

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Durham, China

May 7, 1933

Dear One -

My public speaking contest ordeal is over and you may be sure I'm very thankful. Most of the training fell to me this time - and there were nine speakers - One had not memorized his the day before! He managed to get through without forgetting, but nobody understood a word of it. The girl who gave the "Bells", a first prize winner last year on "Bobolink!" had to be content with a third of the third prize this year!

Why don't I get my letters to you finished and sent? I am quite disgusted with myself -
over)

How is your patchwork coming along?
Knowing the kind of hand work that
Aunt Fannie has done, as well as
the kind that my mother does, I'm
very much hoping that I shall
have some of the results of it
coming my way some day - I'm
grateful to Aunt Fannie for being
"the cause of it all"! Mrs. Grosvenor
sprung a new word on me the
other day; "consarcination"; - do you
know it?

Monday May 15, At School

When I get home I'll scout around and find the letter which I ~~wrote~~^{sent} to you last week or the week before and I will get it off to you today, if possible. This is very sleepy weather and I haven't been able, apparently, to make myself get at any letters, not even the one to you - until Saturday. Saturday morning I wrote letters to Letha and Velda, enclosing a handkerchief for each (They both do graduate, don't they?!) They are such tiny gifts but all I can do just now, unless there is something you could choose from the things I left at home. These letters have been so long delayed now that I couldn't just scratch off a casual note, though they may sound as though that is what I did. I shall be interested to know whether you hear any parts of either or both of them. Had a nice letter from Ethel the other day; I hope I get that answered sometime.

It is not always easy to get "W." handkerchiefs but I shall try to get one to send to Mrs. W. I will send Mrs. W. - a lacy Ldkf - like one of the girls' (Letha's, I think I have another like) they'll be a little late, I fear! Chik Lim, our boy who is learning typewriting has been doing the first pages of some letters for me - I have about 30

envelopes addressed and the second page
of several of them written - I'll send you
a sample. Don't you think they seem a
little more like personal letters than the
printed ones do? I sent one to Dorris Bennett
Saturday and I'm delighted.

The Alumnae came Saturday and Judy is
I have them. The information that Judy is
dead had missed me, somehow - It has
been a long time now! The news of John
Burns wedding and later, that the baby's
arrival were of interest to me - as were many
other items - I haven't nearly finished, in
fact. And the way you sent the cards was
a clever one. I've been trying to remember
what I said about cards, any way! I'm
very glad to have these. But I must have
thought I had left my plate at home with
you; now I have discovered it is here - So
don't do anything more about it - I can
have cards engraved here but they aren't
quite like American ones! Thank you very much
for having these done - I must write for now,
Love, Alice.

Swatow, China, May 4, 1933.

Dear

Can you guess what boon has just come into my possession! An unexpected holiday, in which I can do oh, so many things! Just when I need it, too. The "rush of business" has been getting thicker and faster until I wondered whether the regular routine work of school, even, would ever get caught up, to say nothing of the hundred and one other duties and pleasures that are always standing around waiting for me to unearth a bit of leisure time from somewhere by hook or by creek!

Perhaps you wonder why you hear from me so seldom; I often wonder that, too. Some people out here manage to write many letters, no matter how busy they are. I feel sure I do not accomplish a bit more work than any others- quite the contrary-; I just must be a poor manager.

It would take a long time to tell you of all the special activities we have had recently, some of them literally "hill-top" experiences. Easter sunrise service with the Chinese girls, high up on the rocks which face out to the sea, while another group on another hill-top were singing the same alleluias that we were singing; our high school & Sunday School students out on some of the nearby hills one beautiful morning for breakfast and a "close to nature" quiet time; the church young people's group holding their meeting in a little cave off in still another direction. These pictures do not do justice to the real beauty of this scenery which is ours to enjoy, nor to these young men and women with whom it is our privilege to work.

Two weeks ago our young people were asked to sing at the onehundredth birthday party of a woman who lives in Swatow. The celebration was arranged by former students of this old lady. Over one hundred singers were ranged on the platform and took their part in a program of twenty items which was attentively listened to by perhaps fifteen hundred people- a packed house. As our Principal Ling (one of the former students) said, it is unusual for anyone to live to the age of a hundred; it is still more unusual for a person to live to be a hundred and to enjoy the honor, love and respect of so many people. Near the end of the program Lau Peng M herself spoke to us words of appreciation and benediction that were fitting climax to the whole impressive ceremony. This woman learned to read after she was forty-eight years old and did not finish teaching until she was eighty-five. Childless, she is being cared for by her old students. A fund is being raised to build an Old People's Home in her honor. Lau Peng M is a pretty good example of one whose talents and opportunities were below rather than above the ordinary, and whose life was made lovely by her following simply and sincerely in the footsteps of the Master whom she loved.

The next thing on my program is an English speaking contest. I am in the throes of it now. After hearing one of the students practicing his "piece" one of the younger missionaries said to me, "I couldn't understand very much of that; do you suppose our Chinese sounds as bad as that to them?" Alas! It is a pretty big struggle, yet it is something they are interested in and all this practicing, agony though some of it is, helps us make some of our most coveted contacts. There are some students, too, who do very well; these more than compensate for all the poor ones.

Since I wrote that last paragraph the speaking contest has come and gone. I must admit that some of the selections were entirely unintelligible ! During the first two "renditions" the judges hitched their chairs nearer and nearer in the vain hope of catching a word now and then. One of them said afterwards it was such a relief when the third speaker began to depict Scrooge's ideas about Christmas ("Bah ! Humbug !" etc.) He was the first prize winner, a first year boy, by the way. He is one of my star students and I really was terribly proud of him. The second prize winner is a senior, another lad whose progress I am watching with the keenest interest. He gave the story of the Prodigal Son, although he does not profess to be a Christian. He has Christian ideals, however, and he is a fine boy to have in school. We shall miss him when he goes. I tried to talk with him the other day about the kind of work he hopes to do. I could not find out much about it except that he intends to go on to a Christian college. He is our star athlete, with the highest school athletic honors several times and honors also in inter-school contests of various kinds. See how I bubble all over when I begin to rave about these satisfactory ones. There are others, however !

You would have found it hard to keep your face straight if you had heard the one who gave the poem, "The Hurricane". He began in such a gentle, lady-like voice; "Lord. Of the winds. I hear. Take nigh. I feel! Thy. Breath," etc. And yet he tried, oh so hard ! Then some of the pronunciation we heard : "Obstacle." "Ex'breant." "I'ree ex" "retich-snake" (exuberant lurid haze rattle-snake) I knew most of them, for I had heard them being rehearsed and I had used more effort than you can imagine to get the smallest degree of improvement in some of them. Really the judges, who could not understand at all many of these words, were under less of a mental strain than I. They simply opened their ears as wide as possible, in the hope that eventually some sound might make a little sense, yet they couldn't really blame themselves if it didn't ! I, on the other hand, knew pretty well what was coming and had to tie myself all up in knots bracing against each separate shock as it came. Worst of all, I was the chairman, on the platform in plain sight of everyone. Nevertheless, in spite of the nerve strain, I got a tremendous punch out of the ones who did good or even fair work (6 out of the 9). I felt more than repaid for all of it when the "Prodigal-Son-er" came around quietly and thanked me for my pains and patience in helping him.

Dear Ones,

Swanton, China, May 22, 1933

I feel a trifle like the morning after the night before - This week-end has been a very happy one - but one that was a bit of a strain in some ways - (It about decided that everything in this world is something of a strain, anyway!) Ever since Conference Mrs. Groesbeck has been trying to plan a "Cape Cod" party, and she set the time for Marguerite's birthday. Last year she tried to have one but nobody could go - and this time we were all afraid something would happen at the last minute - Dr. Groesbeck was sick last week - but he got better - and we really did go - seven of us. Dorothy Campbell & Evelyn Stephens, Marguerite E. and Edna Smith, Mrs. Worley & Erind Johnson were the six besides me. We did have a marvelous time - I didn't go bathing, only paddling - but most of the other went in and the water was grand - (I forgot to say that we went Friday afternoon and came back Sunday P.M. The Cape Cod picnic took all day Saturday) We were very keenly reminded of the "dear dead days beyond recall" when "other lips & other voices" were there with us - I thought of Tracy and Katherine so often - as they were in those days - and I know going to Cape Cod brought the children very prominently to the minds and hearts of the Groesbecks - As for me - I've never been there before without Emily - and she seemed almost there somehow - I tried to write about it to her last night but I'm afraid I didn't succeed in making her happy to hear about it, as I

do wish she might be -

Now I'm back at school again - and the second monthly examinations begin today - That means more work! Each time I make up my mind that the exams must be corrected as soon as they are handed in to me - and each time something comes up to prevent my getting them done immediately - and so they drag along!

I'm sending a little drink to you, father, knowing that you probably won't go in for beer even now when you might so easily get it! Tell me whether you like it or not.

Much much love;

Abbie

Special love to Aunt
Lannie & Uncle Jerry, Swatow, China

June 4, 1933

Dear Ones,

Today is one of those days when the thermometer doesn't see the tenth at all. The one in my study at the present moment registers only 82, and I am sitting out on the porch in all the breeze there is (there isn't much, to be sure!) and fanning vigorously the place where my belt naturally would be. The hot soup I had for supper just came right through! My slip and dress got so wet around the waist line that I decided give my belt a rest, and there it hangs limply on the back of my chair - I doubt that my waist line will get dry very soon though, for I can feel the little trickles dripping, dripping

down -

It has been fairly hot all day and since I have played the organ at three services I have been warm enough. Those three services were Sunday School, Young People's, and Communion. I am glad I didn't have to play at the big church service though. There is a prelude and an offertory to be played there and I don't shine on piano solo work - so I perspire even more than usual when I have to "perform" at "big" church (大 礼 拝 big church - shape)

But even though today has been a hot muggy day especially hard on the mothers with babies, yet it has been a very happy one for some of us. One mother was very happy today - the mother of two of my senior high school boys, the one who has been doing

(Jack Lim)

typing for me lately, Chek Lim,
 and his ^{younger} brother (who got first
 prize in the English speaking
 contest) ^(Jack Maung) Chek Min. Chek Lim
 knows that I have been especially interested
 in his taking his stand for a long time. The
 last time I talked with him about it I
 could get him to say nothing further than
 that he would "think seriously about it."
 And today he and his brother were baptized,
 with ten others - So few of these young
 people are willing to link with the
 church nowadays - but when two like
 these young men come forward, there
 is a surge of hope and courage that
 comes to help us all believe that better
 days are ahead for our church - and
 that perhaps the hard struggle is of
 some use, after all.

.. I don't take any of the credit of

Check Livin's decision, for I haven't followed him up with my prayer help as I might have done. But I do realize that there is opportunity to do much more than I do and I want you both to pray that I may be used; - may be willing to be used; - not merely ~~be~~ willing in a passive sort of way, but so on fire to be used of Him here in this school that all hesitation to "speak the word" and all fear of that spoken word being without result may be utterly wiped out and I may know what ~~real~~ freedom is in witnessing.

I wish I might accomplish far more this year than in any other year of my life; I ought to accomplish more this year than in all the 40 years thus far, ^{put together} to make up for lost time - ^{It's an awesome thought that probably more than half my life is gone!} What have I ^{done} ^{with} ^{it?}

I'm going to tell you how bad I've been about one thing recently.

You know I've been planning to go to Kuliang for the summer and I hope to study mandarin while I am there - I hoped to get there for the beginning of the mandarin class and when it came to deciding whether I would stay here for the convention in July or go to Kuliang in time to get in at the start I felt conscientiously that the latter was the right course. I've been planning that, and saying it out loud, too, for months.

Last week Mabelle said - out of a clear sky, that if she had to stay for Convention that would make it too late for her to go to Baguio. I said "why do you have to stay?" She answered "I think either you or I ought to be here" - I don't agree with her - and I said so - Others don't agree

and I was rebellious to be put in the position of seeming to make her stay here in the heat all summer, or giving up the plan of getting to the Mandarin class or time. I finally decided, though, that in view of how much M. needs the rest, I could not even seem to be responsible for her missing it - and I could not endure her having the grieved feeling that she had been made a martyr of!

Wasn't that a nice Christian spirit? The second time she brought up the subject I asked her straight out if she meant that she was actually putting the responsibility on me; if my going early would definitely mean that she would stay at home. She said yes - then I said "And I stay through the convention will you go to Bagno? - She answered yes - So I said - "Well then of

course I'll stay - not because I think it is necessary or right but because I think you must get your rest - I don't think it is necessary for either of us to be here this year, but since you feel as you do there is nothing else for me to do - Wasn't that a nice Christian spirit too?

M. said she didn't see why I had to take Mandarin this year -

I could go to Kuliang any year!

As a matter of fact she'll be gone home next year - and probably the following year -

and I'm 40 already and not growing a bit younger year by year! Well!

After I had once decided, and spit it out in that rather nasty fashion, I began

to be just as well satisfied
with my decision after all.

Mandarin class doesn't begin until
July 10; I can help a good bit with
the woman's meeting the day before
the Convention begins; Dorothy
Campbell, who was chairman of
the committee on Woman's Hour
at the Convention, will be away
in Canton where she is going
for an operation on her nose, and
I'll be able to do some of the
things she might have done;
The graduates of our school
are obliged this year for the
first time to take government
examinations before they can
receive their diplomas, and
I'm asked to give special help to
the Seniors in getting ready for
their English exam. That
means that I'll be working

right up through July 4, instead of finishing June 29. But I'll be glad enough to help them if it does any good. Some of them are pretty fine youngsters. By waiting until after convention, too, I can go up to Kuling with Beatrice Ericson, who very much dreaded going alone - "All things work together - - - etc." I guess it is true - for I really do want to do the right thing! It's about time for me to do a few right ones - I've done enough wrong ones in my life, goodness knows!

I did have a happy birthday! So many presents and cards - ! And best of all, home mail just at noon - including my father's most part, rude, piercing.

heartless, (it would sound unfilial
to say "impertinent") inconsiderate,
unsympathetic, super saturated
dose of kidding! If he only knew
the actual reality - the sad but
truthful answers to his deep probing
queries! "Seems increasing in that
one fair brow" indeed! Well -
there's little else but seems on that
brow now - Is it any wonder, then?
"Gray hairs multiplying?" Why -
you have to get a magnifying
glass to see anything but white
hairs, I want him to know -
(But those white hairs - every one is
curly - with the heat!) "Look in the
mirror without weeping - or snickering"
indeed? What idle moments does
he suppose I might have, either for
looking in the mirror or for weeping
or yet for snickering? I'd have
him realize that my spare time

is spent - correcting English papers! Now don't you think these questions have all been answered with a sufficient degree of serenity & composure on my part. To suggest to your minds that I am not grieving too seriously, at least on the exterior "might have beens"!?

Interior ones present a different problem, however! I do wonder, though - what where & who I might have been, had A. J. S. been petite, charming, entrancing, peach-blooming, dewy-eyed, plump, fully successful at whatever she laid her hand to, instead of half-baked-polished, poised, intellectual & many more things that she never has been! Does this rambling gallop take your imagination into any tangible realm

of "may-be's" !

However, let me refer again to this truly happy birthday which I have just had -

Gifts included photos of Mrs. Mosley and Marguerite, an organdy bow tie (white), a tea cloth & napkins, a contrivance to fit my camera which will enable me to be in the picture I am taking - a roll of facial tissue, a pair of good scissors (how I needed them!) a book "What We Live By" by Benimut, - handkerchief, talcum powder - Oh yes * a tin of Gripolite coffee pot, a pound of Sanka coffee, a pair of moisture-proof salt & peppers, and a fancy vegetable slicer. These (after *) from Emily - I'm pretty lucky!

Oh yes, and a supper party with the ^{club} women teachers and doctors as guests - a grand good time - Love to you Alice

Sutton, Chimes

June 18, 1933

Dearest Gus -

Is your cellar dry yet?

If not, why not use the new vacuum cleaner on it? Or if it is only dampness that remains, how about getting an electric fan to blow it out? The cellar really does need to be cemented, doesn't it? But my intelligence tells me that a cement floor would do precious little good unless you had cement continue on up the walls a good distance, if indeed, not all the way up! And that would take a few pennies - I'm afraid - well well! It won't happen again for a year, I suppose - and maybe more than one year - Does anybody think there

is any way to drain off surplus moisture by any means before it gets into that cellar? Does it come from melting snow - does it run in where the surface of the ground meets the cellar wall? Or does it come from underground water ways? Does anybody have any opinion on the subject? And

does the furnace still look like rusty junk, or did Mother wear out a good lump of her liver-pin scrubbing it off? Or did it rust all the way through to the other side?

1st news item from Swatow China:

It's hot.

2nd " " " " " "

It's Hot!

3rd " " " " " "

It's HOT!

Maybe you don't believe it but it is a fact.

Next: Since some of your letters
have asked for instruction about
where to put the Presbyterian
Ministers fund, I'd like to
say that it is O. K. with
me if you put it all in
Salmon Falls - or only up
to make \$1000 there, and
the remainder put in the
First Nat'l of Boston or
wherever else seems to
you people a good risk.
In your own S. B.
bank acct if you like.
Only it should be put
on interest unless it
is needed - but of course
I don't need to tell
you that -

This is not much of a letter

but I want to get it off to you -
Maybe I'll write another one soon. - (!)

How are Uncle George & Aunt
Fanny? Give them my love and
tell 'em to eat an extra strawberry
now and then for me, when they
are ripe -

Love to the others too - and
don't forget that the Sandersons
are included in that order -

(Did you say missionary letter?)
Well - I told you it is hot weather
out here!)

Yours,
Abbie

Swallow China

July 2, 1933

Dear Mother -

Two letters have come since I last wrote to you - The first told me of your being sick again and the second told of Clara's visit. As I've been reading your recent letters I have marvelled that you could do so much as you have been doing - and apparently you did too much - I'm wondering about another thing, though -

The doctor said your trouble was caused partly by worry - Have you been doing some of that recently, I wonder? Finances - Arthur - or something else? That is a part of it, he said - and I'm just wondering -

Your letter comforted me somewhat by telling of your resigning the various offices and deciding to

take things as easy as you can -
I can imagine your great disappoint-
ment, though, to discover that you
are likely to be sick in the old way
unless you keep your pace moderated -
It is very hard to keep from doing things
that need to be done and that you
want to do, I know - but go to it - that
is the only way to manage ^{(when the old pain}
_{flares hear the bells,}
_{you know!}

Don't have any more upsets - but -
of course, tell me about them if you
do - Had you any warning that this
might happen? You say in this letter
that you think your weight is about
as good as usual. How about really
getting weighed to see the actual
figures - I should like to know how
much you really do weigh -

I feel ashamed to think so many times
recently I have let two weeks go by without
sending a letter to you - I do truly mean

To send every week but the thing slips
sometimes!

About a week ago I was in the depths
of a bad "temperamental" spell. I seldom
have such terribly blue spells - I have some-
times been hard on other people who had
them and I've felt that if people used
their religion a little more they need never
sink so deep in gloom - But this time
I surely had it bad - Everything looked
black - and I felt very rebellious about
~~the~~ being put in an embarrassing position
regarding a dramatic presentation which
is to be given next week at the Convention.
The whole thing seemed to be on my
shoulders and it seemed a thing which
I simply could not do - One who was
asked to take the leading part refused
quite flatly and it seemed that everything
went wrong - By Monday things had

straightened out a great deal and as I
look back now I wonder ~~why~~ I was so
discouraged. Now the play is progressing
pretty well, and I have made up
my mind not to worry about it if
it doesn't!

Must stop now and get this into
the mail, though it is not much of a
letter.

I'm so glad Clara went to
see you; glad she stayed at Uncle
George's - too! I sure do like to have
my China friends meet my relatives!

Love to you

Abbie

Swatow China

July 10, 1933.

Dear One,

At last exams are over and there is at least a change in the tension of things.

On July 4th we had a delightful picnic to Double Island. Anna, Edwin, Mrs. W. Beatrice, Marion, Edna and I were the party - Mrs. Jones and Mr. Greene were down there already and came home with us, and Mr. Hobart and Mr. Fiddell walked over from Hsiao-pou and joined us.

The Stockers did themselves proud and had a Wiener roast for us with big fire on the beach. Table with all the eats -- and plenty of chairs for those who didn't want to sit on the beach sand - Capt. Stocker was there, - said he noticed I chose a day when he wasn't there to come (he arrived late, after a busy day). Mr. Malcof and the Frankenburgers and Shields were there also - We didn't stay late - just long enough for wieners, baked beans, salad, corned beef, dill pickles - ripe olives, apple pie with icecream, cheese and coffee - besides the sandwiches etc. that we carried ourselves! - and a big round of firecrackers -

I enjoyed my swim - christened my swimming suit - I'm rather short but I'm fairly used to it by now. We swam until we were tired - then Edna and Marion went surf-board riding with the I.O.C. people, Bobbie, Cynthia, and the others, while we lay on the hot rocks and sand and rested. That was before supper, of course - It was a lovely picnic.

Days have been pretty busy since you left.

Thursday p.m. at finance com. we were greatly pleased at the attitude Lin, Mr. Toi and Lo Siah An had, regarding the necessity of making a budget. (just as for your family living expenses) We can't vote to do this, that, and t'other just because we want to; we must count our money, and then keep within that limit.

At the women's meeting Friday morning Kay gave a very good talk about the different ways of preaching the gospel message, with some of the hindrances to good results which must be looked after. Our girls sang "He lives on high" - and did well.

In the afternoon we divided up. Some of us went to the Council meeting - which was very poorly attended - 22 instead of 68 - and of that number 11 were foreigners.

I left the council early with Mrs. Speicher to come back for the rest of the Women's meeting. Mrs. Lin gave a splendid talk about the sins of missionary women for the coming year.

The Tsong kang an opened the sessions of Convocation with a fitting message based on Ephesians 6:2

Saturday morning they had a great time electing the nominating committee. After 25 minutes of reading the votes and writing them on the board they decided (I think it was Lim Chin Sien who suggested it) to have the tellers count the votes outside - sensible. Edith and Mr. Waters are the Americans, and there are nine others.

The principal has gone to Shanghai collecting money for the new dormitory and principal's house (already well started). He is always a great help in meetings. His wife is taking the lead this year more than ever.

This is a pretty poor excuse for a letter but I have two language exams to give - my packing to do - some of the students to have talks with - and as many of Convention meetings as possible to attend - all before Wednesday noon - when I'm leaving for Kuliang -

Love & you

Abbie

(57)

S. S. "Hain King"

En route to Fowahs.

July 12, 1903

Dear Mother,

Your letter which came two or three days ago, saying that on June 8 the latest letter you had received from me was dated Apr. 23, has made me very much ashamed. You should have received one letter during that time, I'm sure; but the truth of the matter is that I have been letting letters go, even to you - and that is a bad thing to do - So I'm going to try beginning today, while I'm taking my vacation away from Swatow and the scene of my labors, also to take a vacation from neglecting my letters to you - ! I'm not going to make any rash promises, but at least here is a beginning -

I have stayed in Katchich for the convention, as I promised - I didn't promise to stay until all the Amens were said, and so I didn't. The best steamer on the run is sailing today, and although by coming today I had to come alone, yet I really

about that & some body a little later and
I'll send you a copy - It is gratifying
& see the Chinese leaders beginning
& get a glimpse of what some
of the problems mean that the
missionaries faced long before
the Chinese knew there were such
problems - Of course there are new
problems too -

July 18 -

Back on board the "Hai King" after
a most delightful morning in Amoy -
Jon Ma Lam, the girl who wrote those
letters that I used to read, married a
government official who is now the head
of the bureau of public safety in Amoy -
Lucky thing I got up fairly early! Before
6.30 A.M. there was a knock on my
door and there stood Mr. Sun himself, in
a pretty, fashionable blue silk gown - and
his brother in law Hua kok (who wrote, I'm
sure, for his wife, the letter which told me
about the little person 7 inches long who
could box, play tennis etc - and who would
greet me on my arrival from America -
Remember?)

Then I was assisted into a motor

lunch

(The usual way to travel is by sampans and walked to the shore - into a motor car - (instead of ricksha) and to their home - The husband waited to escort another guest and very shortly he arrived with the head of the Fookien province governmental department his wife, and one or two others - and so I was in distinguished company all day!

We went to the public garden - and fed peanuts to a rather remarkable collection of monkeys, African baboons, red legged & red billed thrans, pelicans, adjutant birds and many others - and saw tigers, leopards, a porcupine, a boa constrictor etc etc - many of which kinds I had never seen before -

Then we were motored out to a famous Buddhist temple where we had a little lunch before we looked around - climbed up through rocky paths to see a priest who is said to eat only one meal a day -

He never goes out, they say - but people are allowed (people he knows - such as the Chief of the Public Safety Department!) to go and see him. Most of the time he sits and thinks -

After the visit around the place we came back to the room which is a favorite place for buying lunches and were served a grand Chinese feast - the first I have ever had that was cooked without any meat. Oil is used instead of lard - and they make some clever imitations of meat things. One interesting dish was imitation birds' eggs!

Well - I had a delightful time and an urgent invitation to stop there again on my way back - I'm not sure but the little "finch boxer" will have a little brother by that time!

July 14 -

Up on top of Kailang mountain - and really too tired to write much except that when I was about half

way up this afternoon. I thought of
the two main reasons why I had
planned to come to Kuling this
summer; one to study Mandarin
and the other because Helen Clark
was to be here. I told Helen tonight
that I had decided I must love
Helen Clark an awful lot, and must
want to study Mandarin pretty
bad, to stand all the jolt and
taking and hollering and quarreling
and delay that a trip up here
means!

I was fortunate in one thing, though.
The Hai King got in early and I
got up here the same day -
arrived about 4 p. m. - and my
baggage arrived at 5. The girls -
Helen and Eva Fisher, over out to tea,
with the help of the boy and the amah
I got my bedding unpacked, got my
room settled, face washed, dress changed,
hair combed, before they got back -
I've had a hot bath, and now - no fire
bed - and I don't mean maybe!

July 15.

It is now 5.30 p.m. and I've really had a very restful day. Helen and I went this morning to see Mrs. Burkett, who has a bad neuritic shoulder - and we also saw Anna Foster, and Stella Wang - former principal at Kaying, now just returned from a year's study in America.

Then we went to see Pearl Mason who is just out of the hospital from an operation for goitre. It is going to be great to see her often this summer. This afternoon just after I lay down I received letters from my mother and father - you surely timed it right - and was I glad to get those letters! (Or rather the letter, containing one from each of you.)

I rested until 4 - when we had tea and then Helen and Eva went swimming. But it is a long walk and I decided I'd better rest a little longer before attempting any very strenuous climbs. Besides - I got quite a little exercise this morning and

and am rather stiff from yesterday's
jolting ride.

After the girls had ^{gone} Frances Felt
and Marjorie Hobart came & see
me and I had a good visit with
them. Since they have gone I
have been looking over the
mandarin lesson sheets which
I shall begin to study Monday -
just a week late - I can't tell
yet how much I shall study
but I want to get as much as
possible, of course - Still, I
want to get some rest - I weighed
124½ this morning.

By the way - your letter last week
said that you weighed 38. Do you
mean 138? That wouldn't be too
bad - And if you are really
feeling better, are being careful,
and haven't been sick again,
that's grand.

July 16.

After 4 of another restful day -

Right there Eva came and announced that tea was ready, and now it is 9.15 - !

This morning I sat in a discussion group which promises to be exceedingly interesting. Mr. Stockwell, a Methodist missionary, is the leader - and the subject is Jesus and His Way of Life. The class met at Pearl Mason's house, but whether it will continue to meet there or not is another question - I hope so, unless they come here to our house, as a more centrally located place. I saw a good many people that I had seen before or heard about, and I suppose I shall continue to have that experience as long as I stay here - I rather like it!

Rested this afternoon and then went to church service at five - After supper tonight Helen and I walked up to the

cottage where Peggy, Marguerite and I
stayed in 1920 -

Just now we have had a call from
Marion Holmes whom I knew in
Hartford, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Sutton.
They are Methodist missionaries -

Now I must get together my clothes
to be washed - and then get to bed
to be ready to begin work to-morrow -

Much love to you

Abbi



Dear Ones;

(58)

Kobe, July 17, 1933

Today work began and I'm all
thrilled to pieces! Of course being
a week late I was lost - but I studied
Mandarin from 8.15 to 11.30 and expect
I continue to do so through the duration
of the period - till August 25 if I
can stay as long as that. I hope to
study a little in the afternoon too -
I have found that there is a possibility
of my having the head teacher for my
personal teacher - He is a Peking man
and he has been the head of this
school before but he has never taken
private pupils before - I don't know
just why I am the privileged person,
but I think I am lucky - Maybe the
depression has hit him and he is
willing to earn a little more money!

I am slightly discouraged when
I think how long it is going to take
before I'm able to get this language,
yet I'm tremendously encouraged too
because I was able to get quite a lot.

this morning and believe that I shall be able to catch up without a great deal of difficulty, if I have the help of the afternoon teacher. Knowing the characters - most of them - already - that is - knowing the meaning of the characters, although in Swatow I call them a different sound - is a big help, of course - I was afraid I should be so far behind everybody that I'd feel swamped, but I really got along fairly well - &

I am taking both first and second division work - There are three classes - Originally designed, it is, for 1st, 2nd, & 3rd year work of the summer school - In the first class, the second half hour I took my turn at reading the lesson along with those who have already had it a week - I made some mistakes, of course, but not nearly so many as some make.

I can't help wishing I didn't have so many letters & notes. I have my

typewriter with me but I ~~haven't~~ ^{haven't} touched it yet! My report letter to the Board is begun, ~~for~~ the rough form, but is not nearly finished. I must hurry and get that off.

There are so many interesting things to do up here that I hope I shan't get into too much. This p.m. I started in singing with those who are practising the cantata for the season. This year they are learning the "Messiah" and I'm very glad to have the chance. The leader, Mrs. Stockwell, is a wonder, I think - she surely knows the whole musical score of this cantata - tenors verses and all. It is not going to be particularly easy to learn but oh such fun to sing with a lot of people who know how to sing and with a leader who can make you do it right - I just love it! Swimming and tennis playing come a little later -

Had a good visit with Pearl this p.m., too - She is well over the operation for gouts but she has had a very hard time in her walk in some respects - and is now

practically having & recover from a nervous breakdown as well as from the shock of her operation. She is as pretty as ever and not quite as plump as she was, which is just as well. She was getting to be pretty big.

Don't you late people who tear off the corners of their tablet paper as I have done above? I'd better begin to write on typewriter paper instead of this kind, I think!

It is now 9.30 p. m. Helen & I walked down to the P.O. to mail some letters after supper - I was glad to go for I've had no other exercise today and I ought to get exercise if I'm to study all morning.

While I've been sitting here writing to you Eva has been writing in her diary - Now she is going over her Chinese lesson for tomorrow. I think I'll let that go, however, until tomorrow a. m. Those little Chinese lessons & an electric lamp are quite a contrast to an electric in Swatow!

July 18. 1933

Well - you would have been surprised if you could have seen me at six am. today! Can you imagine my getting worried about the condition of the paint on doors and windows of a summer cottage? Strange to relate, ever since I came into this house I have been bothered because the paint was so filly dirty. The floors, furniture, food, people, and everything else seem to be clean enough, but the paint, which was originally a pretty shade of light green, seems to be covered with the grime from a dozen typhoons and dusty dry seasons mixed together.

The servants are not mine of course, and I can't talk Foochow dialect to them anyway - Besides, none else but me seems to mind the condition mentioned above - I have been itching to get at some of the doors and door frames myself, but haven't

really dared to because Eva was
around all the time. This morning
at 5.30 she went to play tennis
& I got up and got my soap
and water and went to it -
I've got one door and a half
of two others in much better shape
than they were (in my room) and I
shall continue the good work to-
morrow when Eva goes to play
tennis again - ! Getting peculiarly
odd of a sudden, eh ? And it is
 queer too, because in most ways
I think Helen and Eva are both
much more particular - not to say
old-maidish (!) than I. Even though
I am 40 and they are only 36.
They are good scouts though, and I
have a feeling we are going to
have a good summer -

I'm still getting quite a kick
out of the mandarin class - though
I haven't begun the afternoon work
with a private teacher yet -

4

This morning I got me little special extra fish which I ought to keep to myself - I shan't tell anybody out here - of course - but maybe you won't think I'm too egotistical if I tell only you about it -

Sitting in the first year division first group, the woman beside me - also a new arrival yesterday - began to talk - and when I said that I had just arrived yesterday too, she said "Oh are you the new student that just began yesterday that they all said knew more than all the rest who had been studying more than a week?" I said I guessed I couldn't be, for I had never studied before - but she insisted I must be, for I was the only other new one - But I felt quite set up, anyway - I ~~don't~~ know what the teachers think about me, however - It is a great deal more fun, however, to study when you can manage fairly well at it than when you feel so dumb that you can't do anything at it -

This afternoon late I attended a group meeting something like the Oxford group meetings, where people get together for the purpose of sharing their burdens, trials, weaknesses and of getting guidance from God in regard to all matters of daily living. There has been great criticism of these groups, and there may be some dangers which might arise. Anna Foster and I decided we'd go to see about what it was like. We didn't do very much this afternoon except to hear how the members of the Foochow group - eight missionaries - some from England, some from America, some from Australia, have benefitted from their getting together. Here on Kuliang they plan to have various group meetings once a week. A Mr. and Mrs. Stowe are especially interested in students and love to help them - as are Anna & I. We hope a group specially interested in students may be formed - A sort of

prayer and experience meeting, as I see it; not to take the place of the regular prayer meeting, but to have something that will be more of getting down to bed-rock; — reality; sincerity; — than prayer meeting ~~then~~ is nowadays — It has helped many people — It has helped those people who talked about it today — Anna and I had wondered before if it might not be one way to help us in our work —

The leader tonight was Bishop Hind; what he said was seconded in a most effective way by his wife, who used to be Dr. Hayworth of the E. P. Mission in Swatow — of whom I used to be very fond — The note of sincerity that she struck appealed to me more than almost anything else that was said in the whole meeting —

Had a good talk with her afterwards — reminiscing, etc — It was great to see her again —

July 19, 1933

I must go to bed as soon as I write a little scribble to you. I have been sleepy all day at my classes and I'm beginning to get a little headache - Aside from the three hours in the morning I had my afternoon hour with the head teacher today. It will be a big help, I think - With one teacher you can and one pupil you can get the tones more clearly and can see how the words are formed - I find that while I may be fairly quick at recognizing words - yet I fear I'm going to be an absolute duffer at remembering them - There is some similarity between words in Mandarin & in the Swatow dialect in some cases - and it's very confusing.

This noon I walked over to look at a room which Mrs. Wesley may live in later - It was in the broiling sun and although I had a felt hat I wasn't carrying an umbrella. My time this afternoon was pretty well filled. I did lie down for a bit after

lunch. Then I went down to the club
for the hour with my teacher. From there
I went directly to practice the cantata;
from there directly to the regular monthly
prayermeeting. After that, Pearl
walked home with Helen & me - and
almost immediately we had a caller
in the person of Mrs. John Gowdy,
wife of the Methodist Bishop of
Forkian. We all looked at some
of Helen's Industrial things and Pearl
ordered two bedspreads. Then I
walked part way home with Pearl -
came back - ate supper - and here
I am - very sleepy and quite
ready to tumble into bed -

I think I'd better finish this
up tonight and send it on to
you to-morrow. It will be
getting too bulky if I don't stop it
pretty soon - !

I do not seem to be getting in
much tennis or swimming, nor do I
appear to be getting my letters written

either. Perhaps I shall be able to
do something on Saturdays - Saturday
is the morning when the circus men
come around, but this year I am too
poor to indulge in any such extravagance.
I shall be lucky if I get back home
again!

But I'm having a grand time so
far. Just now I have a guilty
conscience because I know Mabelle
will be looking for a letter from me -
and I've written only once since she
left Irotori - I have been busy, though.
Yet I suppose one reason she wanted
me to stay in Convention was so that
she would hear something about it!

Much love to you and to all
the Southern Maine and N. H. Specials -

Yours.

Alfie

(59)

30th Kuling

his London, China.

July 20 -

Dear Ques:

This will be another apology for a scribble tonight, for it is after 10 p.m. I've been studying as usual today; seemed dumber than usual this afternoon with my private mandarin teacher. Part of the reason was that I still had a headache, from a little too much sun yesterday, and possibly also from too little exercise. So this afternoon Helen and I went for a fairly good walk. We would have called on the Hobarts - rather on Franeta - if she had been at home - but she wasn't. This evening there was a musicale at the club - very enjoyable - that is why I am later than usual getting to bed!

July 21 -

Lessons as usual today. Had a little more pep than yesterday perhaps - at least it seems as though I wasn't quite so dumb in the p.m. class.

Helen and I were invited to the Giedts for lunch this noon and when we got there Anna Foster was there. Then after my class (at 3.30) I went (by Anna's invitation) to the house where Anna boards, to tea. Then I went for a long walk with her and we had a most refreshing "soul-unbordering" of many things; religious matters; relations with students and Chinese teachers; standards of living out here; what "sharing" and "guidance" mean and how much we think we agree with the Oxford group movement; relations with

2

fellows missionaries; how to get hold of students, etc. -

Then this evening, Eva having gone down to Foochow for the week-end, Helen and I have had the whole evening to talk - and she has done some unburdening - and we have had some helpful talk - The girl is in a quandary as to whether she ought to give up work at the Industrial in Shaoxing or not. There has evidently been criticism somewhere along the line; and there are other reasons why she feels it might not be wise to come back. Never in my life have I had such a heart-to-heart talk with Helen as tonight. I think that she has had some very hard experiences this last year - and she has been deepened and enriched by them.

Your letter of June 25. containing
the one from Clara, arrived today.
I'm so glad that I got word
to you in time about changing
the address. It meant that
you sent ^{the letters} them exactly right for
me not to lose a single day
in getting them - and that
suits me to a "t" -

Letter also from the Bakers
today, who are on their way
home. The letter was mailed
from Hongolulu. Their address
will be Versailles, Kentucky -

It's late so I mustn't write
any more. Otherwise I might
sit up and write some more
letters - I am rather waked up
tonight, and don't feel a bit
sleepy, somehow!

July 22.

Today it has rained all day, alas!
 This morning I washed my hair -
 and now at 8 p.m. it is really
 pretty dry - but not bone dry - !
 Saturday, however, is the only day I
 have to shampoo - and I needed
 it sadly. All morning we wondered
 what time the Swatow people would
 arrive, how wet they would be, etc.!!
 Kenneth - walking up the hill -
 arrived first, after 4 p.m. He was
 dripping wet. The girls - Beatrice
 and Erid - riding in chairs -
 got here about 5 - and they were
 pretty well soaked too. Beatrice
 got a hot bath and got into some
 of my things, because the baggage
 didn't come for about an hour -

I was especially interested in the
 baggage, for I had telegraphed
 Beatrice to bring me another pillow

and a mattress - I brought a quilt that I thought was thick enough for a mattress but even three thicknesses of it don't make the stiff rattan bed seem soft to my bony frame.

Considering the downpour this afternoon I think I was very fortunate to have the bedding arrive here damp in only one spot. Goodness knows when that spot will get dry, though, for this storm is the last end of a Typhoon and it is likely to leave bad weather in its trail for several days - Maybe I can have it ironed dry!

The pillow I expect to sleep on tonight. It is good to see the fold from Swatow and although I'm sorry it rained - yet I'm glad it was no worse.

July 23.

Sunday - and a beautiful day, in every aspect. I went to the discussion group again today and enjoyed it tremendously. The points brought out today were the humanity of Jesus and the divinity of Jesus - What characteristics make him seem human to us - and what divine. Are the two separate, or closely intermingled? Which means more to me, the "Holy Spirit" or the "Living Christ"? Are they the same - or do they perform the same function? What is Christ's relation to God? And many other thought-provoking questions - some of which could not be agreed upon - At the close of one rather interesting discussion a voice from the back made us all smile a little

by coming out with this: "Well, you
can't very well divide up the
Trinity, you know" - !

When I got home from there
I had a note telling me that
Pearl M. was not well - had
had another bad night. She
wanted me to come and visit
her this afternoon and stay to
supper - but I couldn't very
well - so I went down to see
her this A. M. instead. She
is having some pretty bad
troubles - some of them as
imaginary as my troubles were
two or three weeks ago! Mental
attitude does have a great deal
to do with the troubles we have
or think we have - sometimes!

This afternoon I had a good
rest, but didn't get up to get

some letters written as I ought to have done - (Now the mosquitoes are buzzing and I don't feel particularly like writing at length). I did get up in time to drink a cup of tea, however, and have some cinnamon toast before I went to church -

Our leader of the morning gave us a most helpful sermon on the ~~un~~popularity, impracticability etc. of Jesus. and how we must dare the impractical thing, and dare to be unpopular, sometimes, if we wish truly to be his followers.

After supper tonight we went down to the club house where there was to have been a "sing" - but it is a little rainy, and nobody arrived - so we came home and had a sing all

by ourselves until after nine.

I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning before I washed my hair I went down to get weighed. I tipped the scales at $124\frac{1}{2}$ a week ago, and this time at $127\frac{1}{2}$ - which is a pretty good gain for seven days' time, I think - I hope it will last. I'd be quite willing not to be able to wear down the mountain the dress I wore coming up, if the reason was that I was too fat! (The dress is that dark gray green floured voile that I had at home - and it is on its last legs -) We are having pretty good nourishing food, and mandarin study doesn't seem to be hurting me in the least!

July 24.

Trying to do a lot of things at the same time today and I don't know just what I'll get out of it all. One thing sure, I'm not getting any letters written - except to you!

This morning from 8.15 to 8.45 I went to Mandarin class. Enid went too, and I think she is going to get as big a kick out of it as I do - I do think it will be a big help in understanding mandarin though I despair of ever being able to speak it!

At 9.00 I went to the Religious Education Conference and enjoyed a talk on Jesus' Way of Life - and another on the Mass Education movement and a Convention (R.E.) which was held at Ding Hsien, a place way back in the country -

where remarkable influences are
at work among the people. This
was followed by an address
on Communism, which showed
the marvelous analogies between
the aims of Christianity and
those of communism - and
showed the great dangers -
and brought a challenge to
Christians in China - The whole
thing would have been an
inspiration had it not been
for a professor in Fokien Kta
University who butted in and
tried to run the show. He was
afraid the Conference was going
to end on a flat discouraged
note and insisted that trust

in Jesus was the only thing that
 would put this old world to
 rights; that we had no call
 to be so discouraged and we
 ought to trust that He would
 make all things right. He
 insisted twice that if some were
 going to close the meeting then
 and go away, he still would
 hope that a few would remain
 and sing a hymn in His name.
 have fellowship together. As a
 matter of fact, the chairman
 had not finished what he was
 saying. This prof. took things
 into his own hands - as much
 as to say - "I don't like the way
 you are running this meeting so

I'll see that you do it another way - The thing that bothered me most was to see his wife - a very dear, attractive lady, everybody says - sitting there with flushed cheeks, eyes down, the very picture of agony if there was anyone to sense it - He speaks in every meeting, on every occasion ~~and that~~ ^{and that} and is a real thorn in the flesh to those who are presiding. He is in our Bible class - and Sunday, Mrs. Stoddard, our very fine leader, had to keep interrupting this other man with "Well, but to get back to the question in hand" and "What do the rest of you think?" He is good-hearted, apparently, and they try to be patient with him, but it must be a task.

This is a parenthesis ⁸ Swatow, China
I just found these sheets - June 26, 1933
Dear Cues - ^{my tablet - Remember} you I had begun a letter
Did I tell you last week ^{and}
that the weather ^{was} ~~is~~ hot? Well - it ^{is}
still is! And to tell the truth
I can't say I have a great deal
of pep, either for writing letters
or for giving examinations.

We are in the midst of
exams, by the way, and will
soon be through the term's
work - My exams are spread
over a number of days - really
over parts of three weeks. This
time, so the finishing up of
grades should not be too
difficult -

Since I'm staying on for
the Convention, I shall have
a few things to keep me busy.
A quartet or two to arrange for,
music (piano and vocal) for one

whole day - and dramatics,
in which I promised to
help, pushed into my lap,
as it were, for me to manage!
I feel just about swamped
with it - If I get drowned
in the process, I'll have
somebody send you word
anyway! At present I don't
see at all how I'm going to
get through with it. I suppose
my pessimistic attitude may
be blamed partly on the
heat and partly on its
being at the end of the
term, when everyone is
more or less dragged at,
I must admit, though, that
some of it comes purely

and simply from my lazy disposition. I'd be glad if someone could tell me how to get rid of that!

(p. 24)

It's just as well, you see, that I didn't send you this letter when I wrote it. Things really flattened out all right after a while!

After class this p. m. I went with Helen and Bea to the swimming pool and had a good swim -

Eva came back from Torchow tonight just after supper - was in good and sleepy and ready to turn in.

Love to you. Abbie

(60)

Kuliam 308.

July 25, 1933

Dear Quen

I wonder how soon you would get tired of hearing about what time I got up in the morning - how I got along at school, what I heard somebody tell somebody else, when I blew my nose or stubbed my toe, etc. ! It must be rather monotonous. However, I believe I'll try it a few days longer, if for no other reason than to salve my conscience.

I ought to be writing my letter to the Board. I ought to be writing to Mabelle - or to Arthur or any one of thirty others - But just now I feel like writing to no one but you.

Today was another session of the Religious Ed. Conference, and I enjoyed it very much - more even, I think, than yesterday. Today for the second period we divided

into separate groups - I went into the Middle School group, of course. Just what will come of these discussions I can't tell, but today we did little more than raise questions - that is, try to think what the most important questions are in the life of middle school students today. Tomorrow we shall discuss methods, I suppose.

The last hour this morning we heard a Chinese professor give a very fine lecture on Fookien Folkways and Religions. An admirable command of English, but not very good pronunciation.

This afternoon after my class I went to the library and got a book which was recommended in this a. m. conference. "Nationalism and Education in Modern China" by Peake. and it was written in 1952, so is rather new - I've been to read it

but that will² be another reason for
my not getting letters written,
I'm getting this written before
supper tonight for I'm expecting to
go out to the meeting tonight.

July 26 -

The meeting last night was truly a
most helpful one. Twenty-two persons
were there, English, Irish, American;
school-teachers, doctors, nurses, preachers,
preachers' wives, a Bishop - and others.

The aim of the meeting is to get on
a basis of the sincerest possible
fellowship; an open-hearted sharing
of high experiences and difficulties.
One man confessed to a blaze of
hot temper which always rumbled
when he was getting near the end of
a hot uncomfortable country trip -
and he was always tempted to
blaze out at the boatmen - Didn't
always do it - but wished he
knew how to get rid of that

boiling feeling inside. Bishop
Hind felt sure that the next
time he wouldn't be so greatly
tempted, for he would have
told this sympathetic group
about it, and he would remember
the fellowship and get strength
to resist the temptation.

Then we talked about possibilities
of keeping in real connection with
God - so that He could use us
more to accomplish great things.
All admitted to failures, weakness,
temptations. Then, in order to get
acquainted, we told each in turn
the place and kind of work we
are in, and what we felt to
be the greatest lack in our own
lives. We are going to meet
weekly while on the mountain - in
the hope of sharing real experiences

and getting real help. The hope is that groups can be started in our separate places of work when we go back in the fall - It is refreshing to get various ideas - and most stimulating.

I am delighted with the discussions at the Religious Education Meetings - Today's Middle School group got some interesting ideas across - A young Chinese returned student gave us some pretty good ideas on what the students of today are thinking about. We have the pushed feeling of having not nearly enough time to finish our discussions - Nothing dragging or boring today! The man of a controversial trend seems to have faded out of the picture - This afternoon I had mandarin class, practiced cantata an hour.

(the conductor has asked me to sing soprano instead of alto and I know it will be good practice, but it is pretty high for me) then I went swimming.

This evening we played a game or two of Rook - and now I'm going to bed -

July 27-

The Conference is over and a most helpful one it has been - We are now just home from another musical - mostly instrumental this time - and it's late - From mandarin class this p.m. I went directly down to Pearl M's house, where I had a good visit with her and stayed for supper. That is why I haven't written on this document before this hour of night!

July 28 -

Another week's work is over. As a matter of fact I feel almost as though I had had about a week's activities crowded into this one day.

I got up and played tennis before 6 a.m. Then I was in mandarin class until nearly twelve. This afternoon had my teacher from 2.30 to 3.30, then went immediately to cantata practice. Came home and had tea - then went with Helen for a swim in the swimming pool. Got home and got dressed in time for the dinner guests, who were Mrs. and Mrs. McChes (she who was Jeanne Graham - who went to Bates and whose ^{mother} now lives at Kittery Point, Me.!) and Mrs. + Mrs. Fidd. The dinner was a grand success and it was great fun to recall old times and to think up as many

acquaintances in common as possible -

But the greatest risk of all was from today's conversation with Susan Armstrong, who is now living up on the hill in the cottage where I lived when I was here before. I have been reckoning that she must be New England, so today I asked her. She tells me that she spent most of her life in Jewett City, Conn. "Then you knew Ira Paine?" yes - then she told of attending Nonwith Academy from 1904 to 1908 - of being in the prize speaking contests in 1907 and 1908 - She was probably on the same program with me! Gladys Latimer was her classmate - though, she did not know until today that Gladys

was even married. I rather think
 we can scrape our brains and
 rake up more recollections if we
 think hard - Of course we have
 already remembered Principal
 Terrell, Miss Terrell and Miss Hule,
 Miss Gulliver, and some of the
 others - But isn't it amazing
 to meet again here, after all
 these years - ? She taught in
 Det. Hermon before coming here; she
 has been here since 1922. She
 teaches in a boys' school in Jordan.
 I think I must write to Gladys!
 July 29.

My report on weight is not so
 favorable this week - weighed 127
 this morning, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. less than last
 week. I've decided that swimming
 and tennis, when each one means

a long walk or a hill climb,
are too much to put both into
the same day - I have been
resting all day today - haven't looked
at a Chinese book. I did a little
reading, and a tiny bit of knitting,
but this afternoon I had a long
sleep; - the longest afternoon nap
since I arrived in Kuliang -
Tonight we had a picnic supper
in our dining room. We meant
to go for a hike, but a typhoon
has blown up, and while there
is not much rain today, yet
the wind fairly pulls you off
your feet and it would have
been impossible to cook anything
out of doors.

There were just ten at the
picnic: Marion Holmes (who was at

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Hartford), Susan Armstrong, two Chinese girls whom she knows - Miss Owen, Y. W. C. A. worker in Shanghai, and her Chinese co-worker, and we four here in the house -

We had our supper sitting around in groups, then after some talking we gathered around the table and played games, most of them writing, drawing, or trick writing puzzles - such as this:

stand took to taking

I you throw my

(That looks back to your high school days doesn't it?)

and —

2 bu =  

and —

Change the position of two of the vertical lines and make this a true equation (may be changed to the other side of equation and may be changed

& horizontal or may remain vertical
but cannot be made slanting:

$$VIII = V + V$$

Can you do all those?

I want to ask you something -
Was Lizzie Stackpole in your
class at the Academy and or
younger than you? Where was
her home and did she die
young? The reason I ask
these questions is because I've
just discovered that Pearl
Mason's mother lived in Berwick,
and her name was Elizabeth
Stackpole and they called her
Lizzie. But Pearl is 40, and
her mother died at the age of 26

When Pearl was only 7 years old -
 She graduated young from some
 Academy - her parents went to
 Laos to live - and she went two
 years to Vassar - and then married
 at 18 the Mason who was a
 Harvard man. She had a
 brother Mortimer Stackpole who was
 a minister who died young
 also - and a sister who is Mrs.
 Ada Gilman of Portland -

Any connection with any of the
Stackpoles you know, I wonder?

Another thing - Mrs. M^r Clare was
 talking last night about a ^{foreign} man
 (married to a ^{foreign} lady) who
 Jenness, whose people lived on
 a farm that was in three towns
 (Dover, Rochester & Somersworth?) She is
 a missionary in from Lochow but is
 now at home on furlough - Congo, I

think.

Jul 30.

It's about time for me to finish up this epistle and send it on to you, I think.

Today has been a good day. Kenneth Hobart preached at the vesper service. and tonight a community "sing" was held at the house just above us on the hill. Just as they used to do when I was here before, they sang a number of songs and then called on different ones for solos, duets and quartets. For "Hark, Lark my soul" they called for a mixed quartet and the people who had been sitting beside us and hearing us sing with the others

called for Beatrice and me to sing
 alto and soprano respectively with
 Mr. Wiant (who was here in 1920) for tenor
 and Mr. Culver (the C. ~~W.~~^{W.} ~~W.~~^{W.} missionary here)
 for bass. Then right after that
 they called for Beatrice and me to
 sing "Some Day the Silver Cord will
 Break" - It was a most enjoyable
 sing - and as far as I know the
 one next week will be in the same
 place -

Love to all the dear ones -

Robt

(61)

30 & Kulaing
July 31, 1933

Dear Ones:

Went to play tennis early this morning again and I was so sleepy all morning that I've decided to give up such early rising for a while. I thought I was all in at dinner time but the cats fixed ^{me} up O. K. In fact I had so much pep that after lunch I gave Eva a new kind of hair cut - so that now she doesn't need to use bobbie pins with it. The cut is a trifle ragged if you see it at close range but all agree that the general contour is much improved, and she herself likes it, which is the best part of it to my mind!

After mandarin this p.m. I went to cantata practice and then over to the tennis courts to see Beatrice win her first round in the tennis tournament, which began today.

Tonight, around the table, we four have planned for a "morning coffee" and two or three dinners which are aimed to discharge our social obligations for the summer. We are not doing much, but Kulaing is an extremely social place and we are likely to be swamped with social activities if we don't look out.

Aug. 1 -

Studied all morning - and an hour in the afternoon, then went with Beatrice to tea at the

cottage where Dr. Ruth Milne of the E. P.
Mission in Swatow is staying. Then we
went to the tennis courts and Beatrice
played against Helen Smith, last year's
tennis champion. ^(B) She got beaten, but
it was a good game - Helen is a
whiz of a player. She was a little girl
with long black curls when I was here
before. Now she is out of college, back
here with her father and mother, and
a missionary herself - A splendid all-
round girl, whom everybody loves -

Tonight we went to the fellowship
meeting again and it is extremely helpfl.
I need help though - I'm thinking it
would be sensible to get rid of a
few study hours - I don't know just how
to manage - for I hate to miss any of
it, but I must get a little rest - and I
must write a few letters - and ^{while} I'm
enjoying the mandarin tremendously yet
I'm not taking it quite easy enough - or

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else I need to get a little extra strength from some where. The fellowship group meeting tonight gave me the thought somehow that God I give up any of the hours definitely it would do no harm to ask specifically for extra strength to do this extra work in her this summer that seems to me so important. Then maybe if that doesn't work, I can be sure that I ought to go a little easier.

Aug. 2.

Haven't even had time to fill my pen until now. I cut off two of the lesson periods today but I hate to do it because they are so very interesting. I fear I must do it, however, for I need rest of some sort. I think I can enjoy what I have better if I don't try too much. Tonight we had such a nice party here - Marion Holmes, who was at Hartford - Anna Foster - Miss M^c~~Dee~~, a Methodist girl, and Pearl Mason - here for supper. Pearl came early and we had a little visit before supper. Then after supper as we sat around talking Marion Holmes and I talked about Hartford. I am glad to know her - I think I shall like her a lot, whereas at Hartford she impressed me rather indifferently. She "opened up" a lot tonight. American mail was due in Shanghai yesterday; I can hardly wait to hear whether there is something from you!

Aug. 3.

Went swimming this morning before breakfast and find it is much easier than playing tennis and far more invigorating. It is warmer - and we don't stay in the water so long as we play tennis - For tennis it's really no fun if you play only 15 minutes, but 15 minutes in the pool gives you a refreshing bath as well as exercise -

I cut down on the mandarin lessons this morning, and did my soul good by going to a morning coffee where I had a delightful time - This afternoon it rained too hard for my teacher to come, but I had a good hour studying by myself -

We had planned to watch the tennis tournament but the rain put a stop to that, of course -

Aug. 4.

Didn't write any after I got home last night - It was late, for we had just come from a Shakespeare reading - Every year the English people put on a Shakespeare evening - This year it was Midsummer Night's Dream - and it was rich - There is no costuming, (except for huge paper ears for Bottom when he is an ass), and they have their books in their hands - don't do any real embracing, etc - but still manage to get the most vivid effects - it was good.

This morning I studied mandarin as usual this a.m. had a good rest before my p. m. class - then watched a beautiful tennis match between Helen Smith and Mrs. Lloyd, wife of the Hong Kong & Shanghai bank man in Foochow, - an English lady who is a very good player. Mrs. Lloyd got the first set, 6-4 - then started in and got as far as 5-3 and twice it happened that if she had won ~~the~~ a point it would have given her the set and match, but Helen recovered and won three more games in succession - a "short" set, they call it, 6-5. Then Helen won the last set 6-1 - It was all very exciting and I left at the most exciting point, just after Helen had won that second set! We had promised to go to a picnic with the people on our hill - and we were late already. But the man who was umpiring the game was later still, - he was the one who brought us the news -

We had a delightful evening out on the hill behind the house where I lived in 1920 - We sang and told stories - and got acquainted generally - and now
 dim s-l-e-e-p-y!

Aug 5.

Still no letters written - and here this was the day that I had set to do a heap of letter writing! By

The time I had washed my hair - gone to the Post Office to Mrs. Dorey's sale of Handwork, and to the club to get weighed (gained $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs this week!!) and had been inveigled (almost against my will!) into buying material for a tussah suit, for next year's best dress-up, (I suppose!), it was noon - (It was against my will, because I had really made up my mind not to buy anything this year - although this is the place of places to have good, cheap tailoring done. But this material, though cheap, is such a pretty combination of colors - and Helen Clark is going to have a suit - hat made exactly like mine - as I gave in, this once! The material for dress, coat, and hat, will cost less than \$5.00 gold and the tailoring probably not more than \$2.00 - Ah me!)

This afternoon we went to a very fancy Garden Fair, sponsored by the British Ladies and given for the benefit of a Hospital in Foochow. This evening we had Chinese guests for dinner -

Aug. 6.

Went to Pearl's for dinner today and I had such a good talk with her - I think I understand her far better than even I did before. She has had some very hard problems to face - I'd better seal this and continue in my next! Love to all, Abbie

Dear Ones,

Aug 7, 1933

The weather is surely beautiful up here - Last year was such a fine year that people rather feared typhoons and wet, cold weather - but their fears so far have really not been justified. Just ^{this week} ~~now~~ it is moonlight and I have time for only a scribble because we are getting ready to go to cantata practice and from there to Moon Temple, a monastery halfway down the mountain - and have supper there and then walk home in the moonlight.

Aug 8.

We went to Moon Temple. As far as we knew, our household and the Hoberts and two or three others were going ~~on~~ the party - But by the time we got there there were 24 and before we got back again more had joined us until there were about 30 - It was a hard climb, but the cold baked beans and sandwiches and coffee tasted pretty good - We sat and sang and sang and sang and were loath to leave - Was a little bit weary when I got home but went swimming this morning to drive away possible stiffness.

This week evangelistic conferences are being held and

I am leaving mandarin class most mornings to go to hear the preacher, an Englishman, John Foster from Canton. Tonight Mrs. Bishop Hind invited Betty, Helen and me to have informal supper with them on our way to the Fellowship Group meeting, which I led. We had a good meeting - I didn't ~~stay~~ much, but started them off with 'I think am self be true, And it shall follow, as the night the day, I'll count not them be false to any man -'. Now I have to get the leader for next time.

Aug. 9.

We are having a gay round - Tonight at 4.30 we saw an exciting tennis match, Ladies' Singles, Helen Smith who has played tennis on Kuliang many summers of her life, I suppose, versus Agnes Richards, new minister in the Swanton E. P. Mission. The first set was Richards 6-4, the second Smith 6-4, and the third Smith 6-4 - very close and very good tennis. Then we went to Anna Foster's house for supper + Rook games - AM [↑])
(15 guests for morning coffee at our house this AM)

Aug. 10 -

Another busy day - mandarin class, sermon, session with the tailor, rest, mandarin lesson, tennis spectator, then out to supper and for the musical evening at the club -

Aug. 11 -

Another day that is just as full as most of the others up here have been. Swimming before breakfast, mandarin class at 8.15 - From there directly to the church to hear the last address by Mr. Foster, on the death of Christ, its meaning. From there home for a bit of rest before ^{lunch} dinner - Then at 2.30, mandarin teacher, 3.30 Cantata practice and at 4.30 home for tea and then for a leisurely walk and a good talk with Pearl. Home in time to dress for dinner - when we had four guests - Mr. & Mrs. Sutton and Mr. Sutton's mother - Mrs. Sutton Jr. is the sister of Marion Holmes whom I knew at Hartford - We played Rook after dinner - and now it is plenty late!

Aug. 12 -

The alarm awakened us at 4 a.m. We hastily pulled on bathing suits and dresses, grabbed a towel and a few undies and a basket containing bread, eggs, & cups - and started out for a nearby hill-top to watch the sun-rise - There were about 15 of us in the party, all women, including Helen Smith & her mother - After the sun had risen we all went down to the swimming pool - and most of us had a good swim. Then somebody built a fire, and we had bacon and eggs on bread, coffee, cinnamon rolls - oh yes - lots of fruit too - Then somebody read Van Dyke's God of the Open Air - and some other poems - Then it was time to come home. I was so weary when I got back (about 8.) that I asprawled on my bed and had a good hour's rest - even then didn't want to get up - but I managed to do so, and to go down to the club to get recharged. It does

seem that strenuous life agrees with me; I have gained two pounds this last week. My present weight is 130½ - a net gain in four weeks, of six pounds. Not so bad, eh? Then we went on to a sale where I got five 45¢ (max) and 69¢ ^(20 max) umbrellas which I intend to give for Christmas presents. Then home again to do some reading. I rested this p.m. until nearly 4 p.m. (Scandalous! oh but I had a grand sleep). Then after tea went for a good walk and a good talk with Helen. We got back just in time for supper and for the first time for a week we ate quietly at home by ourselves and it seemed good! You don't have much chance to get lonesome up here at Kuliang -

I have been wondering whether this plan of writing a little every day to you is very satisfactory after all. I write at night, when I'm tired & sleepy - and you don't get my best ideas on many subjects. So maybe I'm skimping you after all - You'll have to write and tell me whether it strikes you that way or not. You won't dare to say, because you'll think that any method is better than no method, I expect!

However - in spite of the mad rush, I really believe I am having a beneficial summer - and think I shall go back to Kakechik better prepared for things than when I left. There are rumors that new government regulations are going to make running middle schools very difficult this year!

Much love, Abbie

308 Kuliang.

Aug 14, 1933

Dearest One,

I felt so puffed up about what the teacher said in mandarin class the other day that I thought I'd have to tell you. Now I can't remember whether I did tell you or not! It will be dreadful if I have told you already! (You can cross it out if I have.) We were to make a sentence with the phrases which mean "not only --- but also" - and the one I made was "When I cannot read Chinese correctly, I am not only annoyed but also angry." The teacher laughed and then appealed to the class "Do you all think we need to be greatly afraid that Mrs. Sanderson will ^{be} angry?" and of course they all shouted "no!" I may not have remembered it exactly, but that was the idea -

Tonight we have just been over to the house where Mrs. Worley & Edwin are staying. This is Mrs. W's birthday and Mrs. Stone (her hostess) invited all the Swatow crowd there for picnic supper. We were especially glad because Mrs. Worley always helps celebrate our birthdays and we never do hers because it comes in the summer - Did I tell you that Edwin is to teach in Yenching University, Peking, for a year? Just how it all came about, I don't know - But I know he had a

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assistant professorship in Berkeley, Cal. when he left home, and the Pres. of Yenching has arranged for that to be postponed, so that the place will still be open to him when he goes back next year. He teaches Physics - Splendid for him to have a year out here now, I think. It will give him a chance to find out what he really wants to do -

Aug. 15.

Tonight was the best Fellowship group of all, I think - The subject was that of the Victorious Life. We are feeling pretty much in need of help somehow because word just reached us tonight of the death of Mr. Giffin. "His rays are fast finding out" surely. Mrs. Giffin's cup must be full indeed. Here she is living past the limit given her already - and he is the one to go - We know no details, but we are stunned. He was almost the mainstay of the Hakka mission - and it seems to South China the same kind of loss that we suffered with Mr. Lewis' going - Lovable, capable, patient, cheery - greatly beloved - a splendid worker - a solar plexus blow for the South China Mission. Our hearts do bleed for that stricken, helpless mother and those fine children!

Aug. 16 -

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Gave up my afternoon teacher today - and I didn't seem to have much more time on my hands than usual, either! I washed my hair - and of course that took some time - Then went to cantata practice - Tonight we had the Burketts and two other guests -

The other night we heard a little about what the young people have been talking over in their discussion groups this summer - They have chosen their own subjects "Predestination", "Foreknowledge" and the like - ~~This~~ One day the subject was differences between denominations. Their teacher is a young doctor who apparently has a lot to learn. The second time that he told them that the chief things that differentiated the Baptists from the other denominations were Infant Damnation and Close Communion, Stanley Burket protested that that was not so! Later the teacher explained a trifle apologetically to Mr. Burket that he really hadn't known, but had just asked somebody else on the mountain about the Baptist doctrine. Mr. Burket said nothing just ~~that~~ - but very soon repeated to him a story

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he had heard, as follows:

A. "What is horse sense?"

B. "Horse sense is that which keeps a man from making an ass of himself"

(Ouch! Says I to myself!)

Aug 17.

Cantata practice was early today because a Sunday School picnic was planned - (to which I did not go!) It had been so hot all day that we were sweltering - and suddenly while we were singing a dark cloud and a high wind rose almost too suddenly to believe - It was actually cold coming home - Instead of going out anywhere I stayed at home and wrote a note to Mrs. Clark to send in a letter which Helen plans to send to-morrow - I also copied a long list of committee members that were voted in when the ^{English} Council meeting convened the day after I left Stratford in July - as I'll have the names on hand to refer to. I'm on the Woman's Committee, Educational Committee, and Board of Trustees for the Woman's School. Enough to keep me busy, I should say!

Aug. 18.

I'm almost beginning to wish that the morning Mandarin classes would quit, too! I'm glad to be relieved from the extra hour in the afternoon, but as it is, my last day in the Mandarin class is

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Friday, Aug. 25, and I leave for Swatow the very next day - We had the first of the two performances of the "Messiah" this afternoon. This is really a dress rehearsal, but it is made into a worship service for the Chinese - an explanation is given, prayer offered, etc, in Chinese - It really went far better than I thought it would - The solos were beautiful; Beatrice sang one "He was Despised and Rejected" - her voice is so well fitted for it. I wouldn't miss singing in this for anything -

Tonight we had Enid J. and three others here for dinner. One of the guests told a harrowing tale of her experience with pirates, when she was the only foreigner on the steamer except the captain and the second officer - ! — ! I have been saved from some things - !

Aug 19.

This has surely been one day! I went swimming before breakfast, then wrote letters to Swatow to arrange about ~~going~~ back next week. Then it was time to get ready to go to a coffee at Marion Holmes'. Just about two minutes before we were ready to start, who should appear but Marion Stephens! Her steamer for Tientsin (on her way to Shanghai Peiping where she is taking some summer medical work)

stopped over in Torchow for a day and she ran off up here. She has to go back Tomorrow. She and Evelyn were here last summer, went everywhere and did everything, apparently - and she has had a grand time here today seeing people. I have been with her about all the time, and it has been such fun when she said "Hells" & have people first answer "Hells" mechanically and then see their jaws drop and "Well for goodness' sake where did you drop from!" She surely got here at the right time - for at the Cantata tonight the whole mountain turned out, and she saw just about everyone there was to see!

The report on weight this week isn't quite up to scale - I think it may have been that I had on lighter weight shoes, and I weighed in p.m. instead of a.m. - at $126\frac{1}{2}$, a loss of 4 pounds since last Saturday. Too many Messial practices, maybe! However, I shall try to make it all up this next week - and then I'm going to stop watching! It doesn't help much, I think! Love Abbe

Aug 20, 1933

Beloveds:

Well, I've begun on the last week of my vacation - It seems almost impossible that the time has gone so quickly -

This morning Marion left before six. She slept with me last night - and I can't say I slept very much. The bed was too narrow and I'm too persnickety to sleep with people very often, anyway! Then it was very soon time to be up and getting ready for our Bible Study Group breakfast, which was held at the home of the leader, Mr. Stockwell. Thirty people there. I enjoyed it a lot, only I was sleepy! The class was held early so that the mothers with children could go to a Sunday School program at 9.30. But I didn't go. I came home and undressed, closed my shutters, pulled down my bed net, and went to sleep for more than an hour and a half! Then I got up, had a hot bath - and felt pretty good for dinner. Yet in the afternoon I was too lazy to do anything but rest until 4.30, when I went to the club with a special choir to go over one of the Messiah

choruses - which we sang at the vespers service. Then we went to the Buckets for supper and stayed there a little while in the evening -

Aug 21-

Not much to report today but a rainy day - Mandarin as usual this morning - and the afternoon spent in resting, helping Eva with the tailors, and having a last visit with Helen, who leaves to-morrow - So a wonder we were all at home tonight for supper - We are out to-morrow, & Wednesday, and have guests here Thursday night!

Aug 23.

Helen left about 6³⁰ this morning. We all got up and had breakfast with her and saw her safely started on her travels - Then there wasn't much time after getting bathed and dressed until it was the hour for mandarin class. I went for the first phonetic period (Special class this week, learning the phonetic system that is so popular and would be so easy if more used - Then I left to go to a morning coffee at Wanda Hobart's. It was a very pleasant social affair - and I met some people whom I hadn't seen & talk with much before -

This afternoon I went down to Pearl's house for a little visit - got caught in the rain before I got back. Our household was entertained ^{by dinner} with Mrs. Chen, who was music teacher at Kik Kung a year ago (his home is Amoy but he's here for the summer), at the house of Mrs. Pan (at whose wedding I sang a few years ago - remember my telling of it?) She is here with her two small children. We had such a delicious meal and a good time together.

Aug. 29 -

I really did tackle some letters today. got a bunch of eight of them ready for mailing - But oh what a bunch still remains to be done! I don't want to take them back down to Swatow again but I'm not sure how I can manage not to take them! This afternoon at 5 I went to the Club to rehearse singing for a little play given tonight. Then Beatrice and I went to the McChies for dinner. They do have such a fine big family - not so big, either two girls & two boys - but they are such fine children and Mrs. McChies, as she signs her notes to me - seems so fine and so capable - good at anything. Right after dinner we went to the clubhouse, where three short plays were given by a group

especially interested in Religious Education -
 The first was the story of how a Chinese villager
 came to understand something of Christmas through
 the kindness of the nurse and interns at the hospital
 where he took his wife for a serious operation - Min
 Richards (E. P., Levator), Mr. Maxwell (Cong'l, Fenchow, of Harbridge,
 Mass) and Mr. Voskuil (Dutch Reformed, Amoy) and I
 sang twice - "Silent Night" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem"
 We were the radio - behind the scenes - and people
 said it was pretty good. The other two plays were
 "Milk", and "The Bishop's Candlesticks" (from Les Misérables)
 all very good -
 And now I'm sleepy!

Aug. 24 -
 Got up early this morning and got a few letters
 ready to send. Went to mandarin class, and received
 a nice little bit of praise for my pronunciation and
 character-writing from the teacher - (Pride! pride!) Then went
 to one more "coffee" - after dinner helped to plan
 games for tonight. then wrote more letters -
 Tonight we helped Eva celebrate the 4th wedding
 anniversary of Mr. + Mrs. Lin; he is president of Tuckien
 Christian University, where Eva is secretary - She has
 lived with them this last year - All the foreigners on
 the University Staff came and I was very happy to
 get a little bit acquainted with them. more than I have
 in the ^{whole} summers. Two of them, Mrs. Scott and Mr. Farley,
 both soloists in the cantata, asked me if I really
 was the soprano in last night's quartet - said it

sounded "beautiful" & words to that effect. Said they wondered who it was, couldn't think who it could be - and that somebody way over on the hillside had heard us very plainly - Really quite flatterin' and overcomin', don't you know? The other got here tonight was a jolly party - Lin came in real early, and when Mr. + Mrs. Lin came in we all sang together to the tune of the wedding march - "Here comes the bride bright and ~~the~~ ^{glide}

Inspector
to them! For Citty

Here comes bright
~~the~~ Eyes ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

Four years ago was she a new bride:
The groom

Here comes the groom
from

Here comes the gloom
Away with the happy

Here comes the gun
Away with gloom
May they be happy to day and for aye
called "Crossing the

Then we had a game called "Crossing the
Honey moon Bridge" - and other games -
and adjectives all around in the

Then we had a game called
Honey moon Bridge - and other games -
Then we gave adjectives all around in turn,
which were written into a story about the
lines - When the story was read there were
some startling effects - such as "the speechless
birds sang their punk songs," and "the
hissable rower steered them to a dirty no-

Really we had a delightful time.
Will later send this off

Really we had a delightful time.
Guess I'd better send this off to-morrow
and begin again. I don't know whether I

- Tell me if you want to visit me when you read such letters as these - I am to see & then you get the perspective!

Kuluang Aug 25, 33

Dear Cous:

My last day at Kuluang has not been exactly a bore! The family went swimming but I stayed at home to write letters before breakfast while they were gone and it was quiet. Besides, I couldn't appreciate the idea of a possibly wet bathing suit to pack into my things! But I had only written one letter when along came Marion Holmes' little niece, ^{Peggy} who had been sent to get me. Marion had thought I was going swimming and she had brought breakfast along to cook as a surprise - So I went - and then the fun began. The matches had all been used and they had told Peggy to bring some but she didn't tell me - So Beatrice went to the nearest house and got a box - We tried to build a fire about 16 times. Eva saw me standing on the edge of a rock and she said, "You wait step back off that cliff, will you?" So I said "no", but moved away from the edge, for the sake of her peace of mind. That question was the first one; the second, addressed to Marion when she was building the first, was, "Did you know that if you step back you are going to step into the eggs?" Marion retorted "I'm not going to step back" - In about two minutes, however, she did step back, and somebody shouted "There goes one egg!" - Well,

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We had just about decided that the eggs and coffee would have to go ^{by the board} and had started to eat fruit and sandwiches & the one little bottle of coffee that had been brought to start on, when I saw a little glow in the middle of the pile of sticks and decided to blow it & see what I could do - There were several fits and starts, but we managed to get the eggs scrambled, and then using the frying pan for a cover we put the water on for the coffee. Just then Peggy took the cookie basket and went to the rock just above, where she proceeded to fish out a cookie. The first thing I knew I was startled by having the whole basket of cookies plumped upside down into the pan of heating water. I grabbed the basket off, and six or seven cookies out, and we continued making the coffee in spite of the crumbs! Well - I can't go into detail but it surely was a funny party. Poor Marion felt so mad part of the time that she had to go and gather sticks, she said - she wasn't fit to stay around in company! It was weird the way everything went wrong - from the matches going out to the water spilling all over the charcoal; but I can still get a hearty laugh every time I think of the deluge of cookies - out on that wide mountain space, just how the cookies could have dropped into that one place and no other - well, it is to laugh!

I got in a little mandarin study, though most of the pupils were absent and it didn't amount

to much - We had more conversation than anything else, and I learned a Chinese proverb, Kui hsin so chien - (in mandarin) or Kui sim su chi in Swatow dialect. which means A returning (homeward) heart is like an arrow ~~it~~ speeds so swiftly towards home - That is - one who is on his way home is filled with a yearning to go as swiftly as an arrow, I suppose!

In the afternoon Pearl came up and helped me pack - and in the evening we went for a Cap supper to the cottage of Mrs. Stockwell the music director and her husband my Bible class teacher - We had a grand time - I'll try to remember to tell you before I send this letter about the nursery rhyme game and the matchbox game that we played - heaps of fun!

Aug 26. Tai Main,
Fochow.

Pearl came down the mountain with us and is our hostess here at the Methodist girls' spacious home - where I stayed in 1920, just for supper, I believe, or supper and lunch. We went to the Union Boys High School this morning and saw the Industrial plant there. Mr. Billing, an American Board Missionary, showed us around. We had ice cream, this noon & tonight!

Aug 27 - "Hoi King"

The regular launch for our steamer left at 7 A. M. and was bound to be crowded with people and baggage. That hour was rather inconvenient, too, for our housekeepers - so we got a special launch and all three of us, Beatrice, Enid, and I, piled with our baggage on this launch at 9.30 and arrived at our steamer, the same one I came up on, about 11.30 - possibly earlier. We had lunch at 12.30 - and I think we had already begun to move then - It is, as always, a lazy life on shipboard. We rested until four, had tea and a brisk walk around the dock - then sat some more. Dinner at seven, and then a sing - with nearly 20 missionaries joining in it. A number leave at Amoy to-morrow. We three go to Swatow, and some are going on as far as Canton.

Leaving
Aug 28 - In Amoy -

You will remember that I wrote of having such a good time in Amoy on my way to Swatow. This time we decided we would not let Mrs Sun know that we were coming. We waited on the steamer until breakfast was over - Then we went ashore and walked slowly along the streets, looking in the shops as we went along. We saw some very pretty cloth - Beatrice bought some colored glasses and I bought a watch ribbon - We had lots of fun using our Swatow words in the Amoy shops - We went then to see Mrs Sun and Miss Hong - intending to make a short call only and then go on back to the boat. But no indeed, we had to stay to lunch and then we were taken to a

different park from the one we saw before - "Tiger River
Cave" it is called - and it is more of a cave than a park,
really - We visited with the keeper of a special lunch
room there, a man who has traveled in America,
France, Switzerland and many other places. He does
not talk English - as he was in the Chinese Consulate
train when he went, but he talked Mandarin and
I could get the most of what he said - It is such
fun to know a little bit of what they are talking
about - I still don't know what it will be like to
listen to lectures and sermons - but here's hoping!

Miss Loy had her second baby boy just two days ago -
and both she and her husband, ^{the Koh} wanted a girl! How
is that for a Chinese family? However, they'll be
happy with this nice baby, I think. She is not up,
of course, but all went well and mother and
child are both fine.

Hong Hui himself, (Mr. Sun's husband, who is the
big bug in the Bureau of Public Safety here) is
pretty busy - There were three sets of guests at his
table this noon! All from Swatow, it seems, or
inland from Swatow and we had a good time talking
together. Hong Hui was busy after dinner, so Mr. Sun
and Anna took us to the cave in their car, and
then on to the jetty, where one of his launches was
waiting to bring us to the steamer. We all came

aboard and had a drink of lemonade - then they went back, and I decided that the only thing I could think of doing was writing to my family. So that is what I did. Now I'd like to write a letter or two to somebody else but I'm afraid I haven't the pep. I'm sleepy & pines this very minute -!

Aug 29. Back in
Swatow again!

Just before six the cabin boy came in with tea and said "We are coming into Swatow". I said "Surely we haven't reached Double Island yet -" but he answered "Past Double Island" - So we scrambled - Just as we finished getting dressed and closing up our suitcases and were ready to go on deck, Lini & Kim my cook, and Lian Kim his brother, Enid's cook, and Kim Tshwang, Beatrice's boy, appeared on the scene. S. K. thought surely I hadn't come, because I wasn't on deck to wave to them! It didn't take long to load the things on the sampans and get ashore - The boys were all beaming when they greeted us, and lugged the stuff off the steamer without getting anybody to help them - I was eating breakfast on my own back veranda with Mabel that 8 A. M. ! Mabelle just arrived yesterday - and she had a good holiday too - Everybody has lots of new dresses but me - I have one - I just couldn't afford it -

This morning of course I unpacked, with the help of Mai Che' and A Kim - and Mai Che' already had a big washing done -

Principal Ling's two daughters came in today
 to say goodbye before leaving for college. One
 goes to Shanghai for her second year and one
 to Canton with her brother for ~~second~~ ^{third} year.
 This afternoon I got a grand bath - (had
 shampoo this morning - Then I went to
 see Velva and she told the boy to bring us
 some peach juice drink; he thought she said
 she wanted to invite me for supper so he
 got it all ready and was much disappointed
 when I started away just at supper time.
 So Velva wrote a nice note to Matelle - and I
 stayed & ate with Velva then went with her to
 the final meeting of a series by Dr. Song (China's Billy
 Sunday) - We sat outside on the porch railing - The
 church was crowded - and we couldn't hear, so we
 came away early -

In reading over my letter I see I haven't told
 about Mrs. Stockwell's games. In the nursery rhymes one
 each of us had a paper numbered 1 & 20 - and after some
 one number the name of a nursery rhyme character was
 written - Number 1 "Little Bo Peep" had to go to a small
 blackboard and draw with chalk her character and we had
 to guess and write down the name - and so on till all
 was done - I had Old Mother Hubbard - and you should have
 seen the swell cupboard and dog I drew! heaps of fun
 for some of the drawings were crazy. The matchbox
 stunt was good too - you divide the company into sides
 and have a race to see which one can pass the match-
 box from nose to nose down the line without touching your
 hands to it - It will stick on, if your nose is any
 nose at all! If you drop it you are supposed to pick it off
 the floor with your nose - just what your nose is the end - Let's let Alice