

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Swatow China,
May 6, 1928

Dear Ones,

We have had two holidays this week, and I feel very lazy, somehow - I haven't accomplished much - even though I've been occupied all the time - The Lewises have found it safe to go to Lungkeng, and Mr. Lewis came down unexpectedly on Tuesday to get the family and take them with him. The Red Army has seemed to disappear and things are much more peaceful in this whole section of the country than they have been before for a long time. But we hadn't had the Lewises to dinner since they arrived from America, so we hurried up and got Mr. & Mrs. and Margaret (18) over to dinner the next night, and the following day had the children over here for a tea party - We had expected them to be here to help us celebrate Raymond's birthday on May 15, but had them come now instead. By the way, that reminds me that I must get out the invitations for that party right away -

I have some other things besides birthday parties to look forward to in the near future - next Sunday I have been asked to lead the Christian Endeavor Meeting - in Chinese. The

following Wednesday is supposed to be my
turn to lead chapel up at school - Chapel
which is not usually religious - not "obnoxiously"
so - Last time I felt I could not do it - and
it turned out that Mr. Ling had some important
things to say to the students so he took my turn -
But this time I'm sort of feeling that I can't
very well get away from this little job, and I'd
better tackle it and do the best I can - I must
admit, I dread it like anything - I want to give
them a Christian message, and would like to give
it in such a way that they will want to think
about it and not be inclined to turn up their
noses at it because it is pious! Do you get me?

I have two examinations to give tomorrow -
and so I must get to bed early and think
about those exams early tomorrow morning -

I wonder whether you have seen Clara ^{Leah}
yet or not?

Much much love,

Abbie

May 6

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Swatow, China

May 13, 1928

Mother dear -

I am a most undutiful child. I never have been able to write you a letter so you would get it on Mother's Day. I seem to be exceedingly forgetful. Today I got one from you, instead of your getting one from me - I was very glad to get it, but not glad to know that you are suffering from arthritis in your finger. As for getting old - don't say "old age" to me! Not yet! You are not the kind that grows old - even though your hair does get white. White hair is going to be the style in our family - very much so. If you could see mine nowadays, especially just after it's washed, you'd think it white enough, I guess. But Velva told me last week that I was beginning to look very distinguished with my gray hair - It has a decided wave to it which has developed since I have been wearing it this new way - and I'm vain enough to like it a little bit! But it doesn't look as nice as Emily's, of course. Hers is lovely.

Today has been a rather strenuous day for me. I had to lead the Christian Endeavor meeting in Chinese this afternoon - I have spent several days getting ready for it - practically memorizing it - When I first

came back from the Philippines I had to speak at
the Woman's Missionary Meeting and not only was
I scared to death but my Chinese ^{was} poor - and I
knew it - I'm not sure that anybody but the
foreigners understood what I was trying to say and
I just felt that it was a fizzle - So I knew
I'd just have to try harder - which I did - I had
a good deal of help from Tarbell's book - It is just
fine and I'm so glad I have it! I guess I
told you once that I hoped some one would send
me a 1929 one next year!

I was limp, and soaking wet with perspiration
when I got home this afternoon and I haven't had
pep enough to write letters until now (9.30 P.M.)!
You may think I'm crazy when you get this letter
with its enclosures - I am, - crazy for seeds - and to
^{these} look like getting something cheap - so I'm going to
(also the catalogues + samples)
ask you to send for them and then send them
on to me - Take out the Parsnip and Poppy seeds,
I don't want them - and of course take any of the
others that you want - Some from each pk. if
you wish - Get pa to address the envelopes!
Much love. Althea

Svatow, China ¹⁹¹¹
May 20, 1928 ^{Wedding Day 1925}

(172)

Dear Ones,

Many happy returns of the day! You didn't know that I've been thinking about you all day, did you? But I certainly have, and I wish I could see you both right now - I'm wondering what you are doing tonight - It is morning with you now and you are getting ready to go to church, I suppose -

Your most recent letter (of Apr. 19) reached me Friday A.M. I see by your questions that I must have left a good many things unwritten. Miss McVeigh is to be married in June to Dr. Le Grand, secretary of Wisconsin State Convention. Miss Dora Zimmerman is to take Le's place -

I was not secretary of conference - I was secretary merely of the Woman's Committee - taking Clara Leach's place merely until we can get a new committee appointed - Then a new secy will be elected - Yes, I was Secy at the Publication Society meeting - but Dr. Chambers (Southern Baptist) took the report and sent it home, I suppose.

Your letters sound worried about Svato - I think you may rest easy that Svato will be peaceful for a little while - Soldiers arriving in

time appeared to be what was needed to drive the Red army into thin air. Mr. Herbert circulated this letter of Mr. Whitman's and told us not to send it back. Mr. Whitman was born in 1862 and he is like a fish out of water when he is away from his mission station for very long. He had to be down here a lot last year though, and has been waiting in Kityang now for about four months. You may be interested to read about his trip up river - It is a personal letter, of course, and not for publication!

The thing that has worried me more than soldiers is a crazy girl, one of my former students, who has been penned up in the house just below ours - on my side of the Louse. She went with a group to Canton to study in a Pentecostal "school" and came back raving crazy. Her shouts, sometimes in English & sometimes in Chinese, have been so dreadful! She is a little better now - but is in a most pitiable state even now - There is no place for her to go - and if Dr. Everham were not taking care of her there would be no one to do so as far as I know -

Last Tuesday was Raymond's birthday. His father arrived from Nanking the Saturday before, much to the

lad's delight. We invited the Giedt children & their mother, and Mrs. Stocker & her two children from Double Island. Eleanor Ruth Hobart came too, and there were twelve of us at the table. We had a big ribbon cake and candles, in everything - and games afterwards. We had the table decorated with a huge green bowl full of orange & yellow nasturtiums, and candy cups made of orange crepe paper, each sitting on a big nasturtium leaf. The vacant spaces around on the table cloth were filled in with asparagus fern. It was pretty - and we had a good time.

Last night and the night before our school Literary Society held forth. Five plays were given in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~three~~ nights - and the girls' part was to sing - I drilled them; Clementine, Annie Laurie, and Send the Light - (variety?) In the plays we discovered that we have some real actors. Boys and girls do not act together out here - so the acting was all by boys. I didn't dream that they could make ~~the~~ such charming attractive girls as one or two of them did - And as for the boys who dressed up as older men - some of them were most enchantingly debonaire. ^{The first night they gave a sad little sketch of a returned boy (soldier)} He came back from war half

crazed, broke ^{into} his own home, knocked down
his own mother, brother, and sister - Then his
older brother rushed in and shot him - and
then they all discovered who he was - much
weeping - some very good acting. They also
gave Ibsen's "Doll House" which was interesting, to
say the least.

The ~~second~~ night they gave a
Kakchick sketch, rather good, One Night in a Restaurant,
and an old Chinese play which opened with a
fascinatingly realistic scene of Moonlight in
the garden of the Princess, with the Princess
walking in the garden with her attendant - Old
Chinese costumes were very effective - and we
wanted to stay - but it was Saturday night
and I have a S.D. class at 8.30 Sunday,
so it was we missed the Merchant of Venice
on Saturday at the Roman's School.

Mrs. Giffin has been regaling us with tales
of what she saw at a Kindergarten Mother's
Meeting on Thursday - Mrs. Giffin gave the
address, but the kiddies themselves gave the
story of Jonah - The little fellow who took the
part of Jonah came in with his pith helmet
on! (Emily says: "Of course, don't all missionaries
wear pith hats? And Jonah was a missionary") -
After he was thrown overboard - and was down
at the bottom of the sea - he almost lost his
pith hat - but he clutched it tightly as he lay there.

Soon along came another youngster swathed in a billowing sheet, with a picture of a big fish pasted on his back (maybe it was ~~two~~ kiddies under the sheet!) The fish wallowed and billowed around and finally swallowed Jonah - There was a period of internal commotion, following which Jonah was cast out upon the tank with a thud - pith hat and all! So up he got - looked around sail firmly and decidedly "I'm going to Nineveh now!" - They walked many circles (miles) of road around three little women who sat discussing their sins and wishing some one would come to preach to them. Finally when Jonah had walked far enough so that he should according to reason, ^{have} arrived at Nineveh, he spied these ninety women (around whom he had all the while been circling, unseeing) and immediately began to preach to them. and they received him with joy - This doesn't half tell it - but we were much impressed by the pith hat and its spotlessness after so many vicissitudes!

Much love to you —
 Abbie

May 20 (172)

Suatsow, China

May 27, 1928

My own dear ones,

Such a happy day as this one has been for me in many ways! Let me begin by telling you what we did on Thursday, on Emily's birthday - You know Marguerite Everham's birthday comes the 28th, too. So we decided to have a combination birthday party for the people whose birthdays ^{are} ~~was~~ in May. That includes Raymond Griffin and Mrs. Page as well as us three girls. And we thought we would make it a goodbye party to the Griffins and Hoberts and Bonfield, who go on furlough soon. ^(Hoberts left the following day) We invited the Babers down from Chaoshan, and the Speichers and Enid over from Suatsow - and had them stay all night. Some of the people on the compound were late but they all got here and we had, all but six, the whole mission here - twenty-eight counting the children, and Dr. Lai who was here for a day or two, and Dr. Bonfield, who just got down from Suatsow on Wednesday -

We had an ideal day, and I have only one class on Thursday. We had lost our coolie - he had another job which called him more urgently than ours did - and didn't get our new one until the day of the party - But he got here just in time to help get ready, get the ice, make the icecream etc. (Aren't we lucky to have ice out here!) We decorated our big upstairs veranda with several big pots of asparagus fern and a huge bowl of nasturtiums - and called the supper for 5.45 so that we shouldn't need lamps -

We served chicken sandwiches, cucumber sandwiches, deviled eggs, a salad of peas, cheese and peanuts (which everyone thought delicious) (No lettuce), dill pickles and sweet pickles, choice of bottled soda or grape juice, ribbon layer birthday cake, and icecream.

It sounds like a spread and it really tasted very good - but it was not expensive. And we surely had a grand good time - After the compound guests had gone we sat around the dining room table ~~and~~ with our overnight guests, had some more "pop" and opened Emily's birthday package (candy) which arrived that very day. (Mina came that day too, but I was too busy and too excited to open it until the next morning).

Oh, I almost forgot; that morning about 5:30 I awoke with an idea - I got up and wrote it down and we sang it to Emily at breakfast to the tune of Solomon Levi - (Emily had a shower of birthday cards - some of them very very funny. One was a Scotchman who was looking worried and saying "Here's a Scotch greetin', Dinna burn it, Please return it, [I have ither friends]). Another card came from Mary's (Eli's sister) dog's Billy which says "Birthday greetings if you please, from me and all my little fleas - Those will explain the allusions in the effusion(?) a copy of which I enclose. Emily had other cute cards - one said, "Happy Birthday; Hooley! I hope they make it a National Holiday (in China:)"

Well - we sang the song at the party too - just after the cake had come on and we had all blown the candles out - People had seen the cards - and thought it a good joke - and it was lots of fun -

The next day we had tea around our breakfast table and that was fun too -

Well - I haven't had any party today - and I haven't even had a birthday cake - but I have had a happy day - When you read the song that Emily made up for them to sing to me you'll see how she got

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ahead of me on one score - by putting 149 up to 200!
When I went out to breakfast my chair was filled
with a huge package which proved to be first an
"emerald" pin $1\frac{1}{8} \times \frac{7}{8}$ " with this card:

Pearls and diamonds you have, I know -

Fairest of gems I wear;

But the one who was born in the month of May

Should wear an emerald green. (from Mrs. Giffin)

The box also contained a very lovely surprise - a beautiful
string of amethyst colored Peking glass beads which
the Giffins gave me - I never dreamed of such a
nice present - They shouldn't have done it -

There were also some pretty match boxes which I've
wanted a long time (because I never can find a
box of matches when I want it - The boy takes an
but he won't if they are in a case, we think!) and
a lovely ~~box~~ box for my sewing things - These from Emily -

All day things have been coming - Guest towels with
quaint designs from Miss Tollman and Velva - Also
a scarf which Velva has been knitting (from my yarn)
all spring and just finished in time, a pair of silk
stockings (pale buff) from Elsie; two little books - one of
verses from Dorothy Campbell and Edith Traver, and one devoted
book from Marguerite -

But best of all is my nice package from home - I never
had but one can of this arbutus talc, but I loved it - and
I've loved the soap too - and of course you would know
how I delight in such an attractive combination box with
all the creams and powders that I like to use but get
pretty much out of, out here! The Mission Garden.

Tale is so delicate too - I can't say which I like better - so I'll just say thank you together for all of them - I don't know when I've enjoyed getting a box as I have this one - for I couldn't imagine at all what was in it - and the things were all so pretty, and fragrant, and in good condition -

The handkerchiefs and pencils and things from the children are lovely too - I want to write little personal notes to them if I can - but I'm afraid they can't go in this letter -

I had my S.S. class as usual, at 8.30 - Then I stayed for the first part of Chinese church - they went down to English church, which I enjoyed - deeply - that's the most fitting word I can think of. It was a real inspiration to me - and I guess I needed it as a brace ^{for the things that were coming later.} ~~This afternoon~~ I found ^{in the things that were coming later.} a copy of a letter which Mr. Page has just sent off about Mr. Ling - which I think is unfair to him - and unfair to me - I don't agree with all that Mr. Ling thinks, or does, or says - But I do think he ought to be given a fair chance to try out his theories and I would like the chance to help him as much as I can - I didn't think Mr. Page would be guilty of writing such a letter - I can't stop now to write down all the answers I can think of to his arguments - But I want to, if I can - I've been heartsick about it, really - Mr. Ling is trying to make the school Christian, and he's not opposed to making religious talks - and he is not an anti-Christian - and I get sadder and more discouraged the more I think about it. It sounds to me like the death knell of the school - and although we may not be reaching many - if the school stops we won't reach any of the boys and girls there - But I had a good letter from father, late this P.M. - and that cheered me up considerably! Much, much love. Alice

Kaying, Monday, May 7th, 1928.

Dear Mr. Hobart:-

Here I am, as you can see by the headlines. Got in Saturday night not much the worse for wear, except that I had no change of clothing, nor any undress but my shoes and coat after Tuesday night. If a bath and change to clean clothing wasn't a mighty fine procedure! A shave too! I offered to donate my whiskers to Giffin for a hair mattress (I guess there ought to be another "t" in that) but as he is leaving Friday wouldn't listen to anything that was meant for local use. A bed also to stretch out in!! Oh, man, wasn't it luxurious!! Never mind. I got through and met no other robbers than baggage coolies and Innkeepers. Paid \$3.00 for soldiers, had twelve from Hu City up to Tsiung-heu and came the rest of the way without any on the boat, but had to pay for protection just the same. In this region soldiers are scattered here and there along the route and a tax is levied on passengers for their support.

Sorry had to leave without seeing you again, but Shan-kin, the man Giffin sent down got in Monday noon so off we went. Got our stuff to the Station early and waited for the 10.45 train, but about time she was due soldiers came and said all passengers must wait for the afternoon train. We did, and a tiresome wait it was until about 3.30, and when we got to Hu City the rain was coming down in torrents and everybody got nicely soaked. With Customs to pass it was dark when we got to the riverside inn. Fortunately the rain held up for the trip across the City and by bed time I was fairly dry again. It was dark by the time we there. Our boat came in in the night and after a leisurely breakfast we got on a mighty crowded boat and waited until 11.30 before starting out, with three cargo boats loaded with rice etc. in tow. That was Wednesday. Did not get in to Tsiung-heu until daylight Friday morning. We should have been in Thursday noon. The boat was so loaded too heavily and so we crept along slower than people could walk along the shore. It seemed that anything and everything got along faster than we did. A number of boats passed us that started much later. However we would have had to wait at Tsiung-heu until Friday morning in any case so (I hope I get enough so's in to properly pepper this letter) didn't lose any time in getting here though I lost more sleep and fed more mosquitos than on ordinary occasions.

The "fast-boat" the rest of the way was even worse crowded and your feet lapped by your neighbor's across the way several feet and people walking back and forth kept the circulation up, and sleep away so all one could do was to endure by squatting or stretching out along the floor, and mighty little room for either without jabbing your fellow sufferers with every move you made. The boat was faster than the "fire-boat", but we stopped over night and fed famishing mosquitos but with audible and ending complaint by the passengers all night long.

Enough of the woes of the journey. Things are peaceful and fine here, except that a plot to burn part of the City was discovered a few days ago and three men were shot Saturday and many arrested until the jail is full. The Communists seem to be circulating around everywhere trying to stir up trouble but the people generally have nothing but fear of them. Giffin is going into the City so will give him this to mail. Might let Dorothy, Geidts and Pages know about my safe arrival. Tell Dorothy that cake and cookies went fine with condensed milk for various lunches.

Kindest regards to everybody.

Yours sincerely,

Geo. E. Thichman

(Don't show this to anybody, I hope to tell you my side later.)

Extracts from Mr. Page's letter of May 25 to Dr. Franklin.

A few days ago the Trustees of the Academy considered the resignation of the Principal (of the new Academy). He gave as his reason for resigning that his health would not permit him to carry so heavy a burden. Nobody took this reason seriously. The Trustees appointed a committee to interview him. This committee agreed that his teaching schedule should be lighter and asked him to name the real reasons and he agreed to tell frankly the things that he wanted. First, he wanted control of Academy property to use in future as the school (himself) should see fit. I asked him whether he had been hindered in the use of the property in the past year, and he said he had not. As a matter of fact he has been making changes and improvements without consulting with the mission, and nothing has been said to him about it. But he wants the Chinese to have the ownership of the whole plant. I told them incidentally that the Academy had been paid for, about 70% by the Board, about 30% by Chinese friends, and practically nothing by the Ling Tong Chinese. Second, he wanted a clear understanding as to the objective of the Academy. He felt that the objective in the minds of the missionaries and that in the minds of the Chinese Christians are different, - and that is absolutely true. He argued, and has always argued, that compulsory Bible study does not constitute a Christian school; and that in a sense this is true. He said that professed conversions and baptisms do not prove a school Christian; and one can imagine a case in which that statement might be true, though I pointed out that not many are openly confessing Christ in these days, unless they really believe. What, then, does constitute a Christian school? May I point out the fact that having a major part of Christian teachers, a minority of whom go regularly to church, and not one of whom dares to give a real Christian talk in Chapel or speak for his Christ in the classroom, and a principal who discourages Christian addresses even on the part of the missionaries, does not constitute a Christian school; but such a school exerts an anti-Christian influence. And this fact is perfectly clear: that the missionary objective in carrying on mission schools is to please the Lord Christ and bring men to know him; while the Chinese Christian objective, here in the Ling Tong field, is first of all to please the Government, and secondarily to exert some Christian influence if that can be done without offending the government. But the mind of Christ is not the mind of the Chinese Government. Personally therefore I say most emphatically that just as fast as this can be done without injury to the work, all money that has been contributed for the Lord's work should be withdrawn from the grammar and high schools, and our gifts should be only for seminaries and Bible schools and for the evangelistic and medical work. It is also true that with Christian leaders set against Christian work in mission schools, it is harder for a missionary to win any of the pupils to believe in Christ than it would be in a government school, where a Bible class would at least have the advantage of novelty and would not be stabbed to death by its friends. The Principal announced that there would be elective Bible study for all classes, but that no child of Christian parents should be excused from this study unless he had a written request from his parents. As a matter of fact, by the Principal's own admission, large numbers of the children of Christian parents have dropped this study because it entailed a little work, and they have been allowed to drop it freely without letters from their parents. It seems perfectly evident that the Christian leaders who have the real power in the Swatow region have decided that church and state shall be separated and parochial schools must go. In a land where churches are so very few and Christian homes comparatively fewer, such a decision seems a great victory for the forces that oppose Christianity. At any rate these schools are no place for your Christian money or for the investment of missionary salaries.

Tell me when you get the letter
I addressed to you
at Swatow, China,
Dearest ones,

Swatow, China

June 3, 1928

(174)
This has been a busy day - and now when I'm
ready to write to you about it I'm too sleepy - My 3rd.
class came as usual and then came the church service,
followed by a baptism of ten women, girls, and men -
Mr. Lewis came down from Hongkong especially for this
baptism - and he is staying here at our home - It
was a beautiful service, and such a contrast to the
last one we had. The last time the deacons were not
there to see that things were orderly, but today everything
went off as it should - Mr. Lewis baptized a good
deal the way you do, dad -

This afternoon was communion service and I
had to leave early to go with the girls to Swatow.
Mr. Ling spoke at the Mandarin Speaking service in
the Y. M. C. A. and the girls sang "Send the Light",
(which the girls sang at Barton's River - do you remember?)
We got home about 6 o'clock - We sat late at
the supper table because Mr. Lewis is leaving
early in the morning -

I suppose today wouldn't have seemed so much
busier than other Sundays if I hadn't been tired from a
strenuous week end. On Wednesday Mr. Ling
asked Emily and me if we would think of games -
that is, prepare a program, to entertain the
Junior High graduating class - We didn't know how

well it would work, but we got the approval of Mr. Ling and Miss Eng and then went ahead. Thursday night we tried to make 40 little paper hats of various shapes and sizes - We only got 22 done - and ~~the~~ Mai Chi helped finish them the next morning - Big stovepipes little stovepipes, cocked, Bo-peep - plain caps, brownie caps, cat caps, witch caps, etc., - all either blue or orange -

After the principal "opened the meeting" with a little speech in which he said each one was to be given a hat or badge to wear - we presented him with a gorgeous orange tall Abraham Lincoln hat (about 3 in in diameter) with a green band around it and cords to tie under his chin - He promptly put it on - Everybody shouted - and the ice was broken. Then they had a grand march, during which they got their hats and thus were divided into sides - Then they proceeded to have a track meet -

The first was the High jump - 5 from each side jumped after crackers hanging on a string - Three succeeded in eating them after violent efforts, and a lowering of the string - It looked so easy!

The next was an egg race (fanning eggs

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across the floor. That was fun - Then came the 100 yd. dash, - one on each end of a thread had to chew until he reached the marshmallow in the middle. Then was the obstacle race, where 6 were sent out and then two came in and were told that they must hop over the 4 bowls of water. They were blind folded - - and then the bowls removed, and they left to high-step over the floor in the most ridiculous manner! They hadn't seen that before - and they simply went wild over it - Then they had letters pinned to their backs and words were called - Each side tried to get the "letters" of the word standing out in the floor first - of course in the proper order -

Then came refreshments, during which the prizes were given, tiny little dolls, a pair of broken dark glasses, arm elastics, a little baseball, a string of beads, etc. - After refreshments we played "Poor Pussy", "Pack my trunk for America and take ----", and Musical Chairs. Then they sang their three class songs and went home - As Quincy says - they had what we would call a "howling success". They liked every game, and when we stopped each one they would gladly have played it longer - The girls

entered into the thing with a splendid spirit, and the boys had to cut out all the rough stuff, because the girls were there - I hope we can have more of the same kind -

I said there was only one disadvantage to having it such a success, - they'd be after us again soon! But I didn't think it would be so soon! They came yesterday and asked us to think up games for tonight! We said we couldn't ever come on Sunday night - we thought they'd be disgusted, and I s'pose they were, - but they came and asked us if we could come on Monday if they changed the time! And we said yes, but of course we couldn't stay late - well - they did not have it tonight - we found out later that they were going to have a tea party for the faculty! When they will have it, I don't know, but they didn't have it Sunday - a W.W.G. party from 1.30 to 3, ~~and~~ which they first thought there were too few people to continue the society - But we talked - and talked some more - and before the thing was

over the seven girls who were there decided to have a campaign to find out who would support the thing - They elected themselves a membership committee, and went to work immediately - This morning they had found 23 who would be members - before church time! And they are giving something more than \$18 to help relieve sufferers from the Communist Raids up near Hops -

Then at 3 P.M. I went to a musical at the Roman's School - Elsie is a real musician and a whiz of a music teacher - she is doing wonders with her pupils -

I mustn't stop for more tonight. The Jiffins sail on Tuesday - then E. and I will be here by ourselves - It is lovely to have her back - and so good to have her in the work ~~with~~ me. It wasn't easy when I was all alone - !

Much love to you -

Yours Abbie

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June 3

Clara Leach went directly to the Mayo Brothers' Sorensen June 10, 1928
famous hospital in Rochester, Minn. for examination - Her address after that was to have
Dear Ones, been Colchester, Vt. - with her sister (which sister?)
It's a hot day today, here; I wonder how it is

where you are. We have really been most fortunate
this spring in having cool weather so late. Only
this last week I was comfortable with my heavy blue
linen dress - even after the uphill walk to school.
But this morning when I got up I know I wanted
as little on as the law will allow - and I'm back
to my three garments again - the two underneath
not being much to speak of, and the top layer
being about the coolest I possess.

And when I got to the chapel, which was packed,
and found that today, Promotion Day, I was with
my class packed into two small rows between
other classes, I was glad I had a fan, and no
more clothes on than I had on! The exercises
were brief, but everybody was interested in the
giving of the diplomas, and as usual, the pupils
from the older classes went off to welcome the
ones who were promoted and to lead them
down off the platform and through the dor-
nay of bamboo which signified graduation
from their old class -

Last Monday another of our ding tong leaders died -
(typhoid) Tang Si' Chiang Linson was Mr. Spacher's translator -
and a valuable worker in the Inanator Institute -
Lo Siak Ku, the present Director of the Inanator,
is to be the president of the Theological Seminary
which is to be opened here this fall. Tang Linson
was to have taken his place - He was in a way, as
valuable a worker - (and perhaps more) as Dr. Tai -
and we all mourn his loss deeply - He went to
Shanghai and returned on the same boat with me
last February - a delegate to the National Christian
Council - His wife is Sot Jong, who was the one of
the girls' school teachers - The one, in fact, with
whom the girls stirred up trouble over the
Kitchen & who was threatened so that she had
to stay here with us three or four days in our house
before it was safe for her to go out - Their baby
is a darling little girl 6 mos. old - What Sot Jong will
do, I don't know - Her father has a second wife and
they don't have anything to do with Sot Jong - Her
father's mother, however, loves the girl devotedly -
An old lady of 76, who has never been here before,
has come from her country home to comfort her -
She is bitterly sad for her granddaughter - and
pitifully so - She came over here looking
around our house, and we got her in, gave
her some tea, and showed her the house - It
was quite enough to divert her mind from

her troubles for awhile² When she got to the
bathroom - she asked what the bathtub was
for - When we told her, "My! my! that's blessedness
for you!" she cried - She looked over across the
bay to Swanton through my field glasses and
went out on the windy porch and enjoyed
her visit, apparently - Poor lady - her trouble is
that she is so distressed for Sook Jong - and there
isn't a thing she can do about it - She is not
a Christian - Sook Jong is a bare girl - she was at
church today - worn and white - but there. I hope
we can find some place for her to fit into the
work here -

Yesterday afternoon E. and I went to Swanton
Institute to a girls' meeting. Enid is trying to get
a little club of girls to organize into a W. W. J. -
and asked me to talk to them - They ~~were~~ ^{are}
a fine bunch - about 20 girls - and I was glad
to be able to tell them of the struggles of our own
little W. W. J. over here, their discouragements - fearing
they'd have to give up, - their decision to try again,
and successful campaign for new members - and
also to tell them something of W. W. J.'s in America.
We got back in time to go to a party for Miss
Sollman (birthday) on Velva's porch - In the middle
of that we got word that there was to be a young

Peoples Social at the Academy - But I just
couldnt manage that - with S & coming at
\$.30 Sunday - So I had to let that go - promising
myself I would go next time -

Lo Liah Kn Linson approached me yesterday on
the subject of teaching music in the seminary
next fall - I told him it would have to be
arranged with Dr. Ling's free consent - and with
regard to my schedule at the Academy -
I think I shall be glad to do that - if it can
be arranged -

I must stop now and begin a letter to
Mabelle Cully - I believe I havent written to
her for months -

I wonder what I wrote to you from Hoilo
when I was so anxious to get back - Seems
to me I wrote something - - - - - about "if I
never saw E. again" or something - but I cant
remember - Someday I'll ask you to tell me
what I wrote - I am very thankful to have
Emily here, and she has been a real help in
many ways than I can tell - This morning
she admitted that she had enjoyed the
teaching more than she had ever hoped to -

Much love,

Abhe

Sorrad, China, June 17, 1928

(176)

Dear Ones;

The days fly by - and I don't get anything done except the regular work - Now I have two more ^{day} days of teaching only, then exams begin - This week, ^{had} nothing of great importance to keep us busy, yet every minute has been full, and I'm not quite caught up on correcting papers yet. There was one affair yesterday afternoon and evening - a student's-organization feast and meeting - which we did not attend. There just wasn't time. - - - - -

Monday night: And there wasn't time yesterday to write your letter either. I have to correct exam papers tonight and prepare two or three sets of questions to mimeograph to-morrow - But I'm going to get this letter finished tonight too, even if it is very short - It's now 6.30, and we don't have supper until seven, so I can at least write until then.

To begin with, I managed to catch a wretched cold, about Wednesday - I snuffed salt water, took "cold" pills and laxatives, had my throat painted, gargled, used mentholatum - did all the things I could think of to cure myself - but I kept on sneezing and snuffling -

Friday afternoon after school we had the H. H. G. election meeting and they had their various committees elected - all according to the latest Chinese ideas. They have grown quite enthusiastic about it - and have grown in numbers from the seven to which they dwindled at the last meeting to twenty-eight, this time - It looks brighter now -

Friday night we had Miss Ery to supper with us. Saturday afternoon I had my Sunday school class here - we played "Who's got the bottom?", "I went to Paris and bought a pair of scissors", (then later, -- a fan, a rocking-horse, (with motions) and a Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! etc., which motions and "cuckoos" have to keep up until the circle has been completed the four times and everybody is doing it). Taking their pictures in a table spoon - Throwing the handkerchief up and having them laugh while it is in the air and suddenly stop when it reaches the ground - and one or two other games. Then we went upstairs and had icecream and cookies. and it was a nice party - There are twelve of them - grammar school girls, four or five of whom were in the girls' school before the break-up, and who are younger sisters of girls whom I have taught. The girls didn't leave until after 5.30 - and the feast up at the Academy was at 5 -

At 7.30 Emily went to practice in my place in a double quartet - then the next morning one of the girls was sick + I had to sing, to, cold and all!

Today has been busy² - up to school at 8.30 - played
for them to sing the school song - Then had three
classes, each of the three a "last time before the
final", in which I used all the energy I had
trying to give the kids a final cram & a gain!
Then we had a trying half hour at noon. Some of
the girls had invited us to Chinese dinner - and
the noodles which they ordered hadn't arrived and
we had to wait - tied to pieces we were - and
worried to death they were - because they knew we
were tired and hungry - !

Then I ~~came~~^{went} back up to the Administration
Building and gave my exam in English grammar
to the Junior High graduating class - I had no
one to help me proctor the big class - as of course
I couldn't sit down until near the end - I was ready
to quit when 4.30 came!

Now I must stop and go to supper - and then
see how many exams I can get done before I get too
sleepy! Tomorrow we help Mr. Ling entertain the athletes, here.

Much much love,

Abbie

(Sorry to miss a week!) Swatow, China
June 26, 1928

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Dear Mother,

This is the last week of school - and while we are busy in some ways, yet in other ways we are having it easy. Last Friday Emily and I went over to Swatow Institute. They had asked me to speak at their missionary meeting and I took her along. She dressed up in a very lovely pink and blue Filipino costume of hers and at the end of my talk about the Philippines we sang "I need thee Every Hour" in Visayan. We had sung that same song in Chinese at a little Visayan Sunday School over in Occidental Negros when we went to visit the Charles. The meeting was a good one and I was glad I had done it, though I had dreaded it tremendously when they asked me to do it. This time I didn't prepare it in Chinese at all - just jotted down a few notes in English for outline - and spoke it in Chinese - I have no doubt it was faulty. But they were appreciative and appeared to understand what I said.

We went out to Mrs. Speicher's and stayed all night. Then the next morning we went shopping and I bought a white enamel pail to use in my commode in

The bathroom I paid a little less than \$4. mex - in \$2 gold for it. I suppose it is extravagant, but our galvanized pails are always so dirty and smelly - and this can be cleaned - really and truly clean & white - every day. And it is something I have wanted for years. The reason I'm investing in any kind of one is that mine took a tumble (one day's contents and all!) on its way over my back veranda rail to the ground where the coolie was lowering it. In fact, the rope was rotten and broke - and the pail dashed its bottom in on a rock below. We have a new rope now, as well as a new pail!

I forgot to say that on Thursday ^(on Tuesday?) we had a party here - entertained the athletes, who have won for the school a higher number of points than have been won this year by any ^{other} school in Swatow - We gave them ice cream and cake and played some games -

Every day this last week we have had practice of the graduation song. Not more than a third of them can sing - I should say - We are attempting the "Gypsy Trail" to which appropriate words have been set. and while I despaired at first now I think they are getting on pretty well - This is a Junior High class. We have no Senior High graduates this year. Today we went to a very pretty little wedding. The

groom was Dr. T. G. Ling's uncle - and the bride a kindergarten teacher. He is the Dr. over at Chaoyang-
^{station} Recently he lost his first wife - (a very lovely woman) and this was a very quiet little wedding - at Miss Travers' home - at noon. Dr. T. G. Ling's father is A Khoo Chet - who was water's cook for years. He served a wonderful foreign dinner to the eighteen Chinese and foreigners who were present. Principal H. C. Ling was the Master of Ceremonies - and Mr. Giedt performed the ceremony. We furnished a lot of yellow trumpet flowers in decorating, and Emily helped to put up the bamboo arch which filled the corner behind where the ceremony was performed.

Did I tell you that Dr. T. G. Ling himself had a very swell wedding ~~himself~~ in Shanghai, in May. His lady is an American girl - and although he himself opposed international marriages formerly - he says now that when two meet such love as theirs is, there is nothing else to do. He is a brilliant man - has a wonderful position and a fine salary - so he can support her in foreign style. We have deplored the circumstances - but we think a great deal of him and are hoping happiness will come to them, instead of possible tragedies.

Sunday, July 1. - - - - About where I stopped writing,

I guess I also stopped "having it a little bit easier". On Wednesday, the very last day of school, I had three examinations to give. They were not finished until after 7 P.M. Then I waited (E. and Dr. Ling with me) and got the graduating class members fixed in their proper places rehearsed their marching until they got it right, and the song - Then we went to prayer meeting in the evening. The next day went up to school before nine. Graduation went off very well - but it and the tea which followed were not over until about 11.30. In the afternoon we had the teachers here for a party. We gave them sandwiches - ice cream soda, (if you please!) ribbon cake & cookies - This party and the one last week we gave for Dr. Ling - He asked ~~us~~ to do it and then paid for the refreshments. They were nice parties. Thursday night we went up to the graduation play - or plays, better say - for they had three of them. We stayed through two - and then it was nearly ten - and we were weary, so we left.

The next morning early, the dean sent for my grades, all of them! I sent back those that were ready - and reminded him that I had had 3 exams on Wednesday - Then I corrected papers like mad - Emily helped me - and I got the rest of my grades in by 11 A.M.

In the afternoon nine of us, counting the children,

took Old Thief sampan and sailed for Double Island. Mrs. Stocker took us in for tea and then we had a fine swim - followed by supper on the beach - another little visit with the Stockers - and a quick moonlight sail home - The trip was an ideal one - and I know it did us good -

Yesterday morning I spent some time in the garden, planting ~~to~~ bulbs of some huge Easter lily plants that Mrs. Stocker gave me - Then I shampooed - In the afternoon, E. played barker for me, and then Elsie came over for a visit and for supper - She goes to Hongkong on Tuesday, for a rest - This A.M. I was up as usual for my S.S. class at 8:30 - stayed in a long church service at which Dr. Ling gave a fine strong appeal for the new church building which they are hoping to put up here - They are counting that \$30,000 gold will do it. The foreigners have subscribed about \$1,000 mex among them, and three Chinese have subscribed \$1,000, \$1,500, and \$1,000, respectively - They are beginning their drive this very afternoon - They hope to get it done in 3 years, or at the most, 5 years - They hope if they raise 20,000 mex - that they can appeal to America for \$20,000 gold - which will make the amount sufficient - They do need it so - I hope they

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June 26

can make it. When the appeal came around the other day - Miss Sollman had written \$200, Mr. & Mrs. Page each \$100, and so on. I felt like throwing the book down and saying I wouldn't give anything at all. For I haven't any such amount to give. But afterwards I decided that I could set aside \$20 a year for five years, and that would be within the limits of possibility. So that's how my pledge reads. I make the mental reservation that if I can give more than that I will do so. If you hear of anybody who would like to sell tallow for me, let me know! I might make a few dollars that way. I have two girls right here this summer who are eager to earn money for tuition by making tallow.

I told you some time ago about an awful letter which Mr. Page sent to the Board, saying our school was no good - he didn't approve of the Principal etc. He wrote another, worse - and I wrote to him about it. I think you'll be interested in copies of our correspondence - much love, Abbie

(2)

Swatow, China. June 12, 1928.

Dear Abbie,

That sure was some broadside you let loose after your long silence; but it did not shoot straight enough to kill me, so I am going to be rash enough to reply.

Evidently my contact with the gentleman in question has been quite different from yours. I have met him several times in gatherings of the Academy Trustees and the Ling Tong Executive Committee when the question of Christianity in the schools has been discussed. He has always seemed to me to oppose it. Once he argued that the sick patient must be fed on soft rice; and another principal supported him by saying that if they must teach Bible in the schools, the schools would have to close. In the last few days it has come to me that this second principal, though he said, "I go not," afterward repented himself and went." I have heard him, if I mistake not, giving a religious talk in his school chapel exercise, and recently one of his primary boys was baptized. At another meeting this first principal argued that teaching Bible in schools, having Christian chapel talks, even showing large numbers of conversions among the students, does not prove a school Christian; and a third principal supported him by saying that they must not do anything that the Government does not approve of, and the first principal accepted this as a supporting argument. Several other times he has spoken against the usual forms of activity in Christian schools, and has asked, "What is a Christian school?" But his contribution to the argument is always negative. Only once he promised to require Bible study this term of the children of Christian parents, unless excused by their parents; he has flagrantly broken this promise, - evidently has not tried to keep it.

I had talked with two of the missionary teachers of the school, and their impression was the same as mine. If I had suspected that you had had a slightly different experience, I should have been glad to talk with you before reaching a conclusion.

As for "hitting a man when he is down", it is my impression that he is not down, but up and coming and having his own way. As to the trial period, the Mission never set a period; it was the two boards at home that agreed to try the thing for two years; the Mission merely agreed to give it a trial. The agreement of the boards makes it necessary to put into it two years of four missionary lives, or eight years of missionary service, while it all depends on the imperious will of one man whether those eight years of service shall not be utterly wasted. As to the new society that has just been started three weeks before the end of the year, just what is its name? And what is its purpose? It seems to me it has got to prove itself before we can safely point to it as a Christian activity; and it has not much chance to prove itself in three weeks at the end of the year. We shall have to wait till next fall before we can tell what it really is.

I have no doubt that you have made some promising contacts with the girls, and maintained some old contacts. I suspect that you live in an atmosphere that is so much warmer than the rest of the school that you do not realize what the rest of it is like. You had some old friends among the girls that helped to make this possible, and you had the heart to do it. I certainly wish you success. I shall be glad to give publicity to the three Christian addresses you have mentioned, with the natural inference that there may have been a few more. As a matter of fact, my second letter has not yet been sent, and I shall probably rewrite it. I have no desire to misrepresent any person or fact. But what I do stand against as long as I stay in the Mission is the determination of these Tie Chiu Chinese, in Kityang, Chaoyang, Chaochowfu and Kakchieh, to keep on getting hold of the money of the Mission Societies, which is given for the evangelization of the world, and to use it for the glory of themselves and of China, placing the Kingdom third in their consideration.

Sincerely yours,

A. H. Page.

3

Dear Mr. Page.

I have been trembling in my shoes ever since I sent you the missive which I felt I must write to you - I'm relieved now for I guess I can stand your come-back.

I didn't expect to flatten out any of your arguments, but at least I have let you know that my feeling about some things is very different from yours. Emily told me I should have written "hitting a man below the belt" instead of "when he is down" - But I left it as I had written it because (so Emily says) I wasn't quite sure that it sounded polite!

I hope ~~you~~ that some of your

conclusions may be proved wrong,
before long - and that the ^{new} "Chin"
re ^{the} "Chin", which is trying, for one
thing, to renew the interest of
the Christians in their business
of being Christians, may ~~be~~
be the means of bringing about
the improved spirit, and conditions
which we desire.

In the meantime - - -

Thanks for peaches -
and

When can I see you about
the drain? - - -

(This is a rough copy of my answer. You
see I didn't really attempt to answer
his arguments - but my first note to him
stopped a very pessimistic letter from
going home to the Board!)

July 9, 1928

Dear Ones;

Sunday has gone by again without my writing to you. The big reason is that I hoped to get an important letter written so that when writing to you I could say I had just written that letter. But I'm still fumbling about how to write, though my mind is quite made up regarding what I shall write.

This is the story. Last Tuesday morning I received a letter from Dr. Herman Lin, the president of Shanghai college, notifying me that the trustees and directors had voted to invite me to join the faculty of S.C. as dean of women and they hoped I would speedily notify them of my acceptance - I was flabbergasted - for such a notion had never entered my head. I told Emily, but otherwise decided to keep the matter to myself for the present, as I could not see the wisdom of accepting. But at noon time the letter that was sent to the Mission, asking for my release, was sent around - as everyone knew about it. The next day was the July 4th Lea

at the Consul's and E, knowing that everybody would be talking of this affair, decided she couldn't stand hearing the talk - so didn't go. I went, and people did talk about it - and I confess I didn't feel exactly complimented by the congratulations that were showered upon me and the general attitude that was taken that of course I would go - I had rather expected them to say that I was needed here! But Mr. Parg, and Mr. Speicher, and Miss Sollman - and some others, think that it is so much bigger an opportunity that I am having here that I ought not to miss it.

Velva Brown, and Emily, and one Chinese woman, have said to me they hoped I wouldn't go and wanted me to stay here - They are the only ones. That makes it just a little harder for me to write the letter which I am sure I ought to write, declining the invitation - Dr. Ling didn't ask me to stay - simply congratulated me on the fine opportunity.

I tried yesterday afternoon to write the letter but could get no connected sense at all - So this morning I decided to write it all out to you and perhaps that would help crystallize some good phrases for my letter!

It is easier, physically, for me to stay here - Packing and leaving now, in a month's time - getting rid of furniture, etc - does not appeal to me - and I really need to rest, and not have to worry about getting ready to live in Shanghai.

Moreover, I can speak this language, and get closer to the people here, I believe.

I'm a country toad, and I belong in a country puddle, not a city puddle -

I haven't accomplished much here in the way of winning folks to Christ, and I'm afraid it wouldn't be much use to try to do that same kind of work in Shanghai until I've proved myself a bit more successful here -

If I should go - they would probably ask for Emily here - and I know pretty well how Mabelle would feel about that - It doesn't seem exactly fair to go off and leave her just as she is getting back "home" -

If this invitation had come last year - when I was out of a job - or if it were next year, at the end of the two year trial period for which our Board has promised two women workers to

the school, I should know better whether I had prospects to keep me here - I can't help feeling that I'm better fitted to work here - and that I ought to stay if there is opportunity for me to work here -

Mr. Page says, "I wish they would ask me to go teach in Shanghai College - teach math. or something I could do - I'd go in a minute!" -

But - after all this discussion I'd better tell you that nothing definite was stated about the length of time they want me there - I'm led to believe that Miss Dahl has gone on furlough and this would be a temporary thing - In fact my letter said "for the Fall term" - I'm not sure it meant only that, however, for the other letters said "join our Faculty in the Fall."

I wonder if you think me very very foolish. I realize such an opportunity may not come again - but I have prayed very earnestly about the matter, and as I see it, the right thing is to stay here -

I have seen Dr. Lin, but never met him personally. I think he is fine - The ones on the

Board of Trustees who know me are Mr. Hylbert, (who had Doyle Davis Stafford on the steamer, you know) Frank Lifford, and Dr. Chambers of the Publication Society. How much they may be to blame for this action, I don't know.

If I had decided to go, the Mission would have had to take it up, the Ling Tong Council would have had to vote on it, and then a cable sent to the Board - And since the Roman Board has no worker at Shai College - there might have been a hitch there after all the rest had gone through - And think of the uncertainty! Months of it, again! More turmoil in my mind!

I'm just started in this school work here and while I seem to have accomplished nothing this year except getting to know some of the teachers and students, perhaps by next year something more definite can be done -

We are now in the midst of a Pre-Convention Retreat for Christian workers - It began on Wednesday and will continue until a week from

today. I have attended some session every day. but I'm finding that I really need the rest and I don't believe I shall go today - I want to attend the sessions of the convention next week - and then we are going to Ungkung with the Lewises for a few days - perhaps a week.

The crazy girl in the house next door is no better - Arrangements have been made to send her to the Canton Sanatorium - the one Sam. in China - but for some reason they have not sent her - She is getting on my nerves - shouting and crying all times of day or night -

Well - I must quit now and write that letter - I dread it.

Much much love -

Abbie

(P.S. This is a secret; I'm not at all sure that I could make good in a place like Shanghai College!)

Mr. Page's note to me
about invitation to Shari' College.

Dear Abbie,
Your worth has received
recognition, and a greater opportunity of
usefulness opens before you! How does it
strike you?

Sincerely,

A. H. Page.

Swatow, China
July 9, 1928

Dr. Herman C.E. Liu,
Shanghai College,
Shanghai

Dear Dr. Liu:

Your letter of June 26 inviting me to join your Faculty as Dean of Women for the fall term came as a great surprise. I want to thank you for this honor. As you requested, I have given the matter careful consideration and it is with real regret that I tell you I cannot accept the invitation.

The position in Shanghai College, I am sure, offers a great opportunity for work among the young women. I believe, however, that I can do my best work here in Swatow, for the present, at least.

Let me assure you that you have my earnest good wishes for your success.

Sincerely yours,

Swatow, China
July 15, 1928

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Dear Ones,

Another week gone by. The summer will be over before I know it - We have been having a Retreat here but I haven't attended all the meetings, since I wanted to be able to go to the Ling Tong Conventions meetings, which begin to-morrow night. It is wearing business, attending Chinese meetings for so many days, at the end of a year of work, when your body clamors for rest and quiet - and you feel like getting away from things Chinese for a little while -

Tuesday A. M. -

That is as far as I
got on Sunday, you see -

This morning coming away
from the Convention meeting

I had an express letter from
Dr. Lin of Shanghai - saying -
(well, I'll send you a copy -)
asking me to reiterate - or rather
telling ^{me} the position is not for the
fall term only - but they hope
it will be permanent - So I've
been all upset again, but I
haven't changed my mind -
Mr. Page thinks I'm very
foolish - but I can't help it.

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There are just heaps of reasons
why I feel I ought not to go -
Some of them are very little
reasons but they are all on
the same side. Mr. Page
would like to see me go -
He thinks it a great honor,
I asked him point blank
if he ~~thought~~ there was any
reason to think the Chinese ^{here}
would like to have me go -
~~He thought~~ I'd be welcome to
stay here as long as any
of the missionaries ~~are~~
wanted, he said. That may
not be true, of course, but it
comforted me - However -

I'll not write more now
except to send you a copy
of Dr. Linn's letter, written at
the bottom of a copy of my
answer to him

Much love,

Abbie

Dear Miss S -

Jul 13, 1928

We have just learned from Mr. Page that you are considering our invitation to come to Shanghai College as our Dean of Women. I am very sorry that by mistake I said "for the coming fall term". We really meant beginning with the coming fall term. It is not a one-term proposition or a temporary proposition we are offering you. We believe that there will be a permanent place for you on our Faculty.

Let me repeat our ^{great} need for your services here. We probably will have about 120 girls next term. A good many of them are from So. China. We also want to link up the College more closely with the churches. We have canvassed the whole country and we find that you are the best one for this position. All our colleagues are waiting for you most anxiously ⁱⁿ ~~possible~~ will support you and co-operate with you in every way. In addition to the Deanship of Women, we are counting on you to do some teaching in the special

line you are most interested in.

Our summer school is in full swing now. We have 230 students registered in the College and an equal number in the middle school. The students are seriously-minded and are hard at work -

Please cable us your decision in regard to joining us this Fall. We are most anxious to hear from you and trust that you will send us a favorable reply at your earliest convenience

Sincerely yours

H. C. E. Lin -

Pres -

Swatow, China
July 17, 1928

Dr. Herman C.E. Liu,
Shanghai College,
Shanghai.

Dear Dr. Liu;

Your express letter of July 13 has just reached me this morning. I have sent the following cable:

"President Shanghai College cannot accept Sanderson."

Before this time you will have received my letter of July 9 and you will know how I feel about the matter. Even had your letter said definitely that the position was possibly a permanent one, my answer would still have been the same.

Again let me tell you my appreciation of the honor you have done me. As I said before, my reason for not accepting is that I feel my place, for the present, at least, is here in Swatow.

Sincerely yours,

Q.Q.S

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Ungkong. China
July 24, 1928

Dear Ones,

Well - we actually did get to Ungkong - although the fates seemed to be against us from the start. The Chinese Convention closed Wednesday night - and we had Thursday to get ready - for we planned to leave early Friday. Thursday noon word came that the launch would not be running, but they ^(sewises) sent over word that they were sending somebody over to find out something definite about when we could go - In the

middle of the afternoon a note came from Mrs. Lewis saying that the launch was to go - but it was going at 4 A. M. and the boat people wanted us to go on board sometime that night. A little after seven another note came saying that they wanted us to leave the house at 8 - in less than an hour! We said we didn't know how we could do it, but we would try. We got over to their house at 5 min. past eight and they were not quite ready -

When we got out to the launch, about 9 - we were met by soldiers. who made no

turn everything out for inspection - Emily & I had only a bedding bundle and a suitcase but the Levises had four or five months' supplies and it was a task -

We went up on deck and spread our three cots - and campchairs, etc - on the front deck - I didn't sleep very much - Twice in the night we felt drops on our faces and it was funny to see the three of us, Mrs. L. E. & I all rising up and looking at each other by the lantern light. Some of the children slept right through - They were

but passing showers, however. About two
we were roused and had to take our
beds to another part of the launch - near
the engine - where it was hot - Mr. Lewis
and the children there got a cabin but
we preferred to stay out on deck. About
2.30 we started - and got to the end of
the run about 7 A.M. But since the time
was irregular, there was no one to meet us.

We had breakfast of crackers and raisins
and fresh fruit, and after an hour or
so the cook came with a big boat he had
hired - The boxes and baskets and chests

were loaded, and then we climbed in on
top. There was no room for a sheltering
mat over us for the five ^{boat} men all had
to row. and the tide was against us -
We hadn't gone very far before we discovered
that the things to eat - even our drinking
water, had been packed down under-
neath - under the boards we were sitting on,
and there we sat in the scorching hot
sun! A little before noon somebody
produced some chewing gum and we
got out and walked along the shore of

the river for a bit.

It rained once - and we asked the boatman to put up a shelter - He dilly-dallied about it and finally said "oh well, this is only a shower - this won't hurt anybody - It's going to clear in just a minute" - I held my tongue as long as I could - and then when the rain began to pelt I said "Is this what you call clearing? - I call it rain - and you ought to put up the phăng kám to keep us a little

bit dry!" So he hurried to put it up.

We had dinner of dry bread and cheese and raisins and a little more fresh fruit - but it wasn't so bad, really -

But we had a walk of a mile or more in the sun before we got here - Oh yes - just before we got off the boat our mast hit a telephone wire - and we were first afraid that the boat would tip over - then afraid that the live wire would come down on us - which

it did - but the boatman took it up
over the side of the boat with his hands -
and no harm came to him! The
current wasn't very strong, I should say.

Well - the Lewises say this is the
worst trip yet - and ~~that~~ it won't be
like that going down - We shall probably
go back this Saturday - We are having a
good rest - and are very very glad we came.
It is such a relief to get away from the
hoo of the crazy girl in the house next to us -
Mabelle got to Hongkong the day we left Kakichee -
but she is to be there with Elsie several weeks -
Much much love, Alice

(181)

Swatow, China

July 29, 1928

Dearest Ones,

Safely back from Ungkung again! We had a good trip down yesterday - and didn't get as much sunburn as on the trip up. We have decided not to tell about the difficulties of our trip up - because people would say we were so foolish to go for such a short time -

We had a delightful visit; it was worth while just to get acquainted with young Master Bennett Hatcher Lewis, 3 yrs +. He is a caution - a very bright persistent youngster. He is

is danger of being spoiled - but
his parents realize the fact and
have very good control - He takes
his turn at saying grace and
remembers to thank the Lord for
the knives and forks and geese
and chickens and many other
things. He got into the habit of
making it very brief so one day
his mother said - "Now you
must pray nicely - and say it
so people can hear - and not
make it too short. Remember
the Heavenly Father has given
us so many good things to
eat - etc." - So he bowed
his head, and this was what

we heard -

"Thank you, Father, for ALL
the food there 15 ! And for
the napkin rings and the figs,
Amen -"

But the time we were convulsed
was when we sang grace "Break
thou the bread of life." Bennett
followed along the tune very well
a little behind time, with his
own words - which didn't matter
at all till we got to the last
line of the first verse - We had
just finished "Oh, living Word!"
and Bennett came out with
his finale, which was "pineapple!"
Well, it doesn't sound so funny
to tell, but it was excruciatingly

funny - and no second verse was sung that morning!

I suppose you have seen in the papers that Peking fell to the Nationalists some time ago. We were very glad for that news, of course, but no one feels that just because Peking has been taken (Peiping, they call it now) China will be settled immediately. General Fong is looked to as a man who will have a good deal to do with the shaping of China in the future. He certainly has a great deal of power - although

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some of his actions are hard
to understand, if he is really
an earnest Christian -

Well! After sending two
letters and a cable to Shanghai
I return from Ungkung and get
a letter which expresses regret
that I do not accept the
position and asks me to consider
accepting a permanent position on
their faculty as an English
teacher! I am beginning to
be peevish because they won't
believe what I say - I note
plainly that I felt my place
for the present was here -

I almost wonder whether anyone
has given them the idea
that I haven't anything to do
down here in Swatow! So now
I have to write them another
letter -

~~(Just now I am worried about
Margaret Lee - She has just
graduated from college and would
naturally be coming back to work
with us - In fact she misunder-
stood about not being needed here,
and so did not accept positions
that were offered her elsewhere.
Now she has come back - and it~~

will be a great disappointment
and a great loss of "face" to
her if she can't find a
position - It is a shame that
they haven't invited her - This
is not to be told to anybody -
for it might get back to her,
and that would never do) -

But I am wondering if it
is a heaven-sent opportunity
to me to get some translating
done - I have not been able
to do it for no one who had
the education to help as a

translator has time to help
me - I am praying that
the way may be made clear
if the Lord wants me to
do this work - The thing I
lack is money. If Mr. Giberson
sends his \$50 as he did last
year that will make \$100 more.
But that is only $\frac{1}{6}$ of her salary
for a year - Of course she would
have to work alone a great deal,
because I have my full schedule
up at the Academy - But I'm
willing to try it - If there is any
way - I haven't talked with her
yet about that, but I shall see
her this Wednesday, probably - Love

(182) Swatow, China
Aug 5, 1928

Dear Ones,

Did I tell you in my letter last week that I may be able to have Margaret Lee part time this fall to help me do some translating? I have found out that Mabelle wants her half time and will be responsible for half of her salary - (which should be \$6.00 or more) - So I'm daring to believe that I'll be able to get the other half somehow -

If Dr. Francis' book can possibly be the help to any Chinese friends that it has been to me, I believe translating it will be something worth while - Please pray that if the Lord wants this work to be done he will give Margaret and me the strength to do it - If

anything happens that I can't have Margaret's help. (Though she seems willing and glad to help just now,) I believe I shall try it anyway, this coming year, unless ~~some~~ one else gets in ahead of me!

This last week we had a good trip down to Double Island on Tuesday - a delightful cool swim - and supper on the boat coming back, by moonlight. Mrs. Stocker, the pilot's wife, invited us to come down Friday to a beach party and stay over Sunday - We didn't want to stay down Sunday because today was a baptism and communion. And when Friday came I was not fit to go anywhere, especially to go to a swimming party - Well - I suppose I might have gone, and would probably have had a good time - But I didn't have the pep - So I stayed at

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Lome and Emily went alone -
They had a wonderful time - It
was Bobby (their oldest girl) Stocker's
14th birthday party - The next day
some more people came and
they had a Japanese dinner (on
Saturday) - Then in the afternoon
another swim, and home about
8.30 P.M.

I wish I might have been there
for the good times - but I rather
think I should have been tired out
had I gone - And I should not
have been as ready for my S. S.
lesson as I was - for I spent some
time on putting the talk into
Chinese - drew a map - and got
Miss Eng to write the Chinese
names in for me - This morning
when I got to S. S. not a pupil
was there! Later one came in,
and even then I was rather

discouraged. But just as I was about to wonder whether I'd better go with my one girl into another class, five more girls were found sitting in another place. They are new ones, so they didn't know where to sit. But they belong in my class, so I was glad to have them. Then I was glad I had spent extra time on the lesson (Paul & B. at Lystra). I ought to spend more time than I do every week!

I spent some time yesterday hunting up new tatting patterns. Ruth Whitman's friend, Helen Gibson, who is in a Saw, in Hamilton, Ontario, has sold a good bit of tatting for me in the past and I just got a letter asking for \$18 worth more, and paying for it and for some I sent her in the spring. I think I shall impose on

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you by sending you some. I wish I knew of some one else to whom I could send - I wonder whether Mrs. Speed could sell any? But then - I hate to ask her, or any one, for that matter, for I know they are busy with their own affairs, and in many places latting is hard to sell. Still I need the money for that trade.

Do you want me to send you handkerchiefs or anything in time for Christmas this year? I was very neglectful last year but I'll try to do better this time -

Flower seeds haven't yet arrived. but then I can't plant them yet anyway, it is still too hot. We tried last week to plant some lettuce, but it didn't even come up! We had some corn, but it got ripe all at once, so the tail end

of it had to be dried and we shall
grind it for corn meal. We are
now having a few figs (fresh ones)
for breakfast every day or so.
In about three weeks we shall
have bananas from our own
trees - and then we are likely
to be "in bananas" for two months
or more.

It's fortunate we haven't much in
our garden just now, for the weather
is exceedingly dry - It has been
very hard on the roses and other
plants, and we were dismayed
when the cistern went dry - Luckily
our well is one of the best ones in
Takchik. But the tales of
distress that come from the farmers
everywhere have stopped our
grumbling about lack of water
for flowers. If we don't have
rain soon a rice famine may
come - In some places the crop

is ~~too~~ far gone already and cannot be saved. Food is bound to go up in price, anyway -

Emily and I had ~~thought~~ we might get away in a little trip to Hongkong. But it seems like quite a lot of work to get ready to go, and besides, I can't afford it.

We ~~thought~~ the crazy girl in the house near us would drive us frantic - but she seems somewhat better - and some more people have been put in the house - Convalescents from the hospital they are - I should think being near her would drive them crazy, but it doesn't seem to, and I guess she is better when there are other people near her.

Miss Bollman goes down to Double Island a week from next Tuesday. All of a sudden

she is being very cordial about asking E. and me to come down with her for a part of the time at least. Since she seems to want us, I think we may decide to go down for several days, or perhaps as long as two weeks -

Mabelle is coming up from Hongkong about Aug. 21, and I shall want to be here when she comes, of course - Then I may go down to the Island again for a few days more. It is cooler down there - and I love the swimming - Emily loves it even more than I do.

This morning we went to a very beautiful little baptismal service. There is such a dearth of water that they did not

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use the regular baptistery, but went to the grounds of a wealthy churchman and had the baptizing in the pool that he has for the children's wading pool - or washing pool, or whatever he has it for.

There was but one candidate, a woman of over seventy, who has come to know the Lord through the women in our Chinese Woman's store here in the village - She was needy, and they have kept helping her to find work -

The water was so shallow that the old lady had to sit down in the water. Then the ceremony was performed very easily and quickly. The singing and prayer were brief too, and

the rabble that usually stands around to leer and make comments was absent.

Well. I must stop now and write to Mabelle. She had heard that the mayor here had decided the schools must not be coeducational and she was all excited about it. But Mr. Ling thinks that the mayor will probably be changed before long, so there is nothing to worry about yet.

Much, much love

Abbie

(1892)
Aug. 5

Soochow, China

Aug 12, 1928

Dearest One—

This must be a hasty scribble,
for I ought to get to bed— I have
just finished a letter to Mabelle in
Hongkong, asking her to get such
things as snaps, black silk thread—
elastic, window shades, lamp wicks,
and other things we can't get here—
So it is bed time and your letter not

written yet - And the bugs flying
around the lamp out here are
horrid - and it is too hot in the
house - !

Tomorrow is a busy day. In the
morning I have to finish a letter
to the Rooms, and pack my suitcase
for Double Island for a week - and see
that the boys finish up cleaning up
Isabelle's Room to make ready for her -
In the afternoon Emily and Velva and
I are going over to Swatow and
Velva is going to look for a dress -

I hope to find some Japanese mosquito
netting cheap, which I shall dye
rose colored for curtains in my bedroom,
and yellow for my study - The scrim
ones you sent have just simply gone
to pieces - most of them - The wind
treats 'em rough, out here!

This last Thursday Emily and
I took our cots, a basin & pitcher
and a few other things and went
down to Double Island for a little
visit with the Pages and the Giedts.
They had invited us to come whenever

we wanted to, and we rather
wanted to go once - We knew it
would not be particularly quiet, with
three children, but they were nice to
us, and we had a good little visit.
Bucky Cowles is down at the Island now,
and Friday morning she invited all the
ladies (12 in all) to a party for Mrs.
Stocker's two sisters who are visiting her
now - Mrs. Wight, (E. P. Mission) Mrs.
Klubein (wife of the brother of the Mr. K. who
took me to a community affair or two
about nine years ago!) (commissioner of
customs, he is) - Mrs. Scott-Morris (also

Swatow community lady - her husband
is in one of the shipping companies) -
were some of the others present -
Becky served an eleven o'clock light
refreshment of cucumber sandwiches,
cookies - and delicious iced coffee
with ice cream right in it -

We came back Saturday morning
on the customs launch with Mr. Klubein
and an assistant - a Mr. Plumer from
Boston - very young, I judge - who has
been in Swatow a week! I found out
that Hong Chheng - who was houseboy for

Marguerite E. & me our first summer
at Ithaiyong, is working for Mr. Kubein.
He has been a down-and-outer since he
left us - so I'm very glad to see him
getting along better now -

Today I had my class as usual - and
also about 15 little boys with them -

Tuesday we go down to Double Island
with Miss Sillman. We thought at
first she didn't want us - but now she
has been lovely about urging us to
come. We are coming up next

Monday to be here when Mabelle
arrives on Tuesday - then may go down
again later - Much much love. Abbie

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Swatow (Double Island)

Aug 18, 1928

Mother dear -

For once in my life I didn't take my whole stack of letters to answer on a week's vacation. And, marvelous to relate, I have written at least three more than I hoped to in the four days I have been down here -

At last I have written the thank you letters for the things that came in my birthday box - You are at liberty to make any corrections you see fit and pass on if you think they are anywhere near adequate -

I have also written to Edna Smith, who sent me a pair of pink silk bloomers for my birthday - ^(Kuliang) Anna Foster, and Elsie Kuttley and ^{written} Edith Traver, ^{in each} enclosing a snapshot of Mabelle Rae McVeigh Le Grand and her husband - which ~~the~~ lady herself sent asking me to pass on - I also wrote my last letter to Mabelle Culley, who arrives early Monday morning (We are going back to Kuliang tomorrow to be there when she comes; and I'm writing to you today for fear I shan't have time to write your letter to-morrow -) I've written two Romanis Committee letters to the Board - and a letter to Mrs. Speicher at Kuliang - one to Margaret Lee

and one to Miss Eng (to let them know what day Mabelle
would arrive) and two letters (of instructions) to Sue & Kim
the cook - And now yours - really I feel quite
set up - But I speedit - for there are so
many many more I must write before the
summer is over - and it is three-quarters
over now!

What this fall has in store for us I don't
know - We hear that the strictest regulations are
being made by the government absolutely forbidding
coeducation in any school. Dr. Ling is mum
about it and no one knows what he thinks
he may do, even! He certainly doesn't take
us into his confidence! Well - I don't wish - yet -
that I had gone to Shanghai!

Just a short scribble this time, for I'm
somehow not in the mood for writing - and perhaps
I'll have time in the middle of the week to
write again -
Much love -
Abbie

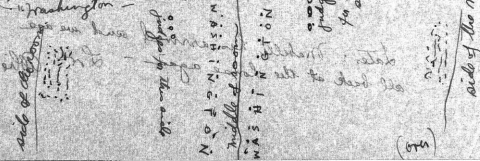
Monday 6 A.M.

Since writing the other page I have come home from Double Island and have received your letter asking how the "letters" game was played -

Prepare two sets of letters (not whole alphabets but enough words to spell certain words that you may choose) - Pin a letter to every back - and divide into two companies according to the sets of letters. Then call a word, say "Washington" -

Each one knows what letter is on his back, so if he is "N" he rushes out and stands in the middle of the floor to the place where the first letter should stand. At the same time, all others whose letters are in the word rush out to take their places. They see which side can get the proper people standing in the proper order, with their backs to their side of the hall) to spell "Washington" -

Like this



The dots at each side are the people who are
 divided into two sides. The dots in the middle
 are the people who have now up to take their places
 in the words - the letters being pinned to their
 backs - there are now or three judges for each
 side, who sign the ~~two~~ ^{one} grand judge
 as soon as the side wins - to that any clearer?

"Morgan" yes, how a little more
 as, had it is a little better and are had
 it in character and are had
 that it will be all to work at to obtain
 the first error at the home time, all
 the same, how it is in the word and at
 no this side see yet. would it be at
 the first error in the word and at
 the first error in the word and at

Later: Markell. ^{harrington} and we are
 all back at the show again - L. R. C. C. C.
 all back at the show again - L. R. C. C. C.

Swatow, China
Aug. 28, 1928

Dear Ones:

Here I am in Swatow, when I fully expected to be in Double Island with the cooler breezes and the swimming and all. I don't mind being here as much as I should if it were hotter. We have been having a little rain, which is a great relief after the long period of dryness we have had. South China had not suffered as North China has, however.

But the reason I am here is that the insane girl who is housed for the present in the Rest House (almost under my bedroom window) has grown more violent, and the relatives showed no sign of planning to take her away to the asylum. The reason that she was not taken long ago is that her own brother and sister are away in foreign parts, and the more distant relatives who are here did not want to take the responsibility of sending her to the asylum for fear they would have to keep up her support in the future. The foreign doctors did not send her, for the same reason, since the relatives are perfectly able to take care of her.

Since our house and the Rest House are a good bit apart from both the Chinese community and the foreign houses, we are the only ones who are really disturbed by the demented girl. I hear the racket, too, more than anyone else in this house, because my room is nearer her window. I suddenly realized that if anything was to be done about getting her away, I would have to be the one to stir things up. I found that her people would be quite willing to have the foreigners take the whole burden, but when the suggestion was made that the Chinese church people here be appealed to, they hastened to protest that they could do it themselves, and that they would somehow find a way. Whether it seems too much like accepting from charity to take from their own Chinese people, or whether they know that the Chinese know that they don't need the help, I cannot determine. But the threat to ask the Chinese church to take the matter in charge has proved to be the weapon that has been effective in getting anything at all done.

This last week the screams have been so piercing and so continuous, especially at night, that I have gone downstairs in the room under Miss Culley's to sleep. It was the only way I could get any rest at all. The girl won't eat her food, but stamps on it and grinds it with her feet. She will not keep her clothes on at all, and her room is as filthy as an animal cage. She is not as difficult as this all the time, and they are hoping that after this violent spell is over she will be a little quieter, so that they will be able to get her down to Canton with some degree of comfort. It looks now as though they will really take her away next week. I shall be so relieved!

We want to get down to the Island a few days more, but I don't really like to go away until the girl is really gone. I'm afraid some excuse will be cooked up and she won't get off after all!

I have started in to sort my letters. I am owing a good many, and I can't seem to get at writing them. I throw most of them away as soon as I have answered them, but somehow I don't find it easy to throw away the ones that come from Charlotte and Southwest Harbor! I save them in the hope that I'll find time to sit down and read them all through

from beginning to end and have a grand feast so doing ! And then I never get the time !

Margaret Lee, the girl from Yenching, who should have been invited to teach in our school here but wasn't, is to be here this year, living in the W.W.G. dormitory where we had always hoped she would be teaching domestic science when she came back to us. For the present she is to help Miss Traver, Miss Culley and me to do translating work. I am eager to get started on it but don't know just how I'll be able to work it in when I have a full schedule of school work.

MM XX XX XX XX XY XX XX XX XXX XX X X X X X X X

I have written a carbon copy at the same time I wrote the above, and I'll send it to Arthur. I haven't written to him for a long time and took this way to save a little time. I'll just add this little note to you folks to ask you to see if you can find out about any other books that Dr. Francis wrote. If the others are as good as this, I'd like to see them. The one I have, as you know, is "The Real Jesus". The Northfield addresses and Christ's Mould of Prayer are both good, but I am not sure that they haven't been translated already. They are both older, I think.

You will understand after reading this letter that my mind has been pretty well occupied this week-end. Sunday afternoon when I might have been writing to you I was interviewing the relative of the crazy girl. Later in the afternoon I went to sing in German at the funeral of a man who was drowned at Double Island the day before. You may remember my writing of a German funeral last spring - a year ago. That was Mrs. Ingermann, and on Sunday last her husband was buried in the same little foreign cemetery. There were two little children at school in Germany. Double Island is treacherous, and every few years it takes its toll. At the same time (last Saturday) our American Consul, Mr. Berger, almost lost his life. That does not mean that it is dangerous for us to go in swimming down there. When there is dirty weather we do not go in, and we are always very careful. I really never go out beyond my depth. These men were in when there was a rough sea, and they thought they would go out beyond the breakers. But the undertow was stronger than they knew.

Must stop for now and send this off to you with
My love,

Abbi