

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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No. 1

Suatsow, China

Feb. 14, 1932

Dear Ones,

Just imagine my writing that heading at last! The last leg of the journey seemed a pretty long one, especially the last hour, from seven to eight yesterday morning. Mr. Becker, Mr. Luebeck and I all got out towels and took them up on deck to wave to the people. After we had got into the Harbor we began to see towels waving at us from verandahs, as we knew that people were on the lookout for us - After a while we saw a launch putting out from shore and before long I recognized Mrs. Capen's silhouette as he waved frantically from the side of the boat. He and Velva and Edna and Mrs. Page were the first to arrive. The others came later, in ^{two} ~~an~~ Capen's sampan. Mrs. Speicher, Enid, Mrs. Waters, and the Women's School workers weren't out - but I think all the others were. Lui him, the cook, was the first man on the boat and has superintended the getting of our baggage off the steamer. We had no customs men to meet at all.

Mrs. Capen & Mrs. Waters walked down to the jetty to meet us - the others came out of a

meeting at the Woman's School to greet us -
and then I saw Margaret Lee running to meet
me. Wasn't I delighted? She has come back
and will be teaching in the Woman's School -

Hong Lam (who made the crocheted chain o balls)
and her husband came to call before I had had
breakfast - and others kept coming -

At four in the afternoon there was a
tea at our house to welcome the two "arrivers".
It was really very lovely. All the foreigners
and Mr. & Mrs. Lim, Phoebe the teacher, and
young Phoebe who is our physical director for girls,
Hui Hui the principal's daughter - Miss Chen,
principal of the Woman's School, and Margaret and
the principal of the Seminary ^{and others - none present.} When we were
well under way Mr. Giedl, Enid, and
Helen Clark arrived from Kitzang (the girls
had been up on a visit -) It was all very
exciting ^{and} and I think Mr. Luebeck enjoyed
it too. Haven't seen the Greenbecks yet - they
came over the day before and as missed the
party, but how I want to see them!

In the evening was a teachers' meeting,
where I had a cordial welcome, apparently -
It was good to see so many of the old teachers
again.

Monday night, Feb 15 - - - - -²

It continues: Yesterday morning at 8.45 I went to a committee meeting to plan for S.S. for our Academy boys and girls - After that I went to church in the new church - where Mr. Luebeck was introduced and made a very fine little speech, translated by Mr. Waters. I saw a great many friends there and my heart is truly warmed at the way they greet me.

At one-thirty I went to the Young Peoples Society and found my old place waiting for me. The society is really getting along very well - and I'm just as enthusiastic as I can be about getting back into it.

I forgot to say that I had lunch with Edna Smith and Helen Clark - (Edna is living with Mrs. Speicher, but Mrs. S. is in Swatara City all day).

After Young Peoples, I went to see Helen a little while. She is an old peach -

Came home, + just got in the house when Mr. Luebeck + Kenneth Hobart arrived - Mr. L. said he felt guilty to be introduced with such a flourish when a missionary who had been ~~out~~ ^{and away 14 yrs.} 14 years, was back + wasn't mentioned - But of course it was much wiser not to have

my name brought up to, when he was introduced. In the former years the returning missionaries always had to get up and make speeches but for 8 or 9 years they haven't done it and I think it is better - But the new ones ought to be recognized, the first time, if for no other reason than to let people know who they are.

Sunday night Valva had us all over in her room for pop corn and a real good "talk-y" time.

Mr. Giehl took Mr. L. to Kitzang this morning - so that may be the last we see of the young Rev. for some time.

Today I had the joy of receiving two letters from 6 Agaweticas Road, S.D.! Wasn't I glad to get them? —! I have been very anxious to know how you stood the racket of my packing and getting away, and perhaps you can understand my very real relief at the words "we are both very well" - That means more answered prayer - did you know it?

The Stephens girls are lovely, I think -
and seem to be fitting beautifully into
the scheme of things here. They have
the suite of rooms under me. At present
Beatrice Ericson, just moved out of my
room into the connecting guestroom, shares
my study and bathroom. We can
manage, all right, I think, but I am
spoiled by several years of having the
place all to myself except for the few times
we had guests. Beatrice seems a nice
child; she is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch taller than I
and wears a 9 AAAA shoe ^{about 26 years old}! Do you see
I have lost my prestige of being the tallest
one - I take the loss gracefully, you
may be sure - Even so, I don't believe she
looks as tall as I do -

This P.M. I went with Helen Clark
to look at some drawnwork - and also made
my bow to the ^{U.S.} consul, which means
registering, etc. We are ^{all} invited to a Washington
birthday party by him - at his house -
Either in this letter or the next I want
to send you some of the welcome letters that

came to me along the way - I think
you will agree with me that very
few of them sound like formal
routine letters, written because they
had to be written -

Right this minute I am so
sleepy that I can't possibly write
any more - so good night.

Tues. 9 P.M.

Mr. L. & I sent a cable to
New York Saturday, which reads
as follows -

Arrived safely, all in good order.

There is no apparent danger.

Please communicate this information
by telegram to relatives and friends in
Canada, Chicago, Maine.

Sanderson, Quebec

I shall be anxious to know about your
getting the word -

Must get this ready to mail now -

Love,

Albie

And love to all the "folks", lots of it to each one -

No. 3

Swatow, China

Feb. 24, 1932

Dear Father -

When you see the above date, you may take the hint for the deed. I started to write a letter on that date but the heading is as far as I ever got. Worse and more of it, when the following week came around, I didn't get a letter written then either, and it is now March 6 - a remarkable day. Much love, all good wishes and many blessings to you, even though they are late.

It is really unpardonable of me not to write, just at this time when I know you are so anxious. The truth is, I have been going a pretty rapid pace. As I told you, school work began practically as soon as I arrived - There have been dinners and parties - most of them combining a welcome for me and a farewell for Miss Soltman, who leaves for America to-morrow. The group of Appraisers of the Laymen's Movement - following the Fact-Finders group of last year, were in Hongkong when we arrived there - and we met some of them - Just last week some of them finally reached Swatow and we have had some meetings with them and planned tours for them, etc.

On Tuesday I went up to Chavelowfu to see about Emily's things. It was a hard trip, and I didn't get the things all packed - nor ready to bring down. Coming down, the train was crowded and we had to stand up all the way (Emily went with me). I got home at 3 and went straight to bed - but felt so much better later on that I got up and went to supper & then prayer-meeting. Friday night was the climax of the parties - and we had a grand good time at Mrs. Dwyer's. I had a grand good time, had water that day steadily until 5:45 P.M. tried when I went to and we had a big dinner & a high old time, with the result that I came home & went to bed only to toss on my bed all night with fever and nausea. They have kept me in bed these two days -

and while I shall not be allowed to go to school to-morrow,
yet I can go the next day if I'm good. Fever is down &
I'm already much better. Just a combination of every thing
altogether. With not quite enough resistance to keep me
on my feet where I belong -

Mr. Luebeck writes from Kitgum "I find Kitgum
to be a desperately lonesome place" - poor man! He is
getting a taste of something I have never had a great deal
of since I've been in China - and of which I am getting
still less these days. But he adds - whether quite seriously,
or as a bluff to cover his real feeling in the matter, I
can't quite determine - "just as I wanted it to be".
Of course we are all wondering how he will get along. That
is what Mr. Scott of the appraising group said - "You ladies
have the advantage over the single men out here, in that
you can make a home, and the men don't know how to do
that. We are all wondering how Mr. L. will get along alone
up there at Kitgum" - I said "I don't believe he will, for
very long" - Everybody laughed & seemed to agree, & Mr.
Scott said "I'm sure I shouldn't if I were in his place" -!

Some of the people out here had it all decided in
their minds before we got here that two unattached
people of mature age thrown together for the length of time
of a Pacific sea voyage would surely come to
an agreement about a certain important subject -
For that reason some of the conversation since our
arrival has been interesting - & say the least.

On the way up from Hong Kong I asked Mr.
Baker which one of the girls he thought Mr. L.
would be likely to get. He only grinned and
said "I shan't tell you just now - but I've
already made up my mind which one." - He
had begun the subject, by the way -

(However - you have no need to worry -!)

News from Shanghai is bad - and the war goes on apace.
You are still having headlines, I suppose, telling of
China's great determination but lack of preparation
to meet such an awful situation - This latest news
that the Japs have driven the Chinese back some
distance behind Shanghai makes things look bad
for China - It shows that the Japs really have
the power to do a great deal in China if they
decide so to do - and it shows the Chinese that
they are powerless in the face of the Japs - which is
a great shame to them, of course.

The Japanese have committed some dreadful
atrocities in and around ^{the} Shanghai section. I wonder
how much of it has got into the newspapers -

Monday noon -

Up and dressed and ready to go to
the dining room for my lunch - and feeling
fine -

Much love to you both

Abbie -

(4)

Swanton, China

March 13, 1932

Parents -

Another Sunday has come and is nearly gone - I want to send a little word to you by to-morrow's mail, but I'm afraid what I write tonight will not be worth 25¢!

I am quite recovered from the little upset which I had last week-end. I can't seem to remember whether I wrote about it or not. I had a little fever and backache and was generally quite uncomfortable for two or three days, but I seem to be O. K. again now -

The rush is on for various activities already, although I realize I am not in the thick of it yet. But this last week has been busy enough, I can tell you. Tuesday was

a heavy schedule ordinarily - Monday P.M. I did not go to school but I did get up and go downstairs & help conduct a language examination for the two Stephens girls - They really did very well - and I shall never be quite so scared about being on the language committee again, I think! It was not as hard nor as embarrassing for me as I was afraid it might be.

Tuesday morning I taught all four classes, then at noon received an invitation from the Ling Tong Executive Committee to be present at a reception planned that P.M. at 2. To say farewell to Miss Sallman, and welcome to Mrs. Luckock and to me -

It was the very day Miss Sallman sailed for America and she could not possibly ~~be~~ ^{go to school leaving for the boat.} - I got to the place about 2.15 - and found that Mrs. L. had not arrived and there was no tea in sight. I

felt somewhat like a fish out of water but hung around a little, wondering what I should do. Finally they told me that since Mr. L. was not there the party would not begin until 4 - So I went back home and waited. Mr. L. did arrive and we had quite a nice party. He had to make a speech - which Dr. Ling translated - a fine speech. Then they called on me - I had been afraid of some such thing as I had cast about in my mind for some thing. I told the story of the little girl who was bad and was punished by being sent into a dark room to think of her naughtiness. Pretty soon she came out and said "Mama, I did think about being naughty - I thought, and I prayed, too." The mother said, "Good, that will surely help you to be a good girl" - But she said - But I didn't ask

God to make me a good girl; I asked him
to help you to put up with me" — !

My idea was that I needed to
pray both that God would help me to
be good and that he would help them,
the Chinese, to put up with me & all
mistakes etc. — That I was glad of
the opportunity ^{to come to work here} etc. — and that since
they all knew me very well and knew
that it was hard for me to make speeches,
that I knew they would excuse me for
saying much — but that I hoped
we could all work together for the
bringing in of God's Kingdom, etc. —

We had Mrs. Lucke & Mr. Fiedt
here for supper that night. I was
able to get a lobster for the occasion
and thus my invitation to Mrs. L. to
eat lobster in my house will no
longer need to worry me!

Last night I was invited ^{over} ~~down~~
to Hobart to dinner — a party for Mrs.

Lubeck, who has been invited down here by the Hobarts for this week-end - A very nice party - though it rained so hard that two guests, German people from the community, could not come.

This morning I had my Sunday School class - and I think I am going to like them, though they hadn't a single Bible with them this time!

I went right from there to church, where I sang a solo in Chinese - The new church is such a joy - It is splendid to sing in, and I was really quite surprised to hear how much noise I could make! Mr. L. came around afterwards and said, "Mr. Capen wants me to tell you how much he enjoyed your song" - Everybody laughed & I said "Well, do please convey to Mr. Capen my appreciation of his kind words!" But afterwards he spoke a word for himself, as did some others -

And I did enjoy singing it, I'll
confess -

At noon I was at dinner with
the Waters'. That completes the round.
I have been invited to some meal
by every foreign family on the compound
except the Burketts, whom I do not know
so well - and Mr. Page, who is living
alone and is not situated so that he
can have guests very well -

At one thirty I ~~had~~ went to the
Young People's meeting - They had a
splendid program - and then we
had about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of song practice
for Easter - They do very well, I think.
Tonight the folks are having a sing
over at Hobarts and I wanted to
go terrifically - ~~no~~ - not as bad as
that, of course, but I would love to
go to a good old sing again. However,
I stayed at home because we have been
expecting to have the college girls and boys

(2)

Who are at home from Shanghai are
with us for the evening. But it is
raining and they didn't come, and
while I was deciding whether or
not to go, it got too late & I
decided to stay at home and
write to you. They go to bed -

So, I've done the one, and
now I'll do the other -

Much Love,

Abbie

Much love to the ones^x whom you know
I wish to give it -

Today is March 13, a month from the
day I arrived -

The rainy season has begun with a
vengeance -

I wish I had some of your "iron
glue"; I pulled a bit out of the other
one of my galoshes last night!

No 5

Suslow, China
Sunday, March 20, 1932

Dear Quess -

It is now 7.30 P.M. - or rather - 8.45, for since I wrote that P.M. Mabelle and I have been sitting here talking, and the time does manage to go, somehow - The ~~Eighteen~~ girls and Velva all have birthdays soon and we are planning parties for them, and thus the delay in getting this letter started. Mabelle says to tell you she is to blame but she sends you her love just the same.

I am to the "breathless" stage already, just swamped, and I've only been here five weeks - Isn't it dreadful? But Easter preparation is to blame for some of it - and there is no hope for any rest at all until a whole week after Easter - This last week was full, getting songs ready, getting them printed, etc. and getting rehearsals in - Yesterday I spent a good bit of time measuring curtains for our living room and new cushions for the long seat. (I got the cretonnes in Shanghai, with the help of Abet Hylbert -; it was about the only shopping I did there!) Today I began with Sunday School at 8.30 - then

went right on to church, got home just in time to
cut some flowers for the table before dinner - then
went off immediately after dinner to the young
people's society. At that meeting we had 33 present -
and a really keen interest was shown in the whole
thing. They are a pretty lively bunch - and I am
so very much encouraged about the whole thing. Then
after that meeting was over their special group of
singers stayed on to rehearse for the Easter music. They
weren't all there, but I am surely proud of them.

We shall have to have about 3 more practices this week if
we are to get it as we ought, but it will be worth while -
I shall have at least two other music rehearsals this
week, and I have been asked to lead the women's
prayermeeting, ^{Thurs.} but I think I shall have to refuse that.
I teach a class until 3.10 Thursday and have a music
rehearsal beginning at 4.00 - and thus the 3.00 to 4.00
prayermeeting would have to be crowded into too small
a space -

I have one of the teachers coming here tomorrow
night to study English - Tuesday night is Evelyn's
birthday party - to which we are inviting the Hoberts and
Burkett. Wednesday night is prayermeeting; Thursday is

my regular night to take study hall at school, and Friday evening is a rehearsal for Easter music - Sat. eve. I really ought to rest for the next day, but I doubt very much whether that will be possible.

The following Monday exams (1st monthly for the term) begin - and as soon as those are over they will have to be corrected - and so it goes. But I'm glad to report that thus far, the students have been splendid. But the school shows the effects of last term's upsets still, and there is still quite evidently a barrier between the students and some of the teachers.

Considering all that has passed, however, I think we are pretty fortunate to have things go as well as they have gone thus far this term. Arriving as I did just in time to begin work, my things are not yet straightened out at all - and I don't know that they can be entirely until summer. There were several things about my arriving this time which, all put together, contrived to make the whole thing more or less of a strain. Everybody has been asking about Emily, for one thing. My going up to look over her things

was not a very easy thing and my losing sleep -
for some reason - on the boat, was another thing
which was down my resistance - !!)

The letter which surprised me is at Vancouver
was another item which caused some of the
unusual strain. I am perfectly willing to have
father know about that; by "private" I meant "not
public" for I can visualize the people in that
vicinity who are anxious to hear news from China -
and I didn't want any embarrassment before any
of them -

I did write to Warren, from the steamer. Remember
one experience where I was accused of being cruel,
sarcastic, and unkind when I suggested that
I didn't wish to write to a married man, I
tried to write this letter very carefully, especially
since I didn't know what his present status might
be! So while hinting that perhaps he ought not
to have written - as he did, I suggested that it
had been a long time since I had known anything
about his "business life, love life, hobbies, babies, worries",
etc. I expressed my great surprise - and humility, etc. to
receive such a letter - and said that I was hoping

I write to his mother & if I did so I would tell her about my year at home, etc. I simply mentioned the fact that you had been sick, but I gave no details - and I signed myself "with sincere regard" -

I did intend the letter to be kind, but it must have been too kind, or something, for I have already had an answer - longer and more "eloquent (?) than the first. He is quite "keen" about my letter - its simplicity - saying so much in a few words - yet being so artistic, etc. - He makes particular mention of the phrase already quoted, "business life, etc." and tells me at length about each of them. He has four lovely children, apparently - and he thinks they, and their mother too, are probably quite happy. As for him there has been a "terrible miss somewhere" - Home life ought to mean so much, but has lacked much of what he had dreamed & hoped, etc. - He refers again to the very few times we ever were together, of the pleasure he now has in thinking of those simple experiences - which were conversations, & no more. He goes further into the matter of loneliness & a

great sense of need, and of the inspiration which letters from me could give him - of the hope of seeing & talking with me again - of his vain search for any ulterior motive in wanting this communication since our lives must continue to be so far apart - of what a help this "beautiful friendship" has been to him even when I didn't know it, etc - + much more -

So! You can see there another reason for much turmoil of mind in those recent weeks. I didn't know what to do at first. And I went through all the struggle of wondering whether I should just drop the whole thing - and then deciding that probably I had been a trifle too kind in my letter (though not indiscreet, I hope) just because I didn't want to hurt the man's feelings unnecessarily -

Well! I have written another letter, and I tried to make this one kind also, but in a different way. I said that that no matter how stimulating, ^{mentally, and even spiritually,} ~~and~~ ^{helpful} letters between us might be, they would always need to be so in a way that would be helpful to us both in every

4

(and said that was of utmost importance, and that
I thought in his inmost heart he would despise me
if I did not insist on that.)

way. Two of the ways I mentioned were "helpful" to him
"in making or keeping" his "home relations happy",
and "helpful to us both in the temptations that do
sometimes come to the strongest of us" - and that
if letters did not fulfil these requirements, they must
stop at once - I recognized him as a person of high
ideals and spoke of the need of carefulness - not
cautionness because we were afraid, but
carefulness, because we have the high compulsion
to be right.

I quoted this from his second letter: "~~To have kept~~
(He had thought of writing in a "purely friendly" way a number
of times - and said) "To have kept back the flood all
these years - and especially the year and a
half you were at home. There must have been
some reason; what, I do not know" - And I
said "Of course, some reason; such a simple
one; because it was right. Isn't that it?" -

Just what will come next, I do not know.
I have a very strong feeling that all this
intense expression is what you might call a

passing phase, and if letters might go back and forth once or twice which would necessarily include Mrs. Warren, and perhaps H's mother and maybe his brother and family - the whole thing might settle down to normal - ^{and the letters would stop naturally, leaving no more} But unless this can be thought about, the thing to do will be to quit before anything further is begun -

You may rest easy about my being "heart whole and fancy free" - Of course I am; I have to be, don't I? But slight emotional disturbances, I comfort myself, are biological, not wicked, under some circumstances - ! (What do you say to that, pa?) And I'd like so much to have the man in question "get over" his difficulty, and be heart whole also. He has been using his imagination - that is evident. If he can be made to use it in a different direction perhaps everything can be mended!

Much love

Abbie

I have received since my arrival
two, from you — letters
as follows — Jan 12, Jan 18
(no 4) Jan 31. Feb 1 + 7
(no 6) Feb 14
(no 7) Feb 22

They have made pretty good
time; the latest one arrived
Mar 19 —

CANADIAN PACIFIC

S. S. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

To be read in private

Private

(Addenda)

(When you have read this you will see why I did not put it in with the rest of the letter, which you may wish to read to people - You may burn it after you have read it, please)

After lunch of the day we sailed when I came back to my cabin I found a registered Air mail special delivery letter from Warren Barlingame. On Monday Jan 11 he had telegraphed to Gov. D. H. to find out if I was still in S. Bernier (I hadn't known that he knew I was there!). Then he wired ^{Jan 12} the Invasion Society in New York and got their answer that I was sailing the 16th on the Russia.

He waited nearly all that day before realizing that an air mail letter might reach me. It did, just barely (to the tune of 62 cents).

12 pages of closely written foolscap in which he unburdened himself to

me regarding his state of mind concerning me - It has what I should

diagnoses as an extremely bad case
of never-ending unattainableness - superlative
desirability, or something like that.

He always did write a pretty good
letter, and this one, written rather
convincingly in an outburst of
long pent-up emotion that seems
all too sincere, has shaken me
up rather more than I like to admit.
His letter, because of the circumstances,
makes me think a little of Mr. Lindsay,
but it has a far more spiritual
quality than Mr. Lindsay's effusions
had - Moreover, Mr. Lindsay never
had the slightest attraction for me -
and I cannot truthfully say that
about Warren -

Of course he should not have
written - but he did. He is not
asking for anything, he knows our
lives must continue to be the
width of the world apart - but
he felt he must have me know -
So what is there to do?

Twice during this furlough, though

you did not know it. I half
planned to stop over a night
in Charlton to see Mrs. Burlingame,
knowing in my soul that Warren
would somehow manage to see me.
But I felt there was something
in the nature of a temptation in
my desire to go there, so I
decided each time not to do it.
I'm not sure now but that I
wish I had gone; this outbreak
might have been avoided -
I'm afraid relations between us
will now always be strained to a
certain extent - and yet there is
really nothing in the letter that I would
need to be ashamed for anyone to see -
(Only I don't want anyone to see it!)

Well - what about it anyway?
Isn't it the limit? Who in the world
does he know in Dover? and why didn't
he telegraph a few days sooner?
He would have come to N. Y. &
see me, if he had been in time -
It's all a mystery to me - if you
ever find out anything, I hope you'll
tell me quiet! A.

(no 6)

Swatow, China

Mar. 28, 1932

Dearest One,

No, I'm not in any trouble -
that is, more than usual! This
paper and pencil does not mean that
I have been kidnapped and am writing
from my prison cell, etc. ! It simply
means that I happen to be stranded
at school with first model students
taking an examination and I have
an hour on my hands. Very foolishly
I brought no book, no work, no pen nor
even paper with me - I had only my
attendance notebook, and a pencil -
I scribbled this paper from the office
and now I'm beginning to you the
scribble which should have been
written yesterday had there been time.

I realize that you may have some difficulty in reading this, for my pencil is not a very soft one, but here goes -

I'm sitting at the desk of one of our pleasantest rooms in the new unfinished building, a room that the seniors always get for their afternoon classes. The beautiful view, out across the bay with the steamers at anchor, and the launches going back and forth - and the sailing boats going up and down, sometimes holds the attention of the students more than the lessons do!

I'm wearing my red and tan striped ^{light} faji (silk?) dress with my brown coat over it - for it is fairly chilly again, after a beautiful, sunny, warm Easter day yesterday - I have just

put my brown straw hat on the desk -
and beside it is my blue umbrella -
On my feet are my old black shoes.
The last two mentioned articles came
out of my boxes which arrived Saturday
P.M.

You may be interested to know
that Aunt Gertrude's green glass
bowl, and my thermos bottle, arrived
intact - I haven't opened the green
lamp shade, but I have no reason
to believe it is broken. One thing
did break, however - one of the
iron braces of father's chair! I
was heart sick until I found that
it can be mended in Swatara -
welded - probably -
I'm very glad to have the boxes -
it will be Christmas all over again

& open them for I have really
forgotten what all was in the boxes,
they were packed in such a hurry.

Yesterday was a day full of
happy thoughts and sad thoughts
and a hysterical giggle or two
thrown in - The happy thoughts
were brought by a beautiful sunrise
service which the ^(in English) missionaries
and a few Chinese joined in at
6 in the morning with a short prayer
and a little helpful reading and
~~some~~ ^{with a good L.S. lesson at 8.30 -}
some singing ^{also} by a family
well filled audience at the new
church - flowers, splendid songs -
a good young people's meeting -
and a trip with these same
young people across the bay to

take part in ² an Easter musical service at the Y. M. C. A. in Levittown city; by a little call on the Pans (at whose wedding I sang; yesterday they got me to sing the same song "Because" for them again.)

The sad thoughts came from the lack of interest that so many of our boys and girls are taking in any religious affairs this year, and the ^{apparent} indifference to this situation on the part of many Christian students.

The giggle or two came from some unexpected funny quirks in some of the songs at the "Y." A rendition of a selection from

Handel's Messiah which seemed
to us a travesty on that beautiful
thing - Poor soloist, though? He
did the best he could, but we
couldn't catch him any time
when he and the accompanist
were together on the music! It
was really excruciating - The
difficult part was wondering
what ^{an} awful thing it would be
if our bottled up risibles should
succeed in boiling over in spite
of our noble efforts to contain
them!

But the contribution of our young
people was a good one - I was
proud of them - The Swatow

Christian Institute choir sang a
good number - well?! Three of
the four ladies learned to sing in
our girls' school - Mui Hong, (who
was when her baby was coming) was
the leading soprano - Others in the
choir were Mui Hong's husband, the
husband's brother & his wife, and the
husband's sister - and a man who
is looking seriously at that same
sister these days - The choir
would certainly suffer if that
~~choir~~ family should leave the
community - !

I had another letter from you
yesterday (I'll try to remember to send
back the ballot request) and a
letter from Arthur - I must
write to him -

We have a holiday tomorrow -
and I want to work on my blue
voile dress, correct the 3 sets of
exams which I have given today,
wash my hair - put the rest of
the pictures up in my bedroom,
rearrange the books in my bookcase,
unpack my boxes, and ~~prune~~
the rose-bushes, ^{and write 20 letters -} And then
some —

So - goodbye - there goes
the bell, anyway —

L.

Abbe

Dear Mother -

I find that I need
two more filet panels like the one
I brought. Will you please order
them from Sears Roebuck - I'm
not sure about the price but
it is between \$84 and 1.50, I
think: if it is more I want it
just the same. You order it
sent to you and then send it
on to me, please - Sears R. will
not export things, I believe - Then
let me know the price you paid
so I can cross it off my
check book - You may be able
to find this pattern in the
big order book, I don't know. If
they send one a little different
it won't matter too much - if
the color (that of the sample of fringe)
is the same - No 35 was never
written, by the way - purely an
oversight! ~~The~~

Thank you for writing to Mrs.
Gammon - I have received her letter
here and will write to her soon -

I am sending extra money for
having the address changed for
these magazines - Please send
the Atlantics on to me and keep
the Reader's Digest yourself or
give it away when you have
read it — (Or — burn it!)

The curtains are cream, I
think, at least they are the color
of the fringe - and they are
single panels 48" x 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ y. (short) and
and I want 2.

Many thanks for the trouble.
Don't bother to send those scrapbooks
etc - and value the curtains
very low - Mark them
window curtains (~~not~~ lace) do
not write the word lace on pkg.

Love again
Abbie

(over 2)

Fillet panel, (cream)
~~cream~~
48" x 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ y. like fringe

Swatow, China

Apr. 3, 1932

(no 7)

Mother dear -

Such a bad neglectful child you have - way off in China and never sent her mother a birthday present - or anything! (Nor to pa either, for that matter, if I remember correctly). Well - I have been thinking about you a lot today, anyway - and wishing you a happy birthday - and hoping you weren't sick - and just wishing you could take a little peep in on me here today -

Hazel Mann and Dorothy Howell of Idaho arrived in Swatow yesterday. Dorothy is on her way home - and I am sure she needs her farlough very badly. She doesn't seem at all well. She leaves Hongkong on the "Hawes" April 12 - so that gives her just about a week here. I am going to take her up to Chaoshou for this week sometime - on Tuesday, probably - and will come back Thursday. At first Hazel was going with us, and possibly Mabelle - but just tonight Mabelle has suggested the plan of going to Hong Kong and taking Hazel with her. Fannie Northcott is staying up there nearly all the time now, and she is from the same church in Cleveland where Hazel attended when she was in nurses' training, and of course knows many of the

people there - I hope they do go - for Mabelle needs
to get away from here, and I would have a
better chance to visit with Dorothy Dowell if I
had her to myself going up to Ch. ch. fr - But
we shall plan somehow - and it will work out
all right, I rather think -

We have had exams this week, and now I have a
stack to correct. I hope I can make myself do the most
of them to-morrow and have them off my chest. This
week is our spring vacation - and I'm just as glad to
have a vacation as if I had worked steadily for six
months - I really haven't got my breath yet!!

Last night we surely broke away for a grand good time.
It was Marion Stephen's birthday, and seeing that this
year is the Washington anniversary, we had a sort of
Washington party - with every guest dressed up as a
friend of Washington's - or something like that. The
original idea was to have Velva (whose birthday is
April 1) as George - But she has gone to Hongkong
as Beatrice Ericson was George. Marion was Martha.
Mrs. Wiley and Mabelle both dressed as Betsey Ross,
Edna and Mrs. Spöcher came as Dolly & James Madison.
Dorothy Campbell was Alexander Hamilton and Dorothy
Dowell dressed as Aaron Burr - Hazel wore my campfire
rig - (Pocahontas) Edith Traver as a lady of that
time - and Evelyn and I made quite a hit as Columbia
and Uncle Sam - I really had quite a marvelous

heard, with a wire in it, to stick it straight out
from my chin — (stuck it on with adhesive tape —
The boys (houseboys) just about had a convulsion fit.
Well — we cut silhouettes, made cross-stitch samples —
and paper millinery — and had a grand hilarian
time — Uncle Sam kept in character all evening
as much as possible and so did the others. It
was a good relaxation from school worries and
did us good, I believe.

A Mai che thought it was dreadful for me
to rig up to make myself look so dreadful, when
I am really very beautiful, if I am dressed up
properly! I said "Well, I'm not hunting for 'beautiful'
I'm hunting for 'funny' — If I try very hard perhaps
I can look funny, but no matter how many
years I tried I could never look beautiful" — But
she still insisted that everybody says how beautiful
I am when I'm dressed up — Well — at least
that lets you know that Chinese ideas of beauty
are quite different from ours — !

We had a baptism in the new church today.
Oh it is so beautiful — The curtains, and the
lack of anything objectionable in coming up
out of the water — and having it as quiet in
the church — it was very impressive — It is
such a comfort to have this new church — We
have a debt of \$4000 + and they are trying very
hard to raise it right away. That means that

We will be expected to make another contribution.
I want to do so, and shall give as much as
I can, but I wish I had more to give. It
is just such a joy to have the splendid church
building -

Mother dear - I wish I had a nice birthday
gift for you - but I haven't anything at all. And
by the time you get this it will be Mother's Day.
and I haven't anything for that either - except
this little verse of song that I found in a music
magazine - But I think it fits pretty well -

You are like a blessed candle
Burning through life's night.
Gently useful, softly radiant
Always giving light.
Light which sweetly is reflected
In each passing face, -
As of candles still burning
In a holy place.
Candles, Mother mine, burn brightly
To the very last, -
Giving till their all is given
And the dark is past.
You are like a little candle
Beautiful in the night.
Life grows late but you grow dearer,
Always giving light -

(Much love to you - mine is
I can possibly tell -
- Yours, Abbie

Swatow, China

Apr. 10, 1932

Dear Quen -

Fourteen years ago today I landed in China - I wish I could see more accomplished than I can - yet some small satisfactions make themselves evident, although I sometimes despair of ever doing anything very much worth while - If for nothing else I could be glad I have spent 14 years here, just for the sake of being in a Young Peoples Committee meeting tonight and seeing the group work things out for themselves in a way that we have been longing for. In former days it was push, push, suggest, be turned down, suggest again, drop, try over, and so on. Now the young folks have plenty of suggestions on their own look, I can tell you. But tonight when I suggested that some other day than Sunday would be better for a welcome to new members - (with refreshments, games, etc.) they immediately agreed, and changed it to Saturday -

Our president, Mrs. Sun, about whom you have heard so much, has left no quito suddenly, to be married. She is marrying a man who is the magistrate in two countries (Kenneth Taggart was given that name)

and as far as personalities are concerned, I think they will make a fine team. But Mrs. Sun's father is a minister and disapproves the match because Hong Hui is divorced. If ever man tried hard to make something of his wife and failed in spite of every effort, and if ever man needed a real wife to help him, this man has done so. And I have a lot of sympathy for him. Mrs. Sun came to talk to me about it - but it was too late for me to do anything except let her know my disapproval and then urge her to be true to her Christian principles. (The man is a Christian.) I told her it was not too late to break off the engagement but that she had to be the one to do it. I asked her to ask herself carefully if it was right in God's sight. She was very sweet about it, though I was very much broken up myself. But you couldn't argue with her, for she was so sure she was right. Well! The best laid plans, etc. I feel very badly about it - but it cannot be helped and we must make the best of it. I can't help feeling that she is sincere and that Hong Hui is a good man. He was divorced more than a year ago - Before he ever saw Mrs. Sun -

I had your letter of Mar. 14 yesterday. Wasn't that pretty good? And today letters from Doris Bennett, Arthur, Mrs. Berj. Burlingame - a lovely long letter - and also a crazy one, written Chinese fashion, but on the typewriter, from Mr. Luebeck. I think I'll enclose that one to you. He writes to all the Kou-nies quite impartially (The \$94. was for some of Emily's things which he bought.)

This last week has been a holiday, but I have accomplished very little. Tuesday, I took Dorothy Howell and Hazel Mann up to Chaohowfu. I took them shopping - and we had a good visit with Mrs. Baker - and I got the rest of Emily's things packed up. Then Thursday we went to Pang Khoi by automobile (about 6 miles from Chaohowfu) and saw the potteries - then came on home -

Dorothy left yesterday ^{for Hongkong} and Hazel went with Evelyn to Chaoyang for the week-end. So I corrected a good many papers yesterday - but I am sorry to say I haven't a clean slate yet. I hope to get them finished up tomorrow -

You want to know more about the Hussey box - It was a grand box, I tell you - I can't remember the exact order but there were 23 packages and every one had a rhyme to match.

The packages contained

green scarf, box of candy, 1 pkg wash cloths,
1 string blue and black beads, 1 pr shoe trees
1 box salted nuts, 1 penguin measure, 1 hat stand,
1 set tumblers coasters, 1 tiny flower pot, 1 kitchen holder
(yellow oil cloth, tin holders, laundry + memo pads + pencil)
1 black + white silhouette picture, 1 box writing paper.
2 clamps for papers, 1 table cover, 1 2 inch sewing
kit, 1 pkg paper napkins, 1 box bath salts,
1 bottle hand lotion, 1 apron, 1 copper scrub brush,
1 box powder, 1 box clips -
(in pretty jar)

One of the verses:

" Abbie put the kettle on
" Will all take tea
Set a place for you
And set a place for me
" Don't forget the sugar
Don't forget the cream
" Be sure to put your apron on
When the kettle starts to steam."

Much love,
Abbie

Kityang, April 9, 1932.

With	I	where	I	No	Dear
kind	hope	in	was	doubt	Miss
greet-	you	Shang-	too	you	Sander-
ings	are	hai.	silly	have	son:
and	feel-	Have	to	re-	
best	ing	also	accept	ceived	
wishes	fine	had	your	through	
I	in	word	offer.	Dr.	
am	your	from	In	Stephens	
	cozy	Prof.	the	my	
Since-	palace	Cheng,	mean-	check	
rely	with	a	time	for	
yours	the	nice,	I	\$94,-	
	nice	long	neg-	and	
	fire-	letter,	lected	the	
	place	invit-	to	extra	
	in	ing	mail	pict-	
	your	me	it	ure	
	Room.	to	myself.	of	
	I	spend		the	
	still	my	Have	boat	
	remem-	summer	had	party	
	ber	vacat	a	two	
	what	tion	very	months	
	you	up	nice	ago.	
	said	North.	letter	Would	
	about	He	from	you	
	need-	thinks	Dr.	mind	
	ing	Nankai	Tsai.	sending	
	some	U.	His	this	
	fire	is	Medical	picture	
	until	a	College	to	
	late	place	at	Mrs.	
	in	I	Woosung	Mei?	
	April.	should	is	You	
		not	comple-	suggest-	
		miss	tely	ed	
		under	ruined,	doing	
		any	but	it	
		circum-	the	some	
		stances	insti-	time	
			tution	ago.	
			meets	That	
			some-	time	

*Lise
Buen
Ngo*

學 中 光 華

SWATOW KAK-KUANG ACADEMY,

SWATOW, CHINA.

Apr. 17, 1932

Dear Ones -

You will be glad to know that I have Father's desk chair repaired, and caned, and screwed together, and I'm sitting in it as I write. I am so glad to have it. It hasn't been varnished yet but I'll have that done a little later. The cost of mending the broken iron brace and putting the seat in was \$2. Mex - or at present exchange less than 50¢ gold! And the sand papering and oiling or varnishing will not cost more than that, probably. Pretty cheap, I say!

The days go by so fast I can scarcely count them - and I don't seem to get much done in a day - Only today have I got really down to business in going over Emily's things;

sorting, choosing, going according to the golden rule as well
 as I can about what things to put up for sale. There are
 a few things that I shall have to ask her about, and I
 don't know whether the prices they will bring will seem
 dreadfully small or not. I shall do the best I can,
 though - and not worry about it. It would seem better
 to me to sell the things even if they have to go pretty cheap.
 than to have them hanging around here with nobody
 wanting them. For the time being, I have put the things in
 our attic and our store room and our guest-room. There
 are two tables and several chairs that I shall take myself -
 and I'm going to have Dr. Chen, our science professor (the tall
 one, who studied in France) look at the radio and if it can
 be made to work I think I'll take that too. It is a home made
 one - made by a former Seventh Day Adventist here in Swatow -
 and it used to work very well. I have heard Manila over
 it several times - (before I went home this last time.)

Last Saturday morning we had such a nice party with some of our older girls - At 6 A.M. Mabelle and I went over to the dormitory. We had planned to take our breakfast and go out to Blupper Rock (near the shore here) in little boats. But it was raining, so after the girls got together we picked up the breakfast and brought it over to the south veranda of East Recitation Hall (the New Girls' Building that is still uncompleted). We sang a great deal, talked a lot, played games - and enjoyed having the boys come out from their dormitory on the upper hill - two or three at a time, peering out from under their umbrellas or a raincoat hastily flung over their heads - harrying with curiosity to know what in the world the girls were doing over at East Hall! It was just a social get-to-gether - but we are quite happy about the nice ways it worked out -

Fogelmann is still here - we are having a nice visit with her - Love Abbie

Apr. 27, 1932

Dear Quas,

It is late enough for me to be in bed, but I want to get a little letter started - I didn't write on Sunday and - things have been so thick for the past week, anyway! And I want to get some sort of word to you.

I have just finished writing a difficult letter to Mrs. Chambers - We heard this P.M. of the recent death - very sudden - of Dr. Chambers - We have known for five or six years that his life might snuff out like a candle any day - but now that he has actually gone it seems hard to grasp - And poor little selfish me sits here and thinks how hard it is to write the letter! But writing such letters always just tears me & gives me

Hazel Mann left yesterday. I think she had a wonderful time here, and I surely enjoyed having her here - Yesterday was a grand climax however, & several weeks that have been getting busier and busier - Saturday morning Hazel put vasoline on my scalp for me, then washed my hair (but didn't get the grease out!) Then we all went for a long picnic walk with the Junior 1 & 2 girls. Got back just in time to grab a bite for supper and rush over to a party where the young people's society entertained our High School Sunday School. They had a grand party but I had a grand headache next morning - Went to all the meetings as usual - Monday was busy - then Tuesday - oh BOY! Four classes straight - (4 hours) in the morning - At 2:15 I went to another class -

started them on a written lesson which I
left for Matelle to gather up - I rushed off to
the boat with Hazel there - Grace Dain of Burma
and her mother were here visiting Velva over the
week end - up from Hong Kong on their way to
U.S.A. They all went out to the boat too, for
they had to get back to Hong Kong - Velva and I came
right back and I rushed again up to school
for the school picture at 4 P.M. Wanda Hobart
had asked me to join tea at her house at 4.30
but she got someone to take my place until I got
there, which was not until 5. In the evening
Tang Khuen Eng, the girl who is ~~our~~ school librarian,
came to read David Copperfield -

Today I had some free time in the morning so
I tried out my hair again. It took about ten washings,
and lemon juice, and alcohol, and finally, white
of egg and another dose of Iroxy Soap! But it
is clear now! This afternoon after my class
I had a make-up Sunday School exam - and
this evening I have been to the Mission
Prayer meeting - And !! I'm so sleepy
that actually I don't know what my name
is - Oh by the way - save the stamps that
I put on my letters now and send to
Charlie Flagg - They are new ones just out.
Much love - Abbie

May 2, 1932

Dear Ones,

Monday again - The days fly by so very very fast - Saturday night we had Principal & Mrs. Ling, Dean Yang, Mrs. ~~Hung~~^{Ling} (Physical Director for girls) with her husband and her brother Mr. Hung (who got me the pigskin top tables and the dragon-candlesticks), the dean of girls, Miss Lee, and the librarian, Miss Chen, for a May day party - We had a Maypole on the table with 10 dollies holding the streamers dancing around it. (little celluloid dolls that would stand alone). At its far end of the table was another doll dressed as May queen, and a little page holding her train - They enjoyed the decorations and we had a happy evening - but I was tired yesterday - when I wanted lots of pep for all the meetings I needed to attend.

Your letters of Mar 29 and Apr 3 both arrived Saturday, Apr. 30 - I am so glad to hear of all the progress in the different departments of the church - I feel like writing a letter to the P.E's,

if only I could get around to it.

On Saturday I also received another letter from Warren Burlingame. He is most repentant at having caused me distress by any "overstepping of bounds" in his previous letter yet he does not seem to have changed in the matter of feeling. I think he is beginning to see, however, that letters between us ought not only to be such as he would gladly have his wife read, but they should be read by her, if everything is to be open and above board. He intends he says, to write a letter to me from his whole family. Whether or not I shall answer that will depend on the letter. This letter I have just received needs no answer, for the present, at least. I am not worrying any more. The thing is going to simmer down naturally. I think, so that we can be the best of friends -

I am going to send you some more letters that I have had. Some of them welcome letters that were delayed and I didn't receive until long after I arrived in Swatow (mail was not delivered at Shanghai). The letters are not for publication; you'll probably think me terribly vain to send them to you -!

You keep asking about my health - It is good - and everybody says I'm looking well. I get tired - but my trip to Baguio ought to do a lot for me -

Much love

Please return Mrs. Baker's letter - and Harry's. Alice

Swatow, China

Mr 12

May 11, 1932

Dearest Ones,

Even Mother's Day went by without my writing a word home. And that was bad, too, because out here last Sunday was celebrated as Parents' Day - including both Father and Mother. It was a busy day, as usual - a little busier than usual, I think. I went to walk after the meetings of the day were over - The two enclosed group pictures were taken that day. Mr. Luback was down from Kitang and he went along too - He and Marion seem to like it off pretty well, even so the pictures indicate! Just after the larger group picture was taken the rest of us got ahead of them and we never did lay eyes on them until after we got home - That, of course, is going, pure and unadulterated! Why shouldn't they like it off well - ? It would be queer if they didn't -

By the way, your letter asked

me what I thought of Mr. Liebeck -
said I hadn't expressed my opinion.
I had been wondering whether you
wouldn't think my letters were
full of Mr. L. I feel as though
I have written much about him.

I like him very much so far, admire
his attitude along many lines, and
think he will make a good missionary.
When we arrived, people were inclined
to tease me about having had such
a good chance to "nab" him before
the others got a chance - and they
seemed to think it would not be
strange if we should be specially
interested in each other. I cannot
see indications, however, that either
of us is much inclined in that
direction. I have had other things
to think about, and he has had other
people to look at & talk with!

The picture of the church is one I
took about two weeks ago and some
people say it is the best one that has
been taken - I think it is pretty
clear. Mabel is standing under the
big banyan tree. The "flower
maiden" was taken just as I came

(2) in from the garden one day last week, with my arms full of red rambler ^{20.00} ~~20.00~~ I picked up a basket of yellow 'Duchers' - of - Wallington' blossoms to add to the display. The roses are past their height now but we surely had one gorgeous display for a few weeks -

This is now Wednesday night at half past ten. I have been to prayer-meeting; it was my turn to lead. My subject was 'How can I conquer me?' I read from the 7th & 8th chapters of Romans - and the hymns we sang were these:

Jesus, Master, whom I serve
Fight the good fight
Forth in Thy Name
Saviour Teach me Day by Day
Soldiers of Christ Arise
Jesus calls us

Take my life & let it be -
The theme was that of the daily struggle within ourselves;

Analysis: 1) Great desire to have the right, the high, in us, conquer yet, helplessness to conquer alone.

- 2) Passion to be used, to serve yet, inertia laziness? weakness
 - 3) Grief at our slowness to let God rule in us, yet, tenacity with which we cling to our own ideas & ways.
- Cure:

- 1) Recognize our need
- 2) Remember that our strength to do is not within us, but from above.
- 3) Keep up the fight unceasing
- 4) Forget self, lose fear.

Love, for God & for fellowmen, is ultimately the secret of it all, and

without struggle, nothing is accomplished, but through struggle we may attain victory, peace, and even power.

I can't tell whether it was helpful to others, but it helped me, to work it out, anyway - It was rather short - and I referred, a good bit to "More than Conquerors", the book that Gladys Paul's friend, Miss Gilbert, wrote -

3.) Correspondence has not ceased
& come from Worcester, Mass., but
the color of the picture is changing
a little - On Saturday I had
a good, interesting letter from
W. F. B., one which his wife evidently
read, with two short notes from
daughters Shirley and Betty,
aged ten & eight respectively -
A letter showing cordial interest
in my work and life out here,
conditions in the country, and
so on - A letter which I must
answer sometime before long, but
~~which~~ because it would be such
and unmissionaryish not to do so!
Again I shall try to be very
careful and tactful. This business
of having a reputation of being
tactful is pretty awful sometimes,
yet practice in being tactful
stands one in good stead sometimes!
I am getting sleepy now, so good
night - But I love you, just the
same! Always,

Love to the folks, a lot of
Special lot of it to Uncle Samuel, this trip!

(13)

Swatow, May 17, 1932

Dear Ones,

We are in the midst of our second "monthly" exams of the term. They are not really monthly exams for we have only two during a semester, but they have come to be called that somehow. I always get up speed and go faster and faster at this time, getting exam. questions printed on the mimeograph, getting review lessons in that will pretty well cover the work gone over, and then getting through the examinations themselves. It is just as much of an ordeal as it is in any school at home and there is the same let down when it is all over and the same depression when you find yourself with regular work to be carried on

as usual, but with the addition of a tall pile of papers to be corrected during the minutes in between times. I never do get papers corrected satisfactorily that way. I need to take a half day and just buckle down to "nothing else but" if I want to do the thing in proper shape.

But even if routine work does press there are other things which cannot be left out, and in a way I am glad to have them come at a time when people are busy, if only to prove that there are still some faithful "bones" that have not bowed to Baal" or entirely drifted away from the work to which they once devoted themselves.

We have thought sometimes that our young people were drifting far from

2/ the path that they ought to take, new
thinking too much about games, good
times, etc. But I have just come
from a meeting that would have
given your hearts good food you
have seen and heard.

Next Sunday is Decision Day
at church and the plan is to make
it a decision day in all departments
of the work. There are to be special
speakers at the regular morning service
and at a 3 o'clock afternoon service,
and in Sunday School at 8.30 the
matter is to be emphasized. The
church committee wrote a letter to
our Young People's Society asking them
to remember the day specially -
So the members of our cabinet met
the other day to see what they could do.
They decided to canvass all members
of Young People's who were not church
members and ask each one to decide
on a forward step - to become Christian
if they were not already, and to decide

about baptism if they were already
Christians. But later of the
cabinet members were found to be
now church members, though they are
both Christians. So the cabinet
decided to enlist the help of all
the church members, ^{who belong to the young people's society} and that was
the meeting I just attended. Not
all the church members came, but
over twenty were there, and each one
took it upon himself to give a
personal invitation to a certain one
or two. All the names were given
out and we had a very precious
little time of prayer as we realized
that these things cannot be done in
our own strength. What may be
accomplished cannot yet be told,
but I know that this little meeting
tonight was a help to most of
those who were there. I should be
very glad if the young people in
South Warwick would pray in
their meetings, as well as in
their individual devotional times. For
Lim Chin Hi, our new president (who
is Pan Leam Tseeng Toe for our friends)

3) takes the place of Mrs. Ben - the girl who has recently been married.) He is a Junior in High School - or rather he is in his second year Senior High, which means that he will graduate next year. The non-Christian boys in school are quite fond of asking him questions about religious subjects, and he has a busy time answering, from what I gather. He is having a pretty good opportunity to give his withers, and I hope he will keep his head, and also that he will keep on as he has begun, by realizing that our little group falls still far short of realizing the ideal. We are the best Young Peoples Society in this section, looking at things from a human standpoint, but we still lack a great deal. I feel encouraged, however, and even the pile of papers doesn't

look as forbidding to me as it
did this noon!

Much love to you—

Abba

No 14

Suifu, China
May 22, 1932

Dear One,

Decision Day is here and over. We have had a great day in some respects - Some of our young people who had not confessed themselves as willing to be known as Christians (the regular name for Christians here) have come to the point of deciding that question. Only one from our Young Peoples Society went the whole way today, and rose in the morning meeting signifying his decision.

But this boy is one of my Sunday School class and I am hoping it will mean a great deal both to him and to his classmates. He is the younger brother of the Chinese doctor who is connected with our

Hospital here -

At our Sunday School this morning each teacher emphasized the subject of deciding to be a Christian and then teachers and pupils all went to church. The speaker was one of a group of men from the Bethel Mission in Shanghai who are holding special meetings in the Swatan Institutional Church just now -

He was very forceful, perhaps too lively to suit some of the older people - a bit Billy-Sunday-like, but you felt that what he gave was from the heart and was every whit sincere. That is what appeals to our young people now-a-days. There were a good many decisions - how many

2 I don't yet know, but people
were stirred. and as far as
the young people are concerned,
I believe it is only a beginning.
Another one of the men spoke at
a three o'clock meeting today - giving
a most vivid picture of his own
life and struggle against God's
call; his prolonged stubbornness
and final surrender - It was
a gripping story; the invitation was
not given but I have an idea that
this afternoon some people were
set to thinking who were not
appealed to this morning -
There are to be two more
meetings to-morrow -

My exams are many of them
still piled up - The ones I had
hoped to give back to-morrow will
not be ready unless I get up at

4 A.M. and if I do that I'm
really afraid I shall be too sleepy
to work straight!

Much love to you —

Abbie
Love to all the folks.

Private

May 22
(Continued)

Dear Father and Mother,

I was very
happy to get your letters of Apr 18
and 24 this afternoon after I got
home.

But your letters of the 18th makes
me wonder whether after all, I did
right in telling you about Warren.
I am afraid I have worried
you far beyond what I had
a right to worry you - I could
not tell you anything about it,
I felt, without telling everything,
so you know all the ups and
downs that my own human-
old maid soul went through -
as well as Warren's part of the

affair - And for a while I was really a good deal bothered myself. If you could know how far into the background of my consciousness this thing has settled now, I think you would worry no longer. You do know, I am guessing, pretty much how far to the forefront of my thinking it was for a while!

As far as I am concerned the thing is settled, - in the only way that all our problems must be settled, with the aid of a higher power. I wrote Mr. Warren that things could not be between us which would in any way hinder the happiness of him or any of his, and suggested that he had gone somewhat beyond bounds. I think I told you of his answer in which he expressed the greatest regret that he had written as he did - that he might have known he would regret it when he "came to his senses" - He did not

^{in so many words}
*ask me ^{to} answer that letter, but
he hoped I would answer one
which he ~~had~~^{was} ^{the} write, from his
whole family, in a few days -
That letter has now come -

and in spite of your good advice, I
feel that I must answer it. It is
written from his residence (the other
address was evidently his office) and
Marion, his wife, is included in it.

At the end are two dear notes from
the little girls, one asking for a
picture of some Chinese children, and
the other asking me to tell her how
to count like the Chinese children
do! I cannot ignore those -

This letter has no flavor whatever
of love-making, as far as I can
see, but is an attempt to atone
for the others, and I feel the only
wise and courteous thing to do is

to acknowledge it; as briefly as
I can, enclosing perhaps a
typewritten copy of a letter I
hope to send out soon about my
work. When I have answered it
I think I will send it to you
just to see what you think
about it. - I believe too that
it is better to be thought cruel and
sarcastic, and to be right, than to
be kind, and wrong. - But I
also feel that if there be a kind
way to be right, that is infinitely
better than to be cruel & sarcastic and
right. - The danger there, of course, is
in being kind to yourself. when you
excuse yourself by thinking you
are being kind to someone else -
with yourself you must be inexorable,
and that isn't so easy, always! 'The
good that I would, that I do not' -
But trying helps -

3) Now - have you stopped worrying?

Father, you wrote something about
"playing with fire" - The fire
is dead ^(temporarily!) - that means it
isn't fire anymore, doesn't it?

And if I write this one more
contemplated letter with my
usual speed, the Parlingues
may not get it until I am
back in America again!

I don't seem to get much
opportunity to write, somehow -
I do hope you haven't worried too
much - I believe "blowing off steam"
to you helped matters considerably,
and somehow I can't be entirely
sorry that I wrote to tell you
about it. I love you both - hugs
your Abbie

(15) Swatow, China
May 30, 1932

Dear Quen,

What was it I was in
the "throes" of a week or two ago
when I wrote? - Oh yes -
examinations (and they aren't
all corrected yet, either!) But
right now I'm having agony
of a different kind, - that of
an English prize reading contest.
I am supposed to be only one
on the committee but since I
have just come back from America
and am supposed to have lots
of new ideas, etc - I have fallen
heir to a good share of the
work. The students are allowed
to choose which teacher (Mr. Copen,
Miss Culley, or me) they wish to
help them with their oration.
There are 12 contestants, and of this

number one is at home sick and
seven have requested my assistance!
A new broom, etc — —! Well — so my
hours and days are pretty full —
Yesterday I had four rehearsals,
and tried to get a little sewing ^{evening}
for A Mai Che, then spent the
rest of my time correcting papers —
When I got too weary to do any
more I counted up and found
that I still had 14 uncorrected
sets of papers — I told Mabelle
to take a gun to me if she
thought I looked as though
I intended to give out a
written lesson! There are
from 17 to 30 in the most of
these classes —

I'm going to make a sport
to-morrow, if I can — I have
only 3 classes on Monday — but

there will be ² two rehearsals to-morrow!
This prize speaking comes off at
the end of this week so I'm
likely to be pretty "full up" until then.

This week we have been having
special meetings - Elvinas "Billy
Sunday" has been speaking here
in the vicinity and was here in
Kafschien once - Just how he and
his workers appealed to our students
I don't know - except that they
will not listen to much that is
mystical - They want something "reasonable."
But a great many people have
been set thinking, at least.

Last night the girls had a
nice quiet party for me; Mr. & Mrs.
Waters, Mr. Page, and Mrs. Kelsey were
the guests - They sang such lovely
songs to me - and said such
nice things - which I don't deserve

at all.

If you really like to know what I'm wishing for right now, I'll gladly tell you - (HOME MAIL!) I hoped to get some Friday but the postal strike in Shanghai (which is called off now, they say) is stirring up some delays. I presume. All the same, I'd like a letter from you!

I wish you would let Mary and Valda know how I have long their good letters - and that I thought I should have answered long before this - Tell them how busy I am and that I really am going to write when I can catch my breath - And tell them that if any of 'em wants to write again before receiving a letter from me I shall be most grateful and won't consider it a breach of etiquette at all. This same thing applies

& all the relatives - Please give them all my love - Tell Aunt Bertha that I'm finding great satisfaction in the hat "case" - "coat" "wardrobe" or whatever the name - that she made for me - It hangs at one side of my wardrobe - modestly out of the way, yet convenient; as well as blending with the general color scheme of my bedroom - And the little doll with the string is near by. The laundry bag is near by enough to show that it matches, and the button bag (will it mind, too much, I wonder?) has been made into a very cute little pillow -

Much love to you
 Abbie

Your dress is very pretty.
Send the pattern I'll
be as glad to have it.

Swatow, China
June 5, 1932

Dear Cousin -

Yesterday I received your letter of May 4 & May 9. You don't sound sick, and you sound fairly cheerful - and both those things are very cheering to me. I am well too, and pretty cheerful. I ought not to be quite as busy this next week, for our English speaking contest is over and gone. The children did pretty well. I was proud of our Bobolink girl, but I didn't think she would get the prize. They had me up on the platform as chairman, and I was as scared as any of them! Only maybe I didn't show it quite so much. We had the English prize speaking in the seniors Friday night, and the Chinese speaking contest, for the juniors, Saturday night. On Saturday we listened to 9 different speeches all on the same subject, - "What true patriotism consists of in the youth of today". They were good. One of the leaders in our Young People's Society got first prize (our secretary, Kheik Bin) and a little lad in my Sunday School class came out third. Margaret Lee was one of the judges in this second contest.

On Sunday nearly twenty candidates were baptized. One was a boy whom I mentioned in a previous letter, I think, Chiam Tek I, brother or nephew to our doctor at the hospital. He is a member of young People's and he's in my S.S. class. He took his stand on Decision Day two weeks ago. Another who was baptized was Ruth Chen's grandmother, 77 years old. Another was a little

girl of 7. The baptism was not as impressive
as some, because not well managed. I was
bothered about it. In the afternoon at the
communion service I began to think about
Dr. Grosbeck's sermon of the morning in which
he said that we so often forget that Jesus is
with us at the table when we partake - and we
ought to be more thoughtful about it - then and
at all times. In communion I was thinking
how far I am so often from realizing the
Presence of God - and it has seemed so hard
for me to realize it, often. Then suddenly it
just seemed to dawn on my consciousness that
His being here with us at all times doesn't depend
at all on my feeling that He is here - and I suddenly
knew, not so much felt, as knew, that he was
there. It was a rather wonderful experience - and
it has been quite insistently with me these two days.
How I wish I might keep it.

It is now 7.45 A.M. I must be at school at 8.
so this will have to be cut short.

Much, much love,

Abbie

Swatow, June 12, 1932

Dear Ones,

At 8.30 tonight I wrote
just "Swatow" above and then
decided that I was too sleepy and
too tired to write to anybody - Since
then I have got a little bit waked
up, getting undressed, letting in the
cat and talking to him, taking him
in to Mabelle's room (where he sleeps), and
talking with Mabelle - I'm still sleepy,
but I think I'll write at least another
paragraph before I succumb to the
overpowering hypnotism of Lethe - !

Today has been a long and busy
day - It began yesterday - or the
night before, rather, when Marion and
I were out for dinner over at the
bungalow. Enid and Beatrice live
there now, and they had Dr. & Mrs. Long
and the two oldest daughters there
with us. We played dominoes - and
had the very nicest kind of evening.
Then after we got home we found that

Evelyn had not yet come in and
he went in her room to wait
for her - and talked while we
waited, and Marion showed me
how to play a new game with
Deck cards. After Evelyn came we
played a game or two more - Then -
more and more of it, I read after I
got into bed - when I should have
gone right to sleep - (Up to me old
tricks!)

So the next day, with extra much
practice for graduation, and correcting
papers, and trying to cut out another
white dress - was no easier than
usual - I discovered, too, that my
pretty white silk dress was beginning
to get mildew spots - all appeared
when you held it to the light - So
it had to be washed immediately,
even though I had worn it only
twice - But it washed well
and looked pretty nice - She ironed
the pleats into the skirt very nicely,

but not as firmly as before, so I'm afraid they will come out -

(We are in the midst of damp weather now and things are just covered with mold.)

Last night we had a musical recital at school. I'll send you the program if I can remember - It was pretty good - Daniel Chen is the head music teacher here now - and a principal performer, too, as you can see by the program - It was a long program, and as is inevitable at a beginner's piano recital, there were some excruciating discords - I sang "O Heart of Mine, we shouldn't worry so" - Dr. King when he introduced my number on the program nearly threw me off my equilibrium by the kind remarks he made - He said that for a woman's ^{with good} voice to sing a solo, it would be difficult to find any one within the radius of many miles who could surpass Miss Sanderson, etc -

I was quite sat up ! But it was
late when we got home - and consequently
I didn't feel much like getting up
this morning -

Sunday School began at 8 instead
of 8.30 - Then we went at 9.15 to
the church where there had a long
children's day service - It didn't
finish until 11.45 and I was as
tired and fidgety as any of the
kindergarten children. The church was
beautifully decorated ^{though}.
Oh I forgot to say that on top of
all this we have had Dr. Alice Chang
from Kitzing as our guest here this
week end -

This afternoon I went at 1.30 to
the Young People's meeting - New Officers
have just been elected, & during the
meeting, and also at a 2½ hour session
of the cabinet group which followed, we
discussed plans for the coming year.
I really got so tired that I thought
I would have to leave and come home -
And then - I thought, well these girls
and boys have been here as long as I
have, and they are not quitting yet -

and sometimes ³ committee meetings
are a good deal harder on the
young people than on his older ones.
And then, too, the meeting was such an
earnest, enthusiastic one. The general
plan of leaders was made out for the
whole term, until Dec. 4. Plans were
outlined for a summer school for the
poor children six weeks in the summer
as they have had before. The Young
Peoples summer retreat has had to
be given up for this year, but they
have already begun to talk about having
it next year. The president is eager
to have a more spiritual note come into
the society. Means of keeping the members
interested were talked about; ways of
keeping up attendance; someone suggested
crossing off the names of those
who are absent a certain number
of times, but that plan was rejected
in favor of trying to have the meetings
more interesting; that is - interesting
with something that will be of definite
help in daily living. Sometimes the
meetings have been given too much to

business discussions or secular subjects - and the spiritual atmosphere has been lost. They forget, too, the importance of prayer - and are so afraid that people will think that they are pious, that in leaving out some of the outward forms of religious living, they really lose the inner religious experience that is what they want. It was a truly worth while meeting - Four boys, two girls, Mrs. Cifer and I - and we surely did get at the heart of some of these things. My own experience of communion service has been such a help - It has helped me to be a little more honest with myself, especially about certain intimacies or shall I say personal problems which people out here do not dream about -

Monday A.M. was and time to go to school - Thanks for sending the cuff pattern - Much love to both & to all the "us-uns" - Abbie

Suwaui, China June 19-2

18

Dear Mother,

We are having a 'spell of weather'. It is nearly 4 P.M. The sun is under a cloud and in the coolest spot I can find, in my study where any possible breeze should reach me through a north and a south window or a west and east door - all wide open - yet the thermometer says 84 and it doesn't tell the truth at that. I really want to get a letter written to you more than I want to do anything else, but I'm wondering if I really have pep enough to write it. #

The children arrived from Shanghai on Friday and Friday night we had a holiday party down at Mrs Burket. The party began with a parade and a blast of horns, whistles etc. Flown by the boys, Raymond Giffis, Stanley Burket and Eugene Giedt. Stanley & ~~Raymond~~ ^{Eugene} were dressed as scouts. Raymond G. & Dorothy Campbell were both dressed as George Washington and had hatchets and "cherry" branches. Dorothy's cherries were big red plums "tied" on to the branch with safety pins - She led us in a game "Crossing the Delaware". We divided into two sides, with two captains. One told us each an ^{adverb} ~~adjective~~ to be acted out while the other side guessed the word - "We are going to Paris the Delaware" 1st side "How are you going to cross" 1st. "We are crossing with an A" - Then one of the 1st walks across the room anxiously, or airily, or affably, etc.,

if he can get across the room (or rug, or some distance) and back before the other side guesses, he must stay on his own side - otherwise, he goes over to the other side. Then the 2nd side sends somebody across, and the firsts have to guess - It is fun - and the secret lies in giving unusual words - I had "blindly" for instance - which is impossible to act as that people won't guess it easily!

Alice Griffin & Velva Brown wore green dresses & shamrocks for St Patrick's day - Elizabeth Bisset (who is a little beauty - and full to the brim of "come-hither" which she can't help (& doesn't want to!)) was Easter, with two little chickens on her shoulders - She had a toy chicken drawing a cart and she called on various people to draw the chicken around the living room rug to see who could do it fastest without upsetting the chicken -

I was Uncle Sam - otherwise known as 4th of July - But I'm getting ahead of my story - Beatrice Brisson had a wire hat brim wound with crepe paper & hung with streamers for a Maypole. Twelve people wound & unwound the pole & music and it was quite a grand mix up - Edna Smith was Decoration Day & she led us in the marching song - game "Where are you going soldier boy?" Edna wore Earrings, pins, bracelets, anklets, chains etc - (decoration.)

(18) 2

When July 4 came we all went out on the porch & shot off sparklers and sang the Star Spangled Banner.

We left out Valentine's Day - for we had them in the order of the days as they come in the year. Evelyn had a Knave of Hearts costume & she gave out Valentines for all of us - Then we saw a little play in three Acts - The 3 Barbet & 3 Giffin children were the actors -

Raymond, Alice & Elizabeth were King, Queen, & Princess respectively - Dorothy B. was a page, and Stanley the Prince's Lover.

(K, Q. & P. wore pasteboard crowns & draped pink bedspread.)

Enter ^{Left} Princess, Queen, King & stand in a row before the long seat.

Enter Left, Page. (Page bows to King)

Page "O King, a stranger waits without."

King. "Without what?"

Page "Without the gate."

King "Well, give him the gate!"

(Exit Page, who re-enters with Stranger. Both bow.)

Page "O King, the stranger."

Stranger. "O King, may I marry your daughter?"

King "No."

Stranger. "No???"

King "No!!"

Stranger Stabs King who falls back in his seat
dead. Stranger steps to right, & addresses Queen.

Stranger. "O Queen, may I marry your daughter?"

Queen. "No."

Stranger. "No?"

Queen. "No!!"

(Stranger stabs Queen who falls back in her seat
dead. Stranger steps to right, addresses Princess.)

Stranger. "O Princess, will you marry me?"

Princess. "No."

Stranger. "No?"

Princess. "No!!"

(End of Speed I. King, Queen, Princess exit
right, Page, Stranger exit Left)

The Second Speed is exactly the same except that
all talk & motions are about 5 times as slow as
natural - (O - King - a - strang - er
waits with - out - etc) The ~~Second~~ ^{Third} Speed
is also identical except that every motion & all speech
are about 5 times as fast as natural - a grand rush!
This caused much laughter, as you can imagine.

On Labor Day (Marion & Isabelle) we had a
Parade - The ones who went took litches and dandelions
lemonade and donoughnuts, lions & donkeys, etc. If
they took the night, ^{they} were allowed to join the
parade - Uncle Sam caused quite an outcry when
he declared that he intended to take liquor and
dry drinks!

Bessie Baker in a yellow dress with black cat & witches was Halloween, and her game was a nice spooky one "Murder". The leader has two tokens, a green & a red - which she passes all around the circle on the order of who's got the button - pretending to put one in each person's hand - One is for the murderer & one for the detective - The lights go out & everybody gets up & moves around - The "murderer" then pinches someone, who lets out a real yell. The lights come on, then the "detective" may ask any one three questions, the first two of which do not need to be answered truthfully. From these third questions & rather their answers, he gets his evidence and then finally he asks the question "Are you the murderer?" After which he can ~~ask~~ ^{ask} no more questions of any one.

Dorothy Barker was Christmas and when her tree a little toy Christmas tree was lighted and we sang several Christmas hymns - Then came ice cream & cakes & good night. It was a lovely party - would be good for any group of young people, I should think - The games could vary, too - in number and kind.

Well - that was Sunday - Saturday morning I spent rehearsing songs for graduation, getting examination questions made out & printed - (I still have a lot of that to do).

At 3. we had the Junior High and Senior High
graduating classes here for a party - We had a table
full of things for them to guess "Out for the night",
"Departed Days" - "Common sense" etc. Which they
enjoyed even more than we thought they would -
We "Crossed Swatow Bay" - instead of the Delaware
and had various other trials of wit, skill, etc., &
then we had icecream and cake - I was on pins &
needles after they had been here two hours & a half.
The invitation read 3 to 5 - and I was booked
to go with Velva, the Burketts, Beatrice, Evelyn &
Dorothy. for an evening's trip to Double Island for a
swim - This is the one time in the month when the
moon, tides, etc are just right for the sail down &
back. The children didn't show any signs of leaving
and it got to be 5.30 - and Thelma was for keeping
right on playing games (She wasn't going to the
Island - Kitty, kitty, miaou!) But I told her I guessed
we'd better stop - The folks had to wait a half
hour for me - but we sailed the 5 miles in
35 minutes, which is pretty good for a
Chinese sampson - and had a grand
swim & picnic - Got back in plenty of time -
before midnight, I mean - and cooler in minds & bodies too -
much much love - Abba

I don't seem to be ⁽¹⁸⁾through yet - after all -

I have been waiting to tell you about the time I expect to be in Baguio because I haven't known definitely. Just this last week it was finally decided that the Retreat and the Ling Tong Convention be postponed until Fall. For that reason I am leaving Hong Kong July 6 on the Empress of Asia instead of July 28 on the Empress of Canada as I had planned. Since I'm going to Baguio I am really very glad that I can go for a little longer time. I shall probably leave Baguio about August 27^{22nd} to return. So it is very doubtful whether I can get mail from you direct from America - but my address will be the Pines Hotel, Mountain Province, Baguio, P.I. - and you might try a letter with air stamps, if you think it could possibly reach me. The S.S. President Taft leaves Seattle July 23 and reaches Manila Aug. 15. If you get this letter in time you could address a letter to me at Baguio, via S.S. Taft leaving Seattle July 23. But I won't expect it too hard.

What do you think about this? Elizabeth Parker told someone that she thought Miss Sanderson might have been fairly good-looking when she was young! -
! (Oh you grand fair!) -

Love again —

Margaret Lee has just now told me that many of the Chinese have remarked on how much older I seem since coming back this time. My hair is so much whiter and my face older! — !

R. (well - I feel old - why should I look old?)

(19)

Saratow, China
Sunday night,
June 26, 1932

Dear Ones -

In the midst of exams - had a wedding yesterday - our nice P.H.D. from France married one of my old students - and I had to play the wedding marches - and help the bride get ready - and a whole lot more - Then I came home from the feast and flopped for about an hour - I had left the house at 9.00 A.M. - and I didn't get home in the P.M. until after 3 - At four I got up and corrected exams until I couldn't see for sleepiness - that was about 5.30. I had the boy make me two cups of strong coffee, which roused me a little. Later I stopped for supper, but otherwise kept on steadily until 11 P.M. I still have one set to correct, in addition to the two sets that will come in to-morrow's exams. It really seemed interminable at the beginning but now I can see a little daylight through.

Monday noon - Your letters of May 25 and May 31 have just arrived - I hope Father did not prove to be very sick -

It seemed such a long time to wait for you

Letters this time - none since June 4(?) because they
piled up. I think there is still one missing -

I'm not getting many other letters now - the
chief reason being that I'm not writing any - I
must get a wiggle on and write to Providence very
soon - I shall have a room to myself in
the Hotel at Baguio - If only I could step
into an airplane and be there - Instead of
that, I shall have to leave here July 2 - Saturday
get to Hong Kong the following day. Wait there until
Wed, July 6 - get to Manila Friday & up to Baguio
Saturday - a whole week on the way. It seems
like a pretty long trip, doesn't it - But oh -
it will be cool - and if I don't get some
letters written there I ought to know the
reason why!

Much love to you -

Altho,
I like the gray & green (a blue?) to go with your
waist, very much - Is it finished and
have you worn it yet? Much love again
and to the "others" too - A