

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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(Enclosed is a sample of the best I can
do in having correspondence cards made Swatow, China Jan. 1. 1933
Here in Swatow - I hope if any one wants to
dearest One, know what it's like - (the hint!) Only, if you send any
to me, I want you to take it out of my money - ~~and?~~)

no 40

This letter will probably not be finished
tonight but at least I'll have begun it on New Year's
Day - So first of all - Happy New Year to you and to all
the Yeatons, Jarvins, Gaulters and any others who would
care for a greeting from me -

Yesterday brought me ^{an splendid letter from}
^{as well as the tip from you with Lella's letter.}
Lella and Velda - I was as happy to have them - and
I must surely answer them soon - I can't see much
time before the end of this month, though. We have
ten days vacation - beginning Jan 21 - That seems
a short time in comparison with the 3 or 4 weeks
we used to have at Chinese New Year - But we
usually have a good many single holidays scattered
through the year - and a spring vacation of
4 or 5 days - Then to-morrow we have vacation - and
next day - for the new year - I'm surely glad - for it
ought to give me a chance to get caught up a little
with my English papers -

In my last letter I promised to tell you
more about our Christmas dinner. We surely did have
a good time - We had all except the invalids and
children draw lots for their places - By invalids I mean
Mr. Watson, who is just now beginning to get around on
crutches after several months in bed with sciatica,
and Mrs. Giffin & Mrs. Campbell, both of whom have
rather recently returned from the Matilda hospital in

Hongkong. Oh yes, we four in the house had our place, too, Mabelle + Evelyn at the largest table, Marion at the smallest, and I at the middle one where as hostess I could have a general oversight of things.

We had a little snowball fight scene on the middle table - (dolls, "snow", ^{"cotton"} and a snow man with a black stove-pipe hat, pipe, etc.) On the largest table we had a small Christmas tree, and on the smallest two sprays of holly (manufactured) arranged as a centerpiece - On each table were two tall red candles in Mabelle's pretty brass candlesticks.

For nut baskets we had made little round boxes covered with red or green crepe paper - and each place was bedecked with a piece of "holly" made from a spray of green banyan leaves cut ^{up} like holly - with red (bead) berries wired on - ^{most} ~~very~~ realistic, everyone said.

Just before we left the table we gave out postal package slips - Then domestics Marion & I conducted a Post office where each person had to apply for his package but before getting it had to "pay duty" - i. e. sing a song - ^{Real Excuse} do a clog dance, give a pantomime Election campaign speech, give a demonstration of home discipline (Mrs. Hobart) give us a word of advice & encouragement for the new year (Mr. Bates) give a demonstration of facial expression of a growler on his first visit to the photographers' (Mr. Griffin) etc - something

for each one - They had brought wrapped presents
so each one got one - foolish little things, mostly -
They liked this kind of entertainment, and it took long
enough so that when we had gone the rounds of the
28 people present - (which included Mr. & Mrs. Adams, Mrs.
As just having arrived the week before) it was nearly
time for them to go home -

You'll be interested in the menu - It doesn't sound
exactly like a poor man's dinner! But most of the
things we had were grown in our garden or can
be obtained cheap - The 3 geese were the chief items
of expense.

- Fruit cup (mulberries, grapes, pineapple, a dash
of ginger all for "bite").

- Roast Goose, mashed sweet potatoes with walnuts,
cauliflower, scalloped corn,
stuffed olives, almond rolls (which
are Parker House rolls twisted in figure
& form with an almond in each "hole")
and grape juice sherbet served with
this course.

- Christmas Salad - (Shredded cabbage, topped with green
pepper holly spray - pimiento berries)
The cook took special pride in cutting
these decorations - The peppers & cabbage
& celery came from our own garden)

- Mince pie, coffee

- Swarov oranges

It really was pretty good - though when I told the cook
the menu he said "They won't have anything to eat -"
But I guess everybody "managed" -

Jan 2 -

Saturday night I didn't get to bed very early - we had three women teachers from the Academy here for dinner and we played games until about ten-thirty. Marion and Evelyn were not here because they had gone to a New Year's Eve party in Swatow - When the teachers went home I walked over with them for I had been invited to a watch night party at Dorothy Campbell's - She had games, refreshments - then we played a game of giving out letters then writing a new year's resolution the first word of which began with one of the letters - Then came Happy New Year, some songs - then Mrs. Campbell led in a short devotional, using the two words "hitherto" and "henceforth" and we came home - It was really a very nice little party - especially since I didn't have to worry about getting up for S. S. class the next morning. (The students had gone home, many of them, for the short new year's vacation, so our S. S. is suspended for this Sunday)

I must quit and finish a letter to Arthur and a short one to Emily - then get at my English papers. I have written to Emily once only, since last September - and about the same to Arthur. I ought to be ashamed -

The January "Atlantic" has arrived, so I take it that I'm getting it another year - I'll be glad to have you send the old ones - I haven't seen one since I left home - Thank you again for the grand hot water bottle covers - nobody has seen any thing like it - and for the slippers - they are great - The padding looks, too -

Much love, Abbie

I am sending a copy of this to Arthur -

Swatow, China, Jan. 7, 1933

Dear Ones;

Usually when I write the above salutation it is addressed either to father and mother or to Arthur and his family. This time, however, I am killing two birds with one stone and writing the same letter to both places. I'm a little ahead of myself this week; you notice it is only Saturday! Whereas my "Sunday" letters all too often do not get written until Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,-- any old time, if indeed they get written at all! The ones to Arthur mostly don't get written, I'm ashamed to say!

It is now 10.30 P.M.; the light has just flickered, telling us that we have shifted from dynamo to battery for the night. I suppose I really ~~am~~ should go to bed, for we have had a gay evening-- five Chinese guests, and they did not go home until just a few minutes ago. But Marion wants to finish a book she is reading, and there is a pretty good fire in my fireplace which it seems a shame to waste. On top of that I have just had word that I don't have Sunday School to-morrow morning at 8.30 as I usually do, because the students are attending a meeting in Swatow. And although I do enjoy teaching that class, yet it is no child's play, and a vacation from it is a real rest. So I have a kind of free feeling about tomorrow,-- and that gives me pep to sit up a little while longer tonight and get these missives ready to send off to you.

Our household now numbers only three. Evelyn left us on Friday to go to Kityang. She has been appointed to go there to work in the hospital where Clara Leach will be when she comes back. (We feel pretty sure that she will come back, by the way, when she is free to do so.) I read a letter today from Clara in which she tells of taking care of her mother, who is almost helpless. I did not quite understand it, for she said that her sisters often ran in to relieve her for a half day, and yet the address given was South London derry. I wonder if she could have taken her mother down there! It seems unlikely. Well, we are going to miss Evelyn a great deal. She is a sweet child and will help to make things happy for people wherever she goes.

Many thanks again!
Santa was very good to me this year. Aside from the things which you people sent-- on which, fortunately, I did not have to pay duty!-- I had some other very fine gifts. Would you like to hear about them? That is the conventional thing to tell about, I believe, when the "child" is writing her letter home after Christmas. The December Atlantic has arrived and I am wondering whether that means I am to have it another year or whether you changed the address, Mother,-- but I don't believe you did. Gladys Paul sent two books which promise to be extremely interesting; one is a novel and the other a book on English criticism. Emily sent "Twenty Years of the Chinese Republic" by Van Dorn; a brand new book and I believe a valuable one. She also sent a fruit cake and her mother sent candy, and "Aunt Emily" a very pretty dark red knitted blouse which is long enough in the sleeves and small enough in the neck and fits me very well. Mrs. Groesbeck sent a quilted bath mat in an applique pattern of yellow tulips. Abbie sent silk scarf from Miss Sollman, a red and white one with button set to match, from Elsie Kittlitz (who sails for China Jan. 23 if all goes according to plan); a wee, tiny little camera from Evelyn and Marion-- such a cute little plaything, but I don't know whether you can ever see anything in such small pictures; a set of two black enamel candlesticks with rose-colored candles to fit them, from Mabelle; a bedspread from the drawn work woman; such a pretty rose colored voile bed-pillow (for the top of the bed in the daytime); pink silk bloomers and knickers from the Bridgewater people (sent by Edna Sergeant wrapped in paper from Harvey Tompkin's house!); a pair of silk stockings from Alice Shaw Harrison. This is not all, but these are the outstandingly different ones. One I haven't yet mentioned; it came just yesterday. It is a

beautiful black leather fitted purse, and it came from the Ethelyn Hussey Circle of the Calvary Church, Providence. It is the handsomest one I have ever owned, by far, and I'm very happy to have it. (Now the rest of this story need to be told carefully, and with discretion, if at all. The sad part is that I had to pay \$7.00 duty on the purse. Of course, that is only \$7 Mex, which equals about \$1.40 gold at the present 5 to 1 exchange. But I do wish there ^{had} could be some way to avoid that duty or at least avoid paying one penny more is necessary. Marion also received a package yesterday and did not pay a cent of duty. The reason was that her package was valued at .50 only! And it contained three expensive vanity pieces--- two kinds of powder in imitation suede boxes,-- and a compact in a little red leather case, packed in a satin lined box; toothpaste, and two rolls of cleansing tissue. Of course, her package was greatly undervalued; but any package may lawfully be valued at the wholesale price (60%) and that would cut the duty down nearly 2/5.. I shall not write to the Hussey Circle about my having to pay duty, of course. I certainly would not want them to think I didn't appreciate their sending this lovely gift, for I do, very deeply. It is just the sort of "home thing" that we love out here, for we can't get such things; and you know how much more valuable things are if they are beyond reach!)

I had a letter from Helen Clark last week which has set me to thinking a good deal.. I had just about made up my mind to stay at home here next summer, in spite of the heat; perhaps go down to Double Island for a week or two, during the hottest weather; but Helen's letter has put me on another track.. She has the option on a house at Kuliang for next summer; and she wants Beatrice, Edna, and me to go and share it with her. This would be the cheapest way to get a vacation at Kuliang, and it would be very fine to be with Helen for a summer. But if I do finally decide to go, one big thing that will help me to decide will be the chance to go to the Mandarin school which they hold there each summer. I have wanted for such a long time to study Mandarin and the longer I put it off the older I'll be getting and the harder it will be to get hold of. Our Young People's Society, of which I am adviser, holds its regular Sunday afternoon meetings entirely in Mandarin now and if I could get a smattering it would be such a help! But of course I have to think pretty seriously about the expense. I can't count exactly what it will be, but I do know some of the items. The fare up and back will be in the neighborhood of \$100. Mex; house rent \$50.; language school, \$30.; board, perhaps as much as \$2. a day more than here in Swatow; which makes the whole thing come to something over \$250. Mex, or about \$50.00 gold. I shall have to 'go some' if I save that amount out of my salary between now and July! I am inclined to try it, however; I may never have such a good chance again.

Review for two days, then exams for ten days ~~xxx~~; then ten days' vacation before we begin the second term. That will be a long stretch till the last of June; without break, probably, except for about three days of spring vacation somewhere in the middle of things.

Much love to you all,

Abbie J. Sanderson

(Did you, or did you not, know that my last name is "Sanderson"? I suppose when I signed I must have thought you might not know what "Abbie" was mixing & you!)

Jan. 8, 1933

Dear Mother and Father;

This is something that does not need to go into Arthur's letter; in fact, it calls for no publicity whatever, as you will see when you have finished reading it.

You people may remember that when I was at home I was more or less interested in your getting a washing machine. As I came through Boston on my way out to China I even went to the kitchen department of Jordan Marsh to look at washing machines, with the wild idea that perhaps even at that late ~~and~~ date I might be able to order one sent to you. Then I realized that it was not sensible to get a cheap one and I hadn't money enough to get a good one. So I let the thing go. But I have been thinking a good deal about it lately and I have decided to do something about it if I can. Unfortunately, I can't do much. But I have a tiny plan.

This plan has changed a bit since I first thought of it. One reason for this is that I know prices are beginning to go up again and I don't see how it is going to be possible for you two people to live on a bare \$500 a year, even with the bath tub water cut off and no chance to see the New York Times any more! And I would like to do something about that, too, but again I can do very little. How about the following?

The money for payments into the Presbyterian Minister's Fund have ^{been} by this time, or will very soon have been, paid in full. I am not for the present going to make any change from the present plan of having the Board send \$10 per month to Mother, that is, if this little plan of mine works. The plan is that every odd month (3rd, 5th, 7th, &c.,) Mother shall make over to Father the check for that month when it arrives and ~~he~~ shall deposit it with the money used for family expenses and shall use it for same if it seems wise, necessary, expedient, or helpful! And that every even month (2nd, 4th, 6th, &c.) Mother shall at her discretion put the check for that month into the till for family expenses OR into a special account which shall look towards purchasing a washing machine at the earliest possible moment when there shall be funds in hand to do so. If any of the check of any odd month should not be needed for household expenses, Father could keep that in readiness to add to the washing machine, if he wanted to. And maybe, after the summer I could send another penny or so, if I survive the Kuliang trip! ^{last winter's promise} And maybe the family will have a sudden windfall from some direction, and that would bring the washing machine all the sooner-- In other words, my general idea is that it would be a good thing for you to have a washing machine-- the sooner the quicker! Now don't argue that it takes electricity for I have a grand answer to that argument. But, washing machine or no washing machine, I insist that the above mentioned bi-monthly turnover be made--- if for no other reason than to increase the actual availability quotient of said amount for practical use in ~~XXXXX~~ the settlement of current expenses.

Apropos of the above, Mother, did you ever hear of anyone named Maud? My solemn advice to you is, don't be her. If you attempt such a thing you can't get away with it, for I have another plan if this doesn't work. Only this one is much easier for me.

One more word, and that is to remind you that news of this little arrangement must on no condition be allowed to travel beyond the four walls of your kitchen. And you would do well to see that no one is near those walls when you mention it within the kitchen, even. And if the time comes when you can get the washing machine just tell people that a debtor of long standing has paid a little on account----- *if they have to be told anything.*

Much more love than I know how to say,
Abbie

Swatow, China

Jan 15, 1933

Dear Bess -

How do you like the writing paper I got for Christmas? Edith Traver gave it to me - and I think it is pretty fine - I'm writing some of my thank-you letters on it.

Let me say first of all that your letter of December 18 just arrived, with the samples of tatting in order from Mrs. Gray - I might as well tell you that I think it is very doubtful whether I can get it for her. Nobody is making it here any more. The girls who used to make it for their tuition are most of them married and taking care of babies now and the younger generation hasn't gone mad over tatting because it won't sell - It went like wild fire in some places, in former days - but not so now -

I went to a "talkie" in Swatow yesterday! It is a brand new theatre, and I had finished classes Friday - and exam. questions for tomorrow were all ready - so when Dorothy and Marion asked me to go along I went - I was rather disgusted with the picture, though, and

I think it will be a long time before I go again unless they get some better pictures. The pictures could be such a power for good if they were rightly directed.

Yes, I shall be very glad to have Elsie back too - if ~~she~~ ^{is} is well enough. Five doctors in Philadelphia say she ought not to come - and Emily's comment is "She must have a pretty good drag with ~~her~~ ^{the} powers that be". Well, of course she has - for they know she is a valuable worker - But one of the doctors says the Board is crazy to send her back as she is - and if that is the case, it is a great pity.

The Giffins left for Hongkong on Monday. After examination by X-Ray there it was decided that they must go immediately to America - But in any case, it is a question now of where she can be most comfortable for the time she has left. And that may be a long time. Her old breast trouble has come back - and there is no possible help for it -

Mr. Waters is much better from his sciatica. Was out to church last Sunday & today - hobbling with ~~an~~ cane - But I'm all right - nothing the matter with me except a chilblain on my toe!

Much love Abbie F. Sanderson

Suifu, China, Jan 29, 1932.

Dear One -

The reason you didn't get a letter written last week was because I took it into my head (literally, no joking!) to come down with a bad cold - On Sunday I went to church and played the piano and shivered all through the long service - getting my feet up off the cold tile floor whenever I could think to do so - In the afternoon I was just settled for a nap when a girl who had come back from foreign parts came to call - so I had to get up and dress and go down to see her - I was glad to see her but I know I caught more cold every minute she was here - Then when she went it was too late to go to bed again so I sat as close as I could get to the fire and tried to write an answer to a letter I'd just got from a senior student who was greatly distressed and alarmed because he couldn't pass my course. He begged me to have mercy on him & let him pass and he would try his best next term and remember it forever and be always adjustable to my wishes, etc. ! Feeling wretched as I was it was an ordeal to get just the right tone of firmness, helpfulness and sympathetic insight into my answer - and it took me until bedtime to get it done - The next day I was in bed - Tuesday I was in bed most of the time, but

at night got up to go out to the dining room - because we had invited six of our teachers, including the principal & his wife - The doctor told me I ought not to get up - but I got up anyhow - alas!

Next morning I got up and spent the morning going over a translation (into Chinese) of our curriculum for language students (with one of the teachers who had been at dinner the night before). Before night I began to notice deafness and pain in my right ear - and the next morning I was ordered to bed in no uncertain tones - I was willing to stay put by that time!

The trouble in my ear has not developed - but I did get a pretty bad infection in my head - probably in the antrum, for it has caused a pretty continuous neuralgia all through the left side of my head - and didn't let me sleep much. However - I got a good bit of sleep last night and I'm on the mend - head feels much better - and as you see, I'm better enough to sit up in bed to write to you - which I surely have not felt like doing before for several days -

I'm going to begin to kick about getting up pretty soon - But Marion has the upper hand - for since I've disobeyed her once with evil consequences - and since she has heaped such coals of fire on my head by the hand-and-foot care and attention she has

given me these three or four days - I can't very well do anything but listen very carefully to her words - She has given me benzoin inhalations every three or four hours - Lot drops in my ear and swabbings or drops in nose & throat - baths in bed - back rubs - and has brought her oil heater (which she ^{had been} using all the time ^{last}!) up here and stationed it by my bed -

People are quite falling over themselves to do nice things for me, it seems - The doctor has said I mustn't have too many visitors, - and she has stuck to it - even to the point of offending Dorothy Campbell, I'm afraid - who is a nurse and would like to have come in and help with the baths and back-rubs! Ah - such is life!

Well - people are awfully good to me but I must say I think this is a punk way to spend the precious days of a vacation! This Thursday my work begins again, with entrance exams for these upper English classes! Here I planned to get so many letters written and other things done - Christmas thank-yous are not done yet - I call it the limit!

I've been so engrossed in telling you all about my miseries that I've almost forgotten to tell you about two "nice" things

that happened week before last. On Thursday a tea was given at the British consulate in honor of Sir Miles Lampson, British Minister to China, who was here for one day only - We didn't see much of him, of course, but he stood and talked with the group where I was for about ten minutes. I like him a lot - he is a commanding figure of a man - six feet plus, and the rest of him in proportion - He looks you right in the eye and he really hears what you say and continues the conversation along the lines that you began it - I imagine he is one who has the liking as well as the respect of people wherever he goes - I'm glad of the privilege of meeting one such famous citizen of the world.

Saturday afternoon (Evelyn was down from Kitzano in week-end) several of us were invited to the E.P.'s (English Presbyterian) for tea. We had the nicest time - They had low benches and chairs drawn close to a cozy fireplace and we had tea and sat and chatted for an hour and a half. This seems like old times that I heard people talk about before I came out. We have not been back and forth very much since I've been here - and it seemed good - Meeting the E.P.'s at Thai Yon the first two summers, I enjoyed them very

much — and knowing Miss Evelyn Starkey this last summer at Bagnard was a real pleasure — They have some new workers out recently — and they and our new workers — chiefly Marion and Evelyn, have found each other most congenial — I'm quite delighted to be included with the younger group — (you've no idea how old they've made me feel, at times!) I do hope this get-together is a fore-runner of many happy times both in work and play, for the E. B's and the G. B's of Swanton!

You may be interested in another missionary's point of view — I'm sending this letter of Marion's — which she has just had printed — Does it strike you as much different from my viewpoint — or can't you tell? I shall be interested to have you make comments on it, if you care to —

Id better quit for now, I guess —

Much love,

(Read M's letter first, before this) Abbie

P.S. I have been reading again Marion's letter — I have copied the paragraph marked on the first page. I agree with her

on most of it, yet don't know whether what she means and what I would mean are the same. I'm wondering whether she would feel the same if she had been an inland missionary with only one trip to the coast in five years - and only perhaps ten foreigners to talk with - or fewer - in all that time - with never any "foreign" guests -

As it is - she has had one trip to Hongkong - just for relaxation - & a trip to Kuliang (last summer) in the short time she has been here - And she plans on Peiping for vacation next summer - Good for her - it will be broadening - but not all missionaries can get such a "broad" outlook - and exceedingly few of us had similar opportunities during our first terms of service! ~~Did~~ Did her letter make you think that, too, I wonder?

L. R.

Suwayat, China

Feb 6, 1933

Dear Mother,

Your letter came yesterday telling about Arletta Clark's sickness and death. I would so much like to write to Miss Minnie - but don't feel that I can do it just now - I hope you find some opportunity to let her know that she is much in my thoughts and prayers - I know that many there in South Benning will want to do all they can to keep her from feeling too keenly the loneliness which cannot help but come into her life by the going of the sister who has been interwoven with all her days and hours -

I have just been writing a long delayed letter to the Hustlers - I'm sending you a copy - and I have made a few extra to send to some other people too - Have just finished the copy of Hsing Tek's letter (arrived yesterday). I am so happy about him - He is busy working - and his English is improving steadily - and I like his spirit - Best of all, he has joined the Fellowship Group - the first step he has taken to show interest in religious things - No one knows the eager interest I have in watching that boy develop!

School began today but the schedule is somewhat uncertain still, for one new teacher hasn't arrived, and several of the old ones are sick - The hardest part of all for me today was getting up at 6. a.m.!

The last two weeks have been such lazy ones - I was in bed most of the time and didn't stir until the others had had their breakfast - about 8.30! Today it was I who roused the household - After I had rung the bell for them to come to prayers I waited a few minutes, then went out and found Chin Khin standing in the middle of the dining room floor, hair standing in all directions and one half-open eye blinking dismally at the 'bare table' - which should have been all ready 15 minutes before!

I got up to school by eight, however, and found that we have some four hundred students already - and they are not all in from their homes yet. My sojourn in bed this vacation has done me good, I should say - I have felt about as good as new today, save for the deafness in my right ear - That is better than it has been, however, and in hopeful that it will clear away entirely pretty soon. Much much love to you both,

Abbi

P.S. I wish you would say a big "thank-you" to the young people for their interest and for their Christmas messages - (A special thank-you to Mrs. & Mrs. Nellie for their message, too) Would the young people be interested in these letters?

汕頭私立光華中學
SWATOW KAK-KUANG ACADEMY

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

SWATOW, CHINA.

Feb. 2, 1933.

Dear Miss Sanson.

You do not need to worry about your sharing in the examination. I'll be in your stead. It is wise for you to keep well & be ready for work next week.

We have about seventy students who are taking examinations this morning.

Sincerely

H. C. King

Could this be any nicer? I had written my regret at not being able to take my share in exam, etc.

Extracts from a letter from Tang Hiong Tek

University of Shanghai,
February 1, 1933

.....It has been quite a long time since I wrote to you last. I am very sorry to say that since I came to college I could hardly find any leisure time to do any other work besides studying. During the past period, I was burdened with assignments and outside readings. Every time I thought of writing letters to friends and teachers, but I failed to do so since time did not permit me. I think and hope that you understand my difficulties and will be in sympathy with me. I am glad to inform you that I got very good grade in my study, especially in English and Biology. Really, I have got something this term. I joined also a fellowship group which held its meeting every Sunday. This is to say that I got spiritual training at the same time.

We have had our winter vacation since Jan. 20. I was in hope to spend some time in writing letters, but still I could not fulfill my intention. The reason is that I have been typewriting for Mr. Lamson, one of the college professors, the last draft of a book which will be published very soon. The next day after college closed, I saw a notice for a typist and I seized the opportunity to apply for the job. I was successful in my application and began my work that day. I thought that a young, poor man, like me, must try to work to earn his living through college, if time and circumstances allowed him. So ... I tried.

The reward for my work is ten cents per sheet. I have been doing about twenty-five sheets a day, and up to to-day, I have already finished about two hundred sheets. I spend about twelve hours in doing this work. This is to say, in daytime from 8.00 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1.00 to 6.00 p.m. and in night time from 7.00 to 10.30 p.m. Anyhow, I have to try my best to help myself and my family.

It is very cold now in Shanghai. The temperature had once been dropped to F.28°. At present, we may see ice here and there every morning. When I first saw snow falling, I was very much interested because it was the first time in my life to see it. I enjoyed to play in it. Really it was beautiful to see and difficult to bear its coldness.

The college will open on Feb. 7. ~~Students~~ I have been taking Chinese, English, Biology, History, and some other required courses. You know that the first year in college has very few elective courses, and therefore I cannot choose what I like to study.

I hope to receive from you kind letters and helpful advices.

(His typewriting is better than mine, I hope!)

If you could look in on me this morning you would think, I am afraid, that my actions do not agree very well with a certain pretty little pin I am wearing right this minute. Can you guess what the letters are on that pin ? H-U-S-T-L-E-R-S ! Did any of you ever see a pin like that? Or ever belong to a class of that name ? I want to tell you that I am pretty proud of that pin of mine because it means that I belong to a class of real Hustlers who believe in hustling for all they are worth to learn how they can be strong and useful and helpful in this world. Sitting here in my study in front of my comfortable fire I do not look as though I am hustling very hard. You see even in the tropics it is cold sometimes, and when it is cold here I can't seem to get very warm unless I wrap all up in sweaters and shawls and sheep-skin shoes and then sit almost right in the fireplace ! But I really am hustling, after all. For nearly two weeks I have been sick in bed with a bad cold infection; school begins to-morrow so I am hustling real hard to get well so I won't have to miss any classes. And then another thing: it has been such a long time since I have written a letter to some of you friends in America that I must hustle like anything to get that done or you will begin to think that something pretty bad must have happened to me !

Do you remember about Branch Spring, the girl who was dressed like a boy when she first came to our school ? She will graduate from college in June and then I hope to see her. She hasn't been home for a long time, but three weeks ago her two younger sisters came back from Peking where they have all been in school together, and now these two are going to be students once more in our school here. They are such dear girls and we are very glad to have them back again. Political conditions in and around Peking (I ought to say Peiping, now since the name of the city has been changed) are very uncertain on account of the trouble with Japan. People are afraid the active war may break out any moment and naturally fathers and mothers want some of these children nearer home and in a place where things seem safer.

Hiong Tek, the boy who wrote me such very fine letters but had not yet decided to be a Christian, has gone to Shanghai to study to be a lawyer. He has a keen mind and I have no doubt that he will be a successful lawyer. I remember hearing Dr. Joe Taylor of West China say that one thing China needed almost more than anything else was good lawyers. Oh, I do hope that if Hiong Tek is going to be a lawyer he will not only be a keen one but an honest, fair, Christian. He still thinks he can be a good man without the help of the church or anything connected with it. So we must all keep right on praying that in some way this young man may come to know that he needs the strength that is greater than his own.

You would have had a good time, I know, if you could have been at the Christmas party our young people had here at our house this year. There were sixty boys and girls crowded into our fairly small living room. We had to borrow chairs and I can tell you that when we were once all packed in there wasn't very much room to move around ! The very first number on the program was a good loud discharge of firecrackers just outside our door. That is quite the proper way to start off any important occasion in China-- even a wedding or a funeral ! Then we went on with the devotional part of the meeting and right in the middle of the prayer I heard a big hubbub. I went out to stop the noise and found that four or five policemen with guns had arrived upon the scene and were going to make a big fuss because we had set off firecrackers at night-time without notifying police headquarters ! Some of the older boys were able to settle matters without any trouble, and we went peacefully on.

We had songs, and games- the most exciting of which was a turtle race, with two marvelous pasteboard turtles made to prance across the floor on a long string. We had a kind of fairy drill, girls dressed in fluttering silk angel robes and glittering star trimming, with voices behind the curtain singing Christmas songs. And while some of the girls behind the scenes sang "The Three Kings of Orient Are" the boys came out dressed in all the regalia of the wise men, with their gifts of gold and incense and bitter perfume; there was even a camel, under whose couch-cover humps were concealed two more of the boys. The camel did a pretty good ~~gait~~ stride across the living-room floor but he did not show up well at all in the picture (flash-light) that we tried to take ! The best part of it all was that every bit of the program was planned and worked out by the young people themselves.

And now just since this letter was begun, a letter has come from Hiong Tek in Shanghai, saying that he has joined a Fellowship Group there. I am very glad, for I know that some straggChristian characters have got their start in the right direction in the University Fellowship Group, where each Sunday some important question about a young person's life is discussed. Hiong Tek's letter speaks of this class as giving him a "spiritual training"; I do hope he may find it truly worth while. I am going to send you a copy of some of the paragraphs from that letter if I can manage.

Are you one who has written me a letter that did not get answered for a long, long time, I wonder ? I feel very much ashamed that I can't seem ever to get all my work done or all my letters answered. But I want you to know that I think of you very often and I am always very happy to receive letters from you. I know you do not forget to pray for me.

Very lovingly yours,

Feb. 12, 1933.

Dear Ones;

9.30 Sunday night! How does it get to be this time without my letter being even started to you? And 9.30 is the time when I am supposed to be in bed, too! But I don't always get there at just that hour, and to relate!

Yesterday was a special day, however - Mabelle's birthday. We invited Mrs. and Mrs. Burket, Mrs. Wiley, Edith Johnson, and Beatrice Erickson here for supper. We had the table decorated with a black "asphalt" (sandpaper!) "road of life" - winding all over the place and leading at last to another "Happy Birthday" at Mabelle's plate. We had a farmhouse, and a barn with animals - a haystack - green grass (cane leaves scattered all over the place, & automobiles, a lake with a bridge across it, one section of the road still under construction, with a real dirt (gravel) road detour. A little red schoolhouse with a flagpole & the stars and stripes - and some other little "homelike touches". We really had a good time and best of all Mabelle thoroughly enjoyed it and would, I think, have been disappointed if ~~it~~ hadn't had a celebration.

But I didn't get very much work done Saturday! And Saturday night we rushed so to get ready for the party that I completely forgot a young People's Music Rehearsal at which I was supposed to help Mrs. Capers -

----- Wed. A.M.

I can't remember now what happened to interrupt my writing but this is how the days have gone by and here it is 9.30 A.M. Wednesday and I'm just back at the house from meeting Elsie at the steamer! It is so good to see her - I can't really believe that she is here - but she is and she is looking well, too.

Today is Edith Travis's birthday - and there is to be a joint tea party at Edith's in honor of Edith and Elsie both - It was

to have been at the Bungalow, where Elsie lives, but Edith is laid up with a bad knee and can't leave the house.

American mail yesterday brought your letter of Jan 16 - pretty quick work - arriving here Feb. 14 -

By the way, I have changed the address at the bank, so if they keep on sending the slips, just send 'em along, and I'll write to them again -

Also, by the way, have you ever received the gross of white Laid nets I sent you and are they O.K. - They should have reached you months ago but I've received no letters mentioning them.

Had such a good letter from Emily yesterday - Did I tell you that at Christmas I broke bounds and told her all about our celebration, saying that I thought it had been a big mistake to refrain from writing about our good times, etc. - She writes that she thinks so too, and she hopes I'll write her all the news without trying to sift it to be careful of her feelings -!

Good letter from Gladys Paul in which she speaks of going down to see you the day she arrived home for vacation. She meant to go over again but was prevented by "oh the mud, the beautiful mud" - She assumed that since you were out and Father was about to go out that neither of you was exactly sick-a-bed at the time! She sends me another book, autograph of Mary Allen Chase, of Bluehill, Maine!

You asked about the Worcester correspondence - In July, at Bagin, I answered the letter received from Warren in April (?) containing the cute notes from his little girls Shirley and Betty. In August and at Christmas, ^{both} I had letters and notes from all three. Cordial, interested letters, that's all - and I shall send W. a copy of my next general letter ~~to~~ ^{to} W. (if I ever write one!) with thank-yous to the little girls for the notes and pictures they sent. I have not written since July - and that letter was to all the family - (How are you worried? -) And that's the end of that episode!

This afternoon is pretty full - I have a two o'clock class, and then a Teachers' prayermeeting committee meeting to plan the schedule for the term - then the tea-party. After supper there is prayermeeting, and I have five classes to-morrow - I'm going to try as desperately hard this term to keep my papers corrected on time - I have been able to do it this week so far, but I can't always tell when there is going to be an extra committee meeting or something to hold up my plans for doing school work exactly as and when it ought to be done -

Much, much love.

Abbie

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4

Swatow, China

Feb. 17, 1933

Dearests,

My last letter was sent off just after Elsie had arrived, I think - It is pretty nice to see her again and yet I haven't had much chance to see her. This afternoon was the very first time I've seen her since she came back when there was not a perfect mob of people around - She is looking well, and is as full of pep and enthusiasm as ever - And of course the Chinese are pretty happy to have her back as we all are - (She has some pretty, new, stylish clothes, I might add!) I'm certainly sorry that there was no way of her getting to see you - I know you'd love her -

Do I write every single time and say "This has been a pretty busy week?" You must get pretty tired of hearing me say it, if I do - And still, it is pretty much the truth. Monday night I corrected papers; Tuesday I corrected some more papers. Wednesday p.m. we had the tea-party for Elsie's arrival and Edith's birthday - That same night we had our missionaries' prayermeeting - and Elsie's messages from home were a feast - but we didn't get home until rather late. The next night I was supposed to go to school for the girls' study period but I was called to the principal's

house for one committee meeting of teachers at 7 p.m. and another at 8. The first was a group of teachers selected, one or two from each department (English, History, Science, etc.) to work on plans for giving the June graduates some extra help. This spring they begin government exams. All of our students who pass will be allowed to take govt exams, prepared by the Education Bureau at Canton. Teachers and students are all quite worried because this is a new thing and we hope to make a grade that will compare not too unfavorably with our local reputation. The second meeting was the Discipline Department of the school - including the advisers of all classes - I'm adviser to one of the Senior High Third Year classes -

Well! Friday night was teacher's prayer meeting. Left at our house. Saturday I went to my music rehearsal with the Young People 6.30 to 7.00 - returning in time to have dinner with our new members from America - ! So you see I really was out only two nights but didn't loaf all the rest of the time. I must get to bed now, however -

For are we all
George & Aunt Sam
give them up
special love
please.
Love to you all, Rphi

Suataow, China

Feb. 26, 1933

Dear Ones -

I'm hoping a letter will come from you today - yet I don't know that there has been a boat so I have a right to expect one or not - However, I'll do well if I answer the letters from you that I already have - You asked about the Building and Loan Receipts. Mr. Hoot put Elsie's, Fannie's, and mine all on one slip this time, for some of the months - In, that isn't it: The Board put them all on one slip when they sent ~~money~~ to Mr. Hoot - and that is the receipt that he gives to us - Elsie just throws them in the wastebasket, so she is going to let Fannie & me divide them - If Fannie doesn't want them, I'll take them. The Feb 1932 one was still made out separately - I'll send that in this letter.

I ought to answer Marjorie Scribner Holt's signit about "fig dollars"; little dollars out here don't go very far - even a "fig" Mexican dollar is worth only about 20¢ gold! And still expenses soar, on this side the world even as on that - I do wonder how you people are getting along financially - Your last letter gave me something of an idea - and I hope you will

Keep on telling me how you manage - or if and ~~when~~
you aren't quite able to manage - You're right about
the decision that you surely ought not to get sick!

Mai Ché has begun already to worry about my old age.
"You won't have any child to boil your rice for you" - "You
will have a house to live in, though, won't you? You
won't have to go to an old folks home? Oh, that would
be dreadful! Far better to get married and have some
children, who can take care of you when you get old.
Or, if you don't get married, at least adopt a child,
feed it, clothe it, send it to school and then
you'll have somebody to take care of you in your
last days! Oh, it is very distressing ^{yesterday} & be alone
when one gets old!" And on she went, shivering
and nearly weeping at the thought of my woeful
solitary state! However - I myself continue to
keep quite cheerful regarding this particular phase
of my situation. There are other things I worry
about more. Here are some of them -

1. S. S. Class.

I teach the meaning of Faith and I'm
afraid the youngsters get precious little
out of it. I may be able to teach
English grammar (I'm not always
sure of that!) but I don't believe I'm
a very good S. S. teacher.

2. Household furnishings -

We are to have guests soon - since conference is coming - The room vacated by Evelyn must be fitted up, after a fashion, at least. Mable has a big wardrobe and a big dresser, Enid has left a bed there, ^{each} of us can contribute a chair or a table, but there still is nothing that can be used as a bathtub - I think we might have one - so I guess I'm the one to get it. (Gee! that will be something out of my pocket). For the most part we have found that private ownership works better than joint ownership. In the matter of household goods - If one person dies or goes home the stuff is much easier to dispose of.

3. Well - there are really a lot of other worries, such as unanswered letters - unanswered Christmas presents, even - but - I guess I'd better not stop to enumerate any more now - I'd better get busy and answer some of those letters!

Much love to you -

Abbie -

Swatow, China

Mar. 6, 1933

Dear Father,

How does it feel to be 71? I feel ashamed that no birthday greeting will reach you until many days after the event has passed. I hope you will tell me whether you can use more of what is enclosed in this letter - If so, you may get some more, and may call them birthday presents.

Did you ever wish you could hear me teaching a class of these Chinese boys and girls? You would have been interested in one I taught this morning, I think. One lesson was a letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son, in which appeared the ~~sentence~~ phrase "a genteel, easy manner and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, or awkwardnesses which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their ^{behavior}."

I told them of a man who had a habit of twisting a little finger ring while he was preaching, and that he was broken of that habit by having his bride take the ring away.

Then of course, I could not resist adding the climax of that story. "That man was my father." Then it was a most interesting fact and those boys grinned appreciatively.

they will remember it. I told them also that today is your birthday!

I am so thoroughly enjoying my grammar classes this term. I have the best of books "Correct English", written by Professor Tanner of Boston University under whom I studied for a very short time in 1924(?). With some of the Chinese printed textbooks there are so many mistakes that it is agony to teach them - and it is more bother to correct the mistakes than it is trouble to explain the correct parts, almost! But here there is something sound and solid. We have been studying synonyms and antonyms. It has been fascinating to me to watch the interest on their faces as they discovered a host of words giving some shade of meaning of the word "help", whereas for the word "lose" they found, instead of synonyms, a host of uses of the word itself, - different meanings of the same word. And they are having to use their dictionaries; so they have a little Bible reading (the quotations) even in their grammar classes!

I mustn't write longer just now. I am trying to formulate the first draft of a circular letter to be sent out soon - I'm having difficulty to find time to get it done - Conference comes this week - and I'm housekeeper at my house and also on the social committee -

Love
Abbie

Swatow, China

Mar. 14, 1933

Dear Cues -

Conference closed yesterday and most of the people went home today. We had Evelyn Stephens and the Grubbecks here and it was pretty nice to have them. I can tell you -

Our subject at the Conference was the book "Re-thinking Missions". I'm wondering whether you have read it yet. We understand that Harper Brothers is issuing a cheap paper covered copy to be circulated out here in China - If that is not available in America I shall be of a mind to get one here and send to you - for you ought to read it. The newspaper excerpts gave such a fraction of the real spirit of the thing. I don't agree with all they note, and I feel some of their statements were too sweeping - and not altogether just. I think that some of their statements do not apply at all to us here - And yet some of the suggestions made by the Appraisers are surely not to be ignored - Foreign mission has come to the crossroads, and big changes must be made in the carrying on of mission work -

Our Mission, however, cannot yet see that carrying on the work of schools and hospitals is enough without mentioning the name of Jesus & telling why we came. I do this work. Almost all of us feel that though living the Christian life is important, we ought to tell the story too, whether we be in school work, hospital work or whatever kind. (The one I mentioned above is a

real missionary, I believe but ~~hesitant~~^{reluctant} in her feeling
that the preaching as such should be done by the
preachers. and that the teachers and doctors should
concentrate on making the work in their several
professions ^{high} as excellent ~~in~~ grade as possible, -
~~that~~ the educational ^{or} and medical work in itself is
a sufficient showing forth of the Christ spirit. That is
what the laymen seem to think - but most of us
feel that preaching Christ is and must be the center of
our work - the central aim - however or whatever the
means may be - Velva Brown, in her conducting the
program on the Medical chapter of the book the
other day, spoke of the 78 percent of patients who
come to the hospital who have never heard of Christ -
and who would never hear of Him but for the word that
is given either by the doctor or nurse or Bible woman
or preacher in the hospital. There seems an opportunity
that we cannot afford to miss. It is the same
in the schools. We don't compel them to study religious
courses as we did in the old days - but we feel that
if we did not have, or could not make the opportunity
to witness in some way - we'd do better to go home and
teach in America! Our reason for coming would
be gone -

I must stop for now -
Much love,
Abbie

Suwanow, China

March 19, 1933

Dear Mother -

I'd be very glad if you would tell Father right away, if you haven't done so already, what I wrote in my letter of Jan. 8 - and then let me know that you have done so - I'll be much happier, really -

Of course I don't care what is bought with the money - clothes - coal - carriage(?) - whatever is needed - and you are the people who know what you need - I don't know how long I shall be able to sleep it up, for we have just had word that our salaries are cut - I don't know how much - But I think we are very fortunate not to have had them cut before -

(a little angry, too!)
I hope they won't be cut so much that I can't get to Nanking - In fact - I can scarcely get out of going now - for our house is already engaged - I'm to be with Beatrice Erickson, Helen Clark, and Eva Asher (who works in Fokien Christian University now - was in Baptist Headquarters, New York, in 1923-24 - We are to be in Cottage #308, Nanking, via Tsochow, Fokien, China - I shall not go before the middle of July, probably, and may return before the last of August.

A religious education institute is being held here now; 40 leaders, 20 Baptist and 20 (English) Presbyterians are meeting on this side the bay for ten days' meetings - we who are not "in" on it get only the general meetings held Wednesday, Friday, Monday, & Wednesday night in the church - I'm sorry not to be in it, in a way - yet my days are already so full that I don't know where I should get it in -

These are four leaders from Shanghai - including
Dr. C. S. Mian who is just back from the S. D. convention
in Brazil and who has a most interesting set of
impressions of that country, and Dr. Eger whom
I met in 1928 in Kuliang (his wife took us in I think,
the night we landed there!) and have not seen since -

This isn't much of a letter but I must
stop for now -

Lena's case is very hard for me to understand
yet I keep thinking, - knowing some of my own
impulses and weaknesses "There, but for the grace
of God, goes Abbie J. Sanderson" - You have to live
about 40 years, I think, before you begin to realize
your own good fortune or your own limitations &
weak spots!

Much love to you

Abbie

Mar. 26, 1933

Dear Quess -

Again I'm at home when I'm due to go to some sort of meeting - Don't you think I'm bad? I'm staying at home tonight just because I felt ~~too~~ tired to go out - I have made up my mind to get to bed earlier at night, to take the doctor's advice and not take so many nights out - I wonder how long it will last! I have a slightly guilty conscience, because tonight is the meeting of the church committee and this is their monthly get-together - But I have been going since 8.30 this morning - (almost steadily until 4 P.M. and I'm weary - and it's raining, and I've got exams and a hard day ahead tomorrow - Just as many excuses as lots of people. I've heard give excuses in America! Only when I'm the one who is giving them they sound so much more plausible - !

Enclosed you will find a circular letter which is being sent to a friend of Marion Stephens in California (since she sent the list of ten topics and Marion asked me to write the letter). I'm afraid some people will think it is a lot of mush - but it gives my

most honest opinion on some topics - Since I
was writing a letter, I decided to add the
diary effect and send the letter to some other
people too - Haven't decided yet to whom
I shall send it, but I thought some people in
South Berwick might like a squint at it -

This isn't much of a letter, but it will tell you
that I'm well, and fairly happy, and pretty
busy - now I must go and get my - no,
not beauty - guess I'll call it "pep" sleep!

That is what I'm going to do if I can - get
back some of my old pep - I feel "kind-a"
old these days - Maybe weather, maybe malaise,
hard to tell - but me for some of the old
pep back again!

Love to you - and to all
the folks -

Tell Letha and Velda they are due to
get letters from me before long - I've been
doing some heavy thinking about 'em both!

Love

Abbie

Glad, glad you have the Swatow, China
- Washer! (19) 57 April 1 - 1933

Dearest Ones -

Today a letter from Helen Parkson
asked if I could get a letter to them for a
meeting May 1st - The enclosed is ^{copy of} the result of
that request - If you know anything about
how slow I am at typing you will guess
that now it is quite a bit later than
10.30 -! And, since doctor's orders
are that I ought to be in bed by 9.30 -
I suppose I really ought to go soon!

I'm very sorry to learn that the
little bulbs did not reach you -
I'm going to see if I can find
out why they didn't. Was I'm
wanting to know whether the
white hair nets reached you -

Helen wrote a delightful, new way
letter - about the home folks,
her family, the church work, and so on -
I should take it they are more in the church
work than they were - Well for now - Love, John

Swatow, China, April 1, 1933

Dear Helen;

Your good letter just arrived today. Realizing that if my answer is to reach you by the first of May I must not delay one moment longer than I have to, I got out my typewriter and put the paper in it before your letter had been in my hand ten minutes. That was a little after half past three this afternoon; now my watch says a few minutes after half past ten !

No sooner had I put this sheet of paper into the machine than I realized that there was one thing that must be done before I wrote to you; so I got out my wax paper, and the mimeograph file (which was provided for me, by the way, by some friends in Calvary), and from then until four o'clock wrote as fast as I could on an Easter song which my group of young people must practice to-morrow. By the time that was finished guests had already begun to arrive for a combination birthday celebration and social get-together for a few of our co-workers. Dr. Wu, who is an interne in our hospital here this year, had to go on duty about five, but the women teachers in the Academy stayed for an exciting game of Battleship and a thoroughly hilarious game of table hockey, - which was all the more interesting because none of us knew much about real hockey rules, to say nothing of this brand where the "hockey sticks" are tooth-picks bound to the thumb by a rubber band ! We did have such fun.

As soon as these people left I came up to my study, got my music and went to the regular weekly singing practice of the Young People. They have another on Sunday afternoon, but the Saturday night one is the time when they get down to actual work better; Sunday at one some of them cannot get there. Each Saturday the practice time is a half hour, - from six-thirty to seven, but tonight it was a little longer. Our students have just finished their monthly examination, so they were not quite as rushed as they are sometimes to get back to their study.

From this music practice I went directly to a meeting of the Church Religious Education committee. The main business we had on hand tonight was the discussion of the need for and the practicability and possibilities of a Young People's worship service in connection with our church work here. I wish you might have heard the variety of ideas that were expressed at that meeting tonight. It was by no means clear sailing! There are really some grave doubts as to the effect of the young people's getting together in this new way; what the regular church service will be like if you take all the young people away from it; whether we have the right kind of leaders to put across this sort of project; and what kind of church service the young people would "concoct" for themselves, anyway! All legitimate questions, but all met more than halfway by the enthusiasm of one or two leaders whose earnest conviction it is that we ought to have such a service, and that we ought to be prepared to try a second and third plan, even, should the first or the first and second fail. I feared at first that the matter might be dropped, but it turned out that those most in favor did not speak their minds as soon as the meeting had begun, but waited for others to express an opinion. When the vote was finally taken to make a trial of the thing, I think there were no unfavorable votes.

This action was followed by the election of a committee of five to approach the young people themselves to find out about their needs and wants along this line and to inspire them, if possible, to take the lead in bringing about the actual start of this worship service for young people. Dr. Lim, principal of the Academy, is chairman; Mr. T.S.Li, Education Secretary, and Miss Alice Chen, principal of the Women's Bible Training School, are both interested in giving the plan a trial and they will both give valuable help in the working out of the plans; Mr. Capen and I, advisers of our local young people's group, are the other members of the committee. To-morrow afternoon we are to meet with representatives of this young people's group to enlist their help and cooperation in planning some kind of a mass meeting of the young people here on the compound. I am more than eager to see what that meeting will bring forth! I shall hope to be able to report progress in a later letter.

Right now I am not going to tell you how much after half past ten it is! Before I say good night, though, I should like to shut my eyes and imagine that the good friends from Calvary Church are here in my room as I am trying to send this little message to them. It is not a very big room, this study of mine, - and just now it seems smaller than ever because it is so piled up with things. On my desk in front of me is the half-finished pile of English papers which I was correcting when you letter arrived. On top of them is the mimeograph file, just where I left it when our tea guests came this afternoon. At one side are three other sets of papers, a letter rack full of unanswered letters, and a set of the weekly questionnaire-and-money-account record of the class in school-senior high 3A- of which I am adviser. On top of my bookcase is a motley array: a pile of senior notebooks, my camera (another reminder of Calvary) four cookbooks (I finished a month of housekeeping yesterday), two boxes of large sized Chinese characters (the equivalent of our abc blocks, I suppose!) with which I am making feeble efforts from time to time to bolster up my limited knowledge of the Chinese written language. On a little table over in the corner is the paper cutter (Calvary again!) which I use nearly every day; and when I am not using it there is often some one who wants to borrow it. The room surely looks like a workshop, but I confess it does not look as a workshop should when it is almost Sunday morning!

One more thing you would see if you were here is a warm winter coat; and it is on me. This will simply tell you that here in the tropics, on the first day of April, I am not "sweating in the thinnest of linens" as a friend once wrongly supposed me to be at Christmas time. The weather is still fairly cold for Swatow; some of you may be interested to know that the lovely rose-colored wool blanket has all winter done, and is now still doing, noble, and that means truly appreciated, - service.

May I take this opportunity to say a thank-you for all the letters, cards, and other remembrances that different ones of you sent to me at Christmas time? I wish I might answer each one personally. I do think of you very, very often. God bless every one of you.

Affectionately yours,

Swatow, China, April 2, 1933.

Dear Ones:

Again tonight it is after ten-thirty before I begin my writing. Recently I have decided that I must cut out these late hours, but tonight is really special, for if plans that have been launched today are in any degree successful, today will be a red-letter day. Last night I attended a meeting of the Religious Education committee of our church which was called for the purpose of discussing the possibility of setting up a young people's worship service which would get hold of some of the many young people who at present do not have interest in attending the regular church services. There was some doubt as to the advisability of taking this step, and some downright opposition to it, but at last we came to a decision to try and see what could be done. A sub-committee was appointed to get hold of the young people and find out their reaction to the proposal.

This afternoon at the regular Young People's meeting they appointed four members to meet with our sub-committee of five; at four-thirty, after the church communion service was finished this joint committee of nine met and had what I feel to be a most promising meeting. At Young People's, when the matter was brought up, you could fairly feel them stiffen, as if to say, what is all this, anyway? Some more responsibility put on our shoulders? But when they found they were being invited in to help discuss matters before anything definite had been decided, they appointed their four without further question, and in the joint committee a very happy spirit prevailed.

We did not separate until after six-thirty, but out of all the discussion there came the plan to begin with a big social meeting where all the young people between 13 or 14 and 23 or 24 will be approached on the subject of the Young People's worship service. Principal Ling will introduce the question; Mr. Li Tsho Seng will tell of some of the services he has seen in other parts of the country; and Dr. Zi, a young Presbyterian just back from America (Hartford) last year, will be invited to give a short address on some related question. Dr. Zi is a splendid one for this for since his return he has begun just this sort of service in his church over in Swatow City. His group of singers for that service, moreover, will be invited to furnish two numbers of the program. If all the young people who ought to be interested attend this meeting we should have more than two hundred; that means no small problem connected with the time and place of meeting; the rainy spring weather, with the possibility of a hard storm any day, may complicate our problem.

The hope is that the present enthusiasm of a few will be contagious and that at this social a committee of the young people can be appointed who shall undertake immediate work on this project. But I shall have to write about that later.

We are all sorry that Mr. Huang has taken a dislike to the whole idea. As acting pastor of the church he fears that some of the young people who now attend regular service will drop out and leave a very small congregation. He as pastor is particularly anxious about the matter and naturally wants to swell the numbers of his congregations. But the young people are simply not reached by the services as we have them now and we ought to find some way to get them.

April 11, 1933

Dear Ann,

Spring vacation is over and we're back at work again. It never pays to say before hand what you are going to accomplish, for then you don't do any of it. I planned to stay at home every minute and get all my first monthly exam papers corrected - a lot of letters written, and an unnumbered lot of desk, bureau, and other drawers cleared out and set in order, to say nothing of making or getting started at least three summer dresses. Have I done any part of any of all these stunts? I have NOT!

The first day after school closed we had a wedding and that day I cut roses, then had an Easter music rehearsal, then rushed to the chapel to arrange the bride's head-dress. Then took pictures of the wedding party after the ceremony - then went to the house for tea and cakes and to see the bride's lovely things. She is a Hong Kong girl, and the groom is the brother of three of my students - That is the way the vacation began - and that is the way it continued - with something doing every day. On Friday Mr. & Mrs. Ling and the two little

2) boys, two other men teachers, one Chinese woman teacher, and Mabelle and I went on a jaunt. We took the train from Swatow and travelled about halfway to Charchowfu - alighted - walked about a mile, took little boats for about 20 minutes up the narrow stream, stopped at an apiary where they have some 200 bee hives - continued the boat trip to some famous tree and flower gardens - browsed around there a while - then walked on and on and on - reaching the next R.R. station just in time to see the next train pull in - and then gracefully pull out! - before we could get to it. It was hot and we were somewhat discouraged, for we had intended the day's trip to be to Pang Kwei to the potteries, and there was not another train until after 2. We found a huge camphor tree to sit under - the biggest I ever saw. Fortunately Mrs. Ling had brought some food - and Mabelle had brought loads of sandwiches, and the men brought some Chinese cakes and oranges and bananas - We picked out the coffee with lemon soda - and managed a pretty fine picnic. The enforced rest

3) gave us back a good bit of the pep we had lost in the hot sunny walk - and while two of the party went back to Swatow by the next train, the rest of us went on to Pang Shoi - had a good "poke" around the potteries and got back to the station in good time for the late train. The bay was smooth - and though rain had threatened several times, it never did come - and we were all happy and well-satisfied with the day's outing, even though it wasn't exactly as we had planned - I hope some of the pictures come out well - but I'm afraid the sky was overcast in most of them.

Last night we had our mass meeting of young people. We had planned an outdoor meeting (it's the full of the moon) but it rained - so we went to the church. There we had some 3 or 400 young people gathered - The principal's younger daughter (my music pupil) played the piano for the processional "Holy Holy Holy". The vested choir of some 30 young men and women

6. point of view and tracing the effect the resurrection
had on his idea of Christ Jesus, as it comes out
in his gospel and letters - "I am the bread of life" -
"I am the door" "the good shepherd" "the vine", "the light
of the world" "the way, the truth, the life" "the resurrection
and the life" etc - Then connecting that with the
practical working principles of love "we know that we
have passed from death unto life, because we love the
brethren" - "love, not by word nor by mouth, but by deed"
I don't know whether any body got much from it.

But it was a help to me, anyhow -

At eight thirty we had Sunday School as usual, and
then went to the church for special Easter service.
The songs I was interested in were the young people
in which I had helped train them, and the
woman's chorus, in which I helped to sing.
They were pretty good - as were some of the
others -

Between that service and lunch I rushed
and got a bath - It is pretty hot these days
and I needed a bath after those two meetings
where I had things to do - I always lose a
lot of perspiration, as you know, if I have to
do things in public!

At one P.M. I started out again - and
went with the young people to a cave in
a nearby hill - I say nearby - it was
a good half hour's walk from here - but we
had a good outdoor meeting. Got back in time to go to Swanton

4) from the young people's service in Swanton
(Presbyterian) - marched in singing. None of
us, least of all the pianist & I, knew they were
going to do that. It was her first attempt to
play hymns in public - but she adapted herself
very well, considering. She made some mistakes;
she started out at a fairly brisk rate, and when
the choir began to sing they took it slowly -
I was sitting near enough so that I could
help her along to help her - and she adapted
herself marvellously - (Scared to death, of course -
and she begged me to play instead at the
last minute) but she had brought her books
and I know in her heart she really wanted
to, only feared she couldn't do it (well enough).

(I have just discovered that the back of p. 3 isn't
written on yet, so I'll finish this, and also 5) on
the back of this, then put 6) on the back of 3).

It is now April 17 and Easter is over -
Fathers' and Mothers' birthdays have gone by
with never a word from their daughter. Though
she was thinking of them on the special
days - you may be sure -

I didn't ever finish about the young people's service.

5) It wasn't as satisfactory as it might have been because there were too many children present. But they got the ideas presented to them about the matter of a young people's worship service, and it was voted to have a committee, a certain number from each school and one from the hospital - the quota of each school being appointed by that school. That committee met last night, but I have not yet heard what they are to do -

Well! Our weeks of practicing Easter music have repaid us. Yesterday the services were most satisfying, to me - and I couldn't go to all of them, either. The first one was a surprise service with the girls, out on a hill overlooking the sea, not far from our house. The missionaries (the most of them) had a service at 6.30 on another hill-top, and their Alleluia! came as an echo to ours, for it turned out that they were singing the same hymns that we were. Our service wasn't long - I was the speaker and I spoke rather briefly - trying to get new meanings of the Easter message by looking at the resurrection from the Apostle John's

Sunday, April 23, 1933.

Dear Cues.

A letter from you yesterday was a real strength-renewer. It seemed such a long time - two full weeks - since I had had one - and I was pretty glad to get it and to know that you are all right. That even the depression hasn't downed you yet!

We have just got word that America is off the gold standard and we are wondering how much that will mean is no out here! If exchange should drop down now to 2 to 1 or below, I should be put to it about the Kichang trip. But I've got to go on faith anyway, apparently - so maybe it won't make so much difference after all!

This last week we had seven American gunboats in harbor all at once - I can't get up much enthusiasm about it, because the Chinese resent their coming so violently. There is another reason why I don't like it, and that is that the American ^{sailors} ~~soldiers~~ make such a public nuisance of themselves while they are in port. Such drunkenness and brawling on the streets is worthy of pre-prohibition Dover on a Saturday night. Then there is a string of ruckuses always, taking the boys to a certain district in the city; everybody knows where they are going and why. Only once have we had a ship in port the admiral gold on which we were happy to entertain and mingle with as with anybody else - and that was the "Ashville" ten years ago - The "Ashville" was one of those in last week - but the personnel has completely changed. The captain

and some of the other officers were very pleasant - and invited us out to the ship to a movie and buffet supper - It was all very enjoyable - The ordinary sailors, however, were not on the horizon at all, and from what I saw of some of them in Swatow another day I didn't care about meeting any of them - They come up to play basket ball with our boys and make spectacles of themselves there by fighting, getting mad, swearing and drinking - Wouldn't you think I'd be proud of such compatriots? (Of course a few of the boys are enough to give them this unsavory reputation - there are some good ones!) Fortunately I have one or two happier things to

write about. Friday afternoon our mission was invited to the home of Mrs. Condray, American Vice-Consul, to meet his cousin Mrs. Buchanan, who has come to live with him for three months or so. Her husband is a naval officer on one of the ships out here. A delightful tea party. Dorothy Campbell and I went to the city early to do a little shopping. I'm sending this little pillow - slip for the new baby at the South Bennett parsonage - I'm going to ask if you will sew some buttons on it - I was afraid to put them on to send through the mail - I wish I could send a pillow too - I'd be glad to pay for it if you can get one there. Let me know -

Yesterday Principal Ling took all the Academy teachers to a foreign dinner in Swatow at a hotel - and we had a very happy time together - The food was

2

quite ordinarily cooked - indifferently is a better word.
But there were vegetable soup, fish with tomato sauce,
squal, if you please, egg and macaroni pudding,
stuffed duck, and Harlequin jelly ^{tiny servings of each} with fruit and
coffee to finish up. I could easily understand
why the Chinese say they don't get enough to eat at
a foreign dinner. It doesn't compare, either in variety
or amount, with their Chinese feasts.

This morning we varied our usual Sunday School
program by going out on a nearby hill for breakfast
and we had our division into classes changed to
a meeting all together on the shady side of a hill
that looked down on a part of Kakechick and out across
the bay to Swatow City. Principal Ling's talk was one
that helped us very clearly to see how close Jesus lived to
nature and how he drew lesson after lesson from the
sea, the rocks, the hills, the fields. Everybody, I think,
enjoyed it. A committee appointed to look after the
cats had gone on ahead and got things started and
the rice was already cooking when we got there a
little before seven. We sang with greater freedom,
because we were out on the hills, and the whole thing was
a heart-lifting thing -
On the way back we passed the boy scouts on
their camping ground, where they came for the
week end, for a taste of outdoor life. Mr. Lam, their

director, was giving them a practice hour in signalling - They have had a pretty good time; a band of scouts from a school in Swatow have been camping with them. Today they take down the tents, pull up stakes and go back to school again -

So the days move on - There is scarcely time to get one week's work, or one month's work, or one term's work, finished before the next week-month-term is upon us - and sometimes we feel that not a great deal can have been accomplished in so short a time -

This afternoon the young people are going to Swatow to sing at the hundredth birthday celebration of a woman who was Mr. Ling's teacher some years ago - I am eager to see what kind of affair it is to be. This is really "giving flowers to the living" and I approve. Mr. Ling has been one of the chief promoters of this celebration, I understand -

Much love to you.

Abbie.

Swatow, China

Aug 30, 1933

(66)

Dear Ques,

Just how long I'll be able to keep up this every day business is a question - Right now it is 10.25 p.m. and I'm sure you would tell me not to sit up & write a long spiel tonight, if you were here.

I've been straightening up my desk drawers today, and receiving visitors. Tonight we had Edith Traver, Enid Johnson, and Anna Foster here for supper; then we had to leave immediately for the opening session of the Long

Long Council, which convenes all day tomorrow as well. One reason why I must get to bed tonight is ~~so~~ that I'll be on hand for the Chinese Woman's Committee at 7.30 A.M. to-morrow, the only time they could get it in !

Aug. 31.

10.20 tonight before I have a minute to write to you. I have been in meetings since 7.30 this morning except for a very brief time for meals, a little rest time which I spent going over my Chinese chapter (Isaiah 5-8) for morning prayers to-morrow - and a few minutes when Hi Khong (my "Prodigal Son-er") came to return

the books I lent him, and to
say goodbye - He goes to Canton,
probably to Lingnam University.

At our meetings today we have
spent more time in discussing
than we ever have before, I think;
one principal subject was the
election of a Chinese secretary.
They can't agree on one who will
be agreeable to all five associations,
and so they want to elect one
who gives voluntary service, with
two to help him. There is not
enough money for that really -
but they have already appointed
Principal Ling to that position
and now they have passed
the buck to the Executive Committee.

I get the other two - Ah me!
I'm ready for bed now, believe it
or not! - - - - -

Sept. 1, 1933

Half-past four ^{p.m.} and the breeze is just
beginning to come up - Today has
been sizzling hot. This morning I
spent continuing the clear-up and
clear-out of things in my study
drawers - In the midst of doing
that, I received your letter written
Aug. 2. and the one written July 30 -
also one from Arthur and one from
Emily -

I was tremendously sorry to hear
about mother's poisoning, or whatever
it is - and I do hope it is all well

long before this time!

You must have enjoyed the visit with the Curtises. How I should like to have been there! I am glad Marjorie is happily situated.

Well - how about the Worcester man? Did you realize, I wonder, that you told me about the visit yet didn't really give me a definite idea of your impression of the man, whether it was favorable or the whole, or unfavorable. I realize, of course, that you must have been prejudiced in a way.

I have really wondered how they were getting along - I mean

whether they seem to be prosperous
or not - successful in business is
what I suppose I mean - I
have wondered, too, whether
Warren had been greatly handicapped
by deafness. He already had trouble
when I was in Charlton.

Your letters were interesting, of course;
Mother seemed to enjoy the visit,
yet couldn't help remembering certain
^{big} questions about the man that
were still at the back of her mind -
Father, on the other hand, seemed
flattered & heard complimentary
things about his daughter - nay, was
even moved to a fairly expansive
mood himself - !! Ah me!

Don't be deceived, Pa! Any by gone
admirer - or should I say anyone who
may have been an admirer in
bygone days would doubtless fly
at the first sight of grizzled
locks and wrinkled visage as they
appear today; moreover, even
the sweetest of voices gets cracked
and quavering after years have
gone by! Don't do any worrying
on my account - I really don't
believe you need to!

Later -

Believe it or not, Beatrice came
over at 5.30 tonight and hauled me
out for a game of tennis - I certainly

play a rotten game after having
neglected it all summer - I
hadn't dreamed of playing on such
a hot day - I had just taken a
bath and cleaned up - Yet I
didn't like to turn her down the first
time, because I practically told
her this summer that I hoped she
would drag me out for tennis
this fall. Exercise is good for
me, I know. Make me younger,
maybe! (No ulterior motive, I
assure you!)

Lots of love

Abbie