

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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(186)

Swatow, Kakeelueh

Sept. 2, 1928

Dear Mother,

How do you like my  
pink writing paper? I really  
don't care for pink myself. but  
this is some that I have on hand  
so I'm going to use it up on you -

We are down at Double Island  
again - came down yesterday - When  
we went up to meet Mabelle  
we intended to come back again  
in just a few days - But it  
took longer to get arrangements  
made for taking away the crazy  
girl - She is to be taken to Canton

this next Tuesday if all goes well.  
I've done all I could, so thought  
I might as well get down here  
while I could - School begins  
the 17th, so I'll not be able to  
stay here much more than a week  
anyhow.

Yesterday just before we left  
we got home mail - including  
your letter which told about  
the prospective missionary program  
and having the house painted -  
I wonder if the suppers and  
meetings and classes seem  
such a continuous performance  
to you as they sound to me

from your letters - Sometimes I wonder how you stand it - Doesn't it seem to you that you are having more now than you ever had before?

I see by the Baptist that Charlotte has the missionary reading prize - It seems to me that reading prize follows the Sandersons around through Vermont pretty well - !

Yesterday was so cool that when we were packing we put in sweaters to wear and sweaters to knit - extra shawls



and heavy dresses - It has been  
rainy and cool the last few  
days. But this morning the sun  
is out bright and clear and  
we are glad we are here instead  
of up in Katchich -

I have brought a handful of  
letters to answer this time - I'm  
beginning on this one to you - I  
shall write to Arthur next,  
and then start in on some  
others - If I don't do them  
now I don't know when I ever  
will - I have on the pink  
and green dotted dimity that  
you sent me!

Much love, Abbie



The pipings are pink  
and green voile to  
match the dots -  
Pink next to the  
dress material and  
green on the edge.

The seeds and cloth samples  
have come - They are great - I  
went to order some of the dresses,  
but have decided I must not -  
With the three you sent me last  
year I can easily get along without  
more for a while yet, unless  
skirts decide to go down! In  
that case I'd need a whole new  
outfit! I'll use the samples for my  
postage stamp quilt.

We are delighted with the seeds, too -  
Mabelle is pleased with the progress  
made during her absence on the  
garden, lawn, etc - and we are  
enthusiastic to go on progressing  
some more - Tell me whether  
your bulbs and things come up,  
won't you?

R.

(187)

Swatow, China  
Sept. 9, 1928

Dearest Ones,

This is my last vacation Sunday. I had rather planned to go up from here (Double Island) yesterday or day before - but I had really just begun to get rested, and there was nothing special to call me back - So I'm still here. But we are all going up on Tuesday. Miss Solhman and Alice Chen for the meetings of the Ling Tong Council - (I may be notified that I'm expected to go, after I get there -) The Executive

Committee of the Council has a meeting, too, and I have been asked to be advised for that - I really ought to go to the Council meetings too - but I think it is funny no word has been sent to me - The meetings will last until Thursday or Friday - Then school begins on Monday - and there will be plenty of work, I'm thinking.

I've been trying to get some letters written while I've been down here. I have sent some already, and at present I have fourteen ready to mail - This morning I wrote to Mrs. Borell, Grace Patton, Arcola Pettit and Jay Latum. Jay is not a good correspondent -

She wrote me one nice letter -  
apologized for her long neglect -  
and I answered - but haven't  
heard from her - and that was  
in March. So now I have written  
another - as good as I know  
how - <sup>and will</sup> ~~to~~ see whether she will  
answer this one or not - I think  
she really means to, but is just  
slow, and never gets around to  
do it - I'm quite certain that  
she is better tempered than I am -  
and also that she would drive  
Emily frantic! I'm slow enough,  
goodness knows - but she is slower.  
And yet I believe she is a dear.  
Miss Solman has had some

mail this week - and I've had  
none - and I'm hoping there will  
be some waiting for me Tuesday if  
it doesn't come before. Somehow I  
always want a letter from you!

If you come across any  
article in a paper or magazine  
that you think is well worth  
translating into Chinese - send  
it to me if you can - I'm  
getting ambitious - but I don't  
know how long I shall be able  
to have a good translator to work  
with me! Short articles sometimes  
make good tracts, you know -

With much love

Abbie

The dog is a pretty nice one! And Swatow, China  
you make a pretty nice looking pair -  
Mother just a half head shorter than Dad! Sept. 16, 1928  
Dear Ones, (188)

Your letter with the snapshots has come and  
I'm so glad to have them! Father doesn't look any  
younger than he used to - but neither does he look  
quite so fat and "pussy" -! Mother looks like  
her natural self - and I'm wondering what  
dress she has on - It looks very pretty; I  
recognize the collar - Your D. V. B. S. is  
an interesting looking group. I hope I may  
meet some of the children - and those who  
helped you with the teaching. I should think  
you were very successful in your efforts, from  
the reports -

I hope you are not too badly disappointed  
about my not going to Shanghai - It never did  
seem the right thing for me to do - not for a  
minute -

When we got back from Double Island  
last Tuesday, we found a letter from Mrs. Baker  
stating that she had tentatively accepted the  
position which was offered to me -! Well -  
that leaves Emily the only woman in that  
station <sup>Chaochow</sup> with Mr. Baker over in the next  
house, - the two houses isolated, away from  
the city - Some people very strongly object to  
such arrangement - and will oppose it in

Reference Committee this coming Thursday -  
I'm glad I'm not on Ref. Com.! Mrs. Baker wanted  
to stay in Shanghai to be near Howard and Bessie,  
and so she is willing to take the position at  
Shanghai. But it does leave Emily pretty much  
in the lurch! She is planning to get a Chinese  
woman to live with her, or else possibly she will  
not live in the Hildreth House but in the chapel  
inside the city - I feel very sorry for her for  
I think she cannot be very happy alone - Her  
nerves are in a rather poor condition - and I'm  
just afraid of what may happen - But she says  
that others have done it alone and the mission  
has no right to stop her from doing it.

School is supposed to begin tomorrow - but Mabelle  
was saying tonight that she didn't feel much  
as though that could be so - We're nothing to  
do at all! I helped examine new students  
last Thursday a little while - none of the hurttle  
of former days -  
People who have been away on vacation are all  
nearly arriving this week. Katherine Bohm came back -  
back - and this week Katherine Bohm came back -  
(Mr. Baker, too) - Tomorrow Mr. and Mrs. Capen are  
expected.

Will you please take and pay duty on whatever  
telling I send you in the next two months - If it  
isn't too hard - I want to ask you to send some on  
to people who may order some from you -  
I'm trying to drum up trade (for my translation work!)  
Much love - Abbie



(189)

Suatsow, China

Sept. 23, 1928

Dear Ones, I feel a little bit lost this afternoon with Emily gone. She left for Chaochow yesterday. She was invited by the Chinese and the missionaries to go to Kitzang to work and live, but the Reference Committee let her decide for herself, and she was glad to have it so - She may live at the chapel instead of out across the river in the Hildreth house - but she isn't sure. She will be coming down again some day this week to buy things that she needs -

Miss Richert, one of the Mennonite missionaries who were here in our W.W.G. dormitory last spring, is here today, passing through on her way to America - She has been out here 7 years - Just last week she received the news of her father's death, so she cannot see him as she had been so eagerly anticipating - It is good to see her again -

School is in full swing, or nearly that. I have 17 or 18 hours to teach; I have also begun already my translation of "The Real Jesus" with

Margaret Lee. It is such a joy to have her to  
work with, for she does know a lot of English.  
I'm teaching a number of new subjects - In the  
Senior High this year the subjects are nearly all  
electives. (This puff in parenthesis is not for any but  
Sanderson ears. If you tell anybody I said it they'll  
think I'm an egotistical piece indeed! But the point  
of all this is that I was perfectly amazed to find  
out that the three classes I have, in reading, grammar  
and commercial (+ other) letterwriting, are made up of  
pupils who have chosen the courses because I am  
to teach them; two of these classes are huge, (more  
than 40 in one) and have some of my worst boys  
of the most troublesome - yet lovable! - class of  
last year. A new student told his older brother -  
a fine new teacher who has just graduated from  
Shanghai College - all of this do about me - and  
the older brother repeated it to me - I realize that  
they may think I'm easy or give high grades -  
but at least they have chosen my classes, and  
that makes me feel happy - They said my  
explanations were clear, concise - and that I  
was fair, and strict. I wish I really thought I  
had developed some strictness! I know I'm not  
naturally so - Mrs. Ling, the principal's wife, said  
that the pupils call me strict - and at first  
they didn't like it - but now they all want to

choose to be in only 3 classes - Wouldn't that be nice if I could be sure it's all time? - Well - I'm encouraged, anyway, and my classes appear to be taking an interest from the start.

Last night we had a big feast. Mr. & Mrs. Ling were the hosts, and they sat in regular foreign style, he at the head and she at the foot - with the of a very long table. Mr. Capen, and the Kakchich Chief of Police, sat on Dr. Ling's right and left. Mrs. Culley sat at Mrs. Ling's right and I at her left - The feast was endless, it seemed - But Mr. Ki, (the young teacher from Shanghai College) sat beside me and Pme-lang, an old girls' school pupil of mine who has been graduated from Nanking and has just come back here to teach science, sat beside Mabelle - We had a most interesting time trying to get words that are hard to translate into English - and find an exact translation for them. "Delicate flavor" "rich food" "calbiff" "brittle" etc - It was lots of fun - and we really got quite well acquainted with Mr. Ki, too!

I must quit now, and write a little line to Arthur -

Much love to you

Abbie

190

Swatow China

Oct. 1, 1928

Dear Mother,

I'm writing with pencil just now because Margaret (Lee) is using my fountain pen in the translation book over at my desk - here in my study - I am sitting in my big chair writing on my lap, instead of going into the next room where there is a table, because I want to be right here if any question comes up that she wants to ask me - She is doing the last half of the third chapter. We go over it together in the English first - and I explain as well as I can the phrases that she isn't sure of - The

simple things that she is sure to know we don't bother with that time. Then she writes out the whole thing in Chinese. Then we go over it together, correcting or changing as we go. Then she copies it into a notebook leaving spaces for further corrections when we go over it once more after the whole thing is done —

The work is hard for me — and it is not easy for Margaret, but we both like it and even though it has to be so piecemeal, yet I believe we are getting somewhere — I have an hour's work with Margaret, then I have to run off to school for the rest of the day. And my classes

are not easy ones this term -  
nor are they well arranged -  
I'll write out a schedule so  
you can see what my work is.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	
{ 8.00 8.50		9 A	1 B		9 A	(Dark spaces are the days I have Margaret to work with me - or without me!)
{ 8.55 9.25	Assemb	Chapel	Assemb	Chapel	Assemb	
{ 9.35 10.25		1 B	Music	1 B		
{ 10.30 11.20	17 A		17 A		17 A	
{ 11.25 12.15	1 A		1 A		1 A	
{ 1.20 2.10						
{ 2.15 3.05	12 A			12 A		
{ 3.10 4.00		14 A	Music		14 A	
{ 4.00 5.00			Music			

17 A is a class of Senior High  
Students from all three classes.  
It is an Elective Reading Course,

and there are 56 students in it. The book is terrific. and if I didn't have Margaret to help me prepare the translation of it I should be in the soup. We can't spend all the time, you see, translating religious books.!

14 A is a class in letter-writing, also Senior High elective - some 41 pupils in that class -

12 A is a class of 15 or 20 - also Sr. High Elective, in Grammar and I'm having difficulty in putting any life or interest into that dry as bones (to them) subject.

(20 pupils)  
9 A. is a Junior 3 elective subject - and the book "Health & Safety" though a fine one, is sold out. For the present I am typewriting 8 copies of the text - for those unfortunate ones who have no

books -

1 A is the newest beginners <sup>26 pupils</sup>  
and 1 B is the class I began last  
term with new pupils added (about  
43)

But I have no classes at all  
that are bug bears (yet!) such  
as some I had last year - I am  
thoroughly enjoying the work -  
although I feel almost dizzy  
because I must keep my work  
up to date - If I begin to let  
papers pile up as I have had  
them pile up sometimes, I  
will be a goner - I'm up  
to date on them so far, but  
don't know how long I can  
keep it up.



I must get at my so-much-neglected letters - I'm sending you a collection of things - I'm marking a price on things and if they can be sold at ladies' Aid fair or any sale, or to individuals for Xmas presents I'll ~~be~~ be so glad - I shan't expect them all to go - but you can say when you put them on sale anywhere that the proceeds will help translate the book - Of course any that you wish to use for Xmas presents yourself please consider yours - and don't try to pay me for them! If the things don't sell, keep 'em - They'll come in handy somewhere - sometime -

Now you haven't asked recently for a list and I have no

reason to suppose that there  
 will be anyone in particular  
 who will be asking what  
 to send me — But if they  
 should — here is a list of  
 things which I'm needing  
 which are most of them not  
 easy to get — Tell pa he  
 needn't ask me if I'd  
 like the moon, either — for  
 these are things that don't  
 have anything to do with  
 consuls & society people (such  
 as "voile" which I believe was  
 the offending article which  
 aroused his suspicions?) in  
 the memorable "first list" which  
 I once sent you, years ago!)

I know I'm a spendthrift disposition, but I am trying very hard to save money now. It is imperative, if I am to be anywhere near square with the world when I come home to America (either one or two years from next June - I don't know whether it will be 1930 or 1931; yet)

I guess I told you of the pledge of \$100 for the new church building which we hope to get at soon here -

Then my share of Margaret for this year will be \$300. I can't tell you how relieved I was to get the news that our salary is raised \$100 this current year. Nothing is promised for next year - but of course the fact that the raise came

this year gives us leeway to hope that it may be continued next year -

I should like to go home by the way of Palestine - But I am afraid it cannot be this time! My money seems to be going for other things -

You'll be glad to know that this afternoon I tipped the scales at 125 lbs - In the late part of summer just before I went to Double Island, my weight was 117 - So even the beginning of school with all its flurry and confusion did not take me down as I was afraid it would -

Excuse the pencil - Perhaps  
I'd better add  
"1 Waterman's Safety Fountain  
pen"  
to my list!

Much, much love,  
Abbie

Now just because I've written this  
list I don't want you to  
run right off and spend  
a lot of money buying these  
things for me - D'y'unnerstan?  
I don't need 'em right off,  
but if any one who could  
afford it would like to  
gimme some of 'em some  
time, all right -  
L. A.

# List

(Also fine white  
thread for latching)

- 2 doz Glass Push Pins
- 2 boxes small nickel clips  
(paper fasteners)
- Assorted sizes rubber bands
- 2 papers non rustable pins
- 1 knife sharpener
- 1 scissors sharpener
- 1 round angel cake pan (like yours,  
and aluminium if possible)
- 1 small (aluminium or other  
non rustable?) egg beater
- 1 rubber hot water bag
- 1 loose leaf note book about  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ "  
(with paper)
- 3 Notebooks with alphabetical  
index -  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ " or there about  
( $3 \times 6$ " is all right - they  
don't need to be alike)
- Toilet Soap -
- My preferences are  
Cuticura

Woodbury's  
Lux Toilet Soap  
Colas -

(But I'll be glad to get  
any kind - !)

Some more Missions Garden  
or Arbutus Talcum Powder -

I love the Missions Garden kind  
[Now - one more thing which  
is nerry to put down, but  
you can put the idea down  
in a pickle crock and  
leave it there if you want  
to - I'd just love to have,  
sometime

6 stainless steel fruit or  
paring knives, handles either  
like my Adam Set or of  
white celluloid ! ] Maybe  
this is the "moon" - but I'll  
write it down, anyway !

Swatow, China

Oct. 14, 1928

(191)

Dear Ones -

Yr letter of September 12 has just arrived - Apologies are bad form in a letter, but I know you'll wonder why I didn't write last week - Busy, just busy!

Sunday morning was full - and in the afternoon we had a long communion service and after that a committee meeting and then practice singing with the girls - From then on we have had a hectic week, in spite of two holidays, - one for Independence Day and one for the commemoration of the time that Sun Yat Sen was imprisoned in London. We had to get up patriotic songs to be sung, and of course we went to the celebration - The new national song was sung with spirit if not with precision, and the speeches were good, and the fireworks at the close were quite satisfyingly deafening - It was a general celebration by the whole community, in the Church - and was quite a success, I should say -



They feel they have more reason to celebrate  
this year than they have had other years -  
China is on the upward track now - they  
feel - May it be so!

Thursday was spent getting ready for an  
examination of the whole school in English.  
Friday is giving the exam, and yesterday  
correcting it - This morning I went to Sunday  
School, and played the big heavy church organ.  
It is hard to pump - and I got so tired that  
I came home and lay down instead of staying  
at church - I had a dull pain in my  
side all morning - and at first I was afraid  
I had strained myself - but the pain  
is gone now & I'm O.K.

Gladys Sanderson is willing to try selling  
tatting and handkerchiefs - I have sent her  
a few handkerchiefs, sample - and will you  
send her some of the tatting? A Mai Chi  
has been busy taking care of Margaret Lee  
this week, and I'm afraid she'll be busy  
this week too - and as for me, I'm simply too

2  
rushed with the school work to think of anything  
else right now - If I can get around to it I'll  
send her some talking later - but then she  
would have to pay the duty -

I can't remember whether I have sent you  
the list of talking that I sent you - but I'm  
afraid I haven't sent it - so I'll put  
that on a separate paper - Be sure to  
take all the duty out of the <sup>(talking)</sup> money before  
you send it to me or put it in the bank -  
And keep it <sup>(in U.S.A.)</sup> until you hear from me -

To make it clear about the prices:  
generally speaking the price I mark on the  
article is what I pay Mex. for it, or about  
half of what you get. That is, I pay 50¢ Mex  
(= .25 Gold) for a handkerchief. Suppose you have  
to pay 30¢ ~~gold~~ <sup>Mex</sup> (= .15 gold) duty. Then out of the  
50¢ gold that you get by selling the hdkf, you  
ought to pay me .25 Gold (which I have paid out for it) -  
You have to pay 15 more for duty.  $.25 + .15 = .40$ . That  
leaves me 10¢ gold (= 20¢ Mex) to cover postage and  
to go for my translation work. If you don't have

To pay the duty - then I get the whole 254 gold  
(= 504 Mex) extra from the cost of the thing - for  
postage and translation work - That looks  
on the face of it, as though I was getting  
100% profit - but such is rarely the case -

Margaret has been having a run of something  
like dengue, complicated by auto-intoxication -  
On Wednesday she had a temperature of 105°.  
and we were worried - On ~~Friday~~ <sup>Thursday</sup> night she  
was so discouraged, and prayed that if the  
Lord had some work for her to do he would  
let her get well right away - and not let  
her be a bother to so many people - She  
felt so much better immediately that she  
feels it was a clear answer to prayer -  
and the next morning her temperature was  
gone - and the pain was gone - She  
was up today -

Write next time -

With much love -

Abbie

Swatow, China, Oct. 20, 1928

Dear Charlotte and Southwest Harbor;

\* As you can perceive (the one who gets the top sheet can) I have just changed the ribbon in my machine, and I feel as though I can write more easily somehow. I have been doing so much typing for school lately that I have got back a little bit into the habit of using the typewriter. Just why it should sometimes seem such a task to me to write on the typewriter, I don't know. I still make about as many mistakes as ever, I find! I'm just naturally slack, I guess.

Today I have not been good for very much. Last night we had a big Sunday School party here. We discussed the question of changing the S.S. from the morning hour back to the afternoon again. Miss Traver has got it into her head that we haven't time enough in the morning to have Sunday School properly and wants to have it in the P.M. I know that what few of the students do go in the morning would not go at all if it were to be changed to afternoon, and I am opposed to changing. When, several months ago, we voted at a committee meeting to see if plans could be made to change, I did not vote for it, but I did not say much because I thought I was the only one not in favor of it. Since then I have found that the most of the young people do not want it changed, so I made up my mind that this time I would not keep silent. I also made all sorts of good resolutions about keeping very calm and fair minded and not getting the least bit heated about it. But at the very beginning one of our "pillars", a big fat lady who has a big fat income - her husband is in America on business, - suggested that the reason we ought to have S.S. in the P.M. was that in the winter no one had finished his breakfast by half past eight in the morning! Since I have to be up at school at 8:00 A.M. most mornings I did not sympathize much with that reason. I voiced the question as to whether there would be a larger attendance if the time were changed and she maintained that of course there would be more people go. Certainly there would. Most positively so. Well! her very positiveness set me all on edge and my good resolutions went flying. I said more of what was inside my mind than I meant to, and then spent most of the night wondering whether I had said more than I should have. Consequence; a headache all day today, and general feeling of depression.

There is trouble in the church, too. That is rather depressing. Some of the leading people in the church have railroaded a scheme through to get rid of the pastor, and most of the people resent such highhanded methods. The pastor is a very spiritually minded man and he has done some wonderfully good things this year. He cannot appeal to some of the students as some men could, he is long-winded and is given to pet theories. And the whole thing is a mess. I am so sorry for him that I don't know what to do. But I don't see how he could be very happy to stay here after this thing has happened.

Another thing that rather disgusted me was the decision at last night's meeting to give rewards to those S.S. teachers who can double the numbers of their classes in the next month. As if the teachers were out for rewards! Oh well I guess I'm getting critical in my old age. I ought to be rejoicing about many things instead of grouching about a few! My own class of girls had a perfect attendance this morning, and they are all the girls there are in that particular class at grammar school.

(Oh I almost forgot Arthur. Snapshots?)

Much love to you all,

Abbie

Swanton China  
Oct. 28, 1928

(193)

Dear Quas,

My mind is still pretty full of yesterday's events - We went to the wedding of Dr. Pan<sup>M.D.</sup> and Miss Chow, Christian Chinese in Swanton - Miss Chow was born in South America, and educated in England - She doesn't know Chinese at all even though she is, like Dr. Pan, every drop Chinese - The wedding was at Mrs. Cowles' house - with 206 guests present - a beautiful bride, beautiful ceremony - I was asked to sing for the occasion - and they say I "done noble" - I still feel elated and quite vainly puffed up over all the compliments I had. I sang "Because" just before the ceremony, standing in the doorway so that all in the hall, parlor, and porch could hear - Either it is a good place to sing, or else I was in particularly good voice - or else a lot of people said a lot of flattering words - But I loved the song, and enjoyed singing it, and naturally enjoyed the flattering remarks - I felt quite dressed up, too, in the new dress that Emily brought me from Hong Kong - sheer honey colored crepe de chine with a border of colors that goes so well with a string of red beads I have - My old Boston horsehair hat (remodeled slightly sometime ago) went with it beautifully and I got all puffed up about nice things that were said about that too - Mr. Cowles said he did like to see people "keep up" and not look "run over at the heel"!

Dorothy Campbell ~~and I~~ was bridesmaid, and she, her mother, Miss Traver, and I stayed over <sup>at the hotel where Dorothy and I</sup> ~~at the hotel where Dorothy and I~~ <sup>and I</sup> ~~stayed over to the~~ <sup>stayed for the other big wedding)</sup> wedding feast in the evening. For once I got a substitute for my S. S. class - and Dorothy and I went out to Speicher's for the night - (Dr. Wallace performed the ceremony!)

We are all by the ears at the very unexpected announcement of the engagement of Dr. Wallace, 54 a confirmed old bachelor in the Presbyterian mission to Dr. Herra Ross, 32, a medic. who has been out here 5 years - The people who lived in the house with her, and those who lived in the house with him declare that there was never a sign of anything between them until last Sunday, a week ago today, when things were fixed up - We don't think that either of them would decide a question like that all in a minute - and we think it is rich that they kept it to themselves so well. That is just exactly what I should like to do if I were doing the engagement stunt - Surprise in all so that their mouths fairly stand open! Well - this is not a missionary letter - in many senses of the word. But I had a good time yesterday - and feel rested and "bucked up" by the change of air and scenery - I don't feel so hopelessly inferior as I do sometimes - Let's hope it is not a case of pride going before a fall! Much love - Your frivolous Abbie

Mother dear -

Your letter asking about Clara came today - Of course she may have decided to turn him down - In that case - mum is the word - for her sake - of course - But I don't really believe she is going to turn him down - He is from Philadelphia - a civil engineer with some special position which he put aside for a year for the express purpose of coming to South China to get what he was after - He is a fine Christian man, I'm convinced - and certainly very much in earnest about the lady in question - But she hadn't decided, and she may still say no, of course -

Love - Abbie

Clara said some pretty nice things about you people - I take it the visit was "enjoyed by all" - !

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Swatow China

Nov. 4, 1928

Dear Ones,

Talk about Halifax  
refugee windfalls! They are  
not in it compared to the  
presents I have within this  
present hour received - You  
may remember the name Soi Mueché.  
She was my wash-woman for a  
number of years - and she  
did beautiful work -

She has been working for some  
Dutch community people recently -  
and they have just left - The  
other day when she came she  
brought me three little glass  
plates which Mrs. Van Dobben  
had given her - ~~Forgot~~ The  
other day she took Velva Brown



a rather smart little bright red felt hat - and a crimson satin flower which did not match stuck in one side of it.

Tonight she came to pay me \$18 which I loaned several years ago for her boy's tuition, and she brought a classy pink crepe de chine afternoon hat trimmed with plum colored velvet ribbon! I really think I may be able to wear it if I take off the velvet - And a fairly new part elastic corset! Well - it was some job to keep my risibles down - for I have never met Mrs. V. D. - and the thought of parading around in her cast-off clothing is rather amusing - Moreover - I was almost totally unprepared

for such gifts! Still - Soi Mue was wise to give these things to us. They are certainly no earthly use to her!

We had a meeting this afternoon to discuss possible improvements on our chapel service - The idea is to have the service short - but we have been having it too short - and there has been so little that the students couldn't get much out of it - So we are going to ask more of the Christian students to help get others to come - and ask more of the Chinese Christian teachers to help in the chapel exercises - We may be able to get David Yui

who is to be in Swanton this week -  
for our Thursday service - Some of  
the Christian students are going over  
with Dr. Ling. to meet him and  
talk with him on Tuesday -

I do hope that we can make  
these so interesting that the students  
will want to come -

I meant to get some more  
talking off to you but didn't  
get around to it yet. Yesterday  
I spent quite a bit of time  
fussing with my old beige  
colored serge suit that I had  
in America - I want to make  
it over but it is a tough  
proposition - There is really  
not enough material in it to  
make anything that will be  
satisfactory, I'm afraid -

Well - even if I can't make  
the dress wearable I don't

intend to buy another one this winter - I blew myself to the much-needed coat last spring, and that will have to do - If I had gone to Hongkong this summer I would have bought another flannel school dress - But I really have enough - and I can get along -

The enclosed sheet shows the variations that I got on apologize in a dictation lesson last week. I did it to jack them up, because I knew they were not spending the time they ought on preparation -

Out of 42 came these 27 kinds - with 2 correct ones,

some duplicates and several  
left out all together - I wish  
you would send this to Arthur  
and let him see it! Which kind  
do you like best? I am rather  
partial to no. 6 - , but think that  
no 1 really is the best - It sortingly  
do spell "~~apollowing~~" "apollowgize" ;!

It is bed time - and I'm  
sleepy - I must get up early early  
and correct papers -

Much love to you

Abbie -

Please send \$1.30 to Loring for me

195

Sorry I missed last week!

Sivatou Chum

Nov. 15, 1928

Dear Mother,

Here it is Thursday and your last Sunday's letter is not written yet. Last Monday we had a holiday, so on ~~Monday~~ <sup>Saturday</sup> I went up to Chaochowfu for the week-end. Emily had begged me to go as soon as I got the chance and I knew that she would not be satisfied until I had gone once - So I went - and had a good time -

Thursday night I had been up until after 12 getting the monthly grades ready to hand in, and Friday night I had been down to the grammar school to lead their prayermeeting. They had a very fine little prayermeeting. It was led by one of ~~of~~ my Sunday School class, who called on one of the boys to pray - After the singing and my talk the meeting was thrown open for prayer and singing -

Two of the teachers were there and one led in prayer - Both spoke to me afterwards - The children are raising money, in their Christian Association, to mend the roof and buy new desks - Money is not forthcoming from America so they are raising it themselves.

<sup>Sunday night</sup> Well, by the time I got up to Chaochowfu I was pretty tired. Saturday P.M. Emily had a little party for the grammar school girls and we played games, had eats, etc. On Sunday we went to church in the morning, but I was tormented with a headache. To go anywhere in the P.M. I came down on the early train Monday, getting here just in time for dinner - Shortly after dinner I got the ball rolling for the preparations for the teacher's entertainment which was planned for the evening. We followed the plan outlined in the Christian Herald for a Nutting Party. We decorated with potted plants that had been

trimmed with all bright colors of crepe paper, cloth,  
 etc., and there we hid the nuts - The first  
 was a nut march - on the order of going to  
 Jerusalem - . When the piano stopped everybody  
 made a mad dive to get nuts to fill his  
 little paper bag - They had a grand time  
 doing that, and then we had a Nut Guess -  
 "Delegates" from each school were chosen to go, look  
 at a bowl of nuts and guess how many  
 were in it - The nearest guess got a prize  
 of a big walnut which counted 5 in the  
 final count - We had a Nut Grab - The delegates  
 chosen for this stunt were naturally the ones  
 with the biggest hands! The Nut Stab was  
 done with a hat pin and as long as  
 a person didn't miss three times in succession  
 he kept on stabbing peanuts and kept all the  
 peanuts he got. The Nut Throw was into



a waste basket in the middle of the floor - three guesses - The nut race was like a potato race only the peanuts were picked up with chopsticks - The one who had the biggest count at the end got a box of peanut candy for a prize. Peanuts counted one, and others, such as walnuts, white nuts, almonds, counted five - It was really lots of fun - but we had a musical program and discussion of whether the thing should be continued and it was late before we got through - So I really haven't been caught up on my sleep since more than a week ago! This week has been a busy one aside from that, too -

Thursday afternoon I cut short one class to go to a meeting of the Mission Reference Committee and the Chinese Executive Committee - in my capacity as Advisor to the Executive Committee.

The session lasted through the next morning - I was up at school for my class at 8, and went to the meeting at nine, then left a little before 11 so that I could get to my last class in the morning -

In the afternoon I got the school-keeper to take my class in letter-writing (I told him the assignment) and I went out to the steamer to see Velva off for America - Emily came down from Chaochow for the day and went out too - I'm sorry to have Velva go - but it is time for her furlough and she needs to take it now - both for her own sake - and for the sake of Dr. Everham who may be able to hold on for another year but who would not be physically fit to carry on the work alone - after another year's work and wear and tear out here -

I got a number of sample post packages ready to send to America yesterday - and Emily cut my hair in the morning before she went - I really didn't get anything else done all day -

I forgot to tell you that this week it was decided to ask the Boards to continue our school on the Coeducational basis as it is. There has been no little discussion about it outside of meetings - but when we got to the meetings the atmosphere of antagonism that we had expected was not there. Wednesday night Miss Culley and Mr. Capen and I were called in to tell the Reference Committee what we thought about the worth while ness of the opportunity. Miss Culley and I were there first and gave our opinions - Just as we finished Mr. Capen arrived. He was regretting that he couldn't have heard what we

said but we were glad he didn't - His opinion gave greater weight to ours because he agreed with us on every point and still he didn't know whether he was agreeing with us or not - ! I guess we left them in no doubt as to what we think about our opportunities here -

At the joint meeting on Thursday night, Mr. Ling said that the Government Authorities were pressing us to have separate classes for the girls - and he would be glad to do that as soon as possible. The thing needed right now is a bridge between the hill where our new building is (and our house) - and the hill where the Academy is. Now we have to travel all the way around through the village - down steps & up steps, down hill and up hill. People

thought there was small chance of our getting this right away - But Mr. Ling said that if the Board would give \$1500 Mex he would find the other \$1500 Mex needed for that concrete bridge. Mr. Page said immediately - "~~Oh~~" after that challenge, we ought to ask for it!" - So we voted to ask for it - and no one was more surprised than Mr. Ling, Mr. Capen, Miss Culley, and I - to have it go through so quickly! When we will actually get it is another question, of course!

I was glad to hear what Mr. Ufford has to say, of course - well - would you rather have him criticise me for not going, or wish I hadn't gone after I had? - I'm not in the least sorry I stayed here - and I don't see how in conscience I could have done otherwise - I'm glad if the folks thought me fitted for a responsible position.

Time will tell whether I have been of any use here or not -

I'm in the mood for writing letters tonight and wish I could have the whole day off tomorrow to do that. But alas I have work with Margaret on my book tomorrow, and three classes - and a hundred or more English papers to correct!

Helen Clark is back in Shanghai again; the Industrial Mission is paying her way. I must write to her tonight if I can -

Much - much love to you both

Albie

It just comes to me that this is the letter that ought to reach you about Christmas time - You know all the good wishes I'm wishing for you this Christmas - I'm not spending money

for Christmas this year so your gifts will not be worth much in money value - Mother's goes off to-morrow and Father's the day after, if I have good luck.

My furlough is scheduled to come June 1930. but I am not sure whether it will have to be a year later or not. I should think not, because if I leave then it will be about in the middle of Mabelle's term and of Mr. Capen's term - and a year sooner or later wouldn't make much difference. The furlough will be shorter if taken as soon as 1930 - I should have to get back in the fall of 1931 in time for opening of school, I suppose - If I take it then that means about 20 months before I get home - That doesn't seem so long compared to five years, does it?

Love again

Abbie

(196)

Iwato, China  
Dec. 2, 1928

Mother dear -

I hate to look at my record, for I am pretty sure that it has been two weeks again since I wrote to you! The two weeks have been pretty full - with getting Christmas things off, and having a Thanksgiving party, and a W. H. G. meeting.

For Thanksgiving we had an affair at the Consulate. Mr. Speicher, Mr. Capen, Mr. Cowles, and Mr. Berger the consul met to see what should be done (about 2 weeks ago - Mr. Speicher said, "Now there are four ways in which ~~we~~ have been known to celebrate Thanksgiving out here. One way is for the Consul to give all the Americans a Turkey Dinner!" (Hens and haws from the Consul). "Another way is for us to have a religious service - Another is to have a tea somewhere, with singing, prayer, and a few short exercises befitting the day. Another way is to do nothing at all!" - By that time the consul got around to say, "Well, now,



maybe if I could find the turkeys - " Big  
laugh from all these - whereupon the other men  
said " Well, well let you off this time - no we  
won't call for a turkey dinner " - But it was  
held at the consuls - and we all carried  
something - We had turkey, vegetable salad,  
ham, olives, cranberry sauce, rolls, scalloped  
potatoes, tea or coffee, little pumpkin pies and  
chocolate cake + ice cream <sup>doughnuts</sup> - a veritable feast! I  
don't know when I have seen a table fixed so  
attractively - We had the little service first, with the  
singing, and the reading of the proclamation -  
then the eats and general get-together - It  
was good to be there -

Tonight at six, here at our house we had  
our W. W. J. vesper service. The girls had  
asked me to tell a story, so for the last <sup>six</sup> ~~four~~  
days I have been frantically hunting for just  
the right thing. I wanted Mrs. Peabody's  
Rose of the Highway, but couldn't find it - Emily  
came down Thursdays - She remembered it, and  
wrote it out for me. Then I went over  
it in Chinese with Margaret Lee, and she

wrote it out in Chinese romanized. Then I learned it, and gave it tonight - It is a lovely little story. I wish I had a copy of it, for Emily thinks she has surely left out some things - They had just a short meeting - Singing - then the Luke Christmas passage - then prayer - and my story - Then they sang "I'll go where you want me to go" - and had a prayer for all girls everywhere - then repeated a Chinese translation of the W. H. G. covenant ("Mindful of the millions" etc.) then the final song "Taps" -

Mr. Capen had given us some lovely roses which fitted in beautifully with the story - and our light was candle light -

The girls are rather at low ebb in their W. H. G. interest just now - and we hope this nice little service was just what they need to get them started in their interest again -

Emily and I are planning to give Christmas presents together this year - to a large extent.

Her aunt sent her a bunch of bead flowers made  
on wire, with directions for making - We got some  
wire & a few beads and are giving a bunch  
of these bead flowers and a pretty little hemstitched  
colored voile handkerchief with lace edging and  
lace rosette - to each of the single women here -  
So we have been busy with Mai Che getting these  
things finished while Emily is here - getting the  
cards written, etc.

Emily is to be down here for Christmas dinner,  
I'm glad - We are having a compound dinner  
this year, and inviting all the people to our  
house -

I'm having my dose this coming week - ! All at  
once - Wednesday night it is my turn to lead the  
missionary prayermeeting, and Thursday I have  
to lead the women's Prayermeeting in Chinese -  
And all the time and all the time - are those  
ever present English papers to be corrected - Mrs.  
Caper has been helping me a little with them -  
I do hope she'll keep it up - ?

Much, much love,

Abbie

Suataow, China

Dec. 10, 1928

197

Dearest Ones,

Monday night and your letter not yet begun - This last week has been pretty full - You must get terrifically tired of having me say that - It seems to me I write in in every letter, and yet I know I'm not a whit busier than you and I doubt whether doing half as much good. I spend so much time getting ready to do things and then when the time comes I'm never ready!

I told you about the W. W. J. meeting last week and my telling the story "Rose of the Highway". On Wednesday it was my turn to lead the missionaries' prayermeeting and on Thursday the Chinese women's prayermeeting. I took the same topic for both - the Call to Prayer from the Jerusalem Conference - I felt ready for neither but managed to get through.

Thursday night I spent several hours looking through old magazines looking for a Christmas story appropriate for the girls to use for a play - I found two that they liked very much but after all they decided to have a real "Christmas night" pageant with shepherds, wise men, and Christmas singing - Of course we are glad they wanted that; on Saturday night we spent the whole evening helping them choose songs

and arrange their program - The affair is to be put on by the members of the Christian Association. It is not proper here for the girls and the boys to be in plays together, so they are to have separate plays - There seems to be such a different spirit now from what there was last year -

We are to have Christmas dinner for the foreigners at our house this year - The Pagers, Speichers, and Edith Traver leave in the spring - not many months after Christmas so we are hoping that the whole compound may be together this time -

I had the shock of my life yesterday - Do you remember my telling you of the experience at Hallomell when Mr. H. D. Clark of Gardiner shook his fist in my face and wanted to know whether the South China modernist heretics were? Well - a letter came from him enclosing a gift list of things they are sending - telling me of their interest in me - and that they pray daily for me, and South Kennebec has adopted me as their missionary! Well!

I think you were beautifully unselfish to send me the pictures and Evelyn's letter - Of course I am delighted to see them and I'll keep them a week or two and send them back to you - Indeed I hope we may see that home and the people in it - I would like nothing better - Isabel does look like Evelyn, doesn't she? She has that same questioning look about the eyes that I always loved so in Evelyn's picture that you have - I can't decide who Margaret looks like -

Annie, Harriett + Evelyn, all three, I should say - And Lucius much the same as I remember him - though older - I always thought he and Evelyn looked alike.

I'm quite flattered to be "known everywhere among our Baptist people" - Evelyn certainly must have seen a good many friends of mine!

Tell me news of Arthur when you write - I know he must be fearfully busy - I haven't heard from him since shortly after school opened in the fall - ~~or not but~~ Oct 28 I received the last letter - I know they must be all right, or your letters would have told.

With heaps of love to you -

P.S. I am waiting now to hear from <sup>Abbie</sup> the China Baptist Publication Society - My hope is that they will bear the expense of printing the <sup>a number of</sup> book - I have been led to hope that they would from ~~many~~ conversations with Dr. Chambers. I do not have "Christ's mould of Prayer" - and I should like it.

Swatow, China

Dec. 14, 1928

198

Mother dear -

This is a sheet of the new paper - it is a trifle chewed at one edge so I'll use it up. I'm so glad to have it. The box has just come today and I'd like to put myself on record as saying that as long as I'm teaching a Sunday School class - which will be many years, I hope - I could not ask for a present I would like better than the L.S. helps - I have been using some old 7-years-ago and 14-yrs-ago ones but changes have been made and the material is old. I do appreciate this gift that you and Father have sent more than anything else I could think of. One thing more - You don't know how grateful I am for the lovely Christmas cards - They are just what I want. In sending to friends out here - in Swatow, Shanghai, Peking, Canton, Hongkong, etc - where Chinese cards are no novelty these are exactly what I want. I hope you'll continue in future Christmases - The stickers are "nice" too - but if you have to make a choice between the two, send these. The stickers you ordered came, 62(?) and three little gift cards - very lovely, all of them. I've used about 20 already -

It is late Friday night but I want to write a little share of the pleasures that <sup>keep</sup> are coming - To continue about the box you sent. Please say a very grateful thank-you to those who have contributed things - I don't know how much you sent yourself. The handkerchiefs and tablets and school companions are just exactly what we can use.

I had a small box today also from people in New Haven, beauty pins and handkerchiefs. They are just right too - and it is a little hard nowadays to find anything that is just right.

Mrs. Jiffin knows that chocolate peppermints are my favorites so she is sending me a box of them - They came to-day but I'll not open them until Christmas -

I told you, didn't I, about the fine boxes from Perham - packed at the home of Floyd McIntyre's mother - and from Washburn? and from Stamford Conn.? The Gardiner box hasn't come yet -

This evening we have been to the Chinese prayer meeting - Margaret Lee was the leader -



she gave us a wonderful message - She spoke also to our students yesterday morning - going straight to the point of what it means to be a Christian - and under the circumstances - of her not being invited to teach here this year - it was not an easy thing for her to do - It was splendid -

I have had a letter from Dr. Chambers of the China Baptist Publication Society - The Society will help some - I don't know how much - on Margaret's salary - and you may be able to understand what a relief that is to me - They will do the printing without expense to me if the work is what they can use - I have written to the Judson press asking for permission to put it into Chinese <sup>Book</sup> - Dr. Chambers and Mr. Speicher ~~both~~ have encouraged me in this work - I shall send a chapter as soon as we ~~have gone over it~~ -

The Alumnus is beyond words a joy-bringer to me this time - Such faithful portrayal of our dear "Rob", for one thing and many items of interest - I gasped when I saw Garth Koch's picture! He

resembles his mother, doesn't he? And Claire Wood - a student of mine at Ricker - ! Makes me feel like a grandmother - It did me good just to look over the names in this Album - I know quite a lot of 'em!

Dr. Mower's gift was beautiful, I think. I should like to have given a gift like that.

Tomorrow is coming, when I must 1) finish getting my S. S. lesson, 2) write Christmas cards 3) get to Stratton and buy a Christmas present for Marie. She needs a sweater, I think - and I can get some yarn - 4) make 6 or 7 little crepe paper <sup>(red)</sup> rose nut cups to match the ones we already have (for our Christmas dinner) - 5) make out and typewrite exam questions for Monday 6) finish reckoning house accounts for last month - 7) finish wrapping up handkerchiefs for our girls' Christmas party - 8) <sup>choose and</sup> wrap up several Christmas presents, 9) write down on paper the accompaniment to a certain Christmas song - We can remember the tune and some of the words, but the

music has been lost. (I can play it by ear, as  
good luck would have it), 10) straighten my desk,  
11) finish making over my black felt & satin hat -  
12 ff -) the forty seven other things that I always  
leave until Saturday and then never finish  
With my love

Ah! Now it is Sunday night - and I've just been  
glancing over the above list of things I was  
supposed to do yesterday - 1, 3, 4, 7, I did as planned  
and quite a good many of 12 ff - 11, 9, 6, 5 I never  
touched! Well - I've been to four Church services  
and three Christmas song rehearsals today - and I  
haven't done anything else at all - And now it  
will be Monday morning in a few hours and I  
shall not be fit to begin a strenuous week's  
work unless I go to bed soon - We have exams  
and Christmas rehearsals all week long - and I  
know when Christmas is over I shall wish for a  
week's vacation -

I have sent you something which proves my implicit  
faith in your ability to make something out of nothing -  
The suit which Mrs. Des Lauriers fixed for me

I dyed last year in Shanghai, and got a  
 piece of silk for vest - A few weeks ago I  
 tried to make it over - but the thing does  
 not fit me anywhere - The sleeves are too short;  
 the waist is too tight - and short - and the skirt  
 is too tight - and the buttons on the tummy  
 stick right out straight - The skirt slides up  
 to my knees when I sit, and the collar does  
 not fit - I hated to have the thing lying  
 around - twisting me of what a dismal failure  
 I'd made of it - The buttons on the cuff were  
 Mai Chie's idea, not mine - <sup>(fixed with snaps, I regret)</sup> I don't have any  
 idea that it will fit any living person -  
 but here it is for you to do what you see  
 fit <sup>with</sup> - I didn't know but it could be made  
 over for Ruth - but it isn't worth a great  
 deal - and I've had lots of wear out of it  
 myself -

Sirator, China, Dec 30, '28

Dear One,

Christmas is over and gone - and my last week letter to you - did it ever get written? I have a queer feeling that it didn't, but I haven't looked in my records yet.

I wish I could reach into my brain and literally pull out, with one quick movement of my hand, about 75 typewritten copies of a letter telling my impressions of this year's Christmas services and other activities. They were good, and I want to tell people about them, but I can see no time for such a task's getting accomplished. For several weeks we have been practicing songs and beginning to get ready.

The first celebration I attended this year was on Saturday morning, when the kindergarten children had their attractive exercises in the church. On Sunday morning Mr. Specker gave us a fine sermon on Accepting Christ. In the afternoon we had the White Gift Service. This year the speakers brought messages from Christian heroes and martyrs of many times and countries; Paul, Boniface, Raymond Lull, Japanese martyrs, Boxer martyrs. Gifts were brought from all classes of all departments and included money, towels, cloth

stockings, matches and other things. To my mind this is the best service of the whole year - the thought is all of giving, and not of getting -

Monday morning Mabelle and I spent over at the Girls' School helping the teachers, and the first girls who had not gone home for the holidays, to decorate the assembly room - Our tree was fairly festive, with its little sample boxes of raisins wrapped in red, and its tiny packages (containing handkerchief and beauty pin) for gifts, but oh dear I hope we may have some Christmas tree trimmings next year. Don't you suppose that some body has some trimmings that he is tired of and would be willing to send out here? (This year we had about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of tinsel rope; we draped it on the little tree in our dining room and enjoyed its Christmas night when we had 14 guests, then stripped it off the next morning to sew on angels' robes! And now we haven't any for next year - And if I can't have anything else, I would like a bright star for the top of the tree!)

At half past three Monday the primary girls arrived at the Girls' Assembly Room to help us celebrate - We had Christmas hymns all together, then a solo <sup>(organ)</sup> and a duet by high school

girls. The primary girls contributed an interesting little play for their share, and then we had games - We hadn't dolls enough to go around, but a brave little company of eight (some china, and some celluloid,) dressed as a gym. class, were quite sufficient to interest everybody. Various kinds of peanut races decided the ownership of the little dollies and there were some happy little doll mothers that afternoon. Dollies are scarce these days - Red paper bags adorned with a Christmas seal apiece helped to make the picture colorful, and after the bags were filled with peanuts and a bit of candy the high school girls distributed their presents to 20 or 30 poor children who had been invited. The most needy received little cotton sweaters; others, stockings or face cloths. It was fully 5.30 when they left, and late for their supper time. It is not the earliest thing in the world to mix these groups of various ages - but they had a very happy party.

Our own high school girls, however, wanted an intimate little party of their own, and they invited Mabelle and me to share it with them Monday night. In the afternoon when a little primary girl was proudly and carefully marshing the length of the room for

the fifth time with a peanut balanced on a bell (she couldn't let the bell ring and she mustn't let the peanut fall) I asked one of the older girls whether she could do that and she said wistfully, "I didn't have the chance to try!" So Mabelle and I came home and went up attic to see whether we could find any more dolls or not - We found just three intact. There were about ten others, but their hair was off, or skin crackled, or faces punched in, or feet lost - just the broken odd bits from years and years ago - We took the three dollies over, <sup>in the evening</sup> and asked the girls whether they would like to race for them as the little girls had done in the afternoon. They expressed wild enthusiasm and - well - it was another very happy party - M. and I wouldn't have missed it for anything, although we had counted on that evening to finish doing our own last Christmas cards and other things - The result was, we said Merry Christmas to each other before we went to bed!

There was not much sleep anyway, for the air was full of firecrackers after midnight - About three the first group of Christmas Carolers came along - and



later another group - All our own girls - though some of them are nurses in the Hospital now - There is nothing in this world, I verily believe, that can equal girls' voices early Christmas morning, chanting Silent Night, Joy to the World, Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Adoro Fidelis and the other great Christmas hymns - It always gets me, in the very same lumpy spot in my throat, and it always gets me up, too, to sing Merry Christmas back at them.

Before we went to bed we got ready the things for the boy, cook, and coolie, and members of their families, and before breakfast we called them into the dining room to get our "Merry Christmas" wishes - <sup>we had a little time to open a few presents then</sup> At 10.30 we went to church. Mr. Capens preached a message of Joy, and there was a variety of Christmas music by the Kindergarten, High School girls, Hospital Nurses, and Women's School.

Lunch was a perfunctory affair about which I remember nothing - But after lunch, while Mabel and the boys were getting the dining room ready, there came to me a precious hour which I shall remember a long time - Do you remember my telling of Mr. hiding the girl who had been so eager to come into the church, but when asked to wait, she grew cold and would have nothing

to do with Christianity? She has always been <sup>because</sup> on my heart, and I have felt very guilty <sup>to</sup> help keep her back. She came to see me Christmas afternoon, and our talk then made me very happy. I found that while she gives strong reasons for not wanting to join the church, yet Christianity is the one thing she wants to talk about. She yearns to be "warm-hearted" but feels that she is not - I have no doubt that she is a Christian and that she will accomplish far more than she thinks in the little school of forty non-Christian students where she is the only teacher, back in the little inland town. When we rose from our knees our eyes were wet - and she went away directly - I may not see her again for a year - but if people keep on praying for her and her progress on the Christian Road continues as it has this last year, the Lord will be able to do marvellous things through her.

In the afternoon our guests for Christmas dinner began to arrive. Mrs. Mrs. Speicher came from Swanton, and Emily and Mr. Baker from Chowchoof. All those here on the compound were present. Emil was not well and couldn't come - but a young

man on his way <sup>to</sup> Siam happened to arrive here that day, and just about as we were about to sit down - we learned that the Pags had left him at their house eating supper alone - with the expectation of spending the evening reading! We sent Mr. Page after him and he came - and had a good time, I think.

We had a grand good time at dinner - two tables set diagonally across the room, end to end, were decorated with long red candles and red roses and two small pots of ferns set in poinsettia (paper) baskets - The ferns were nut cups in the shape of red crepe paper roses - Mabelle had some of these and I made 7 more to match them -

Small red candles helped to give glow to the scene. On the back of each place card was a stunt - One had to sing - another to play (after the dinner, these two) - One had to tell of the worst scrape he was ever in - Another had to tell a story full of fun - another to tell a joke or himself, or his friend - another give two puzzles - another tell some tales of old settlers - another a bit of gossip - etc -

Mr. Sprücher was asked to tell the tale of early settlers - and she told of her first Christmas out here. Eight foreigners - or fewer (?) were here and no one but the foreigners knew it was Christmas - Some difference now - with guitars tooting and fireworks shooting all night long - Christmas Carols and

Christmas trees everywhere and celebrations for a week before and two or three days afterwards! It was a contrast - and we like it this way better. The party was a "nice" one and we had four overnight guests - but they all went back the next morning -

Before 9 o'clock the girls came to get ready for their little play - They had had exams the week before - and just during the Christmas holidays, including Christmas day, came the all-Saratov track meet which took the interest of most of the students. So a good deal was left to be done on Wednesday morning - in preparation for our own school celebration that night. By the time their costumes were ready, and they had had a dress rehearsal for their part of the program, the girls found it was after 12 o'clock - I didn't do much but rest in the afternoon -

We had an early supper and left about 6 to go up and help the girls dress. The entertainment began at 7. I can't remember how much I wrote of last year's celebration - but we have progressed since then. This year every thing had a frankly Christian spirit, from the very beginning, when one of the students gave the usual "reason for holding the meeting." Pastor Le gave a fine Christmas address - The boys gave a play called the Lord's Prayer - which taught a very striking lesson about forgiving. Then the girls gave the Search -

first of the Shepherds and then the Wise Men - This included the appearance of its angels and the singing of many old Christmas songs - each fitted into the story - I'm not sure what the girls said could be heard, but they looked pretty, anyway. and the music was what the girls love, even though some of the on lookers couldn't appreciate it. You see all Kakabich was invited to this celebration -

The program included a song by the Y. M. C. A. - another by the teachers, some Chinese instrumental music - and another interesting little play - Then Santa Claus - one of the Senior boys came on to the stage and was much applauded - made a fine speech and then began to toss out the packages of candy to the children in all parts of the room - Here, again, there was evident a bit of real Christmas spirit - giving - not getting - No went home that night so tired we didn't see how we should get to an 8 o'clock class the next morning - but we were happy - We have traveled a long road since last Christmas. (And I got to my 8 o'clock, somehow!) Now we face two weeks more of study - then exams - and then the end of the term. After that, I am booked for the Publication Society meeting at Shanghai. Hope I shall not have such a strenuous trip as I had last year! Just now I must quit - and write

an order for an extra copy of the "Refrigerator" - They'll  
need it for revision work - My first two chapters are  
nearly ready to send -

I'm delighted with the prospect of the money that  
is coming for this work - It looks now as though I  
should surely have enough - I'm so glad - Arthur is  
a dear to give so much - and to get others to give.  
I must write to him -

Now I have the story of this Christmas all written  
out to give to you - I wish I could condense it  
and get it typed to send to a good many friends.  
I don't know where the time is coming from, though -  
Much love to you

Abbie