

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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(No 157).

Suowen, China  
Jan. 1, 1928

Dearest Ann -

The first time I wrote the above date was up at Chaochowfu a year ago - when I wrote 1927 instead of 1928! Some few things have happened since then - and I believe I have great reason to be thankful for many things that have happened to me.

The most of the time, I'm very glad to be back here in China - Just now - with huge stacks of exams to be given and exam papers to be corrected this coming week. I don't feel quite as enthusiastic.

I'm a little bit tired - but every once in a while I remind myself that I may expect to be tired - teaching steadily without a let-up since last June - not counting all the worrying and changing and settling, etc. And before I left here I was due for a good long vacation! (so they said) -

Well - I'm glad that school closes next Friday - and I hope I shall be able to rest a little, as well as clear up my house and write the many letters that I ought to write -

Did I tell you I'm due to go to Shanghai again for the China Baptist Publication Society

just as I went last year?  
Only that this year there are  
only ~~two~~ representatives of the  
Mission instead of five - I  
truly can't see why they put me  
on. I thought of course that  
Edith Traver would be on.

The meeting comes Feb. 2, and  
I have to be back here for the  
opening of school Feb. 11. Jim &  
take Howard Page and Bessie  
Baker to Shanghai & school where  
I go. So you see my vacation will  
really not be a very long one -

There is a good bit of agitation  
now to get Emily back for this next  
term - But I'm not sure that  
it would be wise - She may



Come here in March on her vacation,  
to get her things, etc - What  
that may mean to us, I don't  
know - Pray that the right  
thing for us all may be done -

I have package slips for three  
parcels over in the P.O. I suppose  
to-morrow will be a holiday as we  
can't get them! They are packed  
Fruit Cakes, from E. D. Smith; Clothes, from  
M. R. Culley; and Book, Globe, C. W. S -  
You can imagine my impatience!

By the way - "Kakchiak" on my  
letters is superfluous - "Swatow" as  
before, is all that is necessary - I  
~~do~~ live in Kakchiak - but I'm the  
only Sanderson in the province, as  
far as I know; certainly the only one  
in Swatow district -

Much love  
Glad Father's is better.

Abbie

15-2

Swatow, China

Jan 8, 1928

Mother dear -

Really - really, it's my vacation at last! But I don't feel as though it is vacation time, not a bit. And when I've told my tale of woe. I know lies in the next few weeks and what may perhaps ~~to~~ come with this, you won't wonder that I don't feel "let-dam" for a long rest.

First, there are my Christmas letters to be answered - I'm hoping to write a number to-night. But I've only written one thus far - That one I'm enclosing for you to ~~re~~mail - partly because I wanted you to see the pretty stationery that Katherine Bohn sent to me from America. You may want to add a note of your own -

Thank you for sending me the Christ of the Indian Road. I am going to take it to Shanghai to Sok Ben (Hồng lân) who is in Shanghai College - And I can't remember whether I thanked you for sending the other books or not - I love the Sowing Seed in Assam - and I sent it right on to Margaret Lee, who has been having some serious religious doubts - I should think this would be a very real help to her - Dr. Francis' book has begun, and shall finish it this week - I'm always glad to get my hands on anything that he has written - But I didn't intend you should give me all these books - But I'm on my account, even if you haven't any of my money at present. (Though I know that is

a foolish thing to say, for you always get around it somehow and pay for it yourselves!)

As I said in my letter to Mr. J., I must unpack some of my things this vacation, and get settled - The attic is a mess, for I've pulled books and things out of boxes to get things at the bottom, and never had time to put them back. There are many repairs needed, and I've already called a man to begin on them. The flowers got seedy while I was away, and I want very much to fix up the garden this vacation - I'm starting some red climbing roses for a little bower which we have made of latticed bamboos with a big rough stone for a seat. I've transplanted cannas - and I'm going to have a lot of callas, and marigolds -

Then aside from Christmas letters I have a huge stack of regular ones to be answered - and I must get those off! Did I tell you that Mr. Johnson sent me \$500 - and that Evelyn Crauska sent me from Manila a beautiful leather writing case, fitted with leather stamp book, address book - a clock - etc, etc - ? I have not written to her yet for that, either -

Then I have to make out a list of things I want to get in Shanghai - then cross out all I haven't got money for - which is most of 'em, I guess -

And I have to go over a lot of English books with Mr. Ling to see what new ones we want to use next year. Then I'll look for some more in Shanghai.

And Mr. Ling and Mr. Baker and I want to talk over the matter of the religious courses which we plan for this next term - There are many calls I want to make - and my wardrobe is in a sad state of disrepair - Mai Che has been in the hospital for several weeks - first with Amebic Dysentery, then with Malaria - and finally with <sup>a recurrence of</sup> what seemed like a slow hemorrhage from the uterus. Examination showed that to be a rather large polyp - which needed immediate removal. She was scared to death, and said that she had rather die - But when the thing came on again I guess she decided she had better take a chance. Delva operated on Friday and although Mai Che is far from comfortable, yet she is doing well, and we hope she is on the road to complete recovery. In the meantime my washing and mending has been done with a hop skip and jump - mostly jumped, I guess! I shall have to get some one to come and help me definitely for a few <sup>days</sup> if I'm to be decent to go to Shanghai -

It is a great relief to me, though, not to have the responsibility of school work and the drudgery of finishing up. I finished my own class reports yesterday and when those are passed in to-morrow I'm finished. No responsibility for making our <sup>schedules</sup> curriculum for next term, etc - There will be enough without it, though. Now comes the thing which may happen -

Mr. Ling is very anxious to get the second woman teacher that was promised by the Roman Board - and he wants her now. He protests that there was a misunderstanding about Miss Miller's being invited temporarily, and as far as criticism of her as an English teacher, as was reported, he would not criticize - for certainly the English of all the foreigners is above the criticism of any Chinese who are here - That is what he is saying, now. And saying it so forcibly that at a Reference Committee tomorrow a proposition will be discussed to cable for Emily to come immediately - & get here by Feb. 11th, the beginning of the new term!

And I think with this matter of uncordiality being straightened out that she will come back and be glad to do so - For Mr. Ling says he would now like to invite her without condition or limitation - He has no choice between her and Miss Culley, he says - That may mean, if E. comes, that Miss Culley will not come back as soon. It will mean that if she comes back this fall - & whenever she comes back, the matter of the designation of E. or M., one of them, will be taken up all over again -

Well! Do you wonder that my breath is taken away? I had not dreamed that things would take this turn. I'm so glad they have, for Emily's sake - For in this way she can come back here and try again, a thing which under normal circumstances

could not have happened, I'm very sorry for Mabelle's feelings if it keeps her home longer - but as Mrs. Page says, - in the condition she was when she went home - it wouldn't hurt her to have an extra year at home - Of course I know that nothing could grind her quite so hard as to have Emily taking her place and keeping her from it - On the other hand, she almost had it coming to her for the way she treated Emily. Although I know she thought she was conscientious about it - and meant it for the school's good, Emily's good, and my good - but the school hasn't been much satisfaction to her since the time that she took these harsh measures to reform E.

I feel very differently about E's coming back from the way I did when I left the Philippines. She was pretty bitter about having Mr. Ling and the other Chinese consider her so much like a left-over, to be a filler-in only - to be endured rather than welcomed. I believe this attitude, on Mr. Ling's part, of inviting her for unlimited time to be a teacher here, will give her a very different attitude herself - And it is lonely, being in the Academy as the only foreign woman - especially when some of the older women are finding so many things about the Academy to criticize.

I have written Emily begging her not to decide to come back on my account, but if she comes, to come for the sake of these boys and girls -

So now you see that in these few weeks I have  
another thing to prepare for, and that is the possibility  
of E's coming back & live here in this house - Naturally  
my things will be arranged somewhat differently  
than as though she were not coming - The bookcase,  
for instance, which I intended to buy from her has  
never yet been paid for - or rather, she didn't want to  
take it - And I don't want to fill it all up with my  
books if she is coming back.

I know that I wrote you rather frankly of some of  
my tiredness and eagerness to get away from everything.  
when I left the Philippines - but Emily is my very dear  
friend - and I find myself longing to see her again -  
I shall be very very happy to have her back again -

Of course this matter of E's return is as yet a  
dead secret. To-morrow's Ref. Com. may decide not  
to send for her - In that case I suppose the matter  
may stop right here - But I hope they will send for  
her. Of course, they have to ask her if she is willing, and  
cable home to find out whether the Board is willing -  
With much - much love to you,

Abbie

Suwatou, China

Jan. 22, 1928

Mother dear.

Although I just finished a letter to you yesterday. I'm going to begin another one to you tonight. I was quite overcome to have Mrs. Jiffin present me with the enclosed verses tonight at suppertime. The song she speaks of was sung at a social meeting at about 3 P. M. and she went calling, after that, then came home and wrote this off before supper - She is very clever about writing verses - but wasn't it nice of her, too, to write these? She didn't need  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a bit - and she is not particularly demonstrative, either, but she kissed me good night when I thanked her. I told her she'd better call me Abbie - but



she said she didn't call many people by their first names -

I told her I didn't deserve the nice things she said, and she said she wouldn't have written them if I hadn't, and called me "my dear" - (I can't help it if "nice" isn't the right word, and I know of course that it isn't, there doesn't seem to be anything like that just fits - ! I can write "nice" to you, can't I, if I'll be very careful to find a better word ~~when~~ I'm writing a very important letter ? )

Today is Chinese New Year -  
We went out <sup>to the hills</sup> early this morning and gave the boys a little gift and a new year greeting - Then

we made our own beds and Raymond stayed at home so that they - the boys could all go to church. I had to go to play - and our choir sang very well.

Then I went over to see A. Mai Chi - who is out of the hospital now, from her operation. Then I practised my song - which is one Madame Morey gave me at my last lesson with her. a Bird - Spring - Love (etc.) song which I like very much -

Then we went over to Baker's and helped to get our own dinner - for we let all the boys go for the noon meal. They wouldn't let us help with dishes so I went into Valois's room to knit on my sweaters a little while -

At two-thirty I went to the

Woman's school to a gathering  
of all the officers and committees  
of the church - I'm on the Music  
Com. and Sunday School Com.  
and the Woman's prayer meeting  
Com. and I had to sing the  
solo - so there you are - I sort  
of had to go!

I was feeling fine - voice in  
fairly good condition - and  
I enjoyed singing - though I  
was scared as usual - Mrs.  
Giffin and Velva were sitting  
way across the valley, in Velva's  
room - yet they heard me plainly.  
(Maybe I am getting some volume,  
wouldn't that be great!) Is that  
the reason for the verses -

We talked over matters pertaining  
to the church - and among  
other things they decided to  
appoint a committee to  
collect money every year to

put aside for <sup>3</sup> the purpose of  
erecting a new church building.  
Everybody is glad that the thing  
is started - and it looks now  
as though they will really  
try to put it through, even though  
it will take several years.

Mrs. Ki has got - one of our  
leading church men - the con-  
tractor who built this house -  
treated us all to tea and  
various cakes and confectionery.  
His Birthday comes on this day  
and so he celebrated in this  
way -

I wasn't very hungry when  
it came time for supper but  
afterwards Mrs. Giffin and  
I went to the piano - and sang  
duets until we were hoarse.  
I don't know yet about boats  
for Shanghai but suppose we  
shall go the last of this week.

Much love to you — and then  
some — Tell Pa to write to me again  
some time !

"Yours"

Abbie

(No 160)

Shanghai

Feb. 1, 1928

Dear Cous,

Got here safely after a  
hurried start and a very rough  
trip - - - - -

That's as far as I got in my letter  
to you from Shanghai - I'm now  
on my way home again, it's Feb 6, 1928,  
and I'm wondering how I can ever  
write and tell you all the things that  
were crowded into one short week!  
I'm very much ashamed that I didn't  
even manage to send you a line from  
Shanghai, that you would have received  
a little sooner - But I don't see  
how I could have done one thing more  
than I did, really -

We arrived in Shanghai Tues.  
Jan 31, about 7.30 - Got up to Mission  
Bldg. about 11.30, then I got a taxi  
got our baggage from the boat (I had  
to go up to the Rooms first to find  
out where I was to stay in Shanghai -)

Then I took Bessie out to the Shanghai  
American School - When I got back to  
the Missionary Home I found that  
Mr. Whitman had just arrived  
with Howard Page (Mr. Speicher,  
Mr. Whitman, + Howard, came up on  
a different boat because we could  
not all get on one - no cabin space)  
Their boat was a faster one, and I  
thought they had already arrived - 23  
So after dinner I took Howard out,  
and found out the things his  
mother wanted to know - I went  
to the dressmakers on the way.  
(I have made up a piece of silk  
brocade which came out last  
year from Emily's mother, and I  
got a spring coat - Paid \$8 mex  
for having the dress made - and  
\$40 mex for the entire coat - a medium  
shade of brown - silk lined - that ought  
to be very serviceable - (tailored,  
very plain -)

Well! That took just about all

day - for S. A. S., is <sup>(Shanghai American School)</sup> a good way  
out - The next day I went down  
for Publication Society meeting but  
owing to Mr. Chambers' illness it was  
postponed until afternoon - That  
pretty nearly broke up the morning, but  
I did a little shopping -

In the afternoon we met - and  
were back - I was appointed secretary.

The next day met from 9. A. M till  
4.30 P.M. We all had dinner together  
at a place called "Jimmy's" - At  
5 I went to hear a Mr. Slack - a  
converted Jew - I may be all off,  
but I'm not so enthusiastic about  
him as some people seem to be - I  
keep wondering how much of his talk  
is acting <sup>(The Pub. Soc. meetings were most  
inspiring to me - We spent most of the  
time making plans.)</sup>

Early the next morning went down  
on Broadway, hoping to find. Soh Bun  
(Hồng lân) but she missed me - Shopped



until 11.30, then back to Missy  
Home to meet Joy Tatum whom  
I had invited to lunch - Mr. and  
Mrs. T. have been in Korea this  
last year, and since their return  
they have been living at the  
Missionary Home - I'm so glad  
to meet Joy - and I think she is  
glad to meet me - I have a notion  
we shall keep in touch with each  
other after this -

I can understand how the  
Flaggs think she is not just like  
me - She is very quiet - and very  
very slow and deliberate - nearly  
drove me frantic taking so much  
time to decide whether we'd take  
a car or a ricksha, etc - She  
is not what the Flaggs would call  
lively - I presume she is exceedingly  
conservative in her religious beliefs -  
Mrs. Tatum says Joy grew to woman-  
hood without ever having any guilt -

But Joy is very sweet and I think she would wear well - even though she may appear to be something of a stick at first. I wouldn't say that, only I'm as much of a stick myself sometimes that I sympathize with her. She has her father's looks - and his same slow manner - She may not be so lively as I am - but she is good - I'm sure of it - I think she is very much better than I am and I have no doubt she would think me very wicked if she knew me better - That is a surmise, of course.

Well, we had a nice luncheon together, and then she went out shopping with me - I had things to buy for almost everybody in the mission - I rushed around - and got back just in time to be called for by Dr. T. G. Ling of Swanton who has been

teaching in Shanghai's college. To take  
me to the Chocolate Shop for coffee and  
waffles (at 4 o'clock tea time). He told me  
something of his plans. I hoped I might  
meet the American girl to whom he is  
engaged - but she doesn't arrive until  
next week. She is to teach in the college  
for a term, and he is to be in a factory  
in Soochow this term. I rather hope the  
thing may be broken up - though there is  
apparently little hope of that from the  
way things look. He gave me some money  
to take to his mother. Then I went back  
home, changed, and went to Miss Lacey's  
for dinner. Miss Tansom and Mrs. Proctor  
are living with her. They have changed  
their apartment since Mrs. Proctor's death. Mrs.  
P. seems calm - but very worn and pale -  
she is going home in June or so.

On Saturday, the next day, I  
mashed my liver - pin out all day -  
Went shopping first on North Szechuan  
Rd - then down on Broadway, where  
I met a Mr. Hung, brother of one of my  
pupils - and he took me into the

Chinese city where I bought some  
bars for Elsie Kettitz. Then I  
went to the Commercial Press and  
put in my order for books for school.  
Then I went down on Bubbling Well  
Road to get my haircut; then I went  
back to the Missionary House and  
got things for Louise Griffin, then  
went out to the American School  
to have lunch with her - (her birthday).  
Rushed back to town for more shopping.  
Saw Siang hi (a former pupil) who went  
with me and helped me get things  
cheaper -

After that I went out in "French-town"  
again to the dressmakers, tried on my  
coat, and helped pick out a coat  
for Bessie Baker. Then the  
dressmaker - a very kind lady, you see -  
took me out to Mrs. Chambers, where  
I stayed all night - Their home is  
a delightful one - and I got to  
see a different side of Dr. Chambers.

3

They have three beautiful children -  
and Dr. C. is charming with them.  
(He is head director, executive secretary,  
what-not, of the China Baptist Publication  
Society. Have you ever seen him?)

The next morning the Liffords came  
to get me and I went out in the  
car with them to Shanghai Bapt.  
college. Viola Hill had invited me  
out there to visit her and so  
attend the meetings of the East China  
Convention - I only attended one meeting  
and of course understood none of it.  
but I met several people I was glad  
to see - Mary J. Jones of Huchow -  
Miss Leone Dahl. dean at the college -  
and Mrs. C. C. Chen, who came out on  
the Empress of Asia with us in 1918!  
She remembered me, and I had a very  
nice chat with her -  
Then we came back in Mr. Hyde  
Berth's car - I went to his house, saw  
Elizabeth - and had a nice little talk  
with Mrs. H. - Then they took me to  
Eva Reynolds Dunbar's house - (She is Miss

Reynolds's (Colby Dean) sister - She has a beautiful home - and two lovely children - Her husband is also a Colby man, though not a graduate, and is evidently quite prosperous - in the egg business.

Ellen Peterson was there - and you may imagine that it was hard to bring the evening to a close - They brought me back to Missy Home about 10.30 -

Before breakfast the next A.M. Daisy Li came to see me - She took me to the place where Bok Ban stays, and I saw S.B. for a few minutes. Did shopping on the way back - then at 10 I left S.H., and met Joy - went shopping some more, then went out to the North gate where Joy stays with Miss Kelly (who used to live with the Tatum's. Joy calls her Aunt Willy - and she had many tender recollections of Joy and little Eva in their childhood days, and of Cousin Alice).

As soon as I could decently leave  
Joy brought me back to do some  
more shopping - and she did some  
for me - But I couldn't finish,  
and so had to leave some things  
for friends in Shanghai to finish up.  
Tiang Li took me to the Great China  
Restaurant for a very swell elegant  
Chinese meal - She wanted me to  
go to the movies with her in the  
evening, ~~but~~ and I had really promised.  
But I was too tired even to eat any  
supper - and I suddenly realized that I  
must quit or I would feel over. She  
was worried, poor girl - she took me  
home and helped me pack the various  
things in the trunks and suitcases  
that I had bought for people -

Before breakfast the next morning  
the dressmaker came with my coat -  
and then Sok Ben arrived - She helped  
me with the few last errands, and  
went to the boat with me - Just at the  
last minute, Joy came rushing down to

the boat too, so I saw her once  
more - (Did I tell you that I think  
the Tatum's (not Jay) may retire & go  
to America to live?)

Well - I was really fit for  
nothing else but bed after that mad  
scramble in Shanghai - hopping  
from one end of the city to another  
as I did - I had managed to catch  
a good sized cold in the bargain -  
About 5.30, as I was lying in my  
cabin in the dusk, a man opened  
the door, came in, turned around,  
shut the door - and (I thought) started  
to lock it. He was one of three  
Norwegian men who had come  
aboard pretty noisy and had been  
getting more so all afternoon - Well -  
half asleep and half sick as I was -  
I didn't know what he was after -  
and I was scared stiff - so I  
jumped up and got him out -  
He was only confused, and got into  
the wrong cabin - and he couldn't



Have locked the <sup>1</sup> door because there  
was no key nor fastening there -  
But my nerves were all unstrung &  
that was just one too many -  
I went to bed and stayed there  
until four o'clock the next afternoon.  
Then I began to have a little more  
 pep - got up & had a bath - and  
went out to dinner - My cold  
is better and I'm feeling fine & you  
can believe that since I've written  
all this scribble this afternoon!

The other passengers are Capt.  
and Mrs. Partridge & 10 yrs. Lucy -  
who are very pleasant. Mrs. P.  
smokes cigarettes incessantly, but  
in spite of it seems a very huma-  
nat of person - and very companionable.  
There rings the dinner bell, so I  
must stop -

We got to Swatow tonight  
anchor outside, then go into

the port early in the morning -  
Going down the coast we make  
it in 3 days -(a little less). It  
took us almost 4 days to go up -  
last year it was 6 days going up.

I must get everything possible  
packed by tonight - Then I'll  
be ready to go ashore in the  
morning early early !

Much love to my dearies,

Yours

Abbie

P.S. Mrs. Ufford sends love, of course -  
She said she liked to look at me and  
listen to me, because I am so much like  
Mother. I said, "I don't mind being thought  
like her", She said, "Well I guess you  
don't mind being like her"! ha

Swatow, China

Feb. 26, 1928

Dear Quoc,

161

Two whole weeks since I wrote to you! maybe a little more - ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> I haven't any excuse at all - except that we have been busy - which is a poor kind of excuse, I think. School has started in with a swing - but I'm almost sorry that I didn't stay in Shanghai a little longer - and have time to do a few more errands without running my head off! They really didn't get very much done in school the first two weeks - they wouldn't have missed me -

The day I got back from Shanghai I found that the Board had cabled us that they did not approve of Miss Miller's return at this time. So they have asked Mrs. Page and Mrs. Jett (who arrived - the family, while I was in Shanghai) and will ask Mrs. Lewis, who comes this month, to take the classes that Emily would have had. And of course Emily is pretty much upset and <sup>can't</sup> quite understand why they wouldn't let her come - They probably didn't want her to come in the middle of the term and I think she will probably be allowed to stay or (and go to Charchoff) after she has come here in April - She has vacation beginning March 29 and she is planning to come here then no matter what is to be done with her.

I have sixteen classes this term as over against seventeen last term. At first they had me down for

nineteen, one of which was to be a study period in the evening. I <sup>am</sup> afraid I kicked a little about that. It would be about as much bother to them to send some one home with me every time as to be there for the study period. It was only for the boys, anyway - and I did think it would do as much good as it would waste strength. But they were very quiet to change it, and they took off two more classes besides because they had heard Dr. Brown say I ought not to have any more classes than I had last term. Mr. Fiedt has the class I had last term in Geography which I didn't much enjoy - I have another "class" but its students in that class are more eager to learn and there is hope when that is the case -

This last term we had no Bible study but now courses are offered to all, in some kind of religious education. Anyone may elect such a course, but the children of Christian parents, and students who are Christians are expected to take some course - I haven't yet heard what proportion of students are taking it -

I want to write more but I'm too sleepy - We had Dr. Daniel Lai and Mrs. Lai, who prefers to be called Dr. Wang - she's a doctor too - as our guests here this last week. We thought her too, a bit, from Peking, while I was in the Philippines and I have never seen her before - She is delightful.

More Later - Love, Abbie

P.S. I finished my letter last night so sleepy that I forgot to tell you the biggest piece of news - That sounds like something fine, and at first hearing it doesn't sound fine. Clara Leach is not well, and is being sent home this next month - A sort of complete wear-out - and they (the doctors, including herself) are afraid that if she stays longer there will be a breakdown. She has been troubled too by a spot on her breast which seems thus far to be only rheumatic but might develop. They hope that getting home will bring her up right away -

That is the public part - this rest is private and must not be breathed - Only two or three people suspect it - The Mr. Wenzel who was visiting at Bakers came to China for the sole purpose of seeing Clara and asking her an important question - She is not sure that she wants to say yes - but she does know that she hasn't the strength for the day's work that she used to have, and she is very doubtful about

coming back - But she wants to go home and  
get rested before she decides. She's afraid that  
as tired as she is now she'd say yes to  
almost anyone, for the relief of getting  
away from this strain - And she wants  
to be sure, and to know him better. But  
all this last is in parenthesis, as you see  
and must be only pondered, not even whispered!  
But she is sure enough so that she is  
buying (at my advice) a piece of white satin  
out here where she can get it cheap!)

Much love

Abbie

Suataw, China

Mar. 4, 1928

My dearest Ones,

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This is a birthday letter. It is too late for Dad's, although his doesn't come for two days more - But a month from now he can know that when it was March 6, his darter was thinking about him and wishing him all sorts of birthday joy.

There is a possibility that this little message may get to Charlotte before April 3rd. Whether before or after, it carries lots of love - more than I can tell - to both the ones who were responsible for my being me -

I'm enclosing the card which I received last year which I've been saving a whole year to send you when your birthdays came around. Don't it amuse one?

I'm sending only love to you for these Birthdays - along with an almost homesick wish to see you - The "burdens press" so that I'm sometimes just weary enough to yearn for a bit of a "get away" - I didn't think I should want to get away again for a long time, and I don't really now; only I'm lazy sometimes and would be perfectly happy if a week's vacation should suddenly be declared.

I realize that it has been a long stretch since last June and that it won't be strange if I feel a little lackadaisical before this June gets here if the strenuous life keeps up -

It is just as well if I don't write all the problems that come up - There have been some problems of adjustment for me myself - The Chinese way of doing things is not our way and it is not the easiest thing to sit back in your chair and wait for things to be done which you, had you been doing it, would have attended to long ago!

But it would have been impossible to carry on a school under authority of a foreigner at this time. I'm sure of that. And not having the responsibility is a great relief. And Mr. Ling is doing wonderfully well. I hope you will pray for him -

It was last week (or before? and have I already told you?) that I received word of my beloved Mabel Borell's death - I can't forgive myself for having neglected writing to her - Patty was the one who wrote to me about it, and she wrote such a dear letter that I'm going to send it on for you to read and keep for me - I cry every time I look at it - so I'd better not have it here, anyway -

This week has been a happy week for a good many people. Four of my <sup>former</sup> pupils have been married - and two of the weddings I was able to attend - One of the four was Chhip Hui, who was one of our teachers - such a help at the time of the break-up - I didn't see her - Another is a sister of one who is in school now - I didn't see her, but



2

I cut all my roses and all Mrs. Capen's roses for her, and I've been eating wedding candy and cakes ever since. The third was the daughter of a man who owns one of the biggest silk shops in Swatow. They had the wedding in a hotel - and Dorothy Campbell and I sang "The Wedding of the Flowers" - and were invited to a very elaborate feast that followed. More than 500 present at the wedding. I can't describe the bride, except to say that she was dressed in a most elaborately embroidered pink satin damask dress, with a pink embroidered chiffon veil. There were two attendants only. It was not a Christian wedding - but Mr. H. C. Ling performed the ceremony - a double ring - And the only thing omitted was the prayer, <sup>which they had in the middle</sup> and in the ceremony, and in the groom's bowing to the bride's parents, then to each other - parents, then to the congregation, then to each other - then they marched out - while a really very good band played "Polly-wolly-doodle all the day" in a most lively measure. There came dancing, by four girls in one of the schools in Swatow - Some of it was very graceful and pretty - and none of it objectionable. At the feast we sat at the most honored table, with Mr. Ling, and Mrs. Chen who was the announcer - and the bride's father and the groom's father. There was plenty of wine - but the Chinese do not think it so polite to have a fine feast without wine to go with it - and the two fathers kept filling our glasses although

it was plain to be seen that we were not emptying them at all - That was on Thursday, my lightest day - and all I had to miss of my work was one study period with Miss Eng - I got back once here just in time for a missionary meeting led by Mrs. Speicher -

That same evening the Lewises arrived from America. Mr. & Mrs. <sup>(and)</sup> little Bennett - Margaret, 19, who ought to be in school in America, most of us think, but she has a heart ailing and wants to come & spend the summer, and Reba, 12 or 13, and Martha, 11 - They cannot go to Hongkong just now - and will live in the Cape house for the present - The next P.M. we had a tea for them at Miss Polluani's house -

On Saturday we spent most of the day attending the wedding of Jui Lich ("Mos Loo") - one of the twins I told you about - the niece of our nice Miss Eng who used to be with us in the school - & Lai Moan, the son and successor of our Christian banker Tang Long di - <sup>Lai Moan is also "Bill" Chen's brother (Chen is the English for Tang)</sup> I sent my roses and sweetpeas (which are just beginning to bloom and are lovely) for her, early in the morning - Then we went to the chapel for the ceremony - I don't know how many hundred people were present - They had two feasts, one at noon and one at night - I went to the noon one - Then went upstairs and was in the bride's room when the groom came in and unlocked her wedding chest for us to see the things - One hundred and thirty pieces - suits or jackets or skirts - many of them beautiful beautiful silk ones - I hope I shall see

her wear some of them! Miss Sullivan and I  
were fortunate enough to have stayed admiring the  
thing as long that we were invited to stay while  
the bride went through the ceremony of carrying  
tea to the whole family, and being introduced to  
them one by one. She went first to the "grand father",  
then to "grandmother" - as she must immediately begin to  
call her father-in-law and mother-in-law - and then  
on down through the list of the relatives who were  
present. As she offered tea to each, she made her little  
bow - Each took the cup and drank - then put a little  
bundle of money on the tray for the bride - Miss S. &  
I borrowed a couple of dimes to wrap in red paper  
so that we should have something to put down our  
return for our tea - just as that we could follow the  
rest and they say that we had done it - By the  
time she had gone the round the bride had a  
tidy little sum of money - and this is all her own.  
Among all the bundles of dollars - 5, ten, & twenty - a  
bundle <sup>(supper)</sup> - were four gold English sovereigns - They  
were right out in the open - not needing any  
red paper wrapping for adornment! Through all  
this the bride was still in her delicate pink satin dress -  
long white silk gloves, embroidered tulle veil of white -  
with orange blossoms - Her attendant was also a  
pupil of mine - Her dress was blue satin damask,  
and the bouquet - my sweet peas - was prettier, I  
think, than the bride's roses! They were a picture,  
the two of them!

Well - I must not stop to write more about that -  
But of course I am tremendously interested in these  
dear girls - <sup>but</sup> and it makes me feel ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ old,  
somehow!

This afternoon the girls were over here practising for  
a song they must sing two weeks from today - They  
have decided on "We shall see the King some day" -  
and they are going to learn it by heart, and sing it  
in Chinese - It is such a joy to have them singing  
again -

Clara Leach and Mrs. Adams are coming down  
this Tuesday from Kitgang. They leave here for  
America on Friday - I want to give Clara something,  
but I don't know what.

Bed time!

162  
Mar. 4

40 Chase St. Newton Centre

Jan. 8, 28

Dearest Abbie-

I wrote a letter to you for Xmas, but you may have never received it as I sent it to the P.I. not knowing that you had come back to China.

Now I am writing again, this time to Swatow, because I think that just shortly before you get this letter you will have received the word telling of the home-going of our beloved Mabel, and I know that if your heart aches with that almost intolerable ache that has been with me for the last week (and I know it will) you may be glad of a word of understanding sympathy. Oh Abby, what a world this is! I just can't seem to think straight about her death yet. She was so much to each of us that I feel that you will be feeling just about as I do, that the world is a much emptier place since she left it. I had counted so much on her letters which were so jolly and funny and plucky. Even the day she went into the hospital she scribbled me a card that had some fun in it. I never dreamed then what was ahead and, in going over old letters about two weeks ago, I destroyed it and other of Mabel's recent letters expecting them to have many more from her. It has left me without a single letter of hers, and I am so sorry.

You see, I knew along there just before Xmas, that she was very ill. I braced my self to hear of her death any day. Her mother sent me cards keeping me informed of her condition, and the week before Xmas, came two cards saying she was out of danger and the doctors said she would pull through. I just sang the doxology and decided that that was the best present that Christmas could possibly bring me. Then, last Wednesday, came the crushing news that she was gone. It came like a terrific shock, especially after feeling so relieved thinking all the time

that she was better. All the time since, night and day, it is just Mabel, Mabel, Mabel and the fact that she is gone. I cannot get over it. Ever since that summer spent together down on the Cape, Mabel and I have been unusually close. She was Mike and I was Pat. We were sort of running a race to see who would get well first. Well, the race is run... and won. We had a kind of compact to pray for each other's health. When she was ill, I said I had not been onto my job, and vice versa. You know how funny she can be, and we were just two good pals. At least I have that happy summer to look back to. It was a very glad companionable time in spite of the fact that neither of us was very well. We came to feel closer to each other than ever before, tho we had always been the best of friends since that memorable winter when you and she and I were here together.

Last night, in looking around for some kind of comfort, I read a few words of Maltbie Babcock. In writing to a friend who had lost a dear one he said to try to assuage the keenness of the grief by comforting some one else. I thought right away of you, for I know that Mabel meant just the same to you as to me. So, Abby dear, at this great distance, I am thinking of you and trying to project my sympathy and understanding out to you when you shall have heard of our Mabel's passing. I wish I might see you and we could talk it over together. That might help. As it is, one can only remember her ~~glad~~ glad brave pluck and resolve to go on with the struggle in her spite. it, and look forward to the day when we shall have her with us again.

I hope that this letter may reach you, as I am not very sure of anything settled out there in China. Let me know if you get it. I am not trying to write about anything else at this time, as there does n't seem to be anything else.

With very much love,

Patty.

P.S. I'm so thankful you have your  
bathroom - Hope mother's severe cold Swatow, China -  
get better right soon -  
Dear Old Dad,

Mar. 18, 1928

(No 163)

Will you ever learn to walk circumspectly?!

Such a thing, or any thing, I suppose mother would say,  
is hard to learn at your time o' life, or perhaps she  
would say, you being you! Needless to say, I have been  
going through the agonies with you but I have tried to  
comfort myself with the thought that it has now been  
over a month since you fell and you must be better  
than you were! Only for goodness' sake don't go out  
when you are just beginning to get well, and slip down  
some where again! I do hope you'll have a quick  
recovery, and will know better next time - I've already  
had a letter written 12 days after you fell, saying that  
you were getting better - so I'm comforted a little on that  
score - But I know from experience that torn ligaments  
take a long time to get well - I fell down a church  
trap door once, do you remember?

I'm sorry to have neglected you people again - It's  
two weeks, I think, since I wrote before - Things keep  
happening - Week before last Clara Black and Mrs.  
Adams came here on their way to Quana. They  
came on Tuesday, and Mrs. Adams came with them.  
So on Wednesday when Evelyn Spider arrived on  
her way from Manila, where she has been working  
in Doane Dormitory (I stayed with her in Bt.) back to her  
station in Hachow, we really didn't have beds enough.  
So Mrs. Page took her in until Clara and Mrs.  
Adams left on Friday. Then I brought her over here  
and we had a good visit. She brought some Philippine  
news, but not much that I hadn't heard through

Emily - She left on Tuesday - and on Wednesday  
Ernest Johnson came for a "rest cure" of two or three  
weeks - And I have been carrying on my school work  
as usual, getting ready for special music for  
today at the church and also for Easter - giving  
monthly tests (stacks of papers still to correct!)  
and so on. The day before Clara & Mrs. A. sailed  
we had a Woman's Committee - The enclosed letter  
will show you what job has fallen to my lot and  
will also show you what I did yesterday instead  
of correcting my stacks of papers - (I began the  
letter on the 10th - but finished it yesterday - was  
all day doing it - too, scribbling & rescribbling!  
I am such a slow draggaty person about writing  
letters - !)

I received a letter from Mabel Borell's mother this  
week, sending back two little handkerchiefs which  
arrived too late to be of use to my dear friend - It is  
a rather heart-breaking thing to me - The handkerchiefs  
are embroidered "B" - and I don't know whether I want  
to give them to anyone else or not - But oh - how can I  
write to Mrs. Borell - I just can't seem to begin - there  
is so little use of my trying to say words that will  
comfort.

Since I've begun this letter I've received one  
from Idella which tells of sorrowful times for her -  
I'm going to share that with you too, for I know  
you'll be glad to have news of her -  
I wish I could have a week's vacation to get caught  
up with papers, letters, etc. !  
Much love to you two dears -  
Abbie



Andover N.H.  
Feb. 5, 1928

My dear Abbie,

You must have wondered a thousand times why you don't hear from me. I have a suspicion that I have never acknowledged the lovely towel that you sent me a year ago Christmas. I thank you now. The look I sent you this may have seemed to you a queer selection, but I thought you'd like it as what American novel readers favored in the year 1926. "Lentherine De la Plante" was exceedingly popular. The one I sent this Christmas has seemed to me the strangest look received in many a day. Four of us at the Normal School belong to the Book-a-Month Club so we get many of the very latest and best books when they first appear. I have read only a few of them, but all are supposed to have passed through my hands.

As to what I have been doing, - A year ago last June I ~~enough~~ came after Normal School closed and made preparation for summer school at Teacher's College, Columbia University. On the afternoon when I was to start I found that my sister Bertha was not well and had been advised to go to the hospital for an operation. I felt that it was something very serious so I made an instant decision to spend the summer at home! As soon as it could be arranged I took her to the Mass. Civil Hospital, stayed near her for about a week, went back later and took her home, having no encouragement that she would be better. It was a crushing blow to us all, but we faced it as heavily as we could. She could not have an operation but had X-ray treatment, and everything else possible. I took her down again in Sept. for treatment but that was no real help, - just an exhausting three-day

treatment with no satisfaction resulting from it. There was  
a very malignant internal growth and I have no doubt  
that it had been there for a year or two before he suspected  
it, and then it was too late for any help. I took up my  
normal school work in Sept. because that seemed the  
best for the family as well as for myself. Dorothy was  
transferred from Kimball Union Academy to Tilton School  
so he would be nearer home, and her mother could see her  
often. They had a practical nurse who took care of the  
house. I went home every week and managed  
to have a good deal of extra time there. Until Christmas  
when Ruth was able to sit up a little and take the  
most of her meals at the table. After that she failed  
rapidly and suffered most terribly. For some weeks  
she had to have much morphine, and even that  
could not make her comfortable. She lived until February.  
I was at home nearly all the time from Dec. 19 to the middle  
of Feb., just going to Kearsa two or three times to meet my  
classes, and paying a very few visits to cadets who were  
in this part of the state. After things were a little  
settled Aurel and his father got along with housekeepers  
until Dorothy and I got home for the summer. I was  
unwilling to have Dorothy staying at home with the care  
of the house, so I sent her to a girls' camp for half the  
summer and I stayed at home to do the work. The  
rest of the time I spent at a little camp at Bradley Lake  
in Andover, trying to get some rest. This fall Dorothy  
went back to N. H. A. where she spent her freshman year  
and I went to my work at N. H. S. Warren and Aurel  
had a housekeeper and have been getting along fairly well.

Murra had an auction in May and sold off his stock and many farming tools, and he has tried to sell the farm but it is hard to find a customer for so large a place. He is anxious to sell as soon as he can, and get into some other kind of work since farming is so unprofitable in these days in New Hampshire.

I like my work in Keene as much as ever. The schools over which we have charge are widely scattered this year. Six are over here in Merrimack Co. & I am often here in Andover for week-ends, and I like that. About sixty-five girls asked for rural practice work this year and we can take care of the most of them, as we have had fourteen cadet schools, each school taking care of four girls in the course of the year. Of course there are always a number who for one reason or another are not sent out.

About sixty-five Keene teachers are taking a course this winter in "Mental Hygiene and its relation to character training in the public schools," a course by Dr. Latschaw, a well-known psychologist from Harvard, who lectures to us every Wed. pm. The course means credits from either Harvard or B.U. It means a great deal of reading but I am enjoying it. Often think how little concentration and genuine interest went into my courses at Colby. I didn't get half what I ought to have got from them. I frittered away a vast amount of time without realizing it.

94. I had a good letter from Lucy since Christmas. Her  
Nelly Betty is nearly ready for kindergarten and the boy  
Chauncey is about 13 mos. old and a beautiful boy,  
well and happy. Lucy's husband sold out his  
grocery business a year or so ago and hasn't been  
getting very good pay since, so they have felt rather  
short. Business has been dull in Manchester.

Mrs. Cody and I spent a night with Grace last  
October when the N.H. State Teachers Association met  
in Lacawia. Grace has taught Math. there in the  
High School for several years. She and a chem.  
Marjorie Phelps who teaches French, have a very  
pleasant apartment together. Grace is not well  
and I am worried about her. She works hard during  
her vacations and it is too much for her with the  
heavy program that she carries during the school year.

It is cold here tonight and a high wind is blowing.  
The streets are solid ice. I drove over from K- yesterday  
afternoon and then went to Franklin to buy a hat.  
It was fine and fair until mid-afternoon when a  
drizzle of rain made things just slippery. I planned  
to get back here at 5:30 but we were held up a mile  
this side of Franklin on a bit of a hill where cars  
without chains were keepers and therefore were lined up  
before we could get through. I slid into the ditch once  
after that and was thankful enough when my "Felicity"  
Ford was back here in the lane. <sup>at 7:00</sup> I don't care much for  
automobiling on glass ice.

Your letter is in K- so if there are questions I'm afraid  
I'm not answering them. I'm glad you are in P.D. for a time.

I shall be very glad to hear more about your work, your plans and your dear family.  
I love you just the same.

Swantow, China  
March 10, 1928

Miss Mabelle Rae McVeigh,  
276 Fifth Avenue, New York City,

Dear Miss McVeigh,

Your letter of February 3rd reached Dr. Leach two days before she and Mrs. Adams sailed for America. In order that they might be here to hear and join in our discussion, an open meeting of the Woman's Committee was at once called to take up the matters requiring immediate attention.

The medical situation at present is a serious one. Dr. Lee, the Chinese physician who was secured for Kityang last winter, has been appointed by the Trustees as superintendent in Dr. Leach's place. If we could keep Drs. Lai and Wong (Mrs. Lai) here in the Tie-chiu field they would be a great help, but we know they feel that their place is in Hope at the soonest possible moment it seems wise to go back. Miss Sohn is greatly needed, and we hope nothing will hinder her being sent back this fall.

Because Miss Northcott has been under a heavy strain, it stands to reason that she needs a good rest and medical care. Cannot the Board resume payment of her salary and thus make it possible for her to have this needed rest instead of allowing her to worry and wear herself out getting and filling some position? She is needed out here and it is hoped that she will be sent out as soon as she is physically fit. The Chinese Executive Committee has also voted asking for her return.

The secretary was asked to stress again in this letter the need of another doctor in our mission, considered apart from the needs of any one station. Dr. Brown's furlough is due this year; Dr. Everham must have a rest, and Dr. Brown is planning to stay through the summer months until Dr. Everham can get away for a while and back again. After that, Dr. Brown goes home; Dr. Bousfield is also due to have furlough this year, and Dr. Everham will be left single-handed. We all feel that this ought not to be. We fear her health would not stand so severe a strain. Here is her own definite statement:

"Some people may be willing to have but one doctor left in the Mission, but as long as I am here I prefer not to be the only one. The burdens of conducting a hospital, caring for the sick, (Chinese and missionaries) trying to do work in public health, disease medical policies, etc. etc., are too much for one person to do for the Mission."

We appeal again to the two Boards; is it not possible to find some relief for this situation?

Miss Smith is seriously needed here; without doubt you have already received the cable asking for her return. Miss Traver has been taking what she could of Miss Smith's work, but that has thrown more work on Miss Sellman and Miss Kittlitz. Miss Sellman keeps hoping that conditions will allow her to take up the country work; Miss Kittlitz must not have any more work, - she should have less.

The Kindergarten is a popular proposition with the Chinese here and gives one of our best opportunities at present for getting hold of the children and, through them, the parents. We feel that if any one can be sent back this fall Miss Smith ought by all means to be sent.

We want Mrs. Worley here in the work, but we are not blind to the fact that we cannot expect everyone to be sent back right now. In view of the postponement of Miss Traver's furlough until next winter it seems wiser for Mrs. Worley to wait another year. If Miss Sellsman's country opportunities are opened, we shall want Mrs. Worley this next Chinese New Year.

Miss Campbell is greatly needed this fall. Miss Foster must not be left alone in the work in laying another year. We hope Mrs. Campbell will be allowed to come too. We feel she would be most decidedly an asset to the work, and in no way a hindrance, if her health continues as good as it is now. You are asked to remember that Mrs. Campbell is no mere "missionary mother"- she is herself a missionary. She can speak the language, and knows many of the people. You can understand, too, how in the absence of a missionary family at Kaying the presence of an older woman would be a great advantage.

We are glad to have your word that Miss Culley is coming this summer and that you have approved Miss Hall's return.

Further action about Miss Miller was considered unnecessary, it being taken for granted that once you had the right interpretation of the cable you would authorize her return. Mr. Page has already explained to you that the cable requested the return of Miss Miller to Chaochowfu and that she be loaned temporarily to the New Academy here in Kakehish. The Chinese cannot understand why the Woman's Board has not considered it necessary to hold to the promise of furnishing two women workers for the New School. If Miss Miller is not returned to us soon it will be too late for her to help much thither here in the New Academy. But the first part of the request, that she be returned to her station at Chaochowfu, still stands. It is true, as you suggest, the Chinese do not fully realize that the Woman's Board has for its primary purpose the work among women and children. This is just the work, however, that is waiting for Miss Miller in Chaochowfu - the work among women and children. Mr. and Mrs. Baker have returned, and they feel that the help of the missionaries is needed there now probably more than ever. Chaochowfu is the station to which Miss Miller was sent out; we hope you will send her back.

Just what plan is best for Miss Johnson has not yet been decided. At present she is here in Kakehish with me, taking a little vacation from the Swatow work.

So we are to lose our Foreign Secretary! We are sorry for that, but with our real regrets we send also the warmest of wishes for your well-being and happiness. All joy be yours!

Sincerely yours,

My Dear Miss Sanderson.

I can not recall the time of the arrival of your letter and the beautiful letter enclosed. But I could not bring myself to open the letter - until about two days ago - for the darling girl was past hearing letters read & really no doubt we had already laid her away - All letters from abroad I laid aside by themselves. There were crowding in & I had the feeling that the distance being so great you would not wonder so much at an undue delay receiving a reply. Elsie always spoke of you with such joy & delight & she has your large photo hanging up in her room. She enjoyed it so much. We read about your being transferred over to Sweden again & spoke of what pleasure it must be to you to get back to your work. Very sincerely

however I wish that all foreigners, missionaries  
included had been sent out of S. E. China, & now  
I am wondering whether the letter will ever reach  
you or not. And then fine descriptions! Yesterday, I  
tidied up all Gladys' Christmas presents & returned them  
with the exception of two which we were requested not  
to return and two which were used to dress her in  
at the last. A feeling of kin & rebellion comes over  
me whenever I realize the whole tragedy & her story.  
I had never connected the thought of death with her for  
she was life embodied. Even her Father, a born pro-  
Zionist, I am sure, never thought of her sickness  
terminating fatally - we always expected when  
going to get well, or at least reach some degree  
of health where she could be comforted - & really here  
again Mr. had been assured by the attending  
physicians that she was bound to get well & it ac-  
corded so well with our desire that we believed it.  
She herself had no doubt of it altho about four



months before that time when she was coming out of a  
fainting spell after vomiting. she said to me "Oh, dear  
I have never been so well before in all my life,  
excepting the first two days after Anaprovatin."  
Then she at once reminded me of what the Drs.  
said that she could not die. From that time on  
she talked less & less but was clear in her mind, I  
think - so she may have had her convictions or  
preconceptions about the End. She was blind a long  
while & from the 20<sup>th</sup> of Nov, her vision was blurred  
& she saw double - which is on record as a rare  
symptom of Sleeping Sickness. Her sufferings were  
intense but likely after the 2<sup>nd</sup> of Dec. she did not  
feel them - Her last breath came at 2:15 Dec 31.  
Her sister Ruth & I & the nurse were there at the  
end. We had stood continuously day & night  
for nearly four days - but she did not know us.  
If you wish to ask any questions please feel free  
to do so. I shall miss the news she was always so  
happy & grateful to receive from her friends -

I hope you are safe & sound somewhere. I should  
receive a report from the Board if I had been here  
but now I do not know where to apply for in-  
formation as to any one particular person.

With much love-

Ellen L. Russell

415 B. & O. St.

Burlington, Ia.

Feb. 17, '28

Typewriter paper  
and carbon paper arrived  
just right - also Books Watson, China  
please give my thanks  
Dearest Aun, to the ladies May 25, 1928  
and I'll write if I can!

(No. 164)  
This will have to be  
a skimpy little letter, for it  
is late Sunday night and I  
must lie in bed and get  
some rest before to-morrow A.M.  
tasks begin. But I want to  
inquire about the broken leg  
and the fierce cold that some  
folks had some few weeks ago -  
I'm hoping I'll get an answer  
to these questions, in a letter  
which shall arrive to-morrow or  
next day - for steamers are  
due both today and to-morrow.  
I haven't been very good today,  
I'm afraid - I didn't go to church,  
but came right home after S.S.

The girls came about 11 to practice  
Easter music - and my time  
and attention has been taken  
up with music - and flowers,  
about all day -

I cut some sweet peas for  
Elsie last night - all I had.  
This noon I cut almost as  
many again, and tonight  
at supper time I might have  
cut the same amount, all  
opened since dinner - They are  
a joy -

I have three Easter lilies  
open, several callas, one gladiolus,  
and the freesias show one pot  
of lavender among several  
white ones. We used to have  
orange and coral ones too, but  
those have been lost I think -

My violets are doing fairly  
well - and I have some thriving

verbena - red ones. Velva gave me some purple ones & root today. I wish I could get seed for some white verbenas.

The coolie built a little arbor which will eventually have crimson <sup>climbers</sup> ~~ramblers~~ over it. In the meantime, he has planted nasturtiums, and the strong hardy vines are already blooming, and halfway up the trellis.

I have a patch of forget me nots just beginning to bloom - tiny tiny ones - blue and pink; and a few snapdragons; - about twelve pots of flourishing white marguerites in bloom, and twenty-one little orange plants up (from seeds) with which I intend to start a hedge -

Mr. Page has just given me  
some new roses, and I have  
started some myself, just  
by slipping the stems - I had  
more than twenty rootlets,  
all of them pink or red  
roses - I gave away six,  
and am already setting  
some more - Some day I'll  
count, and tell you how  
many rose plants I have -  
I've planted twenty four in  
the ground since I came  
back from Idaho -

Word has just come that  
Mabelle Culley has already  
started for China. She goes  
with Dr. Kyle's Expedition for  
Research - and her nephew  
Paul Culley, is one of the staff

on the Expedition<sup>3</sup>. He is a doctor.  
His mother, his sister-in-law, goes  
too. They will be a month or more  
in Jerusalem - will be there  
during Easter week, too - Won't  
that be wonderful - ? Then she  
will travel around some more,  
go to some hill resort for a  
vacation, and get back here  
about the first of September.

As to Emily - she wants very  
much to come back - Since Mr.  
Ling definitely invited her to  
come, and thus wiped out the  
feeling in her mind that he  
did not want her, she has changed  
her mind completely - and she  
is eager to get back - When I  
left the Philippines I didn't think  
she would ever come back here.

She has not yet received the Board's consent to come here to work - but she will come on vacation - and get here next week or the week after - Whether she will receive word while she is here that she may stay, no one knows - In that case, she will go directly to Chardonville, I suppose - then maybe come back here for the summer with me - For at present there are enough teachers in the Academy so that she is not desperately needed -

Or, the Board may ask her to teach on in St. Louis until next fall - In that case, she will have a month or so here with me - while I am in school -



and then still go back to work in  
June and I'll be here alone for  
the summer. (Mrs. Griffin leaves  
here early in June). I shan't like  
that at all! I wonder whether  
Joy Tatum would consider  
coming down here to visit me?  
Well - of course Emily may  
come here to stay - I hope she  
will be allowed to stay in  
South China - for I believe she  
will be happier here, if the  
work can keep open -

There is a possibility, of  
course, of political troubles.  
The Reds are being kept back pretty  
well, but they would like to get  
into Swatow again and as one  
we said. "We are living calmly  
and peacefully on the edge of an  
active volcano" - She may shoot  
up any time - but we just hope she  
won't! Love - Alice

No 165.

Swatow, China

Apr. 2, 1928

Dear Ones,

It is 9 P.M. and I have just finished correcting papers and looking over my lessons for to-morrow. I now sit down to write the letter which should have been written to you yesterday - I am in no mood to write - because we have been discussing so many problems - The thing I am worrying about is whether or not I am using all the opportunities that I could find to accomplish "that wherein I am appointed" - I might do more calling - get out among the people and find out more about them and get closer to them. But when

the day's work is finished at school. I don't have ambition to start out for anything else -

Pray for me that my being out here will somehow help to accomplish His will, even though routine ties me down. -

There is another reason why I am unsettled tonight and can't be at rest. I seem to have come to the end of my rope. Emily will get here tomorrow or the next day. She telegraphed that she would be here on Wed. but this week the Wednesday boat by some chance arrives on Tuesday! So if she can make good connections in Hong Kong today she will be

here to morrow -

And I am all at loose ends -

I want to see her very much -  
and more than that, I long to have  
her find more joy <sup>in</sup> the work here  
than she has found before - I  
have a feeling that her  
coming here just at this time  
will make things better - that is,  
will not allow the Chinese to think  
that the Domestic Board thinks too  
lightly of the promise to furnish  
the women workers in the school -  
But I have also a feeling that  
this time everything will be  
different from what it has ever  
been before - Whether better or worse,  
I don't know - But I can't settle  
myself to do anything and I know

I ought to.

Moreover, we have school to-morrow then we have a little spring vacation. This suits me first rate - for with Emily coming I think it will be pretty nice to be able to visit with her the first three days instead of having to go to school all day - I couldn't do much calling these days, for Thursday is a big feast day and every one is busy on those days -

My wardrobe is in sad need of replenishing and perhaps I can get one or two gingham's made over these few days - I seem to be lacking the proper clothes to wear these "few" in between days before

it gets really hot but when  
you don't need heavy winter things  
any more -

If anybody wants to know  
what I send me, tell them  
flower seeds; anything but  
sunflower, oralis and lantana.  
I don't care for the first, and  
the other two grow like weeds.  
But any other old fashioned  
flower seeds would be very  
acceptable - or bulbs - dahlias  
or gladiolas -

Must quit now and go  
to bed

Happy returns to Mother  
tomorrow!

And much, much love,  
Abbie -

Suataw, China

Easter night -

Dear Ques.

(166)

This has been a very happy Easter day for me. First - Emily is here - and is here in South China for work, not vacation! She got her cable from the Board just before she left Hilo - & brought all her things. She will stay here this term - probably and then go to Chaoshowfu in the fall - We are so glad to have her back - and as glad that it is not just temporary - To have had her here just for vacation would have been pretty hard all around.

(I shall be interested to get your impression

of my various ups and downs - when I get home to you - I have no doubt I seem like a very vacillating - minded person. I know I change my mind about some things!

Emily came on Tuesday - and we've had a gay round of festivities. That P.M. I had no classes, and the next day a three days' holiday began - for the Chheng Mien, or Spring Festival. That was grand - you can imagine! We had a tea for Emily Tuesday P.M.

Thursday the Lewises had a supper and invited everybody (I don't know whether I remember to tell you that the Lewises have been back from America about a month - and have not yet been able to get up to Yungking, their station). They had some clever games -



One was a number of pictures literally expressing such phrases as "He ran across a friend" (auto running over man) "She sailed into the room" - "She dropped her eyes" "She went all to pieces" - "She dropped in for tea" - "She was all ears" "They hung on his words" - "He took his car home" (man with auto under his arm) "He devoured the book" (man eating a book) "She scowled over the mail" "She gave him her hand" etc - They were pasted on white sheets of paper and pinned to different places - We note down our guesses.

Another amusing game was to pen a verse or saying about each person in

his back. Each one had a pencil and paper  
and tried to see and write down what  
was on others' backs, all the while endeavoring  
not to let any one else see what was on  
his back. A few of the non-good sports  
sat on the side lines and wouldn't play -  
They laughed till the tears came - I guess no  
idea how funny we all looked - And they  
said great tall I looked funnier than  
ever, craning my neck to see other folks'  
backs! I must have been a good sight -

Friday night E. and I were invited to  
Mrs. Giulio to have dinner with Mr. Ling

2

the principal and another teacher, also  
Mrs. Ling - On Saturday we practised  
singing, and went up to the foreign  
cemetery to plant an Easter lily and put  
some other flowers on Miss Weld's grave.

This morning at 4.30 some of the  
girls went around singing "Alleluia"  
hymns - it was lovely - Then we cut  
flowers and the W. W. Girls took them  
to the hospital to give to each of the  
patients. At 8.30 we had Sunday  
School. At 9.45 church - There was an

English service also, but it conflicted  
with ours, so I didn't go -

This afternoon we went to a praise  
service - almost all song, over in Swatow  
at the Y. M. C. A. Our girls sang morning  
and afternoon - I sang with them - and they  
did ~~it~~ beautifully - if I do say so! I sang  
a solo this P. M. too!

We had two good ringing Easter sermons,  
true and convincing enough & persuaded many  
a doubter, I should think. Did I tell  
you that we had a baptismal service  
with nineteen baptisms last Sunday.

Three of them were men. one the cook  
at the girls' dormitory -

I'm very sleepy - and must go and  
get some sleep so that I'll be fresh  
for to-morrow's duties. Emily will  
have this week to rest and get settled -  
and then she will take the classes that  
Mrs. Giedt and Mrs. Page have, and  
perhaps one of mine -

Good night - with my love.

Abbie

Swatow, China  
Apr. 10, 1928

(167)

Dear Ones,

This has been a wild and giddy week - Last week was the excitement of Emily's coming - and our being invited out as a consequence of her coming, having a tea in her honor, and having 'three days' spring vacation & boat - bought a 'let-down' that was a little hard to boat myself out of Monday morning when school began again.

Added to the regular duties of school routine we have had some extra social life, too - On Monday night our household and

Kenneth and Waverla Hobart went to  
Miss Tollman's for Japanese supper. It  
was good, and we had a delightful time.  
(At six the next morning George Keith Hobart,  
6½ lb., arrived on the scene, everything is  
lovely and the goose hangs high.)

Thursday afternoon we got a postcard  
from Becky Charles asking us to come over  
to her house Friday night to Jap. supper  
with some officers off the S.S. Sacramento.  
Emily was going to Chardawfr. for a visit  
the next day - and I didn't think I  
cared much about going alone -  
About an hour later we got a note from

Becky sent by special messenger asking  
us to go out to dinner with the Captain  
on the gunboat - He had asked for  
two ladies, and she recommended  
us - We were to have dinner, and then see  
a late Mary Pickford film - and be brought  
home in the captain's gig at 10.15 - We  
dressed up in our best bib and tucker (not  
full evening dress, as we were all right) and  
had a very nice time. Mr. & Mrs. Corles, and Mr. &  
Mrs. Scott Morris were the other guests, and the  
captain was the only one at dinner. The  
executive officer Mr. Fiechter was coming but  
his boat broke down coming back from tennis  
and so he couldn't come - but we saw him after



supper. We had fresh strawberry shortcake -  
what do you think of that?

Then the captain advised Emily not to  
go to Chaokowfu, and Becky begged us  
to come to her house the next night - so  
we decided to do so - We had a good  
time again - and went shopping the  
next morning - The chief thing we bought  
ourselves was a pair of clippers!

Emily begins work this week - and that  
will lighten my work a bit, for she will  
take 3 hours of mine -

Last night I was out again until 10 -  
at a class social up at school -  
Hope you two are O. K. again. Love Alice

(168)

Suatsou, China

Cep. 22, 1928

Dear Cues,

It is about time for me to be getting some more letters from you, I should think. The last I heard you were both getting better than you had been, but there was still room for improvement. I shall be glad when your next letter comes.

The Good Housekeeping has begun to come and I'm delighted with your choice. I don't know to whom a letter of thanks should be addressed, but I want to say thank you. I'll ask you to tell the women for me that I do appreciate their gift and think it was indeed lovely of them to send it to me.

I want you also to say thank you for me to the ones who were responsible for my having Tarbell's and Palmetti's Sunday School helps. Although they are for last year's topics, I have found a good many lessons that were ~~so~~ similar that I could use the illustrations for ~~next~~ this year's topics. I am very glad to have the books. I think I mentioned before having received the typewriter paper and carbon paper. They were just what I wanted. (If anyone should ask what I want for next Christmas, you might tell them a 1929 Tarbell's Guide.)

Emily and I are sitting in my study this evening, while it rains and blows outside. Night before last

The spring rains began; - they are very late this year -  
Just after supper Emily said "Too bad you didn't have the  
cistern cleaned out today; now you'll have to wait till  
next year." But I exclaimed "We can't wait until next year;  
we have to do it this spring, for it is dirty to death!" - She  
said "Well you'd better disconnect your pipes to night then,  
for it will be half full by tomorrow morning."

So we got the boys and went down to look. They  
both declared it couldn't be done, but we said it had  
to be, so we did it, even though we had to break a  
little cement around one of the pipes - Sure enough,  
when I waked yesterday morning the yard was  
flooded, and a small Niagara was pouring out of  
the released pipe. As soon as breakfast they got to  
work - and they got a lot of dirt along with what  
little water was left over from last year - And then  
the sun came out! And we thought we might  
be a week or more without water. But last  
night the rain came again, and we got several  
inches - Tonight there is a drizzle, which threatens  
to become a downpour at any time. And by the  
middle of this week we may have a cistern full  
of water - nice clean water, 'cause by cutting off  
the pipes we got our dirty roofs washed off!  
Emily is taking three of my hours as I have a  
lighter schedule than I had. We both have about  
the same amount of regular work now - If you knew

What a different feeling it is to have her here and on the same side of the house with me at night! Though I haven't really been scared at all the reports and threats of soldiers and bandits we have had - I haven't written about these because it wouldn't do any good to mix and mingle just stir you up anyhow. But here in Katchik, which is famous for being a peaceful place where war is raging elsewhere, <sup>we</sup> have had at least two full-sized parties. The Red Army - the Communist Armies - was reported to be only a few miles away - and the people thought destruction would stalk upon us any night. About the same time a rascally, brutal band of robbers devastated a number of nearby villages so that brought another scare - The Chinese have come to us a number of times to see whether we could get the consul & land marines from the gunboat, on the pretext of protecting the foreigners - They don't like the foreign gunboat in their waters, but they don't mind it there when it is their only source of protection. I have wished many times for <sup>the</sup> time to come when we would never see a foreign gunboat here - But during the last few weeks I have felt glad the American "Sacramento" was in port - for the sake of the Chinese who were as frightened, as well as for the rest of us - One night they got us to come over to Miss Bollman's house to sleep because they were afraid of an attack that night and they

(the other missionaries) didn't like to have us so far away from them. But I shouldn't have gone that night if it hadn't been that my staying here would have made some one else uncomfortable.

That was the week before E. got here -

It is different, too, to have someone in the work with whom I can talk things over any old time - And of course that is all aside from the personal part of my being glad to have her back!

(Now I'll tell you a secret about "Good Housekeeping". Mrs. Miller sent me a subscription to it for Christmas so I've been getting it this year - When I got the subscription notice this time (for the new no) I immediately sent and asked them to extend it to next year, instead of sending me duplicates. The women don't ever need to know - and if anybody wants to send it to me next year you can head 'em off and tell 'em some of the many things I'll probably mention in my letters between now and then).

Must close now and write to Arthur. He will think I have deserted him for fair -

Much love to you both

Abbie

Prattown, China  
Apr. 29, 1928

Dear Cous,

I wrote to Gladys Paul yesterday, and I have just finished a letter to Idella. I don't know when I have written any other letters - I am way behind - haven't even said thank you for all my Christmas presents. The thing that started my writing to Gladys was a beautiful Backsack photograph - which has just arrived as my birthday present. She has changed, I think, since I saw her when I was on furlough - She has just gone into an apartment with another girl and they have gone to housekeeping. She is having a good deal of enjoyment out of it, I should judge.

I am discovering that I like to teach boys a good deal better than I thought I did. I find I'm just as glad when they do well, and just as sorry when they don't, as I was for the girls. Yesterday two of our finest boys refused to apologize for fighting, and it looked as though they would have to leave school. I don't know when I have felt so badly. It seemed as though I couldn't bear to see them go - I believe they have decided to go through with it, though - so I'm much happier!

Mrs. Giffin just had word of the death of Mother Giffin - who has been almost like a second

mother to her. Her own mother died just before she  
went home on her first furlough, and now  
Mr. Giffin's mother goes just before they go this time.  
They were to be there with her in the Giffin home  
while in America. and of course she feels a  
special disappointment and loss.

I've just had the letter telling of your reunites,  
mother. Poor dear lady - I thought you had enough  
of that the last time you had it! Don't have  
any more, please.

I'm plodding along - lazy but healthy - I don't  
really loaf - and I get good and tired teaching  
all day and walking up the Academy Hill  
twice a day. But I know I'm lazy because  
I'm always glad when we have a day of  
vacation and I'm already looking forward  
with satisfaction to vacation time! Emily  
and I will be here for the summer, probably.  
We may go to Double Island for a week or two.  
and there is a possibility that we'll have  
a little trip to Hongkong for the change. I  
can't see my way for that yet - because  
it costs a little penny. But Emily says  
she thinks we can find a way!

Clara Leach ordered some dishes to  
match mine, on her way through Japan.

They have just come - and they are very  
nice. I have never had a big enough platter  
to serve a big fowl when we have company -  
so I ordered it. It cost 5 yen, or \$2.50 - but

it <sup>(169)</sup> is a beauty - 18 inches long - I got new bread and butter plates, little round vegetable dishes, an olive dish, and two little covered candy dishes - ① and ② of what I got two years ago were nearly all gone -  
Apr. 29, 1928

The school is going well as a school but I am far from satisfied with what I am doing along the evangelistic line - It is not easy to get a good start with the W. W. G. I thought they were started last fall - but they haven't done much since. I really haven't the right to criticize others for not doing evangelistic work with the students when I accomplish as little myself. If we could only find the right approach, I feel we could do a great deal with these boys and girls. I should be glad if you would make this a matter of prayer in your church and prayer meetings, as well as at home - The opportunity is here. I'm sure - but we have hard work getting the door open!

Do you remember my telling about Lin Hing, who was so impertinent and then so penitent about her music lesson? The one who, when examined for church membership, was asked to wait until the next time - but by the next month had lost her interest? She always comes to see me - and I was delighted to get a letter from her this week. She says,



"In former days I studied 4-5 years of English, yet now I can't express myself to you at all - I am extremely ashamed. I thought you had gone to your honorable country, so I didn't write to you. Today my mother tells me you are still in Kakchik. I am very happy to hear it, and hasten to write you a little note in "common white words" (opposite of classical), to greet you.

"I am very well. I'm still teaching here at home, with 44 pupils - so I'm busy every day. I hope I can come to Kakchik in the summer vacation and then I'll see you face to face. But I'm not sure I can! My heart is now a little nearer to trusting and believing the Lord than it ~~has~~ been before - But I'm still weak, and the Holy Spirit hasn't come into my heart. I haven't been baptized yet. Please pray for me -

Obediently, Your long Hearing -

You might ask the people to pray about this. I feel much encouraged, for she was hard and bitter for a number of years -

With much love,

Abbie