

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Long Kong. July 6, 1932

Dear Ques -

The days went by this trip without my writing on Sunday - My comfort is that there is no steamer until to-morrow, so you would not have got my letter any sooner - It is now 6.30 A.M. and today is the day I sail for Manila - I feel as though it were half a dream, even so -

Last week, in Swatow, was a hectic week. Makelle had already come down to Swatow to be here when her nephew Paul, and his mother came through on their way back to Manila. So the music for the wedding that we had, and the music for commencement, all rested on my narrow little shoulders - Things went off beautifully, and we had a good graduation - I had long exams to correct this time - (I usually do) - Examiners from Swatow were sitting in my examinations each session - and I really enjoyed showing them the questions, books - and finished papers - I finished correcting exams Tuesday P.M. and graduation came Wednesday morning - A party for the graduates Monday evening took some time and thought, because I was called upon to prepare games - But it was fun.

Thursday morning I spent in Swatow, having passport renewed, etc. Thursday P.M. I was one of

The honorable language committee who examined Mr. Luebeck on his first six months examination, which was taken at the end of 4 months time is a little more - He did very well except on the most important point - tones. I hope he will see the importance soon of getting at work on them - It will be a pity if he doesn't - for he has done really remarkable work otherwise - I think he expected to get "Excellent" and the grade of "Good" may seem unfair to him but it may be the only way to make him realize the importance of tones -

Well - On Friday morning I went up to school at 8.30 to give ^{Shanghai} college entrance exams to five of our graduates (one of them "the boy ^{born in} China" who seems to have ambition along every line except that of being a Christian - I got home at quarter of one - I did some packing that p.m. - but really didn't make much headway - That evening I went over to Velva's for my second injec inoculation against cholera and since about 50 others were there and Velva wanted a chance to visit afterwards, I didn't get home much before 10 - I know I had to pack sometime - and I was afraid to leave it until the next morning, so I did most of it before midnight. Sure enough the next morning my arm was as sore as a boil - my head was big - and I

really felt much more like lying down on my little bed and staying there than I did like coming to Baguio! Soon after lunch I went out to the steamer - got a little glimpse of Anna Foster, who had just arrived from Kazing - By the way - did you know that Dr. Condon had died - some months ago.

Had a beautifully calm trip down to Hong Kong - in company with some of the same Seventh Day Adventist missionaries who came down on the Russia with us from Shanghai last February - One of them recognized me -

Mabelle met me at the boat Sunday morning - and the Phillips House man was there to take care of my baggage - In the afternoon I went over to the Helena May Institute where Mabelle is staying - had tea with her, then went to the Union church service. Came home to eight o'clock dinner - and after that heard some very fine music (orchestra and singing, and a clarinet solo) at the Peninsula Hotel (very near here - swellest one in Hong Kong) Miss W. J. Gill, the matron here, took me -

The next day Mabelle and I went shopping in the morning - and in the afternoon Tang Hui - a former student, came with a car to get us and take us to the home of her sister-in-law, a student of ours - when I first came to China - "Fragrant Lotus", one of

the prettiest Chinese girls I ever saw - She is older now, but just as pretty. They have a wonderful home - and she is a beautiful Christian girl - apparently wholly unspoiled by being the wife of a rich man - She has seven lovely children, six of whom we saw - They had tea and cakes for us and then the three oldest boys and the mother got into the car - and took us home - The mother went on to a hospital to see a friend's sick baby - and the boys were to be taken to a special swimming beach for an hour's play in the water - I shall not soon forget that

visit - (Phillips' Home)
This place is almost as good as the missionary home in Shanghai for meeting people - I've seen a number I know already -

Mabelle was here until July 1 - but she didn't have a very good room - and so fast she went to her old stamping ground. But I have found it delightful here, so far -

Must stop - go take bath and get ready for breakfast. We are going to meet the Asia when she comes in today because Ruth Chen may be coming on her!

Much love. Ethel



IN THE WONDERLAND OF THE ORIENT
BAGUIO, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINES

July 10, 1902

Dear Cass -

Well, I did get to my destination after being on the way a whole week. I expected the few days in Hong Kong to be hot, hotter, hottest and it is an awful drag while I sat in a steam to wait for my boat. It was not too hot, except for the last day there - and I was busy every minute - Ruth Chen arrived that last day, about 1.30 P.M. I've had a calm trip to Manila - not a ripple - and I met as very few people who all seemed nice - One was Mr. Shuteck's cabin mate on the trip out - a Catholic father. In Manila Paul Cully and his mother met me - and while in Manila I saw Mr. & Mrs. Higdon, who came to meet Emily & me the time we were sent to the Philippines - We didn't arrive until after 5, so I had no time for shopping. The train left Sat. A.M. at 6.55 - I had an early breakfast - and had them put up my lunch at the hotel, so I wouldn't have to go into the diners, but could eat by myself and stay with my baggage - At the last minute, however - I left the lunch on the station waiting room table - Had I been ym, mother, I would ~~have~~ probably have punished myself by going without at noon - But being me, and on my vacation - and rather weary, and very hungry - at 11 o'clock I went into the diner and had one of the

best dinner I've had for a month of Sundays - I had to pay 75¢ gold for it - but there were vegetable soup - tenderloin steak, baked potato, green peas, delicious rolls, caramel ice cream, coffee, and a big orange - and I got away with it all! I didn't feel as terribly extravagant, for that was on the train, and it was all I could get - that or nothing - Moreover, I have instructions from Dr. Brown to gain as many pounds as I can this trip!!

There is one fly in my ointment - I have a miserable room, on the opposite side of the house from the most gorgeous view there is in these mountains, almost - My view is the roof, doors & windows of the kitchen, and the aroma of bacon awakened me at 6.30 this morning, while the fragrance of boiled cabbage this noon drove me down to the dining room quick, before I should lose my appetite entirely -

I knew yesterday that I didn't like the room yesterday, and asked for a different one, but the one they showed me was not much better - So I decided to wait until Monday - I needed a bath and clean clothes - and it was raining - and I just couldn't think of anything but the happy happy time Emily and I had coming up here - in contrast to being very much alone this time - Today I've seen the rooms of the Southern Baptist people from Canton and they are all so much better than mine - I'm surely going to make a change tomorrow if I can. Much love - Abbie -

Unnumbered
Should be (22)
(21 has not come)



IN THE WONDERLAND OF THE ORIENT
BAGUIO, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINES

July 17, 1932

Dear Ones,

I am wondering just what kind of blue, depressed letter I sent to you last week. I surely was tired, and disappointed because of the room I had - and lonely, and generally dispirited - much more than I usually am and much more than I usually admit. I hope I didn't sound too downhearted.

Monday morning I spoke to the proprietress and she was very gracious about changing my room - The one I have now does not have the morning sun, but neither does it have the kitchen smells, - and it has a wider bed, a wider space between the bed and the dresser, and a wider view from the window.

I am sitting by that window now, at 9:15 AM, and as I look up from my writing I can see the front driveway below bordered with hedges of well-trimmed hibiscus and arbo vites; and beyond, several terraces, green lawns, fountains, a profusion of canna's in every color, ^{cosmos} ^{coronilla} ^{marigolds} ^{gladioli} and brilliant ^{salvia} ^{nasturtiums} ^{geraniums} ^{petunias} ^{begonias}, with a little border all around of some red-leaved plant (coleus?) - At one side is a little summerhouse with magenta colored longirivillas blazing flamboyantly from its roof, in

big plum-like ponds - But Bertha would be in
clover here, except for one thing; none is allowed
to pick a flower - The houseboys can pick them,
evidently, for I have had flowers ever since
I moved into this room, calla lilies first, and
now dahlias -

Beyond the flower garden is a road, and beyond
that, looking through branches of towering Baguio
pines, I can see the broad grassy plot in the
center of which is the pretty artificial lake, or
lagoon; and beyond that, houses on one edge of
Baguio town, ~~with~~ the hills behind - On the highest
of these hills, directly opposite my window, is the
Baguio astronomical observatory - This does not
tell the half of the view I have from my window,
but you can see that it is a restful view. I believe
this is what I came to Baguio for!

Educa Smith, Beatrice Ericson, and Alice Chen.
(principal of the women's school - Miss. Sollman's girl)
arrived on Friday - I had already found out which
cottage they were to have so that saved them some
time. We went right up there and then I went down
to market with Alice and Beatrice and helped them
think of the bread and vinegar and butter and
matches and toilet paper and other things that they
would need right away - I was surely glad to see them.
~~the next morning~~ I went up to see them and we looked
~~on the afternoon~~ Educa and
around until we found the tennis courts that go with
the cottages, and made arrangements about using
them. Then ~~we~~ I came back to the hotel and didn't



IN THE WONDERLAND OF THE ORIENT
BAGUIO, MT. PROV. PHILIPPINES

(July 17)

expect to see them again until today; but in the afternoon Edna and Beatrice came over and got me to go up to supper with them and to play Rook in the evening. (Time to go to church now) -

Monday A.M. ~~We~~ We had a beautiful church service ~~featuring~~ with the Lord's Supper at the close. The theme of the sermon was "She touched the hem of his garment" - and the question brought up was what "hem of his garment" have we today whereby we, touching, may be healed. The answer was, in such things as the gracious kindly words of others around us through whom His spirit is shining, 2) the Word, as we read it and remember it in our hearts, 3) Nature, with its healing and refreshing touch for body, mind and spirit, and 4) this sacrament of the Lord's Supper in which, coming closer to God, we may see and confess and renounce our weaknesses and sins, and getting a new glimpse of Him and His sacrifice may be conscious of a cleansing power sweeping through us and strengthening us for the days of struggle ahead. We all went forward near the altar and stood while the elements were passed to us, each keeping the bread and the wine until all had been served, then partaking together. Uplifting is the word that rightly describes the service; and the Doxology

seemed just the fitting song for the close - And
so for many times in close succession the communion
service has been a far deeper than usual thing -
a real spiritual experience. It makes me
very much ashamed of my depression of the
past week, although I do realize that that
was to a large extent physical. But I really
feel now that this splendid chance for vacation
is beginning to "take hold" - I surely am fortunate
to be able to come here for such a good rest. ~~It~~

Eduar brought your letter of June 5 and June 12
and I was delighted to hear about the fifty year
celebration! It is nice to have people get what is
coming to them once in a while - and I am pleased
to think people remembered to give honor to the
fifty year old graduates - wish I could have been
there to see -

(22)

Mother - whilst I think of it. You haven't been -
ordered some time ago - but they haven't come yet.
I hope you won't have to buy too many in the
meantime. I was thankful to hear that Father's
"indignation" didn't amount to much.

You said something about sending a pattern
after you had used it - have you used it yet? Any
fashion sheets, such as these free ones they give
out at the counters, will be very welcome always -
Have you now your grey waist since it was changed
and how do you like it?

I shall await with great interest report of your
going to the Convention -

As always - my love to you and all the folks -

P.S. Tell Mac Allen that I shall certainly want to buy a
car and take for riding when I come home - but I don't know how about riding in that kind!

(23)

Baguio, P. I.

July 24, 1932

Dear Quas,

This will be a pretty sketchy letter for I have only a few minutes to write it in if it is to catch the "Empress" from Manila to-morrow - I am just back from church - I do enjoy the church services here so very much and the honey get-togethers of the missionaries and other people after wards.

On Wednesday we (the China people, about 17 of us) were invited to tea at the home of the Eschbachs - Mr. Eschbach is the pastor of the Evangelical church here in Baguio. That was very nice - although we had to go in a car because it rained -

The girls are happy in their cottage and they invite me up there so much that I am ashamed. But I have had them down here at the hotel once for dinner and they enjoyed that too - They give me half rates for my guests as well as for myself - I shan't be able to do it much but it will be fun to have them once in a while - They are planning to have some teas at the cottage and I shall help be hostess there -

But for the most part I'm eating and sleeping. I have written one important letter, the one to Miss Sandberg - a copy of which I enclose - The passage about Dr. Ling can be read to people - but I rather not have it copied to send to anyone - I must write to Calvary next - I have one letter to them which was begun last April - Isn't this a good letter from Hazel Manna? Love, Abbie

Baguio, P. I., July 15, 1932.

Miss Mimmie V. Sandberg,
152 Madison Ave.,
New York.

Dear Miss Sandberg;

Here I am in Baguio again, very thankful for the pine trees, the cool atmosphere, the far views, and the promise of real rest for a whole month. It does seem that now I have no excuse for not getting a letter off to you.

I wonder if you know how much good it did me to see you people for that moment in the office as I came through New York? You were all so dear and helpful and encouraging, - my heart was warmed, as it was also when the good books reached me on the steamer. You have a way of making me feel your personal interest and I do appreciate it.

The very night I arrived in Swatow last February I attended the first teachers' meeting of the spring semester and since then there has been increasingly little leisure time. But the very fact of being kept busy is a satisfaction to me; you know something of the fears I had about coming back to my work here just now. I am glad to be able to report that our students are hard at work again, settling down to regular school life in real earnest. At our Junior High speaking contest we listened to twelve good speeches on what real patriotism ought to mean to a young Chinese today. The indications are that some valuable lessons are being learned about love of country.

You will want to know my reactions about Dr. Ling. While I was in America the opposition which he has always had to meet increased. Some of the criticism was no doubt deserved, but the way in which he has this year evidenced readiness to accept suggestions and advice and to leave decisions with the trustees and other faculty groups makes many of us feel that he is still the man we need right at Swatow. I am continuing to find Dr. Ling a fine man to work with. Those who do not have the opportunity of working as directly with him do not dream how keenly the students are on his heart, nor how many disappointments and difficulties he has had to meet, nor what real courage it takes to keep on in the face of continuous opposition. Some think that he is working only for the reputation of the school and for his own reputation, never seeing his efforts to win individual students to the Christian way of living nor his endeavors to lead the other Christian teachers into personal work among the students; they resent his wanting a foreign house for a residence, not realizing the tremendous help that house is to him in his position as principal; they blame him for the indifference of high school students to religious matters, when in reality this indifference is nation-wide if not world-wide. This paragraph is written not for publication but because I want you to know my personal opinion, put down with all the fairness I can command. I admit that when I came back to China I was afraid I should not be able to give as favorable a report as this. I have been far happier in my work this term than I thought I should be.

One of my chief joys has been working with the Young People's Society of the church. From a dead-and-alive group who were not sure they wanted to continue as a society, they have literally bounded forward into an enthusiastic band of young people, independent and aggressive, who, though ready to accept help, for the most part know what they want to do and how to do it. These young people are willing to work; one of their projects is a Junior group, helped and sponsored by the older society; another (being carried on now) is a six weeks' summer school for poor children of the community. A meeting two months ago where some twenty members quietly and earnestly volunteered, one after another, to speak to certain of their fellow students about beginning the Christian life, was a precious experience to those who were present. One of these so approached has taken his stand and has been baptized; others are thinking more seriously than ever before.

Lim Chin UI, the president of this organization, (a high school senior this next year) is having a splendid opportunity to show his colors. He owns a handsomely bound copy of the Bible and its presence in a prominent place in his room in the dormitory calls forth some jibes and not a few questions from his non-Christian schoolmates. Many of them know a great deal about the Bible, he says. Some of them want to trip him up if they can, and others have honest questions. I have been deeply stirred to hear him tell of the encounters he has had and of the way he welcomes them.

A problem which threatens to become a most difficult one is this: We have a few fine young Christians who cannot see the importance of uniting with the church. Whether some church quarrel, or a weakness or wickedness in some church member, or just what, is to blame for this, I do not know. The argument is that the important thing is to follow Christ, and to live a Christ-like life, - which is, of course, true! You have the same problem in America..

Most sincerely your co-worker,



IN THE WONDERLAND OF THE ORIENT
BAGUIO, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINES

(24)

July 31, 1932.

Dear Ones;

I would like to write to you using the touch system but if I do not look at the keys when I am writing it takes so long and I make so many mistakes that it really is ludicrous. I have been using the Hunt and Peck method for so long now that it will be next to impossible to break my bad habit of looking at the keys all the time. Beatrice says that if I can get a little practice in regularly and if I practice slowly enough the knack will come to me after a while. But I am not very hopeful!

Last Monday was the first fair morning we had had for some time, so we took advantage of the opportunity and went for a lovely ride. We were gone about three hours and saw some really wonderful views. Then we came back and all had dinner here at the hotel and the girls had just about time to get home before it began to rain. Well, it has been raining almost ever since! There have been three typhoons right on top of one another, with scarcely any let-up in between.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the girls had invited guests for afternoon tea and being the other one from Swatow I was helping to be hostess too. Tuesday I went early and helped to make the sandwiches. Miss Laird of Dublin, Miss Reid of New Zealand, and Miss Nelson of Nebraska, all missionaries in or near Canton, were the guests and they came about three quarters of an hour late; the rain just pelted all the time. I stayed to help clean up and I never did get back to the hotel that night at all! It rained and rained and then some. I slept in the biggest bed, with Edna, the smallest girl, in a pair of Bea's pajamas!

Wednesday I did not get up to the cottage in time to help with the preparations but rode up myself in the car with the guests for that day; Miss Alexander, Miss Lang (a Chinese girl brought up in Texas), and Dr. and Mrs. Saunders, all Southern Baptists from Canton— who know the Tatums and other friends of mine. I had intended to come right home after tea but the girls hinted so hard for me to stay that I thought they must have something up their sleeve, which they did! They had suddenly conceived the idea of just grabbing a little bite more and going to the movies at seven o'clock. I can't do that and have dinner here at the hotel, for dinner does not begin until seven. So we went and saw a very tame but rather interesting picture with a college football game, and some other gunny things. We rode down but walked home because it was not raining very hard. The taxi costs 50¢ or 60¢ a trip and that divided by four is really no more than we are willing to pay to keep our feet dry! *12 1/2 centavos per person, or 6 1/4 cents U.S. money.*

Yesterday afternoon we attended the birthday party of Miss Susana Fontuena, deaconess of the church here in Baguio, and while we had a lovely time, and the Filipino friends just put themselves out to be cordial to us, yet it lasted from about two-thirty to six o'clock, which is a bit too long! I was very tired last night and slept soundly from 9.30 to 7.00 this morning! Had my breakfast at the cottage, - french toast and sausage, which we don't have at the Pines Hotel. Yum!! Yum!! Then church service and now it is 2 p.m. and I am already sleepy!

Mint Calvary lister



Hines Hotel

IN THE WOODLAND OF THE QUEEN
BAGUIO, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINES

This coming Tuesday we are having guests for tea at the cottage again and we are hoping that it will not rain. But we just have to make the best of it anyway and if it rains it rains, and that is that. In three weeks more we sail from Manila for China again and that means that we shall leave here in a little more than two weeks from now. It seems like a very short vacation; I have accomplished nothing whatever except perhaps to get a wrinkle or two ironed from my broad and classic(?) brow; perhaps that will be worth something, however!

I have been so fortunate as to have three of your letters forwarded here from Swatow; the one received Wednesday tells about your being at the State Convention. I am so glad you could go. I hope your telling me about the people who haven't heard from me will shock me into writing to them! It is just dreadful; I haven't written to Mrs. Cannon yet! I owe letters to everybody. I suppose Gladys will have gone back to school before this reaches you; I have a letter here that was started to her way back last spring sometime. I was so glad to hear that she had been to see you; maybe she will then forgive me for not writing to her.

I'd better quit this and get a note off to Arthur; it has been ages since I wrote to him, too. I'm wondering if Father really did go back with him, and if you had a good visit with him and if you went to the Lake y Clinic. I hope you did; I think it would be very wise for you to let Dr. Wilkenson keep an eye on you. He thought you had been a most satisfactory patient and I should be delighted to have him say again that he was still pleased with your progress.

No 1

(24)

Swatow, China, April 6, 1932.

of Calvary Church,
Dear Friends

"Every Sunday we go to the church to serve God. The church here is not very activity. The members of the church are old men and old women, but the young people was very few. I think it will be difficult to build up a Young People's Society in this place."

Mai Luang will not find it easy to continue her ~~her~~ enthusiastic leadership in a place where the spirit is evidently so different. She will indeed miss the "activity". Her sister is still working here in Swatow, just as efficient a nurse as ever, and twice as happy now with that splendid bouncing boy who makes friends with us all and is afraid of nothing, apparently in the whole wide world!

Pictures (4), (5), and (6) show some of our girls at play. In (4) you see the Lily Club, with a stalk of the monstrous Easter lilies from which they took their name; in (5) and (6) you see the Junior girls off for a climb over the rocky hillsides of Hakchick up to an ~~extreme~~ almost overhanging cliff which looks out over the lower part of Swatow Bay and beyond that, out toward the Pacific, and America. Miss Gully stands at the left of the group of girls and I am standing in the middle of the back row, with my hat brim turned back to get rid of too much shadow.

Calvary 3

(24)

I would like to write much more; I feel that I have told you so little that will really help you to see our work in such a way that you will know how to pray for us in the problems and difficulties that we are facing. Perhaps the pictures will help a little. Nearly all of them were taken on the camera that came from Calvary Church. I am so glad to have it.

There are many other reminders I have of Calvary, too; I see them at every turn. During busy examination days the mimeograph file and the paper cutter were my right hand helpers. The curtains at my windows are so sheer and pretty, and so are the other things that are helping to make my room attractive. The lovely rose blanket is carefully put away in mothballs right now,- but I enjoyed its warmth very much last February and March.

I do want to thank you for the birthday messages. They gave me a right warm feeling around the heart, and made me ashamed, too, to think I had so long neglected writing to you friends who have been so very good to me. I am still enjoying the contents of my steamer package from the Evelyn Russey Circle; and there are some of the handkerchiefs of more than a year ago which I am just now using for the first time; one with a dainty blue touch, from Mrs. Russey, and one with a lavender border, from Mrs. Scoog, have graced two tea-parties this week !

(24)
(24)

July 28.....

giving reasons why this letter has been so long delayed.

(encl)
I am very much ashamed that this letter has not yet been sent to you. I began it during our short spring vacation, feeling that if I did not write then, there would not be any other break before the close of school, and you might not get the letter until summer! Alas for my good intentions; visitors caused some time was taken from the vacation week in conducting them to other of our South China Mission stations. Before I knew it, almost, classes had begun again, and work has been in full swing ever since, with the "tempo" getting faster and faster. During the last days of the term there were extra meetings with the Young People's group (picture 7); the students were all a-tip-toe over the wedding of our science teacher, Dr. Chen, - the very first wedding to be solemnized within the school buildings (picture 8); and a good deal of time was taken in practices for public speaking contests, - one in English and one in Chinese, and for graduation songs. Most of the Senior High graduates (Pictures 9-10) have been my students for five years.

(42)(2)

The two snapshots will give you an idea of the outside of the building. The view of the whole building I took with "your" camera and some of us think that it is better than any other we have.

As I write I am trying to remember which of our Chinese friends I mentioned to you on that one brief visit I had with you. In the picture marked (3) you will find two or three of them. Margaret Lee, the girl who helped me translate "The Real Jesus" is back with us again, as Dean in the Women's Bible Training School. It is good to have her here and I am waiting somewhat impatiently for an opportunity to get at some more translation work with her. In the center of the picture are Mai Hong and Mai Luang; Mai Luang is the girl who wrote me such quaintly phrased letters when she had to be out of school for a year or two, teaching, to earn money for her education. She came back to school for a year, but she was married this spring and has gone South with her husband, who is a leading official in his district. She writes:

The Pines Hotel, Baguio, P. I.

Aug. 8, 1932

Dear Ones;

If you could see me now you would get a picture of a disappointed woman; plans thwarted, hopes frustrated, fists savagely punching the typewriter to let off excess steam, or nose flattened against the window pane and eyes glowering venomous gleams at the downpour of outward circumstance that is to blame for all this turmoil! In plain English, unvarnished, the truth is this: Eight of us planned to take the trip to Mt. Santo Tomas this morning. I arose at six, got into my knicker suit, and was ready at the appointed time, - before, in fact. My bundle, containing coat, extra underwear and flashlight, was all ready last night because I determined not to have people have to wait for me this time! Well, this morning I omitted one important thing, - to take a look at the weather! When I "came to myself" I realized that a steady drizzle had settled in, I knew well enough that the party would be called off, but here was I all ready for breakfast. So I went down to the dining room and ate in solitary state. I suppose that now, at eight thirty, the others are just beginning their leisurely morning meal. I had a dish of prunes, cooked cereal with a banana, a fried egg, three hot cakes with maple syrup, a nice piece of ham, and two cups of coffee. Do you think I'll be able to stand it until 12.30? That is when the others usually eat. If I get to the starting point, they will let me into the dining room at 12. !

Did I tell you that the table of five Canton missionaries lost one of their number last week and they asked me to take her place. My table boy had apparently vanished into thin air - he had gone out to the kitchen to help temporarily - so I gladly accepted the invitation and I have been enjoying my meal-times much more than when I was eating alone. I am glad now that I was alone for a time, because now I appreciate the company much more. I got pretty well acquainted with them before I sat with them, and so never had to go through that awkward stage of sitting at the table with a bunch of strangers wondering what I'd better say next! Or wishing I were off by myself because I was too tired to sit up straight and be polite! And one more thing; it is pretty nice to have such a cordial, whole-hearted invitation to join their party; far more satisfying than to be thrust upon and be obliged to wonder whether they were finding it pretty hard to stand me!

On Saturday the Swatow bunch, - Edna, Beatrice, Alice Chen and I, - with Dr. and Mrs. Herring, a charming young couple who are stationed way south of Canton, went down to one of the mines. The trip in a car would be several dollars; we went on the bus and it cost us 40¢ each way. The road was washed out below what they call the first gate, so we had to take that part of the downward climb on foot, - a distance of about a mile and a half. I didn't mind it at all going down and wouldn't have minded coming back if some people hadn't been afraid we were going to miss the bus. We had to follow the pace set and so I was pretty tired and hot by the time we got to the bus. While we were down there we saw the mill and were invited up to the house of one of the American ladies for a drink of grape juice. It tasted pretty good.

Yesterday Beatrice and I sang a duet in the morning church service, - "Here am I, Send me," a song Mary Ogg and I used to sing. The church is a good one to sing in and people were very kind in their words of thanks.

I'd better utilize this rainy day to get some of my numerous letters done, I should say, so - goodbye for the present.

Much love to you all,

*Miss letter from Alice Goodwin
yesterday -*

Atti

On the afternoon of
Aug 11 she wrote
Dearest Ones,

(26)

Mount Sands Thomas
Bagins, P. I.

Aug 11, 1932

Ever since we came to Bagins we have wanted
to take this mountain climb and finally here we are -
or rather here I am, the only one of the Swatow branch.
Miss Lind, Miss Lowrey and Miss Hill of Canton, and Miss
Turkey of the English Presbyterian mission in Swatow, and I
are the only ones who came finally.

Our little Swatow group is having a rather depressing
end to this lovely holiday. Did I mention our going roller-
skating? The first day we went the most of us had a few
tumbles - I had two, one fairly smart one and one easy one -
But aside from this shock of it I did no damage - and was
all right after a minute or two - That same day Beatrice
had a bad fall - I was afraid at the time that she had hurt
herself seriously, but she vowed she had not. The next
day she was very stiff, so she took exercises, and a long
walk, and went bowling the next day, to get limbered up.
Her back was sore, but she kept on for two or three days.
Then she went bowling again, but felt something give, she
says - and she had to stop the game - Then her back
ached so constantly that ~~this~~ last Tuesday we persuaded her
to have a doctor look at it. He ordered her not to move
from bed the rest of her ~~stay~~ time here - she has broken the
tip of her spine - Poor girl - Edna has to nurse her, of
course, with the help of Alice Chen - and wouldn't listen to
my offer to let her go on this trip and let me stay with Bea.

What I'm hoping is that another party will be coming
~~the~~ first of next week and that I can persuade
Edna to come then. Poor Beatrice did not
reckon on this kind of vacation. I hope
it won't mean weeks at the hospital for her.
And — I'm not roller-skating any more just
now — I don'tanker for a broken tail!

Aug 12th Part of this was written last night waiting
for the clouds to lift. — They didn't lift very high
but we saw a lovely sunset in the clouds with
bits of mountain, sea, and plain peeping moment-
arily through the mists. This morning, however, we
got up at 4:30 (didn't undress much last night, needed
all our clothes to keep us warm) and went out with
blankets to the lookout to watch the dawn & sunrise.
And from the gorgeous starlight — Venus, queen of
them all — to see the outline of the horizon come
out and then the pink, ^{gold} sunrise tip the clouds &
reflect in the sea — showing a wide view all around
for we are on the very top — it is more than wonderful.
We are very near the sea — yet 7500 feet up — it is
an experience of a life-time — Miss Laird has been
up 3 times before in the last month — but got no view
before — and got drenched once — We are lucky this
time. The sun is lovely today — Love Abbie

I have been thinking in the winter night with a candle
 out of my head and that I am fortunate
 to have the same thing. The winter night is
 the time of the year when the world is
 most quiet and the heart is most
 at ease. The winter night is the time
 when the heart is most at ease and the
 mind is most at ease. The winter night
 is the time when the heart is most at
 ease and the mind is most at ease. The
 winter night is the time when the heart
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 time when the heart is most at ease and
 the mind is most at ease. The winter
 night is the time when the heart is most
 at ease and the mind is most at ease.

This picture is a scene from West Manila, P. I.
Lake, wore in silk - For you to keep or
give away - Call it a chuchunna
Dear Ones, present!

Aug 21, 1932

It is 6.45 A.M. and the hot hot sun is
shining on my bed, as I'm going to sit in the
"shade" in another part of the room and write to
you - I know today will be a busy day, too, and
very likely there won't be a lot of time to write later.
Edna, Alice and I came down Thursday from Baguio.
Had a very comfortable trip - Left Baguio 1.30, arrived here
9.P.M. - The Higdons and Wrights met us - and took me
to Higdons and Alice - E. & Wrights, not far away. It
was a treat to have somebody look after the baggage for
us -!

These two days we have been shopping ^{have} done some
for ourselves and some for other people - as far
as the money held out! People don't always give
^{you} money before hand, and when they don't it is
sometimes a pinch!

Last night we were invited over to the Cullag -
or rather, I was there for supper - Then afterwards
we went around and picked up Edna - and
all went to the Y. M. C. A. where Doane Hall
girls were playing volley ball with Manila Hall
girls - The Doanes won - two of the players being
Dolores Paredes and Concepcion Fernandez, whom I

21) knew in Dicks - I saw also Conchita Parris and
Expectation Abbin, two teachers who were at Dicks -
and Raymondita Bayona a nurse - and Lily
Solidarismo, another girl - and best of all, my old
room girl, Rosario Bantay - They all tried to
embrace me at once (after the Spanish manner!)
and seemed as glad to see me as I was to see them.
~~One and all enquired about "Miss Mealer" and~~
~~scent their love to her - It was hard not to hear her!~~

This morning we are going to the Union
Church and this afternoon we three "Spartowites"
have been corraled to go speak at a service
for Amoy Chinese - There we hope to go and see
the famous bamboo organ - and if we get
back in time, go to ~~see~~ the "University Center"
or "First Baptist Church" Christian Endeavor at 6.45 *
(There are two of the names that this new mission
of Dr. Thomas calls itself by - * Tomorrow we
sail - for Hongkong & Singapore.)

Much, much love

Abbe

上海文藝美術絲織廠織造



杭州西湖扁舟弄月之夜景之一 56 28

(28) Hong Kong, Aug 25, '32

Dear Mother,

When I got here yesterday, I found two letters from you which Matilla had sent on from Swatara - One tells of your visit to the doctor. I'm so glad!

I had also a letter from Juliana telling of her Mother's death about a month after I saw her - last February!

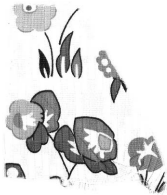
Today I went up to the Matilda Hospital to visit Mrs. Griffin, who is having a return of her old trouble - an open sore on her breast - I bought a raincoat for \$9.75 Mex today. (divides by 3.80!) and material for a wool dress for 30.00 Mex (also divides by 3.80!) For which I'll enclose sample if I can think of it.

I got and mailed today a kimono
 which I hope Carrie Durgin will like.
 I paid \$24.00 H.K. for it and \$1.00
 postage. \$25.00 at \$3.80 (the latest
 salary rate that I got = \$6.58 gold.
 He marked the value \$25, he said (that
 is wholesale price - marked there as
 that duty will not be too high) -
 So the price will be \$6.58 plus
 whatever duty you have to pay
 in South Berwick - Let me
 know how much that is, please -
 And just deposit the money to my
 account in South Berwick - Care.

Much love - in haste

Letters from Maryland & Vella
 yesterday - I'm so glad to get them &
 to know Vella is coming along O.K.

389	9.75	(25)	380	24.10	(25)
	2.00			2.00	
				12.00	
				11.40	
				6.60	



Suwatoni, China

Aug 30, 1932

Dear Cues -

This week my "Sunday" letter isn't getting written until Tuesday. But I sent one last Friday hoping it would get on the Empress of Japan, so this can perhaps afford to be a day or two late.

I had from Wednesday morning until Friday noon in Hongkong and there was really not enough time to get all my errands done. I had a hat made to match a dress or suit which I'm going to make (bought material in Baguio - samples enclosed -) Hat is of figured, lined with peach - dress will be of figured, trimmed & piped with the two plain colors - How do you like it? - I saw Mrs. Griffin in the hospital in Hongkong - poor lady - I wonder what will be the outcome of all her troubles - There is a question as to whether this is a return of her old breast trouble or some difficulty with the pleura - I've looked at pianos in Hongkong and Mr. Waters brought me up yesterday - for the church - I'm so glad we are having it, for we surely needed it - Our retreat and Convention meetings begin on Thursday of this week and we are glad to have the piano for the meetings.

It is good to get back home here again -
The people are all getting back. Beatrice, Mrs.
Olsen, Alice Chen and I came Saturday; Waters
& Mrs. Speicher & Mrs. Adams came Monday.
Bakers, Marion & Evelyn Stephens, and Mrs. Campbell
came today. - Will all be together again pretty
soon. The best part of it is that it is cool,
whereas we expected to have it very hot here this
time of year. They had a typhoon last week
but we just missed it and had good trips
all the way along. The only drawback was
a downpour which greeted us on our arrival in
Swatow. Sin Kim was out to the boat to meet
me, however, and took entire charge of my baggage.
My wardrobe trunk got wet a little but the things
in it did not get wet and I have had the
trunk out in the sun once and shall put it
out again the next fair day -

On Sunday the Young People asked me
to give a talk at the Y. P. Society. During these
summer months the older group has had charge
of a joint meeting of the older and younger
groups and so this talk was really for
the youngsters. I taught them a Filipino
song and told them about the Filipino
kindergarten kiddies and about seeing this
time some of the girls who were my students

five years ago - told them some of the Filipino
names of the children, etc. They were a good
audience all right - and I noticed the older ones
joined in the song with gusto - It is good to
be back again - and to find that our young people
here have been keeping at work -

I still have a good many letters to write
and ought to make use of the two or three days
that I have left before work begins -

Much love to you -

Abbie

29

Swatow, China

Sept. 6, 1932

Dearest One,

My "Sunday" letters are getting later and later in the week. It is now 6.30 P.M. Tuesday and I'm due to eat supper immediately. The bell, in fact, has already rung. It takes us some time to get our supper eaten in this household, and as soon as that is over I'm due to go to an evangelistic meeting. We are in the midst of a retreat, preparing for the Convention meetings which are to follow.

Dr. John Song, the Billy Sunday of China is here and ever since last Friday our new church has had capacity audiences who listened with the strictest attention to his dramatic, fearful appeals for repentance. There is surely a wonderful kind of power in this man, and while I cannot agree with all he says, and while the method he uses is not one that I could possibly use - he is getting results - we have discussions on pertinent problems each afternoon (except Sunday). Those meetings he and his helpers ⁽²⁾ do not attend, but the morning service, at 8.30, and the evening service, 7.30, are Dr. Song's. He also holds a prayer service at 3.30 for those who are conscious of a heavy burden of any kind. The appeal is an emotional one, and I find an appreciable amount of nervous strain results in long-

continued attendance upon meetings that are held at high tension - If people are led into better lives though, who am I to say that the evangelist shouts "Praise the Lord!" or "Hallelujah!" too many times?

Wednesday 6.30 A.M.

I went to the meeting - and heard a truly remarkable depiction of John 4. Graphic is the word to use; Dr. Lloyd's pitch lat was utilized as various things. Most of all it was used as the water pitcher, carried on the head of the woman of Samaria (who, he says, is a preacher; she knows how the people are supposed to worship God; she knows about the Messiah - she is taking water to give out to the people who come to her meetings! Dead water, it is! etc ---). Then later this same implement is a pitcher carried by preachers nowadays. Carrying dead water to their people - Living water is the water of salvation - belief in Jesus as God and not as mere man - This preacher is as sincere - he has some very strange ideas, but I am sure he will be a great help to many.

Thursday 9.45 A.M.

I hope this letter will get finished sometime. Yesterday was pretty much of a grand rush. Classes all morning. Meeting in the afternoon till 3.30, when I went up to Edna's for a minute to have tea with Miss Allen, who came through

here on her way from Bagnid to Frochorn -

----- Sunday night, 11 P.M.!

Isn't this dreadful? My letter has been here on my desk a whole week - And this week I planned to write a long letter to you - and a long one to Arthur - and thought I would write to Uncle George and

Aunt Fannie and maybe to Uncle Samuel - but you'll have to give them - and all the others, too, my love this time. I think of every one of them so often -

Dr. Song has come and gone - and now we are in the "tent" of the Convention - It is being held where it ought to be held - in the new church - which is proving a great blessing all around -

I have three classes - her - slap! to-morrow morning - and then I'll go to the meetings when I can get a few minutes in edgewise. The convention closes to-morrow night - and then in between teachers' meetings & young People's Song Practices I must get my guest room ready for Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith who will arrive here the last of next week of the first of this week from the Philippines - I shall be so glad to see her - and especially glad to have her here in this house -

Much - much love

Abbie

No 31

Swatow, China

Oct. 3, 1932

Dear Quce,

Two weeks have gone by this time without my writing you a letter, and I am indeed very much ashamed. Let me see whether I can remember where I "left off." I rather think that Sept. 18 we had a ~~rather~~ long session of Young People's Meeting and the Committee which followed it. One thing they voted to do was to pay more attention to singing and have two special times a week to learn the music, Saturday night 6.30 to 7.00 and Sunday from 1.00 to ~~2.00~~ 1.30, just before their regular weekly meeting. There are not particularly convenient times for either Mr. Capen or me but never mind; if it helps more youngsters to take an interest in the society it will be worth a bigger price than that.

Well. From there on my story is a fairly lively one. Wednesday, Sept 21, Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith arrived in Swatow. I did not go out to the boat to meet her, for I had an eight-o'clock class that day. I got back from school, however, just as the

Stephens girls were coming into the yard with her. She had had rough trips from Manila to Hongkong and from Hongkong to Swatow, (it was typhoony weather) and she was pretty well done out; we gave her a little time to rest and she "came back" all right. There was a tea for her that afternoon at Enid Johnson's house and in the evening she gave us a good talk at prayer meeting. The next day she left for Nitzang, returning on Saturday just in time for the first meeting this term of the Senior W. W. J. (That is, she got in just in time to meet the girls before they left). Saturday night we had two of our teachers from school to meet Mrs. Smith at dinner. After that we did not have Mrs. Smith for another meal until Tuesday morning, the day she left. I had her here with me in my guest-room & felt it a great privilege to have her. She is an understanding lady. I had some chance, but not very much, to talk with her about Emily. But there is not much use in talking now. What has been done cannot be undone, and there will be scarcely to the end of time, as far as I can see.

The Sunday that Mrs. Smith was here we began our regular Sunday School classes for the Academy. We had had one meeting for them before that, with a splendid talk by Dr. Ling. Before that there had been so many meetings - retreat, convention, etc., that we didn't try to crowd ours in. - But I have a pretty fine little class and I am hoping to do more than I was able to accomplish last term. I am teaching the "Meaning of Faith" to six of the Junior High (1st year) students.

X (In the afternoon Mrs. Smith went to Swatow and I was much disappointed to think that she could not see my "pet", - the Young Peoples Society. She would have been edified if she could have heard all the plans for holding a night-school for poor children, for stressing the use of Mandarin (The Country Words) and the discussion which followed that, with the resultant vote to have our meetings

each week conducted in Mandarin! And many more plans -

That last plan, by the way, was carried out yesterday, and one of our Junior High II girls conducted the meeting - entirely in Mandarin. The discussions and votes were sometimes explained in Swatow words but Mandarin was the principal vehicle used to convey thought. The Devotional Committee presented new plans yesterday which if carried out will at least give the young people something to do - I can't remember all eight points but here are some of them:

1. Every member urged to a deepening of spiritual life; this to be assisted by daily prayer and Bible reading.
2. Every member urged to own a Bible; the Committee will get a free one for any one who cannot afford to buy - But Bibles may be bought very cheap!
3. Bible Classes will be held, including classes in Mandarin and English, no class to be opened for a fewer number than eight persons.
4. Plans are to be put in swing for the

formation of an Evangelistic Band. At present we have not the money nor persons trained for this work but we hope to realize these plans before long.

5. Members have not been in the habit of bringing Bibles to the meetings; and, after the Bible reading is mostly a matter of form, not much attention being paid to the subject of the selection read by the Devotional Committee man each week; hereafter the Bible reading ~~each week~~ will be responsive, and each member is requested to ~~to~~ bring his Bible with him.

6. It is important for us to look more carefully to our behavior, for that is bound to have an influence on our non-Christian fellow-students. Among other things, we shall resolve to keep entirely away from such bad habits as smoking, drinking, and eating opium, and we shall be especially careful to observe a strict moral purity at all times. (with the further comment, "I don't need to explain that; everybody knows what that means.")

This was not the order in which the plans were given nor is it a complete report - but the most important things are there -

It was an inspiring thing to me to sit and hear the young people bring along their ideas, - thrash them out, pro and con, - sometimes coming up against a stone wall, then seeing a little light through - and then going ahead by leaps and bounds - often to a very happy conclusion. - It's amazing what they can do if you give them their head and they don't feel hampered - I was distressed last spring because they thought they must have some games at each meeting to make it interesting - I debated in my mind whether to express myself on the subject - or not; the games were such harmless ones - so I suffered in silence. But I didn't have to suffer long. Percy! Now they don't have any time at their meetings for things so trivial as games. Yesterday the meeting didn't close until exactly 3, time to go to communion service. A week ago I had planned to go up and see Velva

afterwards but their committee meeting lasted until nearly 5.30! Oh but it is great after the colossal indifference and lukewarmness of three years ago - and I hug the hope that will keep right on the way we are going - If we keep on at the same rate we ought to be worth something in three years more!)

I forgot to say that the Chinese women had a very nice tea for Mrs. Smith the day before she left. There were Chinese invited to the missionary tea too, but this affair was entirely for and by the women - Mrs. Smith spoke, and our Miss Lee gave a short but sweet answer, and Mrs. Lim the chairman gave a brief report to Mrs. Smith of the year's work of our association. There were two songs, one by the kindergarten and one by the girls of our high school.

I don't know how much you read my letters to the folks but I'd like to you share this one with them, especially with Uncle Samuel - for he is the one that I had made up my mind I would

surely write to this week and now it does not look
as though I shall be able to get it in -

* (I have papers which must be corrected
tonight. I have a heavy schedule of classes
tomorrow, and on top of that a Ling Tong
Finance Committee meeting which means that I
shall have to give up one of my classes, ^{give these classes over} and also
my Chinese study period. I must arrange tonight
with McBeall, the schedule of music lessons and practice
hours for nine students, so that it can be posted
to-morrow. And I must see Mr. Baker to ask
a few questions about finance committee business. **

But he will probably come here to see me if I suggest
that I want to see him. (Later: he came.)

* (On Thursday I am to lead the Woman's Missionary
meeting and as yet I do not know what I am
going to say. I have a vague idea of talking
about sharing with others what we have - spiritual
as well as material things. Wu Hsiang is helping
me to get it into Chinese and I think she has an
idea that my thoughts are sparse - few and far between
as to speak - Well I really think as myself!

Must stop now - with much - much love A ym. fan - and to all the others.
Alice

32

Suataow, China

Oct. 16, 1922

Dear Ones,

Isn't it getting terrible? Here for two times in succession I have let two whole weeks go by without writing to you - I have just finished a letter to Uncle Samuel in which I told him some of the reasons why part of my letter was written ten days after the other part of it. I told him I was going to write and tell you two to go over and see him and read the letter I wrote to him - It's only that I've been busy with the most ordinary affairs - but I went into detail and I suppose you will be interested, as usual -

I have been trying to figure out why I am so rushed - It seems to me that I have never in my life been so on the jump as I am now - can't seem to get to bed early - and then I miss my sleep the next day - Mr. Hsiang is teaching me - and it may be that I am trying to crowd in a

little too much into one day. But in spite of the fact that I feel rushed, and often very tired, I seem to be thriving on the work - and although I have to climb up to the high building 5 times a week (two mornings I have to make the trip twice) still the old pump works all right and I am keeping about the same number of pounds -

I am amazed to hear how much you are getting away with, Mother, company, going places, etc - Do be careful, though!

Are Uncle George and Aunt Fanny well? I think of them so often - I can see Uncle George at the back door with a cane in one hand and a paper bag - or a wooden bucket in the other hand! That paper bag business was pretty much of a habit, I think - and a pretty nice one - Give them my love -

My love, too, to the others -
all of 'em - and to you 2,
Abbie

Suataw, China

Oct. 20, 1932

Dear One -

Having been none too successful for the last few weeks in getting my weekly epistle off to you, I am trying to be a little forehanded by getting this week's letter started on Thursday. I am having - or giving, rather - my third examination today. This week we have our first (so-called) monthly examination.

You may think it queer that with two whole exam periods gone by I haven't got a letter written to you already. Well! The first class this A.M. was of 41 students who have never taken an exam. to

me before and do not understand
that I will not have cheating of
any kind. So I did not have
a great deal of leisure time to
write letters in. It was a sharp
look-out all the time and a
real job. This first time I did
not want to catch anybody at it,
I wanted to prevent them from
doing the cheating. Next class time
I shall deliver a short lecture
on the pride they ought to take
in avoiding anything cracked.

In the class in "proctoring" right
now - just one half grade higher than
this morning's bunch, I still have
a few whose eyes very easily
wander right and left.

However, the worst part is yet to come; the correcting. I can't seem to get over my fault of giving long examinations; - long to write and long to correct! (It is now the last period and I am giving the fourth exam.) I ~~was~~ just got scared a minute ago and was afraid I'd given too long an exam this time so I wrote it ^(the answers) out myself and used 7 minutes doing so. The class has 50 minutes so that ought to be fair - I'll enclose a copy, just for fun.

Is the joke on me or on you?

The latest letter from Mother mentions

"your father's letter" - "as you will see
by your father's letter," etc - but
father's letter does not appear - I
sincerely hope it didn't get thrown
into the waste-basket - or into the
robin's barrow with the corn cob that
went down to the game - !

I need that letter so I'm
sending out this search for it.
I hope it will arrive safe and
sound in the next mail, London.
I can't afford to miss one of Father's
letters - he doesn't write them
often enough so that one can go
without my missing it (!) - as I am
intended - I don't want to
miss one of Mother's either -

kindest kind comes quite often enough to visit me - though far more often than I deserve -.

Do you see Ethel and Tiffy often? How I should like to see them. I do not remember ever having been inside the Decatur house but I like to imagine what it will be like when Ethel has settled it - as I suppose she already has - Do they live there? and are they there most of the time? Have any help - or do their own cooking, etc, or board some where - I am full of questions - and I'd

like so much to see them in
that setting - after having been
in their Brooklyn home - Give
them my affectionate greetings -
Sunday P. M.

The next letter from you arrived
yesterday - with Father's letter
safely tucked in; so I don't have
to worry about that any more -

I had another letter yesterday -
one marked on the outside "Mrs.
W. Lyman, Norwich, Conn." Imagine
my puzzlement when I opened
the letter and read "Dear Miss
Sanderson" instead of the usual
friendly salutation - I con-
firmed the letter to be from

Miss Elizabeth Lyman, whose
 S.S. class, a group of six nine-
 year old girls want a letter from
 a group of girls in China -

Of all prim, precise, proper,
 exactly correct, yet charming
 little letters this gets the prize.
 Elizabeth is the teacher, you
 understand, and she feels the
 responsibility deeply. The letter
 told about some games that
 they play, and what they
 eat three times a day, and some
 other things. I haven't made it
 clear that Elizabeth wrote two
 letters, one to me, explaining
 the situation, and the other,
 signed by the six little girls,

addressed "Dear Friends in China."

It happened that our Juniors
W. W. J. met yesterday and they
were not only glad to hear the
letter but enthusiastically voted
to have their secretary write an
answer - We shall then need to
get it translated and have
both copies sent along to
Connecticut.

I'll warrant you Elizabeth
Lyman is just a little piece
of exactly what her mother
was at her age! How old
is she? Do you have any
records which tell? I
cant find her baby pictures
which may be dated. Much love to you. Abbe

- I. a) Name five words used as interjections.
b) What is an infinitive?
- II. Mark the infinitives, participles, and gerunds in these sentences and tell how each is used:
- a) Our hope is to find the stolen goods.
b) She earns her living by raising goldfish.
c) The water in the lake was freezing cold.
d) To refuse his request would be selfish.
- III. Write a sentence containing a non-essential adjective clause.
- IV. Change these direct quotations into indirect quotations:
- a) "In which house do you live?" asked my friend.
b) "I will tell you a story tonight," my aunt promised.
- V. Mark the noun clauses and tell the use of each in the sentences:
- a) When we shall return is uncertain.
b) Where the boys went I do not know.
c) I could see them from where I stood.
d) He was told that the train was late.
e) The trouble was that we had no matches.

Suataw, China, Nov. 6, 1932

Dear One,

As repentant as I truly am each time when I let a week go by without writing to you, it doesn't seem to make me sorry enough to keep from repeating the offence!

I truly don't mean ever to let a week go by - but this week has been specially busy - (That's what I say every time, I know!)

This week we have been getting ready for an exhibition in Suataw and there have been extra papers to correct - and not enough time to correct them in - Regular work has gone by the board -

On top of this we had a Teachers' social last night and since Mabelle had to had the teachers' prayer meeting the night before, she delegated to me the work that she had been asked to do, that of preparing the games. Aside from that we had to play a duet and I had to sing a solo! (So low!)

On top of that, when I found last night - about 15 minutes before leaving for the party - that I still had 66 sheets to correct whereas I was supposed to have them all finished and banded in to the office last night, a bunch of papers came from one of the Chinese teachers telling me that he would like me please to

correct them for him! Well - I was sunk, just about. But at the party I saw him, and he told me that my papers do not need to go in until Tuesday night as that is a help - and I had a much better sleep last night than I have had for a week. When I get so dreadfully rushed my mind is obsessed by the thing I am doing that I can't relax. But I did last night - and I expect to tonight, and be much better able to tackle the thing to-morrow -

You will soon receive, if you haven't received it already - and there again, I'll correct myself by saying you may not receive it until Christmas, a package containing 1 doz. Benguet lily bulbs, sent from the P. I. to you as Xmas remembrance - I'd like Aunt Bertha and Aunt Fannie each to have one or two (according to how many you'd like to keep ^{and perhaps greatly treasure}) and I'd like Grace Allen to have one any way - and will you please use your judgment about giving any to Sam's & Will's folks? I'm not sure they would care so much for them - and anyway I'm sending you to-morrow 10 cans of tea - with the request, that you'll give, at Xmas, one each to Uncle Geo, Nell & David; Aunts Bertha, Fannie, & Lina; William; and I'd like

I ask you, if it isn't too much trouble, to send one to
8) Mrs. Lester Morris, Bingham, Maine, and 9) Guilman
T. Stacy, 131 E. Weber Road, Columbus, Ohio - Right now
while I think of it I'll tell you that the letter never did
get sent to change the address of the Atlantic Monthly.
I'll be very glad to have them - and glad that you tear the
adv. out before you send them - I don't know when I shall
have read them - if I had ^{getting them} been here, but I hope to have
a vacation sometime and it will surely be good to have them
again. Have you read any of them?

By the way - you are at liberty, of course, to keep
the tea and ^{the} bulbs and send anything else from
the Chinese things to any of the people I've mentioned.
I expect to send Gladys Paul something (probably
one of the pretty new handkerchiefs) right from
here - if I can get around to it - But this
Christmas I'm doing very little for anybody - I have
as yet got no enthusiasm for Christmas cards
and I don't think I have either pep nor time to send
them - And postage is higher - and money is "plenty
scarce", if you know what I mean -

Are you wondering whether you know these games
that we played last night?

We wrote ACADEMY TEACHERS twice, once in red and once in blue letters, cut the letters apart - hid them around the room, in sight (beforehand); then divided the company into two groups and had one side hunt for the red letters and one side for the blue, and each side put their letters together to form the words - & see who got the words first - We did the same thing, in another room, with a Chinese proverb - Then we had Chinese pens stuck in the ends of ten foot poles and had the people write letters on a white paper - Chalk (on a blackboard) would be better, I think. Then we had two boards with 18 small candles stuck on each one. The contestants were given one match to see who could light the most candles with the one match before it went out. Another stunt we meant to use was having small leaves which must be picked up with chopsticks and put in a bowl - But we didn't have time. Your letter of Oct 7 arrived yesterday - I was glad to hear from you - and sorry to hear that it is not good news of the trip.

Sewater, China
Nov. 10, 1932

Dear Cues -

Don't you think it is about time for me to try to be a little fore-handed? My effort in that direction this time consists in beginning this letter on Thursday! I'm at school - and though it is study hour, yet there is a chance that business won't be quite so brisk tonight & I can get a little word scribbled off to you -

First of all, we are all on the qui vive to hear election returns, but have no hope, from the reports we hear, that Hoover has any sort of chance. What is the trouble, I wonder? Have people really lost confidence in him? Or is it just the restlessness that demands a change, on the principle that anything must be better than what we have?

I was dumfounded to hear that Maine had gone for Repeal. That is a real comedown isn't it? I figure that many conscientious people must have changed their minds on the subject and really think

that some form of license would bring
improved conditions. I wonder what form
they think will work? I hope I haven't a
closed mind on this subject; I certainly wish
to be on the right side of the subject, even
though it may mean a change of long held opinions.
But I can't see any daylight yet. I confess.

After procrastinating last night the Hobbits,
Edna South and Marion Stephens went over to
the American Consulate in Swanton to see if
they could get any news. They were counting on
the Consul's Radio, but nothing more recent than
4 A.M. Wednesday had been received - and that
showed ~~News~~ ^{Roosevelt} far in the lead - except in the
New England states. Well I'm glad New England
has some sense left! However - that last sentence
is the child of a prejudiced mind, I know!
I don't know enough about Roosevelt to express
an opinion about him -

I was so glad to get your letter on Saturday -
You always tell so much news - just the things
I want to hear; whether it is cold enough to light
the furnace; how the Ladies ~~Radio~~ Sales come off;

How Uncle Samuel, Uncle George, Aunt Fanny, Uncle Will, and all the others are - What you had for dinner - what's growing in the garden (not much, when you get this letter!), where the cornstalks went and why (! - do I dodge a brickbat right there?) how Bobby and Bertha are - (can't seem to imagine Norma mawing around, much less talking).

I'm just hungry to hear all these things - and it is as good as one of those "delicious chicken dinners with all the fixins" that Mrs. Webber wrote about in her letter (received last week). Mrs. Webber, by the way, seems to be a little bit reconciled to my being out here now - at least, not quite so violently opposed to my leaving for China as she appeared when I saw her last year! How I should like to have been there for their visit!

This week I have been attending pretty strictly to school business - School routine does fill up the time - and the school work

I am doing now, while congenial, is not as easy as I've had before - and I am not as well prepared for it as I ought to be. When I think of how accurately our German teacher, Dr. Margnardt, was always able to translate German into English, and compare with that ability my own feeble attempts & put into Chinese some of the sentences which I have to teach, - I am appalled with my inadequacy - And yet, it might be worse!

I'll try to add a little to this, later -

Much love,

Albi

You asked why I needed another rain coat - The pretty one I had at home simply went in holes all over - It was too bad, but with rains as they are here there is no use in trying to get along without a raincoat. That's why!

No 35

Swatow China

Nov. 28, 1932

Dearest —

Sunday night - and late enough so that I ought to be in bed asleep instead of writing to you - As a matter of fact, I am in bed - and I have a notion I shall be asleep before this gets finished! I'm not so far from the line now - When I wake up with a jerk I wonder what word that was I tried to write last time I suppose I shall decide to put out my light and finish tomorrow! And in the meantime I'll write a little - and wait you be lucky if you can read it!

I'm feeling fine these days - I'm a little tired tonight, but it is physical tiredness rather than nerve-tiredness. If I could only start off to-morrow A.M. with a fresh slate as far as my old English papers are concerned, I think I should be quite happy.

Christmas cards are getting the go-by with me this year - I would like to send some - but I seem just to be swamped without writing any

cards - My program seems to be just one event after another - Prayer meeting, study hour, prayer meeting - Young People's Social, School social, School Exhibit, and so on. Yesterday afternoon I spent on the athletic field - watching the boys and girls in the contests of our big field day. I do love those youngsters and I feel so for them when they miss out or get put down for second place when they really ought to have had first. One of our very best athletes got hit by the "shot", the big iron ball - It didn't take many minutes for a bump as big as your fist to come out on that shoulder - and he was out of the running for the rest of the day - I do hope it isn't serious - His heart will be broken if this keeps him out of the contest with all the schools - in Swanton a week or so from now!

This coming week we are having a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving party. It comes on my night to be at study hour - but I'm exchanging with one of the Chinese teachers so that I can attend. I'll take study hour Monday

I told you, didn't I, that Velva has been after me to stay in nights more - Well - this week I haven't exactly obeyed orders. I began by being very disobedient - but that particular disobedience Velva rather approves, she says - I went with Dorothy Campbell & Marion Stephens for a ride to Double Island in the moonlight. We took our supper and ate it on the beach after the other two had been in bathing - It was marvellous - and I had a grand good sleep that night!

Tuesday night I climbed the hill to the principal's house for a meeting of the disciplinary committee of the school. Wednesday night I went to ^{missionary} ~~teachers'~~ prayer meeting, Thursday to school, Friday to teachers' prayer meeting and Saturday to music rehearsal - ! And so it goes -

You have asked how I liked the clothes I got - My white coat is one of the most useful garments I own - I've worn it and

worn it. I'm getting a good deal of satisfaction, too, out of my blue suit. I wear the pink blouse sometimes, but Evelyn's blouse is just right with it - and I've had several compliments - Mrs. Capen has spoken ~~that~~ about it, and Mr. Baker quite raves over it. I mention those two because they are men and they don't ordinarily comment on my clothes! The girls like my outfit pretty well, too. I've just made up that cheap cotton that looked like challis (gray, with diagonal plaid) and I think I'm going to like it a lot.

I don't believe it pays to get cheap shoes - One of the pair of \$2. has had to be tapped already, and they have stretched so that they're as big as all outdoors - I've made over the brown and the black hats so they haven't any ear laps now - You'd never recognize 'em in the wide wide world!

This is a sample of the material I got in H. K. with satin to go with it. Not made up yet - - - - - much, much love & all affec-



Sutton, China
Nov. 27, 1932

Dear Father and Mother,

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and still I haven't sent a Christmas card even to anyone - It looks very much as though my friends on the other side of the water will not hear from me this Christmas! I haven't even sent a card to Uncle George and Aunt Fannie - and I did want to do that! I'd like to have a card from me in their collection, which I know will be a big one. But if I send one card, I want to send more - and as the time goes by and I don't send any - Aunt I sorry? If I didn't have my missionary work to do maybe I'd have time to write, but then I mightn't have much to write about -

My regular night at school is Thursday but this week I went to school Monday so that I could be free to go to our American Thanksgiving dinner at Sherrin Bungalow. We invited the Stokers from Double Island and we had a big party. There were turkeys which had been sent by the Stokers for the occasion - and we had cranberry sauce & pumpkin pie and autumn decorations on the table.

and a gala celebration all around. There were songs - oh yes, we had another visitor besides the Stockers - Miss M^c Gill from the Phillips House (Missionary Home) in Hongkong. Mr. Papen sang about the Turkey Gobler and Miss M^c Gill sang about "Grandmamma & Grandpapa" - ("They hadn't really met, when Grandpapa kissed Grandmamma in that second minuet") really quite fitting. We had a Toastmaster - Kenneth Robert - who told a lot of stories and introduced speakers on the following subjects "Turkeys", "Trills", "Trials", "Triumphs". These subjects were handled by Mr. Giffin, A. G. S., Marion Stephens, and Mr. Baker respectively -

I went to the dictionary for my material & look up meanings of trills, fields, & thrills, which were the subjects suggested to me - I found plenty. I'm enclosing my scribbled notes - if you can read them you'll see that I made a stab at the speech even if it wasn't a very wonderful one.

In the center of the table was a huge pumpkin cut out in the middle & filled high with fruit, with streamers leading from it to each place - We pulled, and each drew a prophecy for what would be doing or thinking

(read notes to be kept for)

next Thanksgiving or in enclosing mine! We had to read them around in turn and before I read mine I said in a solemn voice "Well this is really true" - and then when I read what it said a perfect howl went up - It was the biggest joke of the evening!

One of the games was "Impossible Thanksgiving" - where the word "Thanksgiving" was supposed to be divided into as many words as possible - That is - make as many (three letter & four letter, mostly) words from it as possible. But we never did get it done - 26 were present.

But my mind is more on Christmas things than on Thanksgiving ones just now - Christmas Dinner will be here at our house, and I'm housekeeper! Christmas Day we have celebration at the church - and either Saturday night or Thursday night I have the young people's society here for a big party - I am providing the cake - and for the rest they do it all themselves - Somewhat different from 2 years ago when I had to rack my brains for all sorts of games, etc - !

That same week there are likely to be several other celebrations and we are likely to be pretty busy.

Tomorrow our second "Monthly" examinations begin and then there will be more papers - Ah

I've got something else to think about,
however, before I think of correcting
papers, and that is making out the
questions for the exams - I have tomorrow's
all ready, but the following day I have
four exams and none is prepared
yet.

THANKSGIVING

1932



THE GUESTS.

1. The unlucky servant of Pharaoh, *Baker*
2. Their hearts in Shanghai, *Stoker*
3. A wobbly case of fluid, *Waters*
4. A traitor to Heaven, *Johnson*
5. An Irish policeman, *McGill*
6. A roost fowl, *Coplin*
7. A youthful poetess, *Evelyn*
8. A well-known Eskimoh sailor visitor, *Workye*
9. A Swedish highbrow, *Eriksen*
10. A skillful seamstress, *Majors*
11. An early American pioneer, *Smith*
12. An Eastern University, *Brown*
13. Harbor-crossing authority, *Johnson* *Spicer*
14. Welcome Islanders, *Ziffino*
15. One of these "Coming", *Campbells*
16. Regular Thursday nighter, *Old*
17. A beautiful lady in Spring, *Marable*
17. Responsible for Church, *Hobart*
19. Four blessings, *Hobart children*

THE MENU.

THE MENU.

- Soup - That a ship sometimes springs. *Looks -*
- Fish - Quite little baggers. *shrimp*
- Roast - Dear to the heart of Thanksgiving. *turkey*
- Vegetable - To steal mildly. *cabbage*
- Cake - Chinese English. *pidgin*
- Salad - Part of a house and a letter. *celery*
- Relish - Dreadful provisions. *pickle*
- Pudding - a summer residence. *cottage*
- Cake - What variety gives to life. *spice*
- Fruit - A church dignitary & a fruit. *elderberry*
- Wine - The kind of invitation one likes
to receive. *cordial*

JUNE 1947

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

...the ... ship ...

NEW ENGLAND SHIPS.

1. What they met for on Sunday. *Worship*
2. What feeling existed among them? *friendship*
3. What ship was popular with the young folks? *courteship*
4. What did it lead up to? *partnership*
5. What was unpleasant for them? *hardship*
6. What enabled them to endure? *spartanship*
7. What caused them to leave England? *pushship*
8. What present day luxury did they do without? *airship*
9. What feeling do we have for them? *kindship*
10. What increased their numbers? *hairship*

...the ... ship ...

THANKSGIVING.

1. Reassembling Abbie & Beatrice. *then*
2. When we all miss this day. *Kim*
3. The kind of parties Katchich "Ken-Kien"
like to attend. *stay*
4. Expected by the Kityang Hospital. *giving*
5. Marion's favorite occupation. *trunking*
6. Never held in Denton bottles. *fun*
7. What Katchich saith are seldom guilty *think*
of.
8. What Miss McGill is good at doing. *singing*
9. Valva's rightful state over her new
apartment. *black*
10. What we do when we are told to go. *set*
11. What the Stockers are to any gathering. *given*
12. Some thing unfitting recently purchased
for Mrs. Torley. *hat*
13. What some of us look like the morning
after the night before. *light*
14. Double Island beach sport. *gay*
15. What one aims to score. *hit*

CHALLENGE

HITS TO CRACK

1. A dairy product *Buttermilk*
2. A vegetable, *peanut* peanut
3. A country *Brazil*
4. A girl's name, *Mazel*
5. A structure *Wahpet*
6. Asian eyes, *almond*
7. Every ocean has one, *beach*
8. That which holds a treasure, *chest*
9. Names of two boys, *Albert*
10. A letter of the alphabet and an article made of tin, *pecan*

Sunday - (36)

I wish I had three times as much time as I have and five times as much strength; about ten times as much wisdom and cleverness as I have; and I don't know how many times my power of concentration would have to be multiplied in order to amount to anything. That particular item seems to be almost a negligible quantity in my make-up these days. There are so many many things that I want to do and I don't seem to be very successful in doing any of them.

Days are filled either with correcting papers after I have taught my classes, or with worrying about the stacks of papers I haven't corrected - And I know that is no way at all to behave. And yet each week more papers seem to come in than I can

able to get corrected, graded, and
given back -

The doctor thinks I am going at
a bit too rapid a pace and is
trying to calm me down - He has
told me not to go out more than two
evenings a week as a regular thing,
and not more than three a week
at all, for a while - And as a
matter of fact I have three nights
out as a regular thing - Prayer meeting
for missionaries Wed; School assembly
on Thursday; Academy Teachers'
prayer meeting on Friday - This doesn't
include my young Peoples' music rehearsal
6:30 to 7 Saturday, which sometimes (last
night, for example) stretches into a time of
committee talk which lasts till 9 -
Well - I've told you all this before,
haven't I? Seems as though I have,

Yesterday we had the Junior W. W. G's
again - That is a relief from the
routine work, all right. Their topic
was music, and their Bible readings
were all about music. They responded
to the roll-call by singing a verse
of some hymn they knew. Then
they rehearsed a song which they
sang this morning at church, then
later rehearsed Christmas music.
Later we went out and took pictures.
I hope they will turn out well -
Though the girls weren't all there
yesterday. They are an interesting
bunch all right.

We are beginning to get the
report of the appraiser's commission
that came out here. Are you
seeing it in the papers? And
what do you think of it? I'm
eager to get your reaction.

I had my mind all made up
to be as tolerant as possible, but
it seems to me that they have
struck the one note that I can't
agree to - if they really mean
putting religion in any but the
first place. — Because I wouldn't
be out here if it were just here to
teach and nothing else. And if they
want people to do that they'd better
send me home and send out an
"educational expert" instead of just
a teacher or a single woman!

Oh well!

Travels, much love,

Abbie

20
Trick = { Experiences and ?
 { Help gained from experience }

1. quaver - waver -

undecided as to what kind
of speech I'd make -
(thick, thilly, fiddle) ?

2. shake, trouble

as from fear - afraid of dark
- especially this one

3. twirl spin

dizzy whirl - in America
when speech making is almost
set out quite as bad as here
Some people, avoid whirl
not ? !
no names -

4. trickle

tears flowing - I do weep
some times - but tonight it is
you who must weep in sympathy
with one who is attempting
something beyond power

5. sing

as in a state of happiness
in which I'll be when I get
through this speech. If you
and so tell you -

6. shake

piece = ? furlongs
froth
apple

light headedness -

~~patchwork~~
patchwork

rose & butter
knitting sweater
crocheted afghan
collectible stamps
turning, turn

back to the dizzy whirl

Thill

(2)

1. cause to have that sensation
headache?

2. or shivering sensation

malaria, or I think
freezing

3. I should think Capt.
Stokes would have
this kind of experience
getting out in open
boat - in all weather
to meet ships -
hardened to it?

4. excitement, wondering
whether Hoover or Ross
will be elected,
whether we are going to
have a holiday on
St. Louis birthday -
whether Princeton beat
Yale -

~~whether things are~~
~~going to what the~~
Foreign Mission
Appraisers are going to

5. more (sitting thing)

not much about that,
know it all my life -
ministering family
in P. I. - but when I'm
not sent there - I like
to go to Baguio - so good
because I haven't enough
money to go often -

6. pure

to the heart as with
Cupid's arrow -

7. nothing to say
about it

practic copying
papers - climbing steps

7. ^(Miles)
prick

(3)

conscious -

When those
papers haven't
been collected - !!

8. hurl & cast

as pride which

causes falls -

I've had em -

(not now!)

9. penetrate - but

you'll ^{know that}
~~that~~ is if I don't stop
soon -

One more -

10. Breathing place

a rest even for

the wicked -

So - farewell!!

Tan
gach
hind
fat
hit
gin
ant
thin
than
thank

Swatow, China,

Dec. 7, 1932

Dear Ones -

We had the privilege yesterday of hearing Dr. Stanley Jones, author of "The Christ of the Indian Road", speak in our new church here at Katchich. Over two hundred of our students were present to hear him and he gave them a fine, straightforned appeal. Dr. Ling translated for him and did a pretty good job of it. The students were much attracted by his message and his method.

Dr. Ling, who was here a few weeks ago, appealed to the mystical in people - and many older people thought him wonderful and got real help from him. This man, however, appealed to the students from the angle of wishing to get down to the rock bottom of the common sense angle - and it did grip some of our students - His method of asking them to decide they liked better, to - It was an appeal for them to go home and make their own pact, privately with God alone -

(Mother)
Do you remember Mrs. Dayood, who directed the children in a play or pageant at Milwaukee - at the W.W.G. banquet, I think it was - without any rehearsal at all - Really quite a marvelous stunt? She is here in Swatow - and I took her all around our school - had her meet some of our teachers, and the principal - and I had a very nice visit. Then last night we had her at our house for supper - She is

rather worried now about getting a boat back to Hong Kong. The only way is to take a boat from here which promises to get her into Hong Kong at 6 A.M. Saturday when the Dollar Line steamer leaves the same day at 8 A.M. for Penang. She has the money to make this quick change go through if anyone could - and if not, she will get along somehow, I think. But I'm glad I am not the one who has to go through the worry of wondering whether I'd get that boat or not. It has been good to have her here with us -

I've been getting in deeper and deeper as to papers to be corrected. I must hurry and get them done this week so that I can get a little bit cleared up before Christmas. I'm going to be fairly busy this Christmas. I can plainly see that. I have many regrets that I have not been able to write and Christmas cards or letters this year. But I just couldn't manage it.

Monday night we had the two senior classes here for a little party - and we did have a grand time. We had them divide into groups and hunt for Chinese characters hidden in the room, a set of red and a set of black, which, when put together formed a proverb. The idea was to see which side would get the letters found and put together most quickly. Then we had names of characters in the books they have been reading with me pinned to their backs, and they had to ask questions which could be answered, "Yes", "No", or "I don't know", to find out their identity. They entered into it with

guests and there was nothing slow about them. I can
tell you. We have been reading Kipling's "Rikki-tikki-tavi"
which they like a lot, and they are good at remembering
the names and good at seeing the funny side of
things. The wag of the class had the name of
"Nag" the wicked cobra - and the quiet, good little
boy had the name of Dargie's wife (Dargie is the tailor-
bird) - and so on -

We had one stunt with an unimpeachable doctor, (short
pinned around his neck -) nurse (towel on her head), a tall
man and a short man, (under umbrella dressed up in
kimono's and with heads attached) - The really tall one
came waddling in under one umbrella all spread out; &
crouched down as low as he could get. Of course they thought
he was the short one - He came & got the doctor & made him
tall and thin - Then the really short one came in as the
tall man, umbrella not spread - and held up as high as
possible; he wanted to be made short and fat - After
serious consultation of books - scathing and appreciative comments
running all the time from the audience - the doctor
prescribed and the nurse administered doses of medicine.
The two patients appeared shortly, metamorphosed from
tall to short and vice versa - then the doctor strutted
and bragged a bit, and finally all ^{disorderly} ~~disorderly~~ - or
dismantled, shall I say? -

We had a grand time -

Much love Abbie

Suatsen, China

Dec. 11, 1932

Dear Ones,

Your telling of Uncle Samuel's death came yesterday. I sat down immediately and wrote to the girls and sent it off on the afternoon mail. Whether it will catch an earlier steamer than this letter, I don't know - but I do hope it may get there soon. I keep thinking of those three girls - and wondering how they are getting along. I know there are many people who are ready to help them in any way they can, and I have no doubt that the individual ones of our own people have helped in more ways than anyone will know about. I wish there were something I could do to help - but I feel so helpless. I keep thinking, too, of the letter that I planned for so many months to write and then wrote it - too late for him to receive it. And I know getting that letter did not make things any easier for the girls, but very likely was like opening a wound afresh - It is no use to have vain regrets - but I am sorry that I should have caused pain instead of carrying pleasure or comfort -

Today has been busier than usual - Church is rather, Sunday School at 8.30 - Then at 9.30 today I attended children's church - because they had asked me to sing a

sole. The service must have been too long, for I did not get home until after 11.30. Then dinner at 12, then Young People's Music Practice at 1; regular Y. P. meeting, 1.30 to nearly 3; rested 15 minutes over Mrs. Ogden's guest room bed before starting for Swatow, where a bunch of 18 had been invited to sing at the Y. M. C. A. mandarin school meeting. (They must have liked our singing, for they immediately asked us to come again and sing for them Christmas Day -)

I got back at 5.50 - and was eating a hurried supper when called to a committee meeting of the Y. P. which had been called for 6.30 but had been changed to 6. That meeting lasted until 9.30 - Then I came home and sat down to write a letter. It is my father and mother - and this is the letter. It is not much of a letter; probably not worth the 25¢ which I must put on it - But at least they will have heard from me - and I have a notion that they'd rather have a measly little letter from me than none at all -

Yours own Abbie - with love to all.

P.S. Miss Sandberg is to be married in June to Dr. Charles Sears of New York City!

Suataow, China

Dec. 27, 1932

Dear Ques,

This is the morning after the night before, all right! For a week and two days now I have been promising myself to write to you inside of 24 hours - but it truly seems that this is the first minute I have had. Christmas was if anything busier than usual for me this year. The final item of our Christmas activities came last night with dinner for all the Americans on the compound, here at our house. We had twenty-eight people seated at three tables (12, 10, and 6) in our rather small dining room. We asked only three houseboys to help, so that the boys weren't running over each other out in the kitchen, breaking dishes, getting things mixed up, and so on - The whole thing went like clock work. I asked our cook, Sui Kim, whether he wanted any help, and he preferred none - He did a good job, and deserves the praise that he got on all sides - It happens that three of us in this house have dinner sets, so that the dishes on each table matched. My Japanese green bamboo

set had the largest meat platter, so those dishes served the table of 12. - Mabelle's English set with neat little black and gold border has the smallest platter, and Marion's Chinese rose medallion pattern the medium sized, so we arranged accordingly - I want to tell you more in detail about what we ate and what we did, but I don't have time ^{to} write that all now unless I omit entirely another side of our Christmas festivities. If I write only about the big Christmas dinner we Americans had you may not think we have the right idea about Christmas - Really this Christmas dinner was a very small part. We put it off until Monday night in order that it might not interfere with the real business of Christmas -

More than a month ago rehearsals for Christmas music began - Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the 18th, with the usual White Gift service, which brought in over \$500. Mex from the different departments of the Sunday school - The gifts this year were substantial rather than spectacular. Several of the Sunday School classes had their gifts attractively wrapped; ~~but~~ the most unusual one, perhaps, was a cross fashioned on a large board. The cross pieces were made of rows of 20 cent pieces, and the uprights of silver dollars.

The most appealing feature of the program to me was the reciting of a long passage of scripture by the school down in the big village -

Monday night our Young People had a share in the entertainment at the seminary, as we attended their celebration.

Thursday night the Young People themselves had their Christmas party here at our house - and a rare jolly time they had, too. The program was all of their own arranging - and they omitted little, from angels to wise men and even a camel! We took some flashlight pictures but they didn't turn out very well - I'll send you some.

Friday night was a big party at our school - There was a very good spirit, but it wasn't specially a Christmas affair, because they wanted all the non-Christians to join in -

Saturday was our girls' Christmas party at school - Sunday was full to the brim - Carol singing beginning at 3 - (we went out at 4!) Music practice at 8 - Morning service for everybody at 9 - a long one - Dinner at 12 - (I had dinner with the Capens - just ^{two} of us) Music for the Young People at 1 - Regular meeting at 1.30 - At 3.15 I got ten minutes rest on Mrs. Capen's bed before

starting to Swatara where the young people had
promised to sing at the Y. M. C. A. - Got home
just in time for supper. In the evening I wanted
to write to you - but after we had done a good bit
of planning about the affair for Monday (last night) I
was really too weary to think.

The high spot of ^{with} Christmas Day for me was when,
a little after 4 A.M., about 20 young people ^{we} reached
our Academy garden, near the teachers' dormitory,
and had sung one carol, we heard a solo voice
coming from one of the teachers' rooms, answering
us with two verses of "Silent Night". We stood still
in the starlight until he had finished, then we
sang "Hark the Herald Angels". We had intended to
go on - but his voice came again, this time with
"Once in David's royal City". Then we answered with
"Merry, merry Christmas" - walking away as we
sang - going on then to the principal's house -
The singer was ~~one~~ of our new teachers - it was
just a joy to me to have him enter into the
spirit of things that way. In my mind - it is
a very fine thing to have a young man who can

sing and isn't afraid of being laughed at - I
just enjoyed that ten minutes out in the early
morning more than anything - (we were out more than
an hour and a half in all - going around to the
different houses to sing -)

I must get this off to you -

Your spiffarinktum hot water bottle and
cover arrived and I am delighted with it.
Nobody has had one like it out here - Many
many thanks - I have had a number of cards
from South Benwick, and one or two from Charlton.
I hope to acknowledge them all in some way a
little later -

Much love to you -

Abbie