 6 P.M. (when the port is closed) we gave up hope, tried now to carry our luggage back up the hill and had our not-expected-to-be-slept-in beds made up again, and went to the last session of the Convention. The Woman's Vice Chair presided in a very happy, dignified manner, and it happened that the question of more vital interest to us women than any other of the Convention came up and brought out the most heated remarks of the whole meeting. We were really glad to be there!

The Consul had loaned us his boat for the day, and we hated to ask him for it again but it was the only thing to do - and the lot fell to me to write the note.

The boy took it over to him but he was out in Denver that night. The boy waited for him until 12 o'clock, then went off somewhere to sleep and came back early the next morning. In the meantime we were on pins and needles to know whether we could have the boat or not. The gig-men had been rather peeved to have to stay out there all day in the hot sun and we didn't know whether they would be pleased about coming at again. So we didn't know until a half hour before we left the house whether we were to have the consul's boat or whether we'd have to find a boat from somewhere and row it ourselves!

As a matter of fact, the gigmen had already started out before

our boy got an answer from the
consul to my note, so that was that.
The boat was a big fine one,
far better than any of the Chinese
boats running to Shanghai, and we
had a wonderful trip, only 2 days
and six hours. The trip ordinarily takes
three full days by coast steamer,
and Maymie and I were six
days on the way last fall!

The next morning we went directly
to the office to find out about ^{the} steamer.
The news was that she might sail
Aug 1 or 2 instead of July 31. We
kept going to the office to ask
every day or so - and the boat
kept being postponed. Finally
we have got away, and we shall
be glad when we get to the
end of this journey.

They say there is one worse

boat on this line; if so - I am
not hankering to travel on it!
Aug 5, A.M.

We are eleven passengers not
counting the little boy that belongs
to a Jewish couple. One girl is
the daughter of the ticket agent of
this line - looks like a picture
direct from a page of the August
Ladies Home Journal. English cut,
no sleeves, skirts actually above
her knees and not more than a yard
around. Her mother came out on the
tender with her - and smoked a
cigarette when the sun got too
hot for comfort.

Very friendly with this young lady
are a mother and daughter of similar
type, also English. of Shanghai
Society life - Both with sleeveless
knee length dresses - The mother's
gray shingle bob is quite an

I attractive one as I have seen anywhere.
Marguerite says "I don't like these
skimpy dresses - I didn't say anything,
for I do like some of them." Then she
said "How would you like your mother
in a dress like that?" I said, "Can
you imagine her in one?" - "She
said "That shows you don't really
approve of that kind of a dress!"

Another of our ship companions is
the official American doctor of the
port of Shanghai. He has the finest
cabin on the boat, next to the captain's
(but that isn't saying a great deal)

The Jewish parents are adoring
washpuffers of their one and only
five-year-old son, and keep him
securely tied every moment with a
leather strap arrangement, - for
fear he'll fall overboard or
do something. He is so nervous that
he is just about frantic - poor thing,

he has no chance at all for exercise!

They call him nice and naughty
by turns, and slap and hug him
alternately - And his name is
Arthur!

The other two passengers are
ladies - and we haven't decided
just who they are. Professional,
perhaps, - nurses - one of them
may be a missionary. But if as
she is trying pretty hard not to
appear like us. Then the two
not with each other, and quite
obviously make so ro remarks
about the other passengers, - us
included. I'm sure. I wonder
what they find to say about me?!

Alice and Marguerite and I are
quite satisfied that we are
missionaries instead of anybody
else - yet I have noticed one
thing that has made me stop and
think. The cabins are awful,

cockroaches, etc. The food is not very good, the water tasteless, and the flies abominable - but it has been the missionaries who have fueled the rant about them! The others seem to be able to make the best of things as they are and not grumble as much as we do -

Naturally, since this thing has come to my attention, I've made a desperate effort not to be included in the above underling "we" - It surely is a good way to show off one's bad manners, and I'm glad I saw this letter before anyone had to tell me!

We all had army cots and slept on deck last night - even the doctor - Cabins would have been unbearable - The potholes are about eight inches across, I

should say, and only one in
a cabin - Now, at 10 in the
morning - the other folks are
all weary of sitting, and have
already stretched out on cots on
the cool side of the deck -

Six are already down, and my
cot is here waiting for me to
lie down too - I'm sleepy, so
I guess I'll "obey that impulse"

Very lovingly your daughter,

Abbie.

July 31, 1926

Dearest One,

My letter of last week has not yet been mailed to you - isn't that dreadful? But I started to tell you about the Chinese Convention - then didn't want to send your letter off until I had copied from it certain parts in my report to Missions. And this week in Shanghai it has been too hot to work, almost - to say nothing of

to Pinda Taintor - We were
afraid because she hadn't
written to us for so long that
she might be peevish because
we wouldn't go to Taintor
with her - but she is not.
She has just been terrifically
busy since Miss Dowling
left. It was good to see
her again -

The "Madison" leaves this
A.M. so I'll not stop to
write more - This note
will tell you at least
that I'm well and happy -
enjoying seeing a number

of people here whom I know
as well as new ones - I
have also discovered through
the guest book that a Mr.
& Mrs. C. F. Wood of West
China were guests here
last March - on their way
home, I suppose. —

Much, much love,

(No 87)

Abbie

Conference grounds
Rocky Point
Paitan, N. China

Mother dear -

Aug. 15, 1926

Your letter of June 24 just reached me an hour ago. It was a very happy surprise, for I did not think I would be here long enough for mail to reach me, so ordered it sent to the Missionary Home where I can get it when I go back through Shanghai. This is one that escaped the Post Office somehow, and got over to Mabel, who sent it here -

What a houseful you must have had with Arthur's family all there! I suppose the next letter will tell how long they stayed, and whether there was anything left of you when they went. I'm very curious, of course, to know what Evelyn's letter said. Lucius sent a big box of thread; enough thread, all in skeins, therefore solid thread, to fill half the shirt waist box in the front chamber - perhaps more. There were no numbers on the skeins, but we can use them just the same, for the expert girls can tell by rolling the thread in their fingers what size it is -

But I told you, didn't I, that I never knew for months that it came from Cranch's -

I wish you could have stayed longer in Hopkinton. Now you must have wanted to sit on Dad for being so insistent on going ahead! I know just how you must have felt.

Well! If only you could have beheld your first-born child yesterday. Whether you would have disowned

her - or felt like doing so, or felt disgraced for
life, I know not - But at least you would have
had your visibilities seriously affected. Of that I
am sure -

Clara and I went with John and Helen Foster
and three young women workers from Changsha to
visit the Great Wall of China at Shan-hai-kuan,
the point where the wall runs down into the sea.
We arose at 5, got a snatch of breakfast and
a package of lunch from the kitchen and caught the
6.10 train. The Fosters and the other folks had to come
about 4 miles by ricksha, and they were so late that
we were afraid they weren't going to get there. But
they did, and we really had a wonderful trip -
to ride about a half hour, from Peking's Bench to
Peking's Junction, where we change and get the through
train from Peking to Mukden - and go as far as
Shan-hai-kuan. The trains have been rather late
these last few days and we didn't know how long we
might have to wait. Some people have had to wait
at the junction until noon and thus were obliged
to stay over until the night train and didn't get
back until 11.30 P.M. We didn't want to do that.

When we pulled into the junction, L.C. &
behold our train was waiting for us! We
resembled aboard and asked a conductor if
we were on the right train. He answered, "This
is last night's slow mail train, 12½ hours late!"

2) Weren't we lucky? The train we planned to come on was several hours late -

When we got to Chinwang Shanhai kwan a mob of ricksha men and donkey-men, each with his own vehicle of transportation in tow, swarmed upon us, and would have swamped us, had not the policemen beaten them back with clubs. As it was, we had pretty hard work to get a donkey for each of us, and get on him! We did it finally, and started off. Of course my stirrups were too short, and when he tried to lengthen them they were more uncomfortable than ever. I had on a middie, with black and white plaid voile skirt, white bloomers underneath. It was the best I could do - but before I go donkey riding again I shall have some proper knickerbockers as the others had. But I really think I should enjoy a real horse better than a donkey. The beasts are so small; their saddles are all too short for the likes of lanky me - nevertheless I rode two hours each way - no about $1\frac{1}{2}$, I think, 3 or 4 in all - in rather stiff today!

To cap the climax, my donkey-man was a ricksha, and held the party up for about 20 minutes, wrangling about another dime for the trip; and my donkey was a talker - Imagine the whole long line of us - (I was at the end on the way over) with my donkey, braying his old rusty-hinged throat off, and everybody turning around to see where the racket was coming from. It made no difference whether we were in the city streets, or along the paths leading across the plain to the foot of the mountains, or in

the middle of a stream: all without warning he would set up his unholy howling - It was a regular joke -

When we got to the foot of the mountain I wanted to get off and walk. but nobody else did. We rode until one of the girls fell off because her saddle slipped. At that I climbed down from the donk. and climbed up the rest of the mountain on my ^{own} two legs. Coming across the plain we could see the remains of the old wall winding up and down the hills, - just as the books tell about it, with the China side looking like earthen mounds, and the northern, or Manchurian side, more like a stone or brick wall - with great square parapets every one in a while.

But we didn't get actually to it until we had climbed up beyond the monastery which is near the top of the mountain - and up a steep woody path, past several little shrines - At the top of our mountain we stopped and took pictures! (my camera is busted, so I can't take any more, but Clara had hers.) then climbed down to the monastery, (where we had left our lunches,) going along the top of an old broken part of the old wall itself. It was pretty steep, and I confess I had visions more than once of losing my footing and being hurled downwards over a precipice into the valleys of Manchuria! I did step foot over into the other side once, just to say I had been in

3. Manchuria, but since looking at a map again we've decided that the Manchurian border of today lies north of the wall, even at Shan hai Kwan - But we looked across to the northern countries, anyway!

When we got back to the monastery Jay and Helen were there waiting for us; they had gone up the Wall, and come down the other way - a much easier thing to do, I'm sure. Then we ate our sandwiches together, and a jolly good time we had. The man brought us lemonade (pop) and pictures of the place - both of which we gladly bought. We took our time about eating, rested a bit, then started back down the mountains. One of the girls ~~fell~~ had her donkey fall down - she under him - She bruised her elbow as it fell - but otherwise sustained no injuries - Clara stumbled once, and bruised her knee, and J. F. sat down pretty hard once. Some of the girls rode donkey part way down, but I waited till we got to the foot of the hill to mount. I didn't care to ^{be} tumbled off over my donkey's head! So I got home and am none the wiser except for sore muscles all over!

We got back to Shan hai Kwan station an hour and a half before train time, so we went back to a disreputable looking place called "Station Hotel" - They led us to a semi-respectable dining-room, where we sprawled ourselves all over the place, ordered hot tea and more pop - and rested some more -

When we got back to the junction we found our P. T. H. Beach train already - but it had to wait for

the Tientain train, and there was no sign of that. We were very weary by that time, and wanted to get home for supper, as we wondered what to do, - we were about five miles from home. We went out to find out about donkeys, and had almost bargained with them to take us, when we got the information that the train would be in in about twenty minutes more - The result was that we got home just at seven o'clock - splashed our hands and faces - put on different dresses - and sprinted down to the dining room, - about ten minutes late, but not too late for lima beans, fresh tomato salad, ice cream etc. ! (we get that kind for \$1.35 max. a day!)

About nine we went down for a dip in the ocean - I think it is my last one, for I'm planning to leave here Tuesday. We slept the sleep of the weary I tell you! We were up this A.M. for the 7.24 prayer service, but both of us went back to bed ~~until~~ directly after breakfast, and stayed there until almost noon! Now were out in this quiet auditorium writing letters, while others are resting. I forgot to say that Marguerite went over to East Cliff to stay with the children as that the Foster could go - wasn't that nice? She didn't want to take the trip anyway and I surely think she would have been dead beat by it. It wasn't particularly

easy

4, and it really makes me think there may still be quite a few more years of kick in the old spinster. I may be skinning - but I stood that rough trip pretty well, I think!

The Conference meetings have been somewhat of a disappointment - I must admit. Maybe it is because I'm bigoted and narrowminded, but I don't think it is fair to take the attitude that some certain religious point of view is the only one that can be right. I've enjoyed Miss Paxon so much - and Mr. & Mrs. Reinhard, but some of the speakers are so proudly and almost belligerently Pre-millennial in their view that I'm prejudiced. I fear. Dr. Jonathan Go-forth has been the speaker this week and he has criticized everything from being a Post Millennialist to being a flinch-players - and not in a very nice way I think. At least his manner of speaking is one to provoke prejudice -

The early morning prayer meetings, however, have been inspiring - and the other night we heard a splendid address on Tibet, by a Mr. Sorenson, who has worked on the borders of Tibet for 32 years - The sermons I heard last Sunday on "Divine Possibility", and Human Availability", and another on Monday - evening on "Christ, the Center of our Lives" (with Paul as a shining example of one who surrendered all to Christ), are ones I shall not soon forget.

Next, Peking! We seem to have difficulty in getting all the members of our party to want to

start on the same day. I have said I would go whenever the crowd goes, but today along comes one with the insistent suggestion that we leave to-morrow morning. I think she will back out altogether if she can't get us to go to-morrow. Well, that will be her loss, I should say! She seems to be the only one who wants to go to-morrow. She is a born leader, and used to having her own way. I wonder whether she will get it or not!

It's very lovely here - so quiet, except for the pounding of the waves on the beach - So many trees - and, since the heat of the first few days has broken, really much cooler than it is in Swatow. I presume we shall not be particularly cool in Peking, and they say it is still hot in Shanghai -

Much love from your own

Abbi



P. P. Ling sang

Aug 25 1926

Dear Aun,

I've written Peking on the outside of this envelope just because I wanted and intended to send you a letter from there, but I had so much too much to be able to get any letter writing done while I was there. But I had a wonderful time.

The people I was with were mostly from Korea, and there were just nine of us. Some others went along in the train with us - about 15 in all. We went 3rd class, making the ticket cost \$6.40 Mex instead of \$17. We left at 9.30 in the morning and traveled pretty steadily until about 8.30 at night - for \$3.25 gold! It was very sooty, of course, for there were no screens in the windows. At first we had a whole car to ourselves but at Tientsin crowds of people got on and we no longer had a private car.

We had written ahead for rooms, and the Salvation Army man was there to meet us. It took about an hour to get our baggage straightened out for some wanted theirs checked and some wanted theirs to go with them. Then some more time was taken up bickering with the man because he had arranged to have us go in carriages, instead of in rickshas. My opinion is that if you have a guide it is usually better to do as he has arranged if you want to save fuss. But some people just have to do what the other

fellow doesn't want them to do! Suffice it to say that we got to the Salvation Army Hostel sometime after 11 P.M. and after a cup of tea and a wash we were ready to tumble into bed. The Hostel is a Chinese house, or set of buildings inside a wall, with courtyards in the center - and I wasn't particularly drawn to the small, low, musty-smelling rooms that first night. The sheets on the bed were gray and coarse, but after inspection I decided that the gray was just the gray of many Peking washings, and the coarseness merely lack of ironing. ~~not~~ muslin from being used by a previous guest. It turned out to be very comfortable there, and the food was good, though plain. We paid \$2 Mex per day.

The next morning (Wed.) the others went shopping but I waited to see if my girl would come to see me. Sure enough about tea time came Margaret Lee (the one I used to tell about sometimes in my "series of pictures" - Beautiful Pearl) who still has two more years to finish Jenching College. And with her came Chiang Kia, another of our girls, whose husband is a young doctor graduated from Peking Union Medical College (Rockefeller Foundation, the biggest Medical outfit in China) - and who herself has



P.P.

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opened up a drawn work shop there in Peking, where she carries Peking cross stitch, cloisonné, brass, paper parasols, and a great many other things. They gave me a warm welcome and it surely was great to have them there. I was washing out some stockings and handkerchiefs when they arrived, and in spite of all I could do Margaret took them right out of my hands, wet, took them home & washed & ironed them.

Margaret is a lovely girl, but I have never felt very close to her and I prayed that I might know her better this time - My prayer was granted, even beyond what I expected. She simply took me in charge, hired my rickshaws for me and thus got them far cheaper than I could have done. I took her with me every where I went and I just hope I didn't wear her out by dragging her to so many different places. It was so good to have her there to tell me about places and to take me shopping, and so on. And through intimate talks with her I found out how she has grown and broadened since I knew her last!

Wed. P. M. the ten of us went to the Forbidden City and visited some of the buildings of the Winter Palace, - i.e., the Museum and the Throne Room - We looked, and walked, and looked until we were

leg-weary and eye-sore - But the crowd of things
we saw in the Museum was beyond description.
Priceless jade ornaments and articles, brass things
bronze things - Artificial flowers, ^{and fruit} made of all sorts
of precious things, - jewels, ivory, carnelian, etc.
Old imperial garments, saddle trappings, bed hangings,
banquet table garnishings, little Buddhas, old
and very elaborate inkstands and other writing
material that had been presented to the emperors
in forgotten days - and many other things
far more than I can mention. The beautiful
pictures and screens, many of them adorned
with kingfisher feathers were the chief attraction
for me in the throne room.

That evening we dressed up in our best bit and
tucker and went out to view the town. It rained,
so we went no farther than our first stop -
the American Presbyterian Mission Hospital, where
we were shown around before we started home.

On Thursday we got two automobiles, took our
lunch, and started out in the direction of the
Summer palace. We had been told that we couldn't
go there on account of the soldiers, but we said
we would find out, anyway. We went out
of the Tartar City through the Northwest Gate, stopped
for a moment just outside the Eight Famous
Places, but didn't go in, then went on to the



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one of the most beautiful in China

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Temple of the Jade Cloud, where Sun Yat Sen's body is said to be reposing. We paid a small fee to get in, then another small fee to the keeper of a hall where there are five hundred statues, one of which is the statue of Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler who visited China in the 14th century. The old keeper had an interesting story to tell about each figure, and it was hard to tear ourselves away. Then we paid another fee to get in to see Sun Yat Sen's coffin. We saw through cracks in the papered windows two huge coffins loaded with great wreaths and garlands of paper flowers, one of them the wooden coffin in which his body was brought to the temple, and the other the famous glass one patterned on that of Lenin, presented, so they say, by Russia to her friend China! The actual body, we were told, was higher up. So we climbed steps and more steps, and were confronted by a door fastened with chains and padlocks. The officials had come several months ago, we were told, had locked the door and taken the key, but the soldiers, of whom swarms are crowding Peking and vicinity, should desecrate the sacred thing.

We had very little time to spare, so on we

Failed to see the great sleeping Buddha, with the yellow cloth thrown over him as he slept, and the scores of pairs of shoes at one side, brought as presents, I suppose, by some devout worshippers or others. I could see only one pair that would come anywhere near fitting!

Our next stop was the grounds of the Summer Palace. The Palaces here in China are not one building, but a number of buildings, in which the royalty and all the royal retinue could be comfortable. We walked along shores of lakes almost covered with the huge green lotus leaves, the enormous pink and white blossoms looking like anemones seen through a microscope - unbelievably beautiful, - like a fairy tale. We went through courtyards where famous old bronze deer, ^{heron} turtles, and other creatures framed spiritedly posed gracefully, or dozed meditatively, in the same positions they had been holding for years. We peered through ^{broken} windows at gorgeous old furniture, mirrors, chairs - and ^{at} many rooms that had been stripped of all signs of furniture. It was here, at this new palace which was built by Dowager Tsin Hsi, that the most of our party got cold feet. They didn't want to go in, because it meant 50¢ more and a hard climb. So I said that since I had



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come thus far I certainly wanted to see this place and the famous view it commanded over the lake - the Bridge of Eighteen Cellars - and the Camel-Back Bridge. So I took Margaret, and two of the "Koreans" came with us -

It was a tough climb, but it was worth it. The farther up we went, the more yellow-tiled roofs we could see, of the buildings we had come through - or rather, around, on our way up. And on the topmost veranda, looking down on one side at the Bronze Pavilion which is the sole remnant of the buildings in the time of a certain ancient Emperor, and beyond at the Renowned Marble Boat - we sat down and were served to lemonade pop and ginger ale!

When we got to the bottom the crowd was well rested and ready to go on, through the long long corridors on every beam of which is painted a picture different from every other one. Then out to the lotus pond again and along the walk ^{to the Marble Boat} where we climbed aboard, and took some pictures. The Marble Boat is a curiosity of course, but nothing extraordinary.

We ate our lunch in the car on the way back, then stopped to see the new buildings at Yen-ching and to ride around through the

grounds of Cheng Hua, the Indemnity College.
We got home at about two-thirty, ready for a
rest if ever we were!

A little later Margaret took me out shopping
and then, since I was too late for dinner, ^(supper) took
me over to the American Board school where
she is staying and gave me noodles (of which
I am inordinately fond) and poached eggs. We
spent the evening straightening out expenses -
for some of us had had the right change
and some of us hadn't, and we had paid as
it happened to come handy. I had wanted
always to pay for myself and Margaret, but
in some cases some one insisted on paying
for the crowd, and in two cases the others
had asked me to pay for them. So, we had
a grand mix-up, but finally managed to get
ourselves extricated.

On Thursday morning Margaret came early, and
we were to go mug-hunting. Miss Samuel (about 60,
and eccentric) and Miss Bair (a Methodist who usually
got what she wanted - though she was always nice
about it) went with us. Through a misunderstanding
Margaret took us outside the southern
limits of the city to see the Temple of Heaven.



That is usually a trip that takes all day - and we couldn't do it in less than a whole morning. And the tragedy of it was that Miss S. and Miss B. had planned to go there with the crowd in the afternoon! Miss B. was lovely about it, but Miss S. was glum, and said some very rude things to Margaret which she rather resented, though she didn't show it much. That morning was spoiled, in a way, for me, but the Temple of Heaven was just as beautiful as though I had seen it under happier circumstances! Those incomparable circles of blue tiles, rising one above the other to the graceful spire that tops them - I kept seeing them, all night long. We stood inside and looked up at the golden dragon, exactly in the center of the roof. We stood on the round marble slab beneath it at the center of that Temple of Heaven, built for the Son of Heaven, supposed to be the exact center then, of his kingdom - the Middle Kingdom (the name which China still bears today) which was the center of the earth.

Straight down from the entrance of the Temple we went - down a long, straight marble pavement, through one gate, another, around the edge of another circular temple which

used to serve as a gate, to the sacred Altar of Heaven where the Emperors used to pray every year for his people. The long vistas are picturesque beyond description - every ten feet along the way a new and beautiful picture.

Then we went across the way to the Temple of Agriculture, but we saw very little of interest there - The Halls are closed, and we could only roam through the grounds and into one or two of the Pavilions which are now furnished with awnings and tables which had on them such dirty tablecloths that we couldn't bear to stay there for our contemplated soda-water!

In the afternoon Margaret and I went with Dr. and Mrs. Han and baby (Chiang K'ia = Mrs.) to visit the Northern Sea in the Forbidden City - and have Chinese supper with them. Thousands of Chinese go there every day for an outing, and the place is thoroughly commercialized. But up on the White Dagoba we could look across to Coal Hill which is the center of the city; and to North, South, East and West, in the distance, we could see the four greatest gates in the great walls of the great square city of Peking.

(I'll have to stop here and put the rest into another letter - We have now been four days on this ship from Lienting - We have had awful winds and waves, and part of the time I have been the only woman at table, but I have been there! The Chief Engineer greeted me once with "First Reliable"; I suppose he didn't dare say "Old Reliable" ^{any more}.)

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G. L. Ting Sang.
Aug 28 1926

Continued from the one before this:

My dears;

I got as far as Friday night, I believe.

When we went, we crossed to the further side of the North Sea in an old-fashioned barge such as the Emperors used years ago. When we came back we came around the the sea (an artificial lake) about two miles, where we had a wonderful view of the Pagoda we had climbed in the afternoon, with a thousand electric lights from the circular pavilion which surrounds it all reflected in the waters of the lake until the whole was a sort of glorified Candelabra dripping crystal silver light. ^{and lengthened} And true to Chinese art, a silver oval moon hung above it just at one side, completing the marvellous beauty of the picture.

Back to earth once more, we found that Margaret was too late to get into her boarding house, so I took her home with me, put her into my bed, while I went into the room with Miss Bair - I explained to the proprietress first thing next morning, and there were not even any extra charges.

Saturday morning I know I must get Mrs. Behrman's rug. She had given me one hundred dollars Mex, and wanted me to get a 7x9 and 3½x3, - two rugs - each,

I found out when I looked the first day that the
rugs in the first class shops were way beyond reach.
The prices were 2.50, 2.80 and 3. per sq. ft. and
moreover, there were no 7x9 gray ones to be had.
Early Friday P. M. we had looked, and Sat. A. M. we
went back to a Chinese shop where they had said
they would have a 7x9 the next day. It was taupe, and
it was \$87.50 and there was a 2½x4 one which went
with it fairly well (both had butterflies and bats in
blues and rose - rather indistinct). He let me have
them both for \$98. and I got a basket for them for
\$2. - I do hope she will like ^{them} and the baby and I got

Saturday P. M. Dr. & Mrs. Harriet Margaret and I got
an automobile and went to some of the places -
I was especially ^{anxious} not to miss - The first was the Gate
Temple of Punishments or "Temple of Eighteen Hells".
I was a trifle disappointed there because I had read
and heard such glaring accounts of the terrible sight.
But many of the idols in most temples are fully
as terrifying as the most of these. The huge images
of the Grandfather of Thunders and the Mother of
lightnings, which we saw Thursday morning gazing
one of the entrances, are far more menacing figures.
From there we went on to the Death Gate, and in that
vicinity we saw the Lama Buddhist temple, with
its large and small images of men and women
naked, many of them, and in such immoral
poses that they are draped so you can see only
head and shoulders - Buddhas upon Buddhas



we saw, wood, plaster, bronze - gold painted - And we saw the Laughing Buddha - and the little Buddha dressed in a yellow gown - who is the most sacred one in the whole place, and the huge Buddha of the Resurrection, carved from a single Yunnan cedar, and towering 75 feet high - or 70 elbows, as the Buddhists say, the height we shall all reach when we attain perfection.

I wouldn't have missed this place for anything, yet I shouldn't care to go there many times. The place is inhabited by dirty Mongol priests from Tibet, and much of the writing ^{on walls, etc.} is Tibetan character, which looks more like Burmese than Chinese.

We went from there to the Confucian Temple. Such a difference! Wide, dim spacious hall, carpeted with thick soft matting, no ornaments, no idols - Everything draped with deep red, and the tablets of the same color; the central tablet to Confucius himself, and on either side smaller ones to his four greatest pupils, and in the back eight others still smaller - There were some beautiful incense burners, some two or three feet high - some bronze, some cloisonné, but as Margaret said

it seemed like walking in a holy place -
The deep hush, the dim light, the chasteness
and simplicity of it all were most impressive
and especially so when we had just
come from the "unwholesome moral atmosphere"
(as Juliet Bredon puts it in her Book "Peking") of
the Lama Buddhist temple. We saw also
the Hall of Classics - with the tablets
outside which are records of Chinese scholars
of the older days, and also the big stone
drums which date back to the Chou
dynasty (1122 to 255 B.C.)

We visited the Altar of Earth, which has
been turned into a playground and public
park, and had tea and cookies there. The
chief attraction was the lawn that was laid
out in the form of the map of the world.
In a space of ten minutes I had stepped
on Swatow, Africa, London, India, New York,
South America, and New England. Many
of the larger cities were labeled, but I



didn't find Sutton! The countries were represented by sand, and the seas by grass. It was most effective, and very instructive for the children.

We hastened on to the old Yellow Temple, some of the buildings of which were erected in 1652. We saw the ancient marble "stupa" erected by Chien Lung in 1780 in memory of a Lama who died of small pox - The beautiful marble carvings have been defaced by foreign soldiers, but they couldn't destroy the effect of its odd Oriental beauty. Most of the buildings here are falling into ruin.

The rest of our afternoon was a thrilling experience, though nothing happened. We went from the Yellow Temple, outside the city, directly west, in search of the Bell Temple. The roads were awful to start with, but they got worse and worse. Then we found that our driver did not know the way and had to stop to ask every ten rods. We were getting desperate (as was he!) and it was getting dark, when we came to a village where a man volunteered to guide us, we were relieved though we knew it would mean a few

extra dimes for his trouble - Well! We thought the road was just about as bad as it could be - but we got into worse ones - First there were ruts, then it dwindled into a mere path between the corn fields! And the corn (kan liang, which looks like corn) got higher, the road got smaller, and the sun sank lower and lower - Poor Chiang kia with her baby got frightened and wanted to turn back a number of times, but we knew that the quickest way out was to keep on. -

When we finally saw the circular tower looming just ahead of us we fetched a sigh of relief - We didn't stop to see any of the idols but went straight to the tower of the great Bell, which is the largest hanging bell in the world - It has a beautiful story which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving daughter of the bell maker, who brought her father success in making this bell by fulfilling the necessary condition that a human body must be sacrificed and melted with the brass and gold and silver. We hit the bell several feeble strokes with a piece of tile, then came on our way.



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We did not return by the same way we had come! After a short ride over a rather poor road we struck the main road from the Summer Palace to the North West Gate of the City. If we could get to the gate by eight P.M. we knew we were safe. It was truly exciting I tell you. My watch was a trifle fast, I knew, so I set it back ten minutes. When we got to the gate it lacked two minutes of eight, and the gate was open only a mere crack. It was so nearly closed, in fact, that a mule team standing there had been unable to get through. But when the soldiers who were guarding the gate saw a motor car with a foreigner in it, they simply asked for my card, then let us through without further question. The muleteam pushed in behind us and got through too - and then the gate closed with a click - for the night. Chiang Kia took us right to her home where we had a supper of rice and vegetables, then we went home and to bed - well satisfied with our good fortune, thrills included!

On Sunday Margaret wanted me to go to see the Winter Palace in the Forbidden City,

that is, the Imperial dwelling itself - But it sounded ~~to~~ much like sightseeing for me - and I know she approved of my decision not to go - As it turned out, I did quite enough sightseeing for Sunday! In the morning Margaret and Chiang kia took me over to the famous Astronomical Observatory, not far away - where we got a marvellous view of the whole city of Peking. It is built on the east wall of the city.

Then Margaret took me over to the P. U. M. C. (Peking Union Medical College) Chapel, where the foreigners usually have church service. We found there was no church service, but we sat and heard the organist practicing on that wonderful organ, for about a half hour. Then we met Dr. Hon, and he took me over the whole institution. I cannot tell you how many miles we walked, nor how many times over I was impressed with the completeness and immensity of the plant. They even have their own glass-blower to make the instruments they need to use - a social service department for recovered patients who are out of work; animal pens



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Where hundreds of animals are kept which are ~~used~~ for experimental and research work; and everything the hospital needs it seems can be made right on the spot. And the buildings on the outside greatly resemble the Imperial Palace Halls - true Chinese style - and true Chinese art.

Again I would have been late for dinner but again the Hons insisted on my coming there and they served a dinner of a delicious Peking dumpling, with spiced vegetables inside, rice and tea to follow. We topped off with ice-cream cones, which they evidently got just around the corner at a drug store.

I was glad of a little rest in the afternoon. I had thought of going to some church in the evening, since I missed in the morning, but it was too much of a rush - So after supper, when my trunk was packed, I simply walked in the Yen-ching College grounds with Margaret, then sat on the chapel steps and had a dear intimate talk with her. I do love her very much.

The next morning at six she came and got me and my baggage down to

the station in rickshas. Then she bought my ticket, checked my baggage for me (of course I paid for these things), went out the last minute to get me a fan - and generally managed the whole thing for me. It was so good not to have to worry around in a place where I can't talk the lingo!

Soon after my train started, at 8.20, my worries began - a Frenchman who came and sat in the seat facing me wanted to get his feet nearer to me than I wished, and as a result I had either to sit with my feet out in the center aisle or make a scene, and I didn't wish to make a scene! When I got to Lientsin I waited for the Ching Inland Mission Home man to meet me, but I couldn't find him, so I directed the ricksha men as best I could and they took me to the Methodist Mission at the opposite end of the city. By the time I got to the C. I. M. they had given me up as not coming. But I didn't mind the extra ride, for I saw quite a bit of Lientsin, and a remarkable Chinese funeral procession, headed by two fine figures about 10 feet high,



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and followed by numerous little boys in red, bearing red and gold banners and others feathery white paper plumes as tall and graceful as bamboo trees.

Do you think I was weary? And do you think I appreciated that deep warm bath and cold sponge, and a long afternoon's sleep? I hadn't seen a bathtub for three weeks, and I felt as though I hadn't slept for three weeks! I found that my steamer left at 4 A.M. the next day, so I had to go aboard that night.

My cabin mates were a pregnant woman who was fearfully seasick, and her baby 20 mos old who has had dysentery since June. He was sick too, and so was the amah, who ~~was~~ in the cabin a good deal. We had a fearfully rough trip - and I was the only woman not sick. We got in Saturday morning - and I did nothing but rest yesterday. It is now Sunday night - and I must get to bed. I have been to two services at the Union Church today - and heard two stirring helpful messages. I slept all the afternoon.

Emily is to get in on Tuesday - Your letter 84 just reached me yesterday - I hope perhaps I'll find another at the Mission

Treasurers to ~~Madison~~ - You do write such
encouraging things!

Your "challie" dress must be very pretty, I
think - The lavender dress had a rather
sad tale didn't it? But never mind - it will
do some body some good -

When I saw the samples of Aunt B's & Aunt
J's dresses I immediately picked out the
green one as Aunt B's - it looked just like
her -

So long for this time, and
Heaps of love to my dears -

Abbie