

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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~~Isabel Hart Girls  
Boarding School  
Primary~~



~~Fannie Nast Gamble  
Memorial School  
Junior High~~

~~私立道徳女學校~~

~~Sienyu, Fukien, China~~

~~中國福建省仙遊縣~~

~~Swatow  
China~~

~~Sept. 2, 1933~~

Dear Mrs,

(66)

(67)

This is an extra sheet that came in a letter just received from Pearl Mason. Since the combination of a drop in exchange between Mex and gold, and a <sup>new</sup> method of reckoning <sup>than before</sup> which takes out a <sup>bigger</sup> ~~certain~~ percent for administrative expenses, - results in our getting less than 57% of the salary we were getting last year, I am beginning to pick up my ears and decide that I shall have to be economical on everything - even to using any kind of slipshod stationery instead of buying the

gorgeous boxes of Chinese stationery  
that I looked at in Foochow -  
and to using up some old  
"moth-eaten" bars of Palmolive  
soap that have been stored up  
attic since typhoon days. Their  
jackets got so spoiled in the  
typhoon that they weren't fit to  
use as gifts - and then the mice  
got into them - On top of that,  
personally I don't care for the  
smell of Palmolive - But I  
can economize a little by using  
up these few old bars, and  
by that time maybe the Chinese  
will have invented a cheap kind  
of Life-buoy soap that I'll be able  
to afford!

Today, I suppose, is my last  
"leisure" day before school begins -

I have still been cleaning up -  
 have written no letters yet. Today  
 I went over to Swatow in the  
 sizzling sun to see about a  
 scholarship grant for one of  
 the girls - and this afternoon  
 I studied an hour with my teacher.  
 Tomorrow being Sunday won't be  
 a complete rest day - but will  
 be easier than some.

It is early yet, but I'm  
 going to make a stab at getting  
 to bed earlier, to see if I can  
 wake up with a little more pep.  
 These hot days are hard on  
 the pep, though!

Sept. 3 -

I have been making the most of my  
 chance to rest today - It is the

Quietest Sunday I have spent for  
some time. I have been nowhere  
except to church once, this morning.  
No Sunday School nor Young People's  
meeting until next Sunday - and for  
a wonder, no committee meetings -

It is very hot. This afternoon there  
was a very striking black sky and a  
bright yellow green sea which looked  
very typhoony, but the shower which  
came was hardly enough to wet  
the ground. The breeze was refreshing  
while it lasted but there is hardly  
a breath stirring now - I'd better  
try to write a few letters, though.

Sept. 4

I made a sprint last night  
and got these letters  
ready. Just decided

this morning that it might  
be cheaper to send to you  
and ask you to mail -  
That is why they are  
sealed - but they are the  
same letter I wrote last  
May, with just a little  
added - I enclose  
American stamps for  
mailing - Some of the  
letters will be overweight -

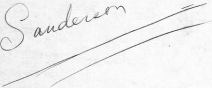
Thanks a heap!

Love

Abbie

(67) Sept 2-4 - 1933  
Oct. 9 - 1933

Sanderson



Dear Ones,

Just a wee scribble tonight to let you know that I've been thinking about you a little bit.

Yesterday I began classes - how I did miss those who graduated in June! It does seem that none can possibly take their places - yet I know I'm going to have a good time with the students this year - I have one class with the first year Juniors - Last term I had only Seniors.

Yesterday afternoon I spent from 3 until 6 at a meeting of the Trustees of the Woman's School. We had to wait an hour or more for a quorum to appear! In the evening I went to a meeting of the women on the compound to plan for a welcome party for Mr. Page and Miss Sollman, who are expected to arrive to-morrow -

Between classes and during my study period with my teacher I spent the most of my time copying the names of the students and getting the Romanized names down beside the Chinese names so that I can take the roll quickly. With the old students I get to recognize the Chinese characters but I can not much good on the new ones!

Tonight I have just come back from our first teachers' meeting of the year. A happy beginning, I think. Now we have five women teachers, four of whom are my former students. One of the new men teachers this year is a former student too. It makes me so glad. One of the women is my beloved Cheng Hui, who is just graduated from Shanghai University. Four of the girl teachers walked home with me tonight and sat with me in the garden a little while. The other one stayed with Mabelle at an executive committee meeting and then they came home later. It is good to get away for the summer - but oh it is good to get back and get into things again! And tonight there is a southeast tang to the air, and we heard thunder during the evening. It looks as though the much needed rain might really come.

Sept. 6

No rain yet. Miss Sollman and Mrs. + Mrs. Page arrived from America today and we had a big tea at Capen's in their honor this afternoon. I had a fairly full day at school too and I was glad enough when tonight came that we had voted last spring to have our weekly prayer meetings begin Sept. 13 instead of tonight! A great many people are getting back from vacations today. You see the other schools

don't begin yet awhile, so the others did not need to get here as soon as me. Miss Northcott, Elsie K. Evelyn & Mrs. Wiley, Edna Smith, and Kenneth Hobart - oh yes, Mrs. Luback all arrived from vacation today or yesterday. Dorothy Campbell gets in to-morrow - and then will be in full force. The two internes at the hospital who were here last year have gone on to other positions, as they expected, and three new ones have arrived - lovely girls, all of them - one a younger sister of our Miss Lee at school, and a former student of ours. It surely is great to have them coming back!

Sept 7.

10.30 p.m. Let me see! What have I done today?

Nothing very marvelous, I fear. It is fun beginning the new classes - having the new students come in and launching out into the intricacies of English grammar once more - I have two classes in reading (both, the students from the two highest classes -) but the rest is all straight grammar - unless you except the class to which I'm teaching "This is a girl. Is that a pen? This is a little dog. That man is old" etc, etc - So far, I'm getting quite a "kick" out of them. There is one boy in the class I don't like the looks of, but the others seem to be O.K. and I just hope this one is not the trouble-maker that he looks to be.

This afternoon after my hour with one grammar class, and another hour with Mr. Hiang, my teacher, I

tried to have a music rehearsal with some of the students, getting ready for a special Sunday morning service at school - It wasn't very successful, only one girl and three boys came. We shall have to try again to-morrow.

Tonight I spent the evening (7.30 to 10.30) at a meeting of the Religious Education Committee of our Methodist Church - Sunday School heads of departments have to be chosen, leaders secured for Sunday afternoon Bible Classes, and questions concerning Children's Church and Young People's church discussed. It looks very much as though the Y.P.'s church service would have to be discontinued, temporarily, at least. As I see it, Principal Ling is the only man who could handle it and the man is pushed nearly to death by being put on every committee and being made chairman of nearly every one. He is not well, and he can scarcely run the thing single handed when he is already doing more than three men's work -

A very strange thing happened today. A package containing two pieces of tatting addressed to Mrs. J. L. Gray, Brooklyn, Maine, sent by me the last of May, has been returned - I have forgotten how much postage I paid sending it, and I had to pay 80 cents return postage to get it back! It is marked unclaimed and unknown, and

is stamped with the regular Brooklyn, N.Y. - date stamp - It also bears a stamp stating that the package passed customs duty free at the port of Boston, Mass. What do you suppose is the matter? Do I have the address wrong? It is just the tatting she ordered. I have a notion to send it to you and let you find out and then send it to her - shall something may have happened so that she can't buy every \$2.00 worth of tatting! I really haven't decided what I shall do about it!

Sept. 8.  
I missed calculations today, somehow! I thought I was going to have a big time to rest - just do things leisurely, you know. I had no eight o'clock class, and no afternoon class (at school!) But at eight I went over to see Edith Traver, who left today for Shanghai and possibly America - on account of a knee on which she has not walked for several months. I wonder whether I have spoke of this trouble of hers to you - It is a really very sad thing - for they don't know what to do for it, and the chances are that she will have to go home - This kind of thing, they say, is very slow when it is cured - and very difficult to cure - I don't know what they call it. <sup>both father & mother</sup> She always sends greetings to you.

After lunch I was prepared for a grand sprawling out of the afternoon. I thought I would look at a

dress I want to make over - then take a good long rest - When lo - and behold, while I was still looking at the dress, over came Un Hsiang - I had forgotten that I told her to come at 2 on Fridays, so that I could get in an extra hour's study - ! So I went at the study - After four I got out a music book and spent nearly an hour getting her started on her music again. I don't know how much she will get out of it, for she practices only here - she has no organ - and I must arrange her practice times when none of us will be here to be worried by her pounding - Tonight I expected to do a lot of things, but I have just been reading and being lazy - and then I decided to wash my hair which needed it badly.

Sept. 9 Saturday -

And this has been another one of those days when I have kept going steadily from one thing straight on to the next without stopping - This morning I got Mai to start on making over the sleeves and neck of the red and white robe - short sleeves - and the hole in the neck filled in - From 9 to 12 I studied with my teacher and went over the weekly record books of the students - and corrected a set of grammar papers - In the afternoon I rested a little, then went to a meeting of the Committee to get ready for the celebration of the Woman's School 60th Anniversary celebration in November - After that I got ready & went to play tennis for a half hour - rushed home for one practice for a song to-morrow a.m. - had a bit of supper and finished just in time for another practice of another song for to-morrow. Enough for one day!

Love to you. Abbie

Swatow, China  
Sept. 10, 1933

69

Dear Ones -

Nearly 11.30 p.m. ! This is no way to rest on Sunday. Yet I did have a little rest, too. But this morning at 7.45 I was already up at school, where I had two music practices before 8.30. Then we had our opening exercises of Sunday School for the term - then went directly to church service. That lasted until after 11 - and there wasn't much time left before dinner. At one thirty the Young People's meeting and at 3 p.m. we should have had a Y. P. committee except that there was not a quorum. So I went up to Velvair for a little while - When I was coming home Margaret Lee caught up with me and for two hours Matthee and I talked with her - or rather she told us of some of her experiences with the Bethel Band, Dr. (Billy Sunday) Song, of his healing people by praying over them etc. - (Some of the unproved (to my mind!) ones are very hard to believe but they are certainly wonderful if true.

This evening from 7.30 to 10.30 we had a meeting of the church officers to vote on such subjects as dispensing with the newly set up Young People's Church - and getting rid of the present pastor - etc. Oh me ! One man said if they invite the present man, he'll give us money - ~~ouch!~~ I voted against giving up the Y. P. Church - but I was voted down. <sup>They think the time is not ripe to give it up properly.</sup> Some people wanted to get rid of this man, saying that it would be

better to have none than him - but the vote finally  
stood in favor of keeping him if we can't find a  
better - Then they wanted to know whether to pass  
this problem on to the executive committee with  
or without the board of deacons - Since the two together  
will make an unwieldy body, I voted for the  
smaller group, but again I was voted down!  
However, I wasn't alone in these votes that I made!  
Well, does this messy business have a familiar  
ring - Ever been in a church business meeting  
where there was lots of undercurrent - and isn't  
it lovely!?! Nasty little remarks get thrown out.  
Too. There seems to be a tendency to go back  
somewhat to the compulsory church attendance,  
and when the question arose as to whether the  
schools would dare to lay down that rule Miss  
Sollman said, <sup>in a low voice,</sup> "in such a reminding tone" "The  
woman's school doesn't need to compel attendance; they  
go anyway!" I wanted to shout, "I should hope so,  
a Bible Training School" - but I nobly refrained!

Oh me! - - - - - Mr. Capen couldn't quite  
refrain, though, and he got up and said "Miss Sollman has  
answered for the Women's school - they don't need to call the roll, but  
what about our 'no-good' grammar school and Academy, where the students  
have to be made to go" - then the idea came out that if that is what

everybody wants, a way can be found to make the students go to church - I have my private doubts, however!

Sept. 11 -

Day filled up with school activities - and this evening we had a little party. Miss Soltman has just arrived, and Fannie Hatherott goes back to her work in Longburg this week. So we had those two and Mrs. Wiley here for supper and a friendly game of dominos afterwards -

One thing we are very thankful for is the big rain all day today. The fields are rained - and everywhere there is a cry of "in water" - It poured pretty hard part of the time but we are very glad to have the refreshing coolness as well as the much needed water -

Sept 12.

School - and more rain -  
A game of tennis tonight after school -  
and an evening writing letters, talking with Edna, who came to see me - and picking up odds and ends of work - getting ready for class room X - tomorrow!

Sept 13 -

Well, well, well! When I wrote about the church officers' meeting Sunday night I did not think things would move along as rapidly as they have. This is how! Yesterday the Academy trustees voted that all Christian students, including all students

from Christian families, should have compulsory  
Sunday School attendance, church attendance,  
and Bible Study (this last is in the curriculum  
for the Senior High Students, as an elective,  
and is extra-curricular for Junior High  
Students). Tonight at a prayer meeting of the  
Christian teachers of the Academy it was voted to  
support this action of the trustees, by carrying  
out the first two of these projects immediately  
and the last one of them next term. There was  
a good deal of discussion about the matter; yet  
I was surprised to hear so many of the teachers  
vote for compulsory church attendance. They  
see that for the younger students, at least,  
freedom to choose church or not almost always  
means that they will not choose it. Well!  
It remains to be seen how this will work.  
How we do go around in circles! We have  
been singing the praises of voluntary worship -  
but we have come back again to the more  
rigid plan! We shall need to study and  
plan carefully the management of the S.S.  
program - I am on that committee, too!  
10.30 p.m. this minute. It surely does seem  
impossible to get to bed early.

I'd better send this off to you, even if  
it is only Wednesday - I'll try to begin another to-morrow.  
I am eager to have a letter from you, now - ! Love Ethel

Sept. 14, 1933

Dearests,

This evening I come to my letter a little earlier than the other evenings this week. It is not quite 10 p.m.

Today has been a day-full! Classes until 3, then a little time - which is usually spent with my teacher - need to practice up my beginner's scales on the piano - for alas! Dr. Ling asked me yesterday to see about hours for twelve music pupils - the twelve to be divided between Mabelle and me - ! I had hoped my days of teaching organ lessons were over, but it seems that is not to be. And I am so rusty on my own playing!

At 4 p.m. I had tea ready for the S. S. committee of five, of which I am a member - We talked until after 6. One of the results of the discussion is that I am to begin, on this coming Sunday, to teach in Chinese a book of which there is only one copy here in Swatow, and that in English - and none to be had in Chinese. It is the book "Kere Man So Spake", by Dr. Grose. To plan a way for the students to have any work to do outside of class is a difficult thing when there are no text books - and with the limited Chinese of a foreigner it is not going to be easy to do in a hurry -

Tonight before 7 I went over to the dormitory for my usual little song and prayer with the girls preceding their study hours. After I had taken the roll and had answered a few questions I left them to their own devices and went with Mrs. Lie, our matron of girls (I guess you would call her; it is sia kaim in Chinese) up to a meeting of the committee on discipline for our school. All the advisers for classes are on that & I have a share that way. Tonight we discussed such matters as how to keep the students obeying such rules as going to Sutorov only once a month, not buying candy and other eats to help out their regular board, and the fixing of dates and appointing of committees. To see about having a mandarin speaking contest, a general social, and the annual track meet. Oh yes, and also an intelligence test - Well - right this minute I don't think I could pass very much of an intelligence test! Goodnight!

Sept. 15.

This afternoon I was called to a committee that I do not belong on - I suppose it would have been more in accordance with Chinese custom if I had stayed away altogether - but I was afraid there might have been some misunderstanding on my part so I went and told them I wasn't on it and then said goodbye! I have been using my spare time today getting ready for that Sunday class!

Sept 16 -

Sunday morning is drawing near and I do not feel at all adequately prepared for that class. I do long so to give something worth while - and in so interesting a way that the students will want it! And I'm very eager to have them feel that I believe all I say to them. So many preachers don't give the impression that what they are talking about is a vital matter at all.

This morning I went up to school early to see about these music pupils! But matters of lesson time had not yet been arranged - Then I studied with my teacher and went to see Mrs. Page and Mrs. Burket, who are to share with our house in providing the salad for a mission supper soon.

Immediately after lunch I washed my hair - at 3 the Junior Christian girls came for their meeting and we had a lovely time with them - the first meeting of the term - This evening Mabel and I have been getting ready a song that we are to sing to-morrow am. at church - I ought to study some more for that class, but I am afraid I shall fall asleep doing it!

Sept. 16 -

7.30 p.m. and I'm sleepy to death! It is 82 in my bedroom and warmer else where - Summon again! Sunday School went off pretty fine this a.m. Out of 10 students, one had already told me yesterday that he has made arrangements to go to Swatow every Sunday as he won't be here - One was absent without excuse as far, but I'm going after him. The other eight were on the dot, and seemed interested enough, for a start. That is for the Christian students - Those who are not Christian are some of them pretty "arts" - but I'm going after the others anyway. If I don't get them - well, it won't be because I haven't asked.

them!

Mabelle and I sang "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Day" in church this morning. The preacher had just made a disparaging remark about empty seats when the High School students ought to be, and it upset me considerably, for I felt there was no call for that remark just one week before compulsory attendance begins! So instead of singing Chinese I started in with English if you please. The first strain was a solo by me - Mabelle whispered "Chinese!" so on the third line I changed - and it didn't make much difference. The Chinese thought they just didn't understand the first two lines, and the foreigners thought they must have heard wrong. And was continued the song without a break and finished with a flourish.

Then I counted our students - scattered all over the place - There were 45. And the preacher had said he couldn't see more than two. He made me so mad! However - that didn't, no doesn't do anybody any good, I suppose.

This p.m. we had a good J. P. meeting, and a long officers' meeting following - in which they discussed a great many plans for the term. They are getting down to work again all right.

I wonder if you will get and send to me as soon as you have a chance, the following:

1 jar of "Mum".

1 rubber apron (for 10¢ store is all right if you can get it).

1 can of Amolin (deodorant) and

4 pair men's socks in hot too Bright patterns, size 10.

(for the servants Christmas presents - also 16¢ store?)

If my 1/2 and something in the bank is not available, perhaps you can "sell" the handkerchief I am going to send. This at 2.00 gold.

Love, Abbie

Swatow, China

Sept. 18, 1933

(71)

Dear Ones,

Not much of a scribble tonight, for I'm  
weary! From 4 to 6 Miss Li<sup>n</sup>, dean of girls, and  
I went through the process of examining the belongings  
of every girl in the dormitory - comparing with lists  
to that the girls themselves had made out at the  
beginning of the term. I couldn't do much but  
stand by. But was it hot in those dormitory  
rooms! It was 86 in my fairly cool bedroom  
and much hotter in the one-window dormitory  
rooms - I fell into the bathtub as soon as I  
got home - (I'm going there again in a minute!)  
But supper revived me sufficiently so that I was  
able to go over with Mabelle the list of organ-  
pupils that we are to have this term -

This morning I sent off to you the two pieces of  
lace that Mrs. Gray ordered - If she doesn't  
want them, maybe somebody else will - The  
price, if I remember is 10¢ a yard for the plain,  
and 15¢ for the other - I'd really like to know  
why it was sent back - More will have to be  
charged if it passes back and forth any  
more times! As it is the profit is already  
gone -

We have just had word that Mrs. Rohmone  
has fallen and broken her hip - That seems tragic!

Sept. 19-

I'm wondering if I have anything to write to you tonight and I can't think of a thing except routine business - The only extra I have had today is arranging music classes for my five pupils - arranging their practice time and so on - , playing two sets of tennis after 5 tonight, and inviting six boys from the senior class who are not Christians nor from Christian families to join my Sunday morning Bible class - From 4 of them I got no response whatever; from the 6th a fairly willing attitude - but of course it remains to be seen whether they will come or not! They seemed rather pleased to be invited - as did the two whom I asked yesterday. I still have eight more to ask. It is really not easy to get them individually, in an unobtrusive manner, without calling them out as that everybody knows I am calling them and sticks around to hear what I have to say - and there is usually less response when someone is overhearing the conversation - Well, it is only Tuesday night and I have seen half of them already - maybe if I do some stiff edging around I'll be able to see the others - But with 470 students always bumping into your elbows there isn't much chance of a private word with one, except by a great deal of preliminaries - I have felt these two days that it might almost as well have been 400 million as 470!

Well - if I get any extra students, that will be one step; but to ~~keep~~ hold of them will be the next, and far more difficult step - I try to study my lesson a little, or a lot! - every day -

Sept 20.

Tonight we had a mission supper and business meeting. I was on the committee ~~and~~ to see about supper and we had a simple yet sufficient meal. Fruit cup, then three kinds of sandwiches and a salad of peas, cheese, and peanuts,

(How do you like this fancy paper? It shows what our  
Director cockroaches can do!)

We also had coffee, cake, and icecream -  
Then we had a long business meeting - and I am  
happy to say that I am still off the entertainment  
committee - which I feared I might get on again.  
That committee has to arrange places for all the  
guests who come to the compound, and it is a job!

Sept 21-

Today is another sample of "every hour filled" -

Class 8-9

Study 9-10

Music lesson 10-10.45

Class 11-12 (study, eat, and rest a bit!)

Class 2-3

Studying Chinese & preparing work 3-4

Music lesson 4-5

Women's Committee 5-6

Study period at school 7-9

Sept 22.

9.30 p.m., and I'm just back from our Academy  
teachers' prayer meeting. This afternoon I feared I  
was going to have a little touch of malaria, but after  
5 grains of quinine and a good rest (I sent word for  
my teacher not to come today) I feel much better,  
though the quinine is still making me perspire  
more copiously even than usual, which is saying

a good deal!

Tonight the leader of the meeting was our Mandarin speaking Mr. Liang-kuan, and I understood quite a lot of what he said. He spoke of three purposes of our fellowship group:- 1. To get more closely acquainted with each other, 2) to bring our difficult problems and questions with the hope of getting help about them, and 3) to bring with us a spirit of willingness to give help as well as to get it. At while there is no startling effect of having deaf ears suddenly opened to understand Mandarin, yet I really do understand a lot more than I did. I really got the drift of a whole speech in Mandarin tonight, for the first time! I'm sorry that I'm not having any opportunity to keep it up - regular, I mean!

Sept. 23.

This morning I didn't succeed very well in my attempt to get a little studying done with my teacher. First I went up to school to settle a matter of time for rehearsal for our Young People's Music. Then I went over to the hospital to see Valva about planning an itinerary for Miss Janet McKay who is to be here in South China the week of Oct 16 ff. I came back to find my teacher waiting for me but also to find a man from the Academy waiting for me to get some frangipani plants I promised to dig up for him. So I got my teacher to go over with me very hastily the

new characters that I didn't know on one chapter of <sup>3</sup>  
Jeremiah - then I dismissed her and went to my  
various other business. I had a letter or two to write  
about Miss McRay's trip, and then I spent some more  
time getting ready for my Sunday School class -  
The more time I spend on it the more I know I need  
to spend -

Tonight we had our five women teachers here for  
supper and for the evening. We had such a good time talking and  
doing various stunts with chopsticks, tooth-picks, etc.  
and figuring other mathematical puzzles - It was  
after 10 before anyone thought to ask what time it was.  
Then I studied a little more before I went to bed.

Sept 24.

I had one more pupil who is a Christian and one  
who is not, in my class today - well. I wish there  
were more - but if only these few come, still there  
is reason to be happy. The time of each lesson is very  
short, of course. But if these ten come regularly I  
shall have a very satisfactory little group - Following  
Sunday School we all went directly to the Church  
this morning and our Christian Academy students sat  
in a body. It was grand to have it so - just as  
though all the family were together again, as

it ought to be - For the last eight years our Academy students have been free to go or not, as they chose - and they have sat in various parts of the audience when they have gone - so that people didn't see them and thought they were not there - But we made a pretty good showing today; the service was good from beginning to end - and the students enjoyed it. This afternoon I got home from Young People's after 4, and had callers until 6 o'clock - This whole evening was spent trying to decide whom to get for pastor of the Wakefield church next year, and how to get him! They have four names on the list, but I doubt whether we can get any of them!

Here is another 20¢ handkerchief -

Much love to you both and all my good relatives in, around, and near South Berwick, Rollinford, Dover & vicinity! I have been threatening to write letters to some of them!

Yours  
Abbie

Adkpf 60 net  
(33 gold?)

72

Swatow, China

Sept. 25, 1933

Dear Qu -

10.30 p.m. again! This morning our whole half day was given over to the Student Government Association - they held their exercises for setting up in "Business" for the year. The chief cook and bottle washer was Lin Chin Ki - our Young People's Society president for last year - He will graduate in January - Rather long exercises, including both Chinese and Western music - and a speech in Mandarin by a government official from Swatow - which I could understand in spots! There was time left before dinner for me to give a music lesson to two girls -

~~This evening we had a dinner party with Mr. & Mrs. Waters and Mrs. Page - a very enjoyable evening but it is rather late now! so Good night!~~

Sept 26 -

More unexpected meetings! I was just settling down to study with Un Hiang this afternoon <sup>(3.30)</sup> when word came that I had been appointed to take Miss Eraser's place on the Ling Tong Divisional Committee in her absence and would I please go right over! With an hour out for supper, I have been there ever since, and it is now nearly eleven! So I can't write tonight about all the things we discussed, for I have to teach to-morrow - There are some tough problems up, though -

We have just had word that Elsie Travers' trouble is found to be arthritis deformans - and that she must have an operation - probably had it today - which will remove the pain, but will make her walk stiff-legged the rest of her life - That is hard! But she is so cheerful about it - Bless her heart.

One more item - Swatow is in the throes of a heat wave. It is  $88\frac{1}{2}$  here in my bedroom now - That doesn't tell the real story, either; thermometers out here never do. But it was over 90 in my classroom this afternoon! It is like midsummer - I am just running little rivulets all over - We need rain badly - and that would bring a little coolness, too!

Wed. Sept. 27.

Just about 10 p.m. - A Busy Busy day with a good prayer meeting at the end - Mrs. Waters led - and her note was "Be thou strong and very courageous" - appropriate for the beginning of the year's work - We had brief reports from the different ones who had been away for the summer. Nobody could tell of all the inspiration that had come to him but most wanted to tell a little bit - Another bit of news is that since 5 p.m. the air is a bit cooler - It changed with a thunderous looking

cloud which so surely promised rain - and then brought only a few drops - and we need it so badly. But in about two minutes the thermometer dropped from  $86^{\circ}$  to  $82^{\circ}$  and that is where it is now. We are not freezing yet. but there is at least a breath in the air! For this we are very grateful.

Sept. 28.

Not much to write again today. I have my classes each day and there is always something enjoyable about some of not all of them. I do get such a kick out of seeing the students begin to get a little idea about something - when all has been a blank page previously. I enjoy having some of the students enjoy seeing others get put in a corner, e.g.

Teacher "In the sentence In the evening we took a walk on the seashore name the first noun, tell its case and use."

Pupil: "'Evening' is a noun in the nominative case."

T. "Used how?" P. "Subject."

"Subject of what?"

"Subject of the verb took."

J. What is we? "P. A pronoun"

"Case?"

"Nominative"

"How used?" - - -

"M-m - !" Silence, then a suppressed giggle from some one who knows -

Or - after he has told me that evening is the subj. of a verb I wring out of him the information that the word in is a preposition and then he has to squirm a while before he can tell me the object. One boy this morning told me that "I" was plural number so I asked him what the singular of it was!

We have changed our plan of evening worship and have it in a smaller room with only those who will really join in a worship service - It comes at the close of study hour instead of the beginning - It is only a trial, but as Mr. King said the other day regarding some other matter - I've forgotten what - if this plan works, well & good - If it doesn't, try another one!

Sept 29 -

This is supposed to be my easy day - but I have been on the trot every minute, just about. The first period in the morning is vacant - which means that I always plan about ten more things to do than than are humanly possible to finish in that short time, and more than that, extra things are always coming up & crowd out the few things that I would have time to do - I tell you, I'm a poor manager - This afternoon I had a 'long session' with my teacher - corrected papers a little while - worked out in the garden as little. At 5.45 Beatrice sent over and asked me to come play tennis - I went and played 15 minutes - came home, took a bath and got ready in time to eat supper at 6.30 - Our teacher's meeting (prayer) met here this evening, with Miss Lee, our science teacher, leading -

Sept. 30 -

A music lesson at 8. a.m. started me off today - then 2 hours with my teacher, getting music translated - then correcting papers and a little diagramming. I'm still fussing with that blue georgette crepe & this lace I dyed to go with it! At 3 the Jr. W. M. G. came for their meeting - then I went out to plant some sweet peas that Pearl M. sent me - and then had visitors. This evening Mabel has put away her housekeeping things & I have got mine out; I begin housekeeping to-morrow - Goodnight - & much love to you!  
Abbie

Swatow, China, Oct. 1, 1933

Dearest Ones,

This is beginning a new month. It is the right time of the month to write a letter to you, all right, but it is the wrong time of day! It is nearly eleven p.m. this minute!

Today has been a very happy day. This morning at our Academy Sunday School we held a kind of forum. The students had brought questions to be discussed, - or rather, they had put them into a box prepared for the purpose during the week and then a leader was asked to discuss the questions. I was not ten parts happy about the arrangement because I am enjoying my class very much and I don't have enough time to get very far. I was rather wishing they would not spend time to have a general session once a month - which is what they plan - for discussion. But after this morning I have nothing to say. The questions that were handed in showed real thought and interest on the part of the students and the answers given, by the principal, were exceedingly soul-satisfying.

I cannot remember them all, but here are some of them:

1. How do you reconcile Jesus' words in these two passages; Matt. 5, 39, and Luke 18, 29. Do not these two verses signify exactly opposite teachings?
2. What is the real reason why foreigners come to China to preach and to open schools and hospitals?
3. In what ways is Christianity better than Buddhism?

There wasn't time only to answer the first two of these questions. Dr. Ling answered them in a masterly way. I think.

Oct. 2.

I have just finished doing something that I have wanted to do for sometime. I have written to Uncle George and Aunt Fannie - I told them a little about the meeting mentioned above - I want to tell you more of it later - and I want to write some other letters telling about it too - but it is too late tonight.

Janet McKay is coming here Oct 18 - and (in faithful absence) I am having the Secretary of the Woman's Committee write about her itinerary while she is here - I wrote me to her in Shanghai yesterday, and shall send another to Hongkong to meet her there - She is to visit Kityang, Chaochow, Unghung, and possibly Chaoyang in the next week.

that she is here. That means considerable planning and a certain amount of letter writing. This one to you is the sixth letter tonight - so you can understand why my English papers are not yet corrected and also will forgive this if it is a sleepy scrap only! I was up late last night, and it is nearly eleven now too! Goodnight!

Oct. 3 -

Another day gone - and it is 10 p.m. Haven't written six letters today, either! Just done the regular quota of school work, with the extra time filled up by correcting papers - Tonight, though, I had a very helpful time with Dorothy Campbell - I helped her wash her hair and then we talked over some of our difficulties and finally had prayer together before I came home -

Ever since Sunday I have been living in a rather exalted mood. That Sunday morning service started the week right somehow - and life has seemed especially worth living these two or three days. Classes have been easier somehow - I hope it lasts! Sometimes a high spot is followed by a crash - but I hope it may not be so this time!

Oct. 4 -

We knew that Marion's steamer was due today but did not know just when it would get in. We sent the coolie down to make sure that the sampans ordered the day before was really going after her - and found that today being a feast day, all the boatmen were usually going to the

steamers were on holiday! He also found that her steamer from Shanghai was in, so went right over to it, to meet her and help with baggage. We didn't know he had gone and the cook was making plans to go - and leave <sup>her</sup> the boy on the lookout for, if the steamer came later than 9 - when S. K. would have to go into the city to market. So, when Marion arrived, just as we started for school at 8, it was a general surprise all around - and I was afraid she had had no one to meet her, when I first spied her coming -

It is good to see her again, and to have her back again. The house is more alive when she is here. She was in Shanghai with Miss Traver for the operation on Miss T's knee - and we are all very glad that she was. Miss T. will have some long painful months ahead, while the bone is healing and then later, learning to walk with a stiff leg. But everybody feels it was the only thing to do. The man who operated is Dr. New, a fine Christian. Chinese doctor who is the best bone specialist in all China ahead of any foreigner - Marion says the cartilage in the joint was nearly all gone, and what there was left was in an extremely roughened condition - would have given her pain always, and she never would have been able to walk much. Now she will be able to walk long distances - But the knee is stiff for the rest of her life! Oct. 5.

Thursday again:

Today Marion and I have come to an agreement about sharing A Mai Chi between us. I have been wanting to share her for some time, for I have to hunt for work to keep her busy six days! I didn't want to share her with some one a long distance away - and so I really

was just waiting for some such opportunity, as this to  
come. The girl who has been doing <sup>Marion's</sup> work has  
graduated from the Woman's School and has gone  
to Kityang this fall. Her mother does Mabelle's work  
and since Mabelle goes on furlough next year, naturally  
she hoped to have Marion's work half time this year  
and full time next! But there is bitter enmity between  
her and A Mai chi - for many reasons - When I  
came back this time I found that Mabelle had not  
been willing for A Mai chi to be around the house  
if I was not here - She couldn't object, after  
I came, though! All she said to the girls was "It would  
not be well to have that woman around before A  
gets back"! Well - I must admit I have the  
same general feeling about having her woman  
around the place when Mabelle is not here - Moreover,  
it is sheer foolishness to hire two women when A  
Mai chi is perfectly capable of doing work for both  
of us - She works very quickly - which can't be  
said of the other woman - Well! I didn't know  
but I might have to come out with some plain  
talk in order to settle the matter - but it all  
smoothed right out flat - and my woman - who  
was a wee bit afraid the other one was going to  
get the work, is tickled to pieces to be wanted by  
Marion - and naturally she is glad to get the  
extra dollar a month that we give her for doing  
two washings instead of one! So everything is  
lucky down so far - But when the other woman  
finds out today that she didn't land her job <sup>I don't know</sup> <sup>what she'll say</sup> <sup>any</sup> (he

hear (true or not?) that she has been bragging she  
was going to do Dr. Stephen's work. In fact she  
told Mabelle that she and her daughter had it  
all fixed up with Marion - She has a slightly  
distorted idea of the truth once in a while. But  
there! I don't know of what interest it is to you  
to hear all about this signmarole - It gives you  
a glimpse of one problem though - if only a partial  
glimpse - I'm very much relieved that things have  
been settled as quietly as they have been - and I'm  
hoping no ructions will be stirred up!

It is afternoon now - and I'm writing this while Mr. Huang  
is copying the Chinese words of a song for me - Our  
women teachers are going to sing Sunday morning at  
church, if we can get ready in time - (That makes me  
think of something!)

You may or may not have noticed that since I've been  
writing these little bits to you every day there has been  
less of "we are going to do so-and-so tomorrow", etc.  
I find myself sticking to what has actually happened -  
for fear of repetition. And since I've been doing that, I  
have come to the conclusion that it is a good habit to  
get into - that of reporting what has been done, instead  
of bragging about what is going to be done!

Right this minute I feel very sleepy - whether it is  
the let down after the week's work - or whether I ought to  
get out and take a brisk walk to stir up my blood - but

I certainly don't have any inclination to do that so long as the weather is as it is right now! We have had some cool days but the weather is hot again now.

Oct 7.

Before supper - I've done a hard day's work today - and all I have accomplished is finishing this letter to Miss Maine, a copy of which I send you. I don't know why the letters to the Board are always so difficult - Do you think it is because they are delayed and so I have an apologetic feeling about them? This one contains much of the same thing that I told Uncle George in his letter -

Since writing the letter it occurs to me that some people might misunderstand the paragraph where I quoted Dr. Ling. How does it strike you people?

Washed my hair this morning - now I must go and comb it again and get ready for guests tonight. We are having our three new Chinese doctors and Mrs. Ho - and we expect to have a good time with them -

Much love to you,

Abbie

Swatow, China, October 6, 1933.

Miss Grace A. Maine,  
153 Madison Ave.,  
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Miss Maine,

The only comforting thought I can find in the realization that my first letter reaches you so late is that, now all the other letters that contained a welcome to you have been read and put away, this of mine will come to you a little more in a class by itself and not so much one of a crowd. Another thought that follows close on the heels of that one is the horrible suspicion that my name was included among the "fifty" mentioned in your letter of August 16. I must admit a letter written in May does not really deserve the name of "January Report"; it really would come nearer July, wouldn't it?

On the seventeenth of July I did begin a letter to you in which the first words were, "Welcome to you as you take up your new task. Now we in Swatow are glad all over again that we had the opportunity of meeting you as you went home from the field last year." We wish now that you might have been here longer.

Had the July letter been finished then it would probably have told you something of the Ling Tong Convention and especially of the evening when the women gave a dramatic presentation of religious education problems and possibilities in a typical Chinese village. The union missionary meeting (all the women's societies in the Ling Tong field), held again this year on the opening day of the Convention, centered its interest on higher standards in the home life of all women who are members of our missionary societies. Mrs. H.C. Ling presented in a most practical way a definite program to help the women attain this higher standard.

Hot-weather Convention days, however, now seem very far away. The weather is still very hot for October; if rain does not come soon there will be a very real water problem here on our Kakchich compound, - a discomfort, however, which is but fractional compared with the distress which must surely come to many people in this district if the threatened failure of crops is not averted. In our school work, we are just fairly started in our program for the fall term. The first "monthly" exams (called that for the sake of convenience, though they cover more than a month's work) are due very soon. Basket-ball and volleyball matches, student government plans, mandarin speaking contest, boy scouts' Saturday camping trips, a social get-together for the four hundred-odd students and the thirty-odd teachers, daily athletics for boys and for girls, and a track meet next month, - these are a few of the school activities now under way in the Academy. We aim first of all to have a Christian school, but we aim too to have the best high school in Swatow.

She said fifty missionaries had not sent in their January report!

This evening has been a most enjoyable one. The faculty "Christian Fellowship Hour" this week was held at the house of Dr. Ling, the principal. This is not a long meeting but a very happy spirit prevails--and there is a growing freedom in the matter of discussing problems and sharing burdens. Tonight after the meeting had closed, our women teachers stayed later to practice a song which we are to sing in Church Sunday morning. Mrs. Ling, who had been busy with the children earlier, came in to sing with us; Dr. Ling had fresh tea brought, we nibbled famous Sun-phou thing, (a delicious peanut candy made in a near-by village) and another delightful had passed almost before we knew it.

In our Academy department of the Sunday School last week the regular class hour was given over to answering some questions which had been brought in by the students themselves. Here are some of the questions:

1. How do you reconcile Jesus' words in these two passages; Matt. 5:39, ("Turn to him the right cheek also") and Luke 19, 27 ("These mine enemies... bring hither, and slay them before me"). Do not these two verses signify opposite teachings?
2. What is the real reason why foreigners come to China to preach and open schools and hospitals?
3. In what ways is Christ better than Buddha?

I wondered whether one of us American teachers would be called upon to answer the second question, but when I heard the simple, straightforward answer given by our principal, as a matter which had once been a question in his own mind, I realized that it had far greater value coming from him. He dipped a bit into the history of missions, reminded the students that China was by no means the only country to whom missionaries had been sent, assured them that it was true that no government vote sent missionaries to China, no penny of government money made it possible for them to come, and that no government plans were entrusted to them to carry out.

"If there had been an ulterior motive in these missionary projects, wouldn't someone have discovered it, during all these years? No, there is no other motive, except wanting to share with others, and pass on to others, the love which Jesus himself showed to his disciples and told them to preach and show to others--all around the world." It comes with something of a jolt that the "ulterior motive" suspicion still persists even among these with whom we are working every day. Dr. Ling's message carried the ring of conviction; these few words from a Chinese teacher I am sure carried far more weight than many protestations of our "singleness of purpose" by one of us foreigners.

I wish you could have heard the answer to the first question, too, and could have been there to watch the students' faces during the whole talk. Interest was keen to the very end, for the students were getting answers to their own questions in such a way that they will remember them. The speaker realized that he had a rare opportunity, and he wanted to make the best of it. Chinese students of this age and generation seem, on the outside, at least, to be exceedingly indifferent to religious questions. But there was no sign of indifference at this meeting!

By this time the request from the Chinese and the Mission for new missionaries for our Ling Tong work has already reached you. Some of us are especially anxious to know whether our educational work may hope for the re-enforcements that will soon be needed. Dr. Clara Leach and Dr. Henry Waters are the first recruits we are hoping for, of course; we are counting on the Boards to send those two out to us just as soon as it is possible. Then, if the Boards are going to send any more teachers to us, if there are any teachers to send, and if there are still friends in America who will respond to an appeal for help- friends who still believe that young men and women may be won for God and prepared for service in such a mission school as ours, may we ask you to consider our need for new workers in Hak Kuang Academy. Next year with both Miss Culley and Mr. Capen on I am very sure I shall be wishing that both the new workers might already be on the field !

We are looking forward eagerly to Miss McKay's visit. The time will be very short for her to see as much of our work as we want her to see, but we are glad that she can come even for this brief time.

Most sincerely yours,

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# CANADIAN PACIFIC

S. D. ~~EMERSON~~ ~~AT~~ ~~RECEIVED~~

Suifu, China

Oct. 8, 1933

Dearest Ones -

Just a line tonight -  
for I mustn't be up late - I  
spent too much time today  
looking over hymns that can  
be ~~adapted~~ or translated for the  
use of our Young People's Society,  
so that the letter-writing period  
was cut short. I did write one  
letter - to Mrs. Traver - poor lady -  
forgot to write to her for oftener.  
There will be hard, painful days  
for her, the doctors say -

Oct. 9, 1933

Enlynn came down from Kitgang today  
and it has been good to see the two sisters  
together again - Tonight the three of us  
were invited to dinner with Mrs. Spacher  
and Edna. Patricia and Dorothy were there,

and we had a good time singing.

Oct. 10.

Holiday today - I should have written letters, and done many things. The only thing I did all day was to work in the garden. We got new trellises for the climbing roses put up, and the trellises for the wisteria and "Chain of Love" reinforced - in part. We are having two new stone pillars put up, and that will make the arbor a little larger and a more real shelter <sup>between</sup> ~~from~~ the lawn and the garden. - I got two big holes dug, and fertilizer put in, in preparation for planting two climbing roses which Mr. Capen has just given us -

I did a lot of trimming on our large bougainvillea tree - the biggest I have ever seen - It has

grown so top heavy that it  
has bent over on its own  
very long supple branches - breaking  
some of them with the weight  
of the tremendous mass -

The live and dead branches are  
so interwoven that it is impossible  
to extricate any; the thorns on  
them are so vicious that my  
arms and hands are a sight  
tonight!

Tonight after supper Marion  
wanted music so I played the  
Victrola for her & Mabelle for  
nearly an hour. Then I came  
into my study and corrected  
26 exam papers - Then I  
got so sleepy (this "then" really  
comes after the 23rd exam  
paper!) - I got so sleepy that  
I thought I'd better get something

To make me up - So I went  
out and got a custard apple  
and ate that. Then I decided  
it was time to write a word or  
two to my beloveds, and I did -  
and now I'm going to bed!  
Oct. 11.

I feel as though you are getting  
cheated this week because I'm  
writing such little worthless  
scribbles. If you'd rather I'd  
just write a decent letter, never  
mind if it went so often, just  
say so. The trouble there is  
that I'm afraid the letters  
supposed to be "decent" would  
not be worth much more than  
these scrappy little scratches.  
All the same, I am happy to  
have plenty of work to do - I  
growl enough about being  
busy when as a matter of  
fact I don't see that I accomplish

nearly as much as many others do.

Today I worked pretty steadily until 4 p.m. Didn't even take the little rest which I have been promising myself to have each day since I got back from vacation. At four Chheng Hui, my former student who is back again teaching here now, came to ask me some questions about English - and to get some music books. I had a good little talk with her. Then I went at the garden trellises again and kept at that work until 6.15 - Then I rushed into the house and got cleaned up, ate supper and went to Mrs. Capeni to have some singing with the Young People - The Society has been absolutely in the dumps this fall - this is really the first bit of enthusiasm

they have shown at all. They are getting ready for a social Saturday night and I certainly hope it pepes them up a little - We sang for an hour, nearly - and then I went to prayer meeting. - I wasn't in the mood for talking and rather thought I would sit and listen while others did the talking and praying - but - I got called on for prayer, so I had to do it anyhow!

Since I came from meeting I have corrected a set of papers - and written a little piece of this letter - I hope I shall have one from you very soon -

Oct. 12, 1933.

I'm ready for another rest now! It is not yet 10 p.m. but I'm 'gin out, just about! I came home from my first class and began to write a letter to Mrs. Altan Miller (it ought to get to Baton in time for their November district meeting but if

I don't hurry up and send it off it  
won't get there). The letter was  
barely begun when a boy came  
for his music lesson and then it  
was time for another class. After  
dinner I corrected papers until  
time for 2 p. m. class, then went  
directly to a Siam Committee  
meeting. This Siam Committee  
is composed of our Ling Tong  
Divisional Committee (formerly  
called Reference Committee) and  
three Chinese members - Lim  
Siok Tsho - Lim Ek Toi - and  
Lo Siak Ku. The first (Mr. Ling)  
was the only Chinese there - The  
committee is to help make  
decisions regarding the work  
carried on by Dr. Jacobson in  
~~Chaochang~~ Siam. Just now  
plans are on foot for the  
building of a new church down  
there. This is rather difficult  
since the Board has authorized Dr.

D. Groesbeck to go ahead with building only after this committee here has approved the plans, estimates and specifications. He can't get any definite estimates until he is ready to promise that he will let the contract. So there you are - We are at rather a deadlock.

Tonight after assembly - rather after study hour at school we had our short worship services together. In this way the girls have the chance to get a little more real worship service - goodnight prayers, than when we had it in the assembly room just when all the girls were beginning to study. Some of them are Buddhists and would keep right on studying while the singing and praying was going on - As we have it now, it is only the Christians and others



who want to go, who  
are at this service -

No one is made to  
feel that she must  
stay in the room and  
listen to the praying or  
else go outside and stand in  
the dark! Some think it would  
be better for them to hear a little,  
even though they don't want to  
hear it. But I don't ~~brave~~!

Oct 19 -

One thing more off my chest - It was  
my turn tonight to lead the  
teachers' prayer meeting. I have  
done it in English before, but  
decided to try it in Chinese  
this time, Doesn't make much

difference! I stammer and  
stutter quite a lot whichever  
language I use. I certainly feel  
like drawing a deep breath of relief  
when it is over — Don't know  
just why I dread these meetings  
so — but the fact remains — !

The topic tonight was  
"Christ, Christianity, and Christians".

I gave four questions and answers:

1. How is Buddhism, or any other religion,  
different from Christianity?

(Ans.) Christ.

2. What is the heart of our Christianity?

(Ans.) Love.

3. What did Jesus' religion mean  
to him?

(Ans.) Love in Life.

4. How can I be like Jesus Christ?

(Ans.) Life in Christ.

The scripture was John 15: 1-12 —

That is just the outline, of course - but my tale was not very long -

After the meeting was over I went over to help Dorothy celebrate her birthday. She had told Mrs. Dorley that she must not do a thing - but Mrs. H. asked four or five of us to drop in as a surprise tonight about 8. I couldn't, but said I would go late. I got there just in time for the lemonade and icecream. Then Dorothy and Elsie sang and Elsie played on Dorothy's piano, which has just been tuned. (I am too poor, and my piano isn't very badly out of tune. I didn't know where I should get it to have it tuned - But D. had to pay \$40! Guess mine

will stay untuned for a while,  
at that rate!

Much love to you.

Althe

P.S. I'm getting very anxious for  
a letter from you - uns!

This hanky cost nearly 45 \$ gold -  
but ought to bring at least 50 - I  
should think - maybe more

Sivatow China  
Oct. 14, 1933

Dearest Ones;

I really ought to go in the other room and look up my pen. I know it is there, but I'm too sleepy to go in and hunt for it. I'm all ready for bed - and if the truth be told, I'm more than half asleep.

We have been busy enough today! I worked some more in the garden today, pruning roses and the bougainvillea trees. Went over the students' weekly record books, studied an hour with my teacher, this afternoon worked on my S. S. lesson. Took some pictures then the Junior W. H. G. had a meeting. We got through with that just in time to rush the chairs out on the veranda for a Young Peoples Social. We had time enough to eat supper - that is; we should have had time, if they hadn't begun to come a half hour early! The leader is not the same kind we had before, and things aren't going so well. Many did not come and there wasn't the best spirit about it all. I know some of the girls came just because some of the others wouldn't come unless they would come too. They were rather bored most of the evening. Still and all, it went fairly well, considering; but I'm all in sight now! Love good night!

Oct 15-

My first impulse today when I received a letter from the Publication Society (China Baptist) was not to tell you anything about it. But on second thought I decided that you would want to share my woes and

well as my joys! After writing twice in the last few months I have finally persuaded Dr. Williams to tell me his frank opinion about the "Real Jesus". It seems that he thinks it still needs a great deal of revision before it should be put out as a book. In fact, he thinks the title, which is a literal translation, is misleading, in Chinese; that is, immediately arouses a thought of the opposition idea, i.e., that of an unreal, or untrue, Jesus. Well! More patience! I shall tell Margaret Lee as soon as the manuscript comes back, and then perhaps we can find time to go over it again, to agree on some one who shall revise it, or read it after we have gone over it again.

I have kept all the correspondence on this matter, and as I read it over now I still feel that I was justified in supposing that the manuscript was approved and would be published right away. My furlough came not long (1 year) after the manuscript was sent in. Then when I came through Shanghai on my way back, the excitement of war made me forget to ask Dr. Chambers about the book. Very soon afterwards we heard of Dr. Chambers' death. — So! I didn't even refer to the encouraging words I had received from Dr. Chambers in this letter I have just written to Dr. Williams. He would be glad to use extracts from some of the sermons, but I have asked him to return the whole manuscript. I want to do it right if it can be done right! Of course I am not going to say anything to anyone but Margaret about this

Now - and we shall see what <sup>we do</sup> ~~we can~~ do!  
Maybe she wasn't the right one, - I don't know -  
I am a bit discouraged - just tonight, but I expect  
it will be all to the good - in the long run!

Oct. 16.

Can't seem to think that I have done anything at all worth  
reporting today - Mr. Linn's sermon yesterday, answering  
another question from our religious question box -  
"What is the purpose of Christianity?" - said that  
all too many people ~~may~~ live in a squirrel cage -  
round and round - go to school - go home to eat - to  
school - home to eat - to the shop, home to eat - to shop -  
to home - to shop - to home - etc - etc - Sometimes that  
is the way I feel - I correct papers - give another  
test - correct that, - give another! and so on -  
Just now I have several still to be corrected; that seems  
to be my chronic state. Better go do some!

Oct 17,

Oh yes - I did one more thing last night - cleared  
up my bookcase and the rest of my study generally.  
If it will only stay cleared up two days, now,  
until Miss M. May gets here! And then if the  
inspiration to keep cleared up would only last  
me a little while, I should be so glad! This  
afternoon I trotted around quite a bit, getting  
last minute matters settled, so that every-  
body might be as happy as possible about the  
visit that is coming - It is so easy for  
plans to slip a bit!

Today we heard some rather "abrupt" news about

a soldier in Swatow who tried to get "funny". The motor bus men have learned how to take the man people; when the bus is full the driver moves right along and won't let any more on. A soldier wanted to get in anyway, got mad, I suppose, when the bus driver wouldn't stop - so fired right into the bus. It was his bad luck to have the students falling the bus govern-ment school students - One boy was shot in the leg and couldn't get out when they all piled out to catch the man. But they got the soldier - took him to the police, who took him out to the execution grounds and made short order of him! They said they had to make an example of him, or the soldiers would be rising up like mad and making trouble everywhere. They make enough as it is!

Oct. 18.

Well! This has been a day! Miss McKay was scheduled to arrive from Hong Kong today; I am temporary secretary of the woman's committee and so I feel a special responsibility for having her met at the steamer and for seeing that her schedule while she is here goes well. Yesterday the sampan was already ordered and this morning at six o'clock I was on the lookout for her steamer, though I knew that against these fall monsoon winds there was small chance that she would get in early. One of my three classes I passed over to the Deans; the other two I attended with one car already booked for a call to go to the

steamer, - but it didn't arrive until after 12 - Five of us rushed down to the jitty and out to the steamer and got Miss Mc Kay and a woman from Australia who begged to come along (just a traveler) and brought them ashore - We had to make some changes in her plans - for she has to leave on Tuesday instead of Thursday; by the time these were settled and I got back home, it was nearer 2 than 1 p.m.!

No sooner had we settled down to eat than we heard a great rumpus outside and looking out, we saw a multitude of children - a school on holiday, out under our windows having their picture taken - and hollering and making a great rumpus - Makelle went out twice to tell them to stop their yelling and go some where else to have their good time, but I thought it would do no good to tell them that and might do more harm than good. The second time she brought back word that one of the teachers had asked for me. So I gobbled my lunch in a hurry - and went downstairs, to find a former girl student, whom I knew well, and a boy student whom I had one term, in 1928, whom I could not remember - and a room full of quiet little girls who were quite awed into silence by being brought inside the house! The little boys continued to racket outside! I had a good visit with them until the bell rang for 2.15, when I went to teach my class - At three I came home, and hustled the boys a little about getting chairs, tables, flowers, forks, spoons, cups, etc, ready for Miss McKay's welcome tea, which, by the way, was held at our house this time. (We take turns in doing the necessary "functions" such

as this! The tea was a fair success, I think - our mission group and about 8 Chinese were present - At least 8 other Chinese had been invited but they were either away, or sick, or busy -

Tonight at prayermeeting Velva brought a message from the 27th Psalm - then practically turned the meeting over to Miss McKay, who told us a lot of things we were glad to know - and explained to us something about the kind of letters they need at home to help them raise the money that is needed. I gather that she is not very keen about schools - that she has a lot of information about them, <sup>already</sup> and that maybe people at home are not interested in educational work. I have thought for some time that this might be true. She says that many people who write their summer report letters tell about the fine vacation they have been having or have had, and don't say anything about their work - I am interested to note that my recent letter sent to Miss Maine does not mention my vacation!

Miss McKay goes to Chaoyang tomorrow and the next day to Kuyang, so we shall probably not see her again until Sunday morning - ! I do hope we can get through her visit with everybody fairly well satisfied. The time is so short, and everybody wants to see her a little, yet there does not seem to be quite time enough to go around!

Oct. 19.

This seems a little like the morning after the night before - I got so weary watching for that steamer yesterday a.m. that I am not over it yet. This afternoon I got mad

that there were more changes in the plans & last Miss McKay taken around to the stations. Ray Bohm, who has been planning to take her from Kityang, to Chanyang & Kityang to-morrow, has decided she can't leave the tent work and as we had to scratch around and get someone else - Velva is able to leave just now - and as she is going to do the stunt. Marion and I were over at Velva's for supper tonight, then I had to run to school - and then at nine, after Wipai (evening worship) I stopped and saw Miss Sallman & let her know of the change of plans - Now I must get to bed!

Oct. 20 -

Just upstairs from teachers' prayer meeting, which Mattie led. It was not a short meeting; hers never are - She had her stereopticon reflector and showed a good many pictures of Palestine and especially of the River Jordan and the Sea of Galilee - Just before the close of the meeting we sang "Each evening down etc - - - Blue Galilee" - and just after the close of the meeting we saw some of her Jerusalem pottery, olive wood carvings, camel bell, etc. - and ribbled olives and salted almonds and sugar candies -

Oct. 21 -

Have Done a few things today, but almost nothing I meant to do! First of all, right after breakfast I trotted

over to Mrs. Soltman's house & make sure that the plans for Miss McKays remaining three days here are all settled and that every body knows them - That took me a little longer than I expected - for Edna came in while I was there and she and Elsie and I held quite a conference about Ray Bohn and "Luby" as we all call him now. (Mr. Luebeck). Without full permission from any body, Ray has left the hospital at Kitzang, and has gone out into evangelistic work. She did ask permission of the Living Tongue Divisional Committee but they thought she needed to give part time to the hospital. But she went out into the tent work anyhow - and it would now seem that she is pretty much devoted to Mr. L. and anything he says and does. There is much talk about their being out together this way, and the Chinese think they certainly must be planning to get married - Well - it is rather a mess generally - Though the tent evangelistic work seems to be going pretty well - yet people are rather worried about what the general effect of the rather abnormal

situation is going to be - I don't know whether to  
 worry about it or not. Of course some of the foreigners  
 think it is dreadful - Mr. & Mrs. Waters, for instance,  
 before they were married planned their country  
 work so that they would be in different places  
 altogether - never appearing at the same village  
 at the same time if they could help it.

But times have changed and I don't know - The  
 "old fogies" will criticize anyway - but I don't feel  
 that just because they do, therefore I shall jump  
 to the opposite opinion - I do think that discretion  
 is still a virtue - even though I don't always  
 practice it myself - as much as most people think  
 I do, maybe!

Well - what is to be done - or whether anything will  
 be done right away, no one knows - Miss McKay,  
 we understand, talked to them both on Thursday -  
 but they both know what they want, and it would  
 appear that there is no one to say them nay -  
 although it appears that there is no sound nor  
 hint of wedding bells at the present moment!  
 Poor Kay! If she wants him, I'm certainly sorry  
 for her - Perhaps she is satisfied to be alone

him and work with him - But I'm afraid there  
are breakers ahead!

Well: Started to tell you what I did today -  
Made out 35 copies of an exam for Monday (on  
the typewriter) - Looked over some songs for the  
Young Peoples practice tonight - Contemplated  
washing hair but didn't get as far as that -  
In P.M. right after lunch went to Swatow with  
Marion to the Post Office, to get some paper -  
and to the photographer's - to see about a  
panoramic picture of Chaochow that Emily  
wants - Came back and went out in  
the garden - Got the two new stone pillars and  
stone seats set at last - Now maybe we can  
begin to do something with those straggly vines -!

Had an early supper then went to Y. P. practice -  
Now I've written to you I must work some  
more on my S. S. Lesson, then get to bed -

Much love to you both,

Abbi

Suatow, China  
Oct. 22, 1933

Dearest One,

Just a minute or two before I have to start out for supper - Tonight Mrs. Dray and Dorothy are "throwing" a supper for Miss McKay and the Women's Board workers. We'd rather (some of us, at least) have an "eat" get-together some other night but Sunday but it was the only night available. . . .

Just then Marion and Mabelle called me to go - and now it is after 10 - and we have had a most interesting and, I believe, profitable evening with Miss McKay - She doesn't give very encouraging report of the finances of the Boards at home, nor of prospects for anything but big big cuts in the future. And from what she says, the educational work stands a good chance of having to take the first cut and the biggest one. We talked some things out rather frankly - we are asking for Clara Leach and Henry Waters for the Kitiyang Hospital; and from her point of view, we may get ~~them~~ <sup>one</sup> but it is very unlikely that we get both of them - That is a great pity - and it may mean disaster - If Clara Leach could be sent out right away, she could, of course, begin to work immediately - If Henry Waters is sent

out next fall, he will have to spend two years at language study - maybe a little less than that, because he spent some years of his childhood out here, and the language should come back to him naturally even though he has forgotten most of it now - Well - Marguerite is standing the strain alone now, but it remains to be seen how long she is going to stand it - If she should break under the strain of trying to carry thing thing on without an adequate staff - then the whole thing would be in the soup.

We talked about many things tonight - white ants, - and how badly we need repair money for these houses; designated gifts and why we don't always get the amount that is sent in as a gift - or the full amount that is given - and many other questions - Some of us have resented Miss Mickey's blunt way of going after things but I rather think we should like her if we knew her better - I liked her best of all when after the discussion were over she said, very humbly "For a long time I have thought that it is certainly very presumptuous for us to think that we can run foreign missions from the home base." She says most of the board members

don't know enough about it - More of them ought to come to the fields to see things for themselves.

Well - I don't know what more I can say about the evening - We learned some of the things that it would be well to <sup>know</sup> ~~know~~ about. She learned some of our dissatisfaction and we learned some of her problems - a rather, some of the Board's problems -

We all wrote a letter to Edith while we were there. Each one writing a sentence or two, and we are planning to send it by air mail to Shanghai - This new service begins this Wednesday -

Oct 23 -

Today was Miss McKay's day at Takelish. She had breakfast with Velva, then near the end of my first class I left and went over to Velva's, got her and took her up to school. She saw the Sun Yat Sen Memorial service - bowing to the picture and repeating the "kill". She admitted before she went that she had been inclined to be prejudiced against it, but she seemed to understand afterwards that it really is done because it is "the patriotic thing" to do just now, like saluting the flag - and not the much-to-be-fearing and much-to-be-deplored "worship" that so scandalizes many people who do not approve that sort of thing, or do not approve

of letting the consciences of Christian Chinese  
work the way the Chinese themselves are  
perfectly contented to have them work - Ah  
me! I don't like the service myself as a  
requirement, but I put that down to a kind  
of race prejudice which I need to overcome!

Miss McKay sent ahead of her the  
idea that she was not very much interested  
in schools, but she had to admit that we  
have a pretty good looking plant here, a  
pretty good looking bunch of students, a  
marvelous site - and some well-planned  
projects now in process of development. The  
new boys dormitory is <sup>nearly finished</sup> ~~in process of development~~  
and the new principal's house in process of  
building - with Chinese funds, - appeals to her  
very strongly. she likes Dr. Lipp, she was given  
a cordial welcome both by teachers and by  
students. I'm glad! I don't know that I  
personally made the slightest "dent" with her -  
I haven't seen her as much as some of the  
people here - and I'm an educationalist  
anyway - so why should she bother to  
remember me - But there - that doesn't  
matter - and it is rather small for me to think  
such thoughts!

Oct 24.

Just another scribble to tell you that Miss McKay left today - I hope she had a good visit. These Board visitors and others who come to inspect are bound to be somewhat of a strain, not from what they are or are not, but from the circumstances under which we are all laboring these days. With the missionary and the missionary work "under fire" we are all on a rather big tension & know what is coming next.

I have decided to send this letter off to you on the Air Mail <sup>to Shanghai</sup> to-morrow. If the stamps are intact when the letter reaches you, you can send them to Charlie Flegg - I'm planning to write a letter to him soon - and send stamps -

Much love to all -

Abbie

This letter is being sent Oct. 25 - please let me know when it reaches you. It ought to catch a Seattle Steamer in Shanghai

(77)

Swatow, China, Oct. 25, 1933

Dearest Ones,

You can very easily see what has happened to me ! I have just put in a new typewriter ribbon. I don't ordinarily buy red and black for I don't have much use for the red and I consider black more economical. But Marion got this for me to pay me back for one that I lent her and it is rather fun to have the red to play with ! I don't know, though, just how much my long-suffering friends and relative will enjoy having it used up on them ! But I shall have to use it up on some one !

It really is time for me to be in bed, but I have been typing exam questions so long this evening that I'm not very sleepy so I decided to put my paper into the machine instead of pushing my pen on the little nightly scribble to you. Today I sent off a letter to you that was supposed to catch the new air mail and then in Shanghai be put on the steamship "President Jefferson" which is to arrive in Victoria Nov. 14. That means it should get to you a week later than that, - Nov. 21, or a few days earlier. That is no quicker than the usual rate, is it ? The worst of it is that I am afraid the plane never did get here today ! The one from Shanghai arrived yesterday and at least two of our people received letters yesterday afternoon that were sent from Shanghai yesterday morning. Isn't that grand ? But today we heard no plane though we listened for it from 5 p.m. on. (5 p.m. was the scheduled time to leave Swatow.) I shall be interested to find out how it all comes out. I shall not make a practice of sending letters to you by air mail yet a while ; it costs too much ! When they get air lines across the Pacific then it will be worth while sending a message once in a while ! At present I shall hold on to my extra 55¢, I think.

This morning it rather suddenly turned cold. We have been eating our breakfasts out on the west veranda, for it is much nicer to be outdoors where we can be nearer the sea, hills, sky, birds, trees, air, and sun on ! We have been having morning worship outdoors before breakfast, too ! But this morning we had to come into the house for both. Tonight there is a very chilly sounding wind blowing outside but I am cosy enough in here, if I can manage to keep out of drafts. Now if we could only have some rain ! We are in desperate need of it, for cisterns and wells everywhere are going dry. At this house we are fortunate so far, but can't be for very long if other people continue to call upon us for help in the waterline. This is the fine time of year and there is really very little prospect that we shall have rain again until next March !

I am glad you have a new coat, Mother ; hope the next letter will say that Father has been doing something along the line of clothes. I wish I might have been there to help decide about the coat with the fox collar ! Maybe we could have "found a way" !

Oct. 26

I'll write in black tonight for a change. I am really very thankful for my typewriter. I don't know what I should have done about my examinations this week if I had not had the machine. The mimeograph is all right for some things but the typewriter is much clearer for writing English questions. It is possible to get a special waxed paper, cut the stencil on it, and then have my exams mimeographed. But the waxed paper is very expensive and while I don't feel that I can ask the school to pay for it neither do I feel that I am able to pay for it

myself ! I get paper like this from Shanghai, and then I can get some typewriter paper of a heavier kind for my own general use, from the school. And while I'm no typist, and make a great many mistakes when I sit down at the end of the day to write to you, more or less sleepily, yet when I take pains, making out an examination paper, I can really do a fairly creditable job. For my small classes it is a boon, too. All my Sunday School class outlines this term are done on the typewriter. I have ten in that Sunday School class; in the English classes I have from 12 to 36. Oh, yew, I also have one small class of five in Short Story reading. Uncle George has certainly helped to give a great many English examinations to my students, by proxy ! I wonder if he really knows what a big help my typewriter is to me and how very much I have appreciated having it through the years. I have never learned the touch system completely, although I think spasmodically that I will learn,- at the next vacation we have,- or for ten minutes every day,- or some such plan as that !

I'm just back from my weekly assembly or study period with the girls. For the little prayer service tonight I took the lesson of the gorgeous brilliant bougainvillea just outside our door, whose flowers are the most vivid, flaming thing around here, but which viciously pricks any one who goes near to prune, and whose powerful tendrils clasp and break and kill any smaller tree upon which they fasten, and whose great roots stretch out and take the goodness of all the soil around for yards and yards. A pine tree has been killed and another one will soon be dead on the first of these accounts, and a struggling little custard apple tree has been dwarfed and will never bear much fruit, if any, because it is so near the bougainvillea that the earth feed from the soil will all be grabbed long before it can appropriate any to itself.

Oct. 27

I believe must have grown rather sleepy last night before I finished the above, to just from the number of mistakes and the lack of continuity in thought or rather the lack of getting anywhere in what I started to say !

Today has been one of the days when there really should be at least two of me so that I could be in more than one place at the same time. This afternoon I spent getting songs translated and written for the Young People to use in church. We don't know yet whether this idea of having them be the church choir will work out satisfactorily or not but the thing is worth trying. I ought to have been attending the meeting of the Swatow Kakohieh Association this p.m., too, for I have been able to go very little all week, because of school work, especially examinations. But it could not be done.

This evening I went with the Young People to the Association,- the closing session,- to help them with their special song. When I got there I found that no other pianist had been provided to play for the hymns,- and I didn't have my hymnbook with the music ! Fortunately Mr. Huang, the pastor of this church, was thereto lead in the singing. He told me the English name of the hymns that were called for, or hummed a bit of the air for me, as well as telling me in what key they should be played, so I managed to get through them by ear. But it is rather dreadful to sit there wondering whether some Chinese tune that you could not possibly play by ear is going to be called for ! I had to omit our Christian Faculty Fellowship group last night.

Oct. 28

Almost do I feel at loose ends tonight, because I don't have my Y.P. song practice to attend. We had it last night, before we went to the Association meeting. It has been changed to Friday as a regular thing and I am very glad indeed; we have Faculty prayer meeting on Friday anyway so I can never plan anything extra for Friday night. Having Saturday a little more free will solve a good many problems for me. As it has been, I have been the one who has held up our "social progress" many times. The others in the family would want to invite guests for Sat. eve. and I was always the wet blanket. Then when we don't have guests, well, - Saturday night is always a good time to do a little relaxing and meditating :

Today we had a big woman's missionary meeting; the ten churches in this Association had sent their representatives to the Association so they were on hand for the Woman's meeting. They are not going to continue it, next year, I believe, for the sake of economy. They will just have the one annual which takes in all the Societies in the Ling Tong, and use the money that it would take for this extra Association-time Woman's meeting to do direct evangelistic work in this district. Mabelle gave the devotional this a.m., then one of our youngmen gave a most interesting talk about Jesus and Women. He spoke of the evils of foot-binding in Shantung province where he lived for some years, and of how Christianity has been a vital factor in helping to arouse public opinion against it. Then he said that the foot-binding business was no longer a vital problem down here in South China so they wouldn't have to worry about what they could do to help society along that line. Then he went on to say that there was still one thing that was very definitely wrong, and that was the attitude in general towards girl babies, girls and women. He talked of Jesus' ideas about womanhood and said that one very definite piece of work to be done by the Christian women of South China is to bring it about that the standards of women should be raised, that women should be given a place of equal importance with men, should be given school privileges, etc. He put things in a vivid and colorful way that will be remembered.

*Ever so much love,*

*Abbie*

(79)

Swatow, China  
Nov. 5, 1933

Dear Ones,

Can't exactly remember whether I left off on the black or on the red, but I'm sure you will not mind a little rest, anyway, from the more brilliant color on your eyes.

Alas ! Here is some gossip which should not be published abroad. This morning was supposed to be the big time of this week's celebration for the Woman's School Anniversary. For months this affair has been planned and the three or four days' meetings have gone off splendidly. This morning was to have been the climax of all. The whole church service was given over to the women and the decorations, the singing, the order of service (conducted by Miss Alice Chen, the principal) were all lovely. For some reason (I don't know what ! ) Mr. Luebeck was invited to do the preaching, and the subject given to him was Women and the Church. He came in from his tent work in Chaoyang to give this address, and brought with him his teacher, who translated for him every night in the tent work. I wondered when I saw him go up to the platform to do Mr. Luebeck's translating, for I thought his English was extremely limited. And so it proved. He got things all twisted up, made such mistakes as this:

Mr. L. wanted to say that since the beginning of the school there had been pioneers in many lines of work; the teachers translate the word pioneer as spy ! He called Mr. Lin's sister-in-law his aunt, and kept missing the mark right straight along, until finally he stopped dead at one sentence, the meaning of which he had not the faintest idea ! After a while Mr. L. decided that it would be better to quit than to prolong the agony, so he didn't even give in English all the main points that he had intended to mention. I was dreadfully sorry for Mr. L., but it seems that he had to have some sort of jolt like this to get him out of some ideas that he had before he ever came to China. Miss Sollman went for him tooth and nail, - thanked him for coming, of course, and for the message he tried to give, but told him straight that he ought not to be talking through an interpreter. Hoped he would never be guilty of doing such a thing again, - said that very simple Chinese spoken with his own voice, with its own power and push would get across to the people his enthusiasm and his feeling in such way as no interpreter could do. I was talking with her afterwards, and while I agreed that she had given the right advice, I don't feel sure he will be able to make himself understood. He has never thought Chinese tones important. He thinks they will sink in with using the language, but they won't, especially for one who is just beginning to learn the language at 34 or 35. After each language exam we told him that was his biggest trouble and it bade fair to be a serious one if he did not do something about it. I really think he thought we were old fogies and did not know what we were talking about. I am tremendously sorry, for he speaks a number of European languages fluently and has learned good English in an amazingly short time. I hope this will be the jolt. I'm afraid you'd better not tell people about this very much; He is the only new man missionary we have had for nine years, so if anyone knew you were talking about a recent recruit for So. China, he might very easily know, or suspect, or find out, who it is. It is such a pity!

Nov. 6

More music committee meeting, and more choir vestment talk ! The present status is that the foreigners and the Chinese do not agree on which is the best looking gown. The Chinese like the ones with a lot of gathers and we like the perfectly plain, simple ones. We had four on display (half-made only) and now I am to make one that is a compromise between the plain and the simple, and see how the people like that one. After that it remains to be seen just how any of the gowns will strike the ones who are going to wear them ! I should not be at all surprised to know that the choir themselves have quite different ideas on the subject ! However, we shall see what we shall see. When I get this idea of mine made up maybe I'll draw you a picture of it. There, I didn't have room for the period at the end of the other line so I put it down where there was room for it. That is the way some of my students do !

The latest task that has been given me (except making the choir gown sample!) is giving special work to the graduating class to help them get ready for their special government exam. in January. It is a job I don't approve and therefore don't relish in the least. I say that time taken off their regular work to let the students, or to help them, cram for an exam that may take an entirely different tack from what we think, to give them questions on anything from grammar and idioms to composition and Rhetoric, with maybe a little "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" thrown in. - all this I say is sheer nonsense and a sheer waste of time. I told the dean this morning very frankly how I felt about it but said of course I would do the best I could. It is such a hopeless task. Those who will do poorly in an exam cannot possibly get enough improvement in these few weeks' time to be worth anything at all.

Nov. 7

Well, I have made my choir vestment affair during spare minutes today, and it is a huge failure ! The ones that Mabelle made (I helped with one, which the foreigners liked best of all but the Chinese liked least !) all had something to be objected to about them. Now I have made this one with the gathers and it looks like a Doctor of Divinity or some other dignitary who is just about to get a degree ! Well, that means try again, I suppose. This one has too many gathers, and the back is too full and the front is too long and altogether there is not a thing about it that is exactly right. The thing is that it is going to be very hard to get an agreement about the thing. M. and I agree about some things and we don't about others. If we can only keep our own selves in check and let the Chinese decide what they want that will be best. For instance, I have the idea that if the choir singers wear gowns they ought to be long enough at least to come down to the choir rail so that people will not need to look at all sorts and descriptions of skirts, trousers, etc. hanging down between the bottom of the gown and the choir rail. M. thinks so much cloth will cost too much money and that the shorter jackets will look perfectly all right. Well, I am not going to say much more, but I am afraid she is going to have a bumpy chair on her hands who won't wear short gowns ! Now isn't that a great thing to have a disagreement about ? Well we haven't had one yet, I mean we haven't had a fight, and I am really going to exercise some self-control if I can locate any, because after all it doesn't matter in the least what they wear if they sing beautifully ! Only it really will be interesting to see how it all turns out.

Nov. 8

Dorothy Campbell led the prayermeeting tonight and her subject was "Patience" Now isn't that a good one for Me? She told how on the evening before ~~on~~ her 20th birthday her father put a letter under her bedroom door ; she opened it eagerly, of course, but found herself rather angry when she found it was only a bit of advice to her, to cultivate the virtue of patience a little more. He thought that she had got in the habit of rushing through things too quickly and not doing them thoroughly enough. More than that, he thought that she not only got impatient with herself and with things when they didn't run smoothly but that she also got impatient with other people and made things hard for them. Even through her anger then, she realized with a little corner of her mind that he was right, and she has always kept the letter. She resented having such advice given to her on her birthday then, but she realizes now how truly her father did know just exactly what she needed. Well, I need some, too! I do wish the Young People would arrange things about the choir without having to be everlastingly poked ! They hate to be poked, - that's the worst part of it. And they don't do anything with such a good grace if they have to be poked as they do if they are right on edge to do it themselves without anyone to stand back and tease them . And still they don't feel the responsibility keenly enough to go ahead without the poking ! It would not mean a thing in their young lives if the church turned up some day without the choir, as long as they weren't there to get the brunt of the criticism. Well, that may be exaggerating things a little but not much !

Nov. 9

Today has been a holiday, - and what do you know about that ? It was printed in the catalogue as one of the holidays set by the government, yet they don't always stick to schedule and sometimes we don't abide by the spirit of the holiday that has been announced although we do as a rule. Yet here I am after 10 oclock again, and my letter not written I really intended to write something, but have been waylaid by many affairs and by many people. And now I am simply too sleepy for any good use !

Nov. 10

My teacher, Un Hiang, is sick and I am worried about her. Her husband and her father-in-law are both here and they have called in an old-fashioned Chinese doctor. She would not have done it herself, I think, but with both of them here there is nothing else that she can do. They were both there when I called on her yesterday afternoon, and she did not explain to me what her trouble was, but the doctor told her that it was serious. Aside from my being sorry that she is ill, I have had to scratch around and find someone else to do some Chinese work for me, and that is not so easy.

More choir business; won't you be glad when we get this thing settled and I find something else besides choir to write about ! In about a half hour from now we have our first rehearsal in the church, and I am holding my breath. The problem is this: Elsie would like to have some of her women sing in the choir, but she would not undertake to direct the choir. After no one else could be found to take the job, the church committee finally asked the Young People's Society to do it. [Did I write all this to you last week?] And the Young People want to do it, all themselves !

That last paragraph was written just before six o'clock. The boy called me to go get a bite of supper before I went to the church. The Young People really act as though they want to do the thing up brown. I felt quite comforted when I found 19 young men and women there to practice tonight. And that is enough for the singing of the responses. The others, from the Women's School, can be saved for special songs at different times. I think it will really be wiser to keep this all to the smaller group. Well ! Now I can draw a breath of relief, until X Sunday morning, at least ! Two of the boys I have been especially hoping for who haven't come for a long time were there tonight and I went over their parts with them separately so that they wouldn't be too far behind the others.

<sup>Tak</sup>  
A letter arrived from Hsing ~~Sung~~ today. He is at Soochow University this year, and seems very happy that he has now really started in on his main business of learning how to be a lawyer. He speaks of his interest in such subjects as Jurisprudence and parliamentary practice, and mentions an "A" in International Law and an ~~XXX~~ "A-" in criminology. You will be interested in this paragraph from his letter:

"There is a church outside the school campus. I use to go (he means, am in the habit of going) to church every Sunday even time had scarcely allowed me. The church building is a little smaller than the new church in Kakchieh. It has three stories. The ground floor is devoted for Sunday School assembly while the 2nd and 3rd are for church services. The members and attendants of the church are so few that it is hardly over two hundred people. This may witness the indifference of the Soochow people in religious service."

Much, much love,

Abbie

Of course, destroy the letter for  
Dr. Whittlemore -

(78)

Swatow, China, Oct. 29, 1933

Dearest Ones,

We have been talking today about airplanes and air mail and about the possibility of traveling by air from here to America. It is something to think about, isn't it? But I must say I can't really believe anything like that will ever happen to me. I am at the state now where if I had the chance to get to you in one day traveling by air where the fast trains would take three or four, I should certainly hop to it! There is small danger, however, of my traveling anywhere by air for some time to come. The fare to Shanghai and return, I believe is \$375. Gold is going down, down, down, and I don't know whether the bottom is going to drop out of it or not. I am apparently holding my head above water but that is about all. Less money is coming out from America for the mission work than formerly and in some cases the Chinese expect to miss onaries to give more. Don't repeat that as a general statement, though, for the thinking people, like the Mings, and others, know that we cannot give as much for anything as we did when our salaries were twice as big as they are now. I know one thing, however, and that is that I am going to have to budget very carefully from now on. Fortunately I have enough old clothes to fix over and still make a presentable (I hope!) though very simple wardrobe, good enough for wear in Swatow China. I have material which I bought a year ago last fall for a good winter dress. I hope to get gumption enough to make it up some time this fall.

The paragraph above is not a very good example of unity, coherence, and emphasis, is it? Nor is it a particularly Sunday line of thought, I'll admit. But sometimes secular things do creep into the mind on Sunday. I have even known that to happen in America.)

Today has been quite the ordinary Sunday day for me, full of business right up until after four. I have had a very pleasant evening, supper with Edna Smith and a good time to talk afterwards. Part of the time we spent writing to Edith Traver, still in the hospital in Shanghai. Now it is time to go to bed again.

Oct. 30

Does this color hurt you eyes? I know it is a little hard to read. If you find it is causing serious injury to any of your eyes, just let me know, and I'll refrain at once. That is a little hard on you, though isn't it, for you can hardly answer that question and have me receive the answer in less than two months, - no, I mean, and you get the results of your answer to me! Well, it is a complicated business. I shall just have to go on the supposition that your eyes can stand even the red eye-ful once in a while, especially if it be relieved by a black eye-ful every so often.

I have just had a solar plexus blow! Last month at the pulpit committee meeting I suggested the topic of the "Second Mile" as a subject for a sermon. Just now I have received a letter from the preacher saying that he understands I have some ideas about that subject and he hopes I will write them to him so that he can put them into his sermon! However, I shall see what I can find about the subject in any books that I may have, and perhaps I can borrow something from someone else. Fortunately he can read English! I can plainly see that I shall have to be very careful of how I suggest subjects for sermons in the future. As a matter of fact, we are getting a man next year who is to be asked to take entire charge of such

matters as subjects for sermons. Up until now we have had a man whose business it is to preach only two Sundays out of the month. The pulpit committee's task is just about as heavy when there is a minister here as when there is not, for it is their duty to find the subjects, to think of the men they want to invite and also to invite them, and then to find substitutes if somebody backs out at the last minute !

Maybe this week I shall not write very much to you, because I have just had a notice from the school authorities saying that I was requested to finish and pass in the office all the grades of the first "monthly" division of the term, including the grades of last week's examinations, and to get them all in by the end of this week! I am really glad for this stipulation, for it means that I will have to get busy and get the papers, and the result will be that I cannot get out of it but must do it, and that in turn, means that there will thus be no possible chance of the papers' hanging over me for several weeks and grilling the soul out of me with the wonder ~~XXXX~~ whether I should ever in this world get free from the bondage of having papers to correct. In this way I shall have to make one dreadful spurt, but when the week is over the agony will be over too ! This sounds as though I don't get any kick out of correcting my papers, and that is not true. So here goes! I must jump to it and see whether any of those freshmen know how to spell, - short, open, inches, years, yours, fan, fourteen, etc.

Oct. 31

Right now I am wondering what I could have done last night instead of correcting those papers as I meant to! For I certainly did not get them done and I cannot seem to remember that I got anything else done either. There I go with my "cannot seem". You would never guess that I taught English, would you? I hope you don't go reading my letters to any of the teachers in the Academy or to any other English experts in South Berwick. It is true that sometimes we lose our English fluency when we live in a foreign country for a long time, yet I don't have the excuse that some people have, i.e., that they don't hear much of the English language and for that reason they forget it very easily.. I hear English enough, and use it enough so that I am not likely to get out of practice. There is a question, about the quality of some of the English that I hear, - and sometimes see!

I started on those dread English papers tonight. Two sets of them were crowded into such small space for the sake of economizing on paper that I shall have to wait until daylight to read them and be sure that I am getting them right. No alas, they are not done yet and I really am going to bed early in the hope that I may wake up early and get some of this work done that has to be done by the end of this week !

Nov 1.

Just come from the opening meeting of the Sixtieth Anniversary Celebration of the Woman's School. It was a welcome meeting and we enjoyed music and speeches and story-telling and games, with refreshments at the close. A very happy time, - and these few days' exercises bid fair to be boom for the school and a very good thing all around. I am sorry I shall not be able to attend more of the sessions, but my time is just about full this week. One set of papers done today !

Nov. 2

Plague take it all, anyway! I found this afternoon that I shouldn't have to go to school this evening. The junior high Mandarin speaking contest is held tonight and all the students will be up at school. So I thought this would be just the time for me to get these papers all corrected. Have I done it? I HAVE NOT!! But you would have to guess a good long time before you would think what I have been doing tonight. Making patterns for choir vestments! Can you beat that? Mabelle sang a good deal in city choirs before she came to China so she knows what they wear. I have a vague idea from seeing pictures and from seeing blurs of black and white way up in a choir loft somewhere, - that is about as definite as I can see the thing. We have various brands ready now for the music committee to decide upon, but we don't know whether they will favor any of them or not! More than that, we don't know what the young people who are going to wear the things will think of them. I'll try to remember to let you know whether they decide to wear a simple circle or square of white with a hole in the middle to slip the head through, or a flaring circular or a gathered or shirred straight affair stitched on a yoke, or a colored (purple?) rayon ~~stole~~ stole with hooded back, worn over their own white Chinese jackets. Well, I'm at the stage now where I don't much care what they do wear, only I really do hope they will wear something!

Nov. 3

What do you suppose I heard today? Something that the people who see good only in direct preaching as a missionary's work would not have any use for at all. I suppose ~~in fact I am not at all sure that the Board people want to hear about it - no, that is not fair, either; I know some of the Board would be glad to hear about it but they know that a certain class of the Baptist constituency doesn't care anything about such news as this. I still believe, however, that there are some friends of missions and of missionaries in America who would be interested to know about this.~~ The report has come that the head man of the Bureau of Education in Kwangtung province when making request in our behalf that the government grant us \$3000. this year for an architectural course said the following: The best high school in Kwangtung Province is the Provincial Middle School in Canton; the next in rank in the whole province is the Kak Kwang Academy at Swatow. How about that? We were granted the \$3000. and the first \$350. of it has already arrived. Plans for such a course had already been made and will go into operation soon. When the grant reached us the request also came from the Bureau of E. of the Province that we introduce a normal course and an agricultural course into our curriculum. The principal wrote back to them saying that we would be glad to comply with their wishes if they would help us out with equipment. A part of the equipment he mentioned as necessary for the development of the ag. course was a number of fields that straggle their way across the valley between two sections of our school property. If we could get that land to add to our school property we certainly should be all set up. I tell you! And yet this receiving grants from the government is by no means pure unalloyed joy for us. Many of the missionaries have felt for years that the wise course would be to avoid connection with the government as far as possible because of possible future complications. Former cases of schools and school property ~~have made people a bit wary.~~ That may be the wiser stand to take, of course, and it may be we shall some day come to grief because of some proprietary feeling the govt. has toward the school on account of the funds invested. But one must have

(being taken over by the govt.)

a little faith, and when the way opens for progress in these days if ~~may~~ be folly not to travel that road as far as the path is visible. When the principal told the school about this today of course there was a marked degree of enthusiasm to be seen- and heard ! But he warned them not to get ~~swayed~~ <sup>swayed</sup> over it; of course we are glad for the words of encouragement but we must remember that our school ranks high only because there are so many "rotten" schools around here; ~~if we should~~ <sup>if we should</sup> have to measure beside some of the schools of real worth in the country as a whole we should have to hang our heads in shame. Nevertheless these kind words of praise that have come to our ears should serve as an incentive to make us work for a still higher goal, etc., etc. Now there may be many people who don't care to hear stuff like this about a school, but my opinion is that if the South China Mission has been the means of bringing into being a school that will help raise the standards of education for a whole province, there is at least one piece of work that will be of real value to this country. It is not the only one !

*to puffed up  
inferior*

(I have found that I don't need to get them all done today, but I wanted to! Nov. 4

My papers are not all corrected yet, but they are getting there little by little. I corrected none this p.m. because I spent my time showing my school spirit, and incidentally thoroughly enjoying myself, by attending our sixth annual track meet. I hope some of the pictures we took will be good. One event of interest was the relay race entered into by teachers only. To see the dignified figure of the principal and the rather portly one of the dean legging it lickety-larrup down the course was enough to bring smiles from the interested bystanders and howls of glee from the students themselves.

Tonight I expected to see a Chinese version of "The Merchant of Venice". That is what was scheduled for the Woman's School Celebration program for this evening. But the performance was to have been given out of doors and just about six o'clock it began to rain. I understand that puts the kibosh on it and secretly I am a little relieved, for while I wanted to see it, yet I was very weary from standing all the afternoon and I am really much happier sitting here writing than I would be going out and probably getting home rather late.

(This had better stop here and get itself mailed tomorrow. Was I rich today? I had your letters of Oct. 5 and 8, and one each from Emily, Gladys Paul, and Mrs. Herman Chapman. I am very glad you could go to the conference and see and hear these people speak. It seems as though a little bit of China went to you. Tell Mrs. Oliver I think that she is pretty nice to do so many things that your daughter would want to do for you if she were near enough! Take you to State Conventions, to Ocean Park, Dover, Somersworth, Portland and it seems like many more places you have mentioned in your letters. I'd like to see her. Give her my love, -yes and to Mrs. Thurrell too. I'd like to have seen you being made to drink that malted milk !

*Patricia*

Sorry you could not hear the address of Dr. Jones, Father. You'll have to get you a contrivance ! Mrs. Page came back with one this time that enables her to hear very well when she sits fairly well front in church. It is a little light weight tortoise-shell affair that fits on her ear and shows very little. Since you don't wear a pug it might be a trifle more conspicuous on you but if it made you hear, that would be the important thing !

*Much, much love to you - and to all the tribe -  
Athe*

(5)

Swatow, China  
November 11, 1933

Dearests,

Armistice Day has been full of odds and ends for me, bits of work that don't seem to count for a thing when I count them by themselves. This a.m. I went over with Mabelle to the church to help hang a curtain around the choir rail to hide the knee show that otherwise would appear if the choir should happen to contain any short skirted girls. Since the skirts are pretty short just now, and the girls are all to sit in the front row, this seems the only safe plan. Then I came home and looked over some Christmas music, cut over my old brown wool dress that was such a disgrace when I was at home this time, and tried to cut out a pattern for a suit coat; on the latter project, however, I must confess to a considerable degree of discouragement. In this field I am gus-han, as the Chinese would say, - outside of my limits!

At dinner time I stopped to knit a few rows on my white sweater blouse that has been in process of making ever since Conference time last March. We three old maids bring our knitting to the table rather regularly now and manage to get a row or two done in between times. I am beginning the sleeves now so I suppose there really is hope that I shall finish that some time if I keep steadily at it. I am doing it on small needles, however, and I cannot take time except when I squeeze a few minutes in ynnawares, as it were! This afternoon I spent some more time on that old dress - I don't know whether it will be worth a row of pins. Then I studied further on my Sunday School lesson. Tonight we went up to school for a while to attend the one big school social event of the fall. The next one will come at Christmas, I suppose.

Nov. 12

Well, the ordeal of the choir's first appearance is over. People liked the idea of it very much, and were not too critical when the temors flattened badly in one place and when the whole choir almost didn't sing at all, in another place! They had only one chord to begin on and it was struck very softly, so that they did not dare to sing for fear of being wrong. They looked very well, so every one said, the girls in white jackets and black skirts and the boys in black coats and white trousers. I sat in behind the scenes where I could help to get them started at the right places. It was not too bad for a first trial and they are bound to do better with practice.

Dr. Decker of East China is here on an official visit just now and he was the speaker Sunday morning. He is released from his own work in East China to come down here and look the field over; he is sent by the Board, and while his coming is not said to be in the nature of an investigation it seems evident that the Board wants some one from outside to come here for a long enough time to see actually how things are carried on, and no doubt to find out whether all is being done that might be done to make things run smoothly. This mission is in different circumstances from any other mission, as you know. No other mission has an organization like the Ling Tong Convention, and while the Ling Tong has handsome leaders who have taken hold gladly and capably, yet as a whole there is much still to be desired in regard to the management of affairs. I believe Dr. Decker will be able to see things as they are and he may be able to render a valuable service by coming

down here, in.

Swatow, China  
November 12, 1933

~~Dear Mr. X~~  
Friend:

down here just at this time. We hope so at any rate

This is a piece of paper I have just been practicing on for a Christmas letter which I plan to have printed and sent home. I haven't decided yet whether I shall send them by mail to the people direct or send some to you with a request for you to put the stamps on. It will depend partly on whether I get them from the printers soon or not. The ones for South Berwick I surely think I shall send to you. I am not sure yet just how many I shall have printed, anyway. I ought surely to get the letter written tonight if I am to send it by the end of this week; and if it is to get to America in the East by Christmas it will have to go very soon.

Nov. 13

I got the letter written last night all right but it surely is not much to speak of and I got terribly sleepy writing it. I couldn't think fast, and consequently it was pretty late before I got to bed. It is going to be earlier tonight! Fannie Northcott was here for supper and the evening so I have nothing in the way of school work not Christmas business attended to. But my Christmas giving this year is going to be very meager indeed. It's like Postum, "There's a Reason"!

Nov. 14

Got my envelopes today and tonight I have been writing addresses like mad. I don't know that I shall ever do this sort of thing again, - write a kind of report letter at Christmas time. The letter started out to be fairly conversational and of the kind that I would like to get from a friend of mine; but much cutting to condense it to one page has taken the gimp out of it, I'm afraid. Moreover, since the price for 300 was the same as the price for 200, I have ordered 300, and that means that I have to send 300! That means not only addressing all those envelopes but it means putting stamps on all those letters. I am going to send most of them the very cheapest way and that will save some. On the other hand, there are some of the letters that I cannot very well send without a personal message of some kind, and if I write anything at all it will cost me five times as much! I have addressed a hundred envelopes, tonight, using the typewriter for most of them.

Nov. 15

How these different kinds of work do overlap each other, - in regard to time, I mean. Last night I thought nothing would stop my getting these Christmas envelopes addressed before I did one other thing; but today I have realized that here is another Christmas song which has not yet been mimeographed and we ought to begin

(over)

TO PRACTICE IT THIS VERY Friday night. So,-- little Abbie spent some good hours this afternoon translating a long, 4-part Christmas anthem into the 2 1-2-3 notation which our Chinese read more easily than they do the music staff. Now that I have it ready it will not be too much of a job to write it on the waxed paper for printing. But since my ~~xx~~ teacher is sick I shall have to find someone else to write the Chinese of this song.

Now I have to go to prayer-meeting and when I get home I must write that song on the waxed paper, and then correct a set of "double negative" papers to give back to a class to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. Then I suppose it will be time to go to bed, although there are so many more things that I want to do that I just can't bear to think about them !

Nov. 16

Truly the days go by so fast that I don't know where I am at. They say that time goes faster when you get old. I reckon it is true all right ! Well, I got the song all written but the last line, which I was too sleepy to finish; I was afraid I should do it wrong. I finished that, and corrected their English papers, this morning. The second period I was able to get one of the young people to write in the Chinese words of their song, and now that has been printed and is ready to be put into the song books.

My 300 Christmas letters have arrived- such an appalling stack ~~xx~~ they make ! And as I read it over, I see glaring ambiguities, repetitions or awkward expressions on almost every line. Can't bear to think of sending a copy to Mrs. Barnes, for instance, 'cause I know "C. P." will see it and scorn it ! Maybe I shall put my pride in my pocket, though, and send it anyway. Now for addressing the envelopes. And although I had not intended to sign my name to them all, it seems to look so much better thatway that I almost think I shall sign them all.

*I'm sending them (the ones for South Brunswick) to you  
by 3rd(?) class mail to save postage -*

Nov. 17.

"Kinde" late at night but I have just finished addressing Christmas envelopes and I want to write down my ideas to you before I forget them - You will see that I'm depending on you to give these letters to people when you see them; - at church or wherever - I hope you will not have to mail any except the ones to the Bishops, whose address I do not have, and one to Mrs. Edith Austin - ? whose address I seem to have lost - If you have lost it too, never mind!

There are some children who dressed up for my affair at the F. B. church in South Bernick that time who might or might not care for a copy of this letter from me - Use your judgment. Their names are Arlene Blake, Doris Rogers, Bernice and Evelyn Lord, Louise Flinders, Doris Stackpole, Madeleine Stevens - Or if you think there are others who would rather have it, or if there is some one I have forgotten -

Sorry, since I'm sending this wee little bit that I couldn't have one of something for each Criscilla member - However, there is not much point in their all having one of these (I have a queer feeling about some of the names, or think are people here) I've made, please correct. <sup>die any</sup> <sup>have forgot</sup> all the places or here

I'm sending some to all the places or here we have ever lived - and then some - to Webber, Curtison, Flagg, Annie Hill & Evelyn C, Koch, Clark - in lots of people - I'm sending in open as that they'd be cheaper - Couldn't afford the other way! This just about breaks me - specially when I'm not sure it's worth it! And would you mind telling me how

To whom else you give the letter, or to whom of  
these you don't give it, if any - as I'll know  
just who had it -

Nov. 18.

Again it is too late to use my typewriter. It  
can't be heard in the girls' rooms, but the heavy  
jar of it sometimes fairly shakes the house -  
Well! At last the Christmas envelopes are  
all addressed - and stamped! I wonder if  
they really will do any body any good or give  
any body any enjoyment - except that of  
relief to me to feel that it is one more thing  
off my chest. It goes to many people in all the  
New England states, and also to people in New York  
Penn., New Jersey, Washington, Alabama, Kansas,  
Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, California,  
Nebraska, Oregon, Minnesota, Iowa, Kentucky, Canada,  
Africa, Burma, and Scotland - !

I was glad to get your letter today - Got it just  
in time to change the address on her letter & send  
it to New York instead of Africa - (But still there  
are two other letters going to Congo Belge!)

I laugh as I look this letter over - First  
I rave on about the choir; then I rave madly  
about my letters - Wonder what there will be  
next

Will you please tell Ethel Tiff if you have a  
chance, that I really am going to answer her  
good letter soon. I have just been waiting for  
a decent chance to write - and that plan is not so hot!  
Love-Love+, Ethel

Ethel sends these greetings to you -

Swatow, China  
November 21, 1933

Dear Ones,

I have fallen from grace, haven't I ! Two days ago I wrote it, since I have written to you ? And here I had made up my mind like adamant that I should not let a day go by without writing a little bit to you. But on Saturday night I made a wild scramble to get those Christmas letters off, and on Sunday night I was busy getting one or two rather difficult letters written - one to Mrs. Giffin, which should have been written long ago, and one to Mrs. Ashmore, who has recently fallen and broken her hip. I also wrote one to Hilma, in answer to a fine long one which she sent me last summer. Now that I have that answered I am going to send it on to you with the clipping which she enclosed. I am sure you will be interested, though you will feel as I did, that the most of the familiar names are in the list of those for whom flowers were brought in memorial !

In Hilma's letter she said that Mr. McGroty had given up teaching and was boarding with Mrs. Maud Potter Hawkey in Uncasville. That gave me the idea of sending him one of the Christmas letters and asking him to pass on my greetings to my old Sunday School teacher.

Last night Mabelle and I spent the whole evening sewing on gowns for that choir ! The worst part of it is that nobody yet knows what they or anyone else wants, either to wear or to see somebody else wear, sitting and standing - up in the choir loft ! I shall certainly be relieved when that is finally decided and the gowns are all sewed and being worn .

Tonight it is now ten o'clock - more - and I am just back from a Woman's Committee meeting where the requests for appropriation for next year were voted on. There has been some unevenness in the division of the funds and there some present at the meeting tonight who were strong for an attempt at equalization. Some missionaries get a larger appropriation just because they have the nerve to ask for it, which doesn't seem fair. The fact is that none of us knows the exact amount of work that any teacher has to put in with his personal teacher, and it is hard to understand, sometimes, just why certain people should need to ask for certain amounts of money. For instance, one remark was made tonight in this vein: "Why should a person who teaches English all the time need as much money for a Chinese teacher as one who teaches in Chinese all the time and has so many more lessons to prepare in Chinese ?" I answered that question by saying that when I am teaching Ivanhoe in English I have far more need of a Chinese teacher to help me prepare my lesson than I would if I were teaching a lesson in simple arithmetic, where I would have use for the Chinese that I knew already.

To bed, to bed ! I had thought that I would type off the minutes of the committee meeting before I went to bed, but I am so sleepy that I would make a billion mistakes, more or less, and that would never do !

Nov. 26 -

Well - I'm afraid my "diary days" are done for the present. Too many nights out! I've been sitting up altogether too late - and the result is that I am too weary to write anything sensible when I finally do have a few minutes.

Let me see - I can report on every night since the 21st without much trouble; something on hand every evening - Wed. the 2nd we all went over to Swatow to the American consuls to meet Nelson Johnson, American minister to China - and the Admiral of the Pacific fleet. I had been going pretty stiff and when I got home I decided I must stay at home from prayer meeting and go to bed - I was all in. Went to bed at 8.30 - which I haven't done for ages - Thursday afternoon I lay down about 4.30 and though I didn't sleep, I was like a log, lying in the very place I dropped down, until 6 p.m. I then ate my supper and went over to school, had study period from 7 to 8, had evening prayers, then left to go to a special committee which is to make a study of the supplementary report of the Fact-Finders. (Signed to "Rethinking Missions") I don't relish this job much but the Board has asked us to do this. Edith Traver is on the Committee and she is now in Shanghai in the hospital - so I was asked to help - whether in the place of Anna Foster, I don't know - Miss Sollman was the other substitute. We have been assigned portions of the ~~the~~ books on China, and we must get

2

together after we have read the books and make a report. Oh yes, something else happened Thursday. Enid Johnson moved here to our house - She has lived here twice before, and she doesn't like it very well; one reason is that it is a farther walk to the jetty, and she has to go to Ivraton every day - Other reasons do not need to be set down here, but there are such! Well - we shall try our best to make her happy; and see how things come out - ! One from this house goes on furlough next spring. Whether that will make things any easier remains to be seen - !

Friday afternoon at two I went to the meeting of our Divisional Committee (formerly called reference committee) - and got home just in time to grat my supper and run to the music practice for the young people at 6.15. Worked on music with them until 7.30, then practiced a teachers' song for Christmas until 8 - then skipped our regular faculty prayer meeting in order to attend the continued meeting of the Divisional Committee. That lasted until after 11. There are some questions that we couldn't get any solution for at all - just have to wait for further light.

"Saturday I did a little reading in the big 'China' books, spent some time giving music lessons but did sewing the most of the time. I have now got my suit coat cut out and the seams stitched and

pressed. Had I do that myself because Mai she  
didn't think it was necessary and moreover she  
does not know how to press wool. She can't see  
the harm of doing it on the right side and making  
it nice and shiny - and she does it every chance  
she gets, no matter how much I warn her -!  
So I have to do it myself, or stand right over her -  
I wonder how the suit will come out!

Saturday night I planned to have a lot of  
time to write to you and to some others - but they  
went and called a meeting up at the seminary!  
Church deacons and those holding any office -!  
(Groans!) When we got there we hadn't a groan  
so could not do any business - just had  
a "conversation", two or three points of which  
will be resolved into motions if the agreement  
of three or four others is obtained - matters  
pertaining to Christmas, to electing of  
new committees, etc -

Today has been a busy day, and now  
again it is long long past bed time!

Love you two - !

Albie

Swtow, China, December 7, 1933

Dear Ones,

When you get through reading this (if I write what I now think I'm going to write) you'll be sure to exclaim, "Lo, the poor missionary!" Nothing to do but work, nothing to eat but food, nobody to talk to but people, and so on!

This letter is going to Mother and Father and Emily and Arthur, and I am going on a tangent and write all the gossip I can think about, if there is time to squeeze any in after I tell you all the places I've been and all the things I've done this last week and a half when I ought to have been spending some of my time writing to you-all. The Waters' had guests from America and I guess they thought we have a pretty gay time out here. They certainly got a good dose of our "quiet missionary life" the two weeks that they were here.

Monday night, in anticipation of wanting to be free for Thursday, I went to school and took my weekly turn at study period with the girls from seven to nine. (We have a very brief evening prayer service at intermission, 8- 8.10, for those who want to join.) Tuesday was Mrs. Speicher's sixtieth birthday and we surprised her in the evening. Edna had invited the Capens, and the Waters' and their guests for dinner and we went up in time to have dessert with them. Mrs. Speichers didn't suspect a thing, and being a little deaf she didn't even hear us when the whole mission went up on the porch and into the front hall. Then we all burst into a birthday song set to the tune of "uld Lang Syne and she couldn't very well help hearing us then! After the eats we all went into the living room and enjoyed the very informal program that had been planned. Since Mrs. Speicher had that day received a radiogram giving her the news that her son Ben had been married the day before, it seemed fitting that Elsie, at the end of her piano solo, should drift into the Wedding march, while Mr. Capen and Edna marched slowly in and presented Mrs. S. with two shoe boxes which contained bride and groom dolls. There was an original song about Mrs. S., sung by Beatrice E., and one on two other musical numbers. The feature of the evening's entertainment was the presentation of a huge red basket which contained sixty small presents (about three from each of us) and the opening of the presents. Many of the gifts had goggerel to go with them, and some of the gifts were most amusing. We had a good time, and the best part of it was that Mrs. Speicher seemed to have a good time too.

Wednesday night was prayer meeting. I was almost to tired to listen to anything, and anyway the subject was Reading God's Word in the Starry Heavens--- very symbolic, tremendously interesting to those who see things that way but almost sacrilegious to those who don't. *It was ~~trifling~~ but I didn't want to say so right out to E. Shall*

Thursday the missionaries and the guests and the American Consul and the Vice-Consul all had Thanksgiving dinner at the Waters' House. We all joined in the expense of the thing and in a way it was very fine to get together. But I can't wonder that the visitors thought wek have a pretty gay time.. Last year we had the whole compound at our house for Christmas dinner and did it all ourselves. But I really think it is too much now, and I hope we'll begin to celebrat some simpler way.

Friday night I had a long session with the Young People's chair. They had to get ready to sing Sunday and they didn't know the piece very well so had to keep going over it again and again. I went at six, and got back in time to snatch a bite to eat and to throw on another dress

before Academy faculty prayermeeting here at our house at eight. That day Mabelle had an abscessed tooth out and she had had a pretty hard time so she didn't go downstairs to the meeting. (Do you know that I have learned just within this year that "abscess" has an "s" before the "c"? Isn't that dreadful? I only hope I'll remember it. I'm quite encouraged to think that I did this time! I had such a narrow squeak last ~~year~~ when I was teaching the seniors; I almost told them that there was a misprint in the book. I don't know what good angel made me go and look it up in Webster's, for I was so sure that it was spelled "abscess" that-- well, I just knew it was! And don't I hate anybody who "knows" things that aren't so!)

Saturday night I should have been giving some kind of social for the class I'm supposed to be adviser for, but I couldn't get up the pep to try one single thing more for this week. (That week, I should say)

The big thing this week has been Bobby Stocker's wedding. It came Tuesday morning at eleven and we all arranged our work so that we could go. I think it is the first wedding that I have seen down in the English chapel, though I have seen that church decorated for so many Easters and Christmases that I wonder whether one of the occasions hasn't been a wedding! This was a very beautiful one; the church was lovely with white and pastel pink and yellow chrysanthemums, and palms. In the aisle at each seat entrance there was a huge trimming of marigolds and ferns so that the bride had a veritable gold-lined path to the altar. The bridesmaids, Joan and Barbara Hance and "little skinny Cynthia" Stocker in their rose-fawn dresses with rose tipped gladioli were just the half-way note between Mrs. Stocker in her shades of brown with the glads and Bobby herself in white lace and silk, a gorgeous queenly veil, with huge and tiny white chrysanthemums in one of the most marvelous wedding bouquets I have ever seen. The groom is young Watkinson, a new Jardine man who has prospects of a life job here if he wants it and if he makes good as people think he is going to. So there were no tears at this wedding. I believe everybody is happy all around. Bobby is surely the darling of the port just now and everybody did things for her at the wedding. I have forgotten who decorated the church for her; Mrs. Varne made her bouquet and the British consular wife gave a reception afterwards for her. All the foreigners of the port were there, just about,-- to eat wedding cake and drink the health of the bride in lemonade- or something stronger! As soon as that was over the bridal party was taken over to the American consulate for wedding luncheon or breakfast or whatever they called it. And in the afternoon they sailed on the "Haiyang" (111) for a brief honeymoon in Hongkong. Oh yes,-- the ceremony was the Presbyterian one, simple and lovely, and was performed by Mr. Waddell, a new English preacher who had just been to Hongkong two days before to meet his own bride from England. He had been married two days before, in H.K., I'm trying to say!

Tuesday was Edna's birthday and Mrs. Speicher invited Elsie, Beatrice, ~~Elizabeth~~ Velve, the Hobarts and me there for dinner. We stayed later than I should have cared to if I hadn't known that I had two days' holiday coming Wednesday and Thursday. Yesterday was not much of a holiday though. Our whole house, almost, worked like niggers early to late making surplises, if you please, for the choir. Mai Che did all the stitching and she certainly did a quick job. Twenty-six gowns each with a yard and a half straight sewing and about five yards of hemmed edge besides the neck facing. The rest of us cut, and basted neck facings and creased hems but the lot of us could scarcely keep up with her. Mrs. Waters thinks we were foolish not to get a tailor to do it, but it is done now and we'll have more time now to worry about where they are going to be kept, how they are going to be washed, and so on!

little flower girl in yellow

looked out in window

I must pass on something to you which mustn't be passed on any further but I'm just vain enough to want to tell you! Can't tell anybody else, very well.

It's only a trifle but it tickled my wicked pride. The Saturday night before the wedding the men in port gave a stag party for Mr. Watkinson and Bobby invited some of the women down to her home at Double Island for the week end. Marion went - some of the others (Mr. was the only one <sup>invited</sup> from the mission) couldn't go so they didn't have a very exciting party - sat and talked mostly. I guess they talked us all over - They were speaking of Beatrice and me and our extraordinary height and Mrs. Stocker said about me (she has said other nice things before; I know ~~she~~ she likes me and that lots of people don't probably think of me as she does!) "Yes, she is very tall but she always dresses so beautifully. and so appropriately that you don't think about her height" - Imagine that! "Always" - Just think of the times she has not seen how I have been dressed. !!

She spoke of Emily as one of the best looking as well as one of the nicest girls that the mission has ever had - "Not the very 'mucky' missionary kind, but a lovely girl - She saw a good deal of Emily, too -

It is now ten minutes of six and it seems as though I have accomplished very little today - Last

night just before I went to bed I wrote down a list of twelve things that I must do today, as follows:

- ✓ Finish letter to Board (began Nov. 25, Roman. Com. Business Report)
- ✓ " " to E. Traver (began Dec 3)
- ✓ Write to Father & Mother
- ✓ Arthur
- ✓ Emily
- ✓ Pearl Mason
- ✓ Shampoo
- ✓ Pay my teacher (& go to see her - she's sick)
- Study my S. S. lesson
- Correct papers
- Make out exam papers (for next week)
- Return some borrowed magazines -

When I sign my name here, and scribble a bit more to Arthur, I will have accomplished seven out of the twelve - I shall not return the magazines, for it is raining and there is really no hurry - But I should like to do a little more work tonight; I wonder how much! If I do it will be because no callers come -

Much love to you -

Abbie

Dear Mother - This lolly is \$4.00 max - or about 20 gold - Do you like this larger size better or not? And is this too much like what you see in the shops at home - As people like drawn work less better?

Dec. 12, 1933

Dear Aun.

Writing once a week doesn't seem to work very well any more! When I wrote a little every day it went easier, somehow - although I know I did sit up a little later some nights. I never got the note to you written until late in the day. Now it almost feels as though I don't know where I left off when I wrote last. Oh yes - we were having a gay time, all agog with the wedding, and so on.

This week we are having examinations - while I sit here in the teachers' room writing, my examination questions for seven classes are being mimeographed. I have tried so hard this time to make the questions short, - or rather, such as ~~would~~ <sup>will</sup> be easy to correct! The grades must all be in next week, and on top of that, next week is the only time we have to get ready for Christmas - I can feel the rush coming already - though maybe it won't be such a rush as last year - It can't be, I think, for I had Christmas dinner last year, for 29 people! This year we are not going to have a big Christmas dinner - I don't know just what will

do. One thing we want to have, if possible, is a party for the servants and their families - The ~~book~~ has four children, Akin has one, and the coolie has three, so will have a good sized party, I should say -

Gladys Paul's Christmas present arrived yesterday, two books, one of which is "As the Earth Turns" by Gladys Hasty Carroll. I heard about it last summer through Mrs. McClure. Do you ever see the South Benwick authoress? The other book is "In the Second Reader" or something like that. I shall be glad when I get time to read them - but that will not be until after Christmas, I suppose -

This isn't much of a scribble, but it will let you know that I'm well and happy - especially happy when I get a letter from you as I did Saturday - and always "raring" to get one from you when I haven't got it!

Love you

Abbie

Swatow, China  
(Saturday, 16)  
Dec. 14, 1933

Dearest One -

A big home mail today - was I glad?!  
I had letters from Mother, Arthur, and Calla van Blit -  
and one from Uncle Arthur which I am surprised  
& have reach me - I think he does marvelously &  
write as well as she does when he is so blind -  
He wishes he could see me once more before he "goes  
home" - the time for which will not be long now - he  
thinks - He is truly a wonderful old man -

Our second "monthly" exams are over and my  
bed in the little guestbedroom here is covered with  
piles of papers and notebooks - I don't feel so  
swamped as I do sometimes, although I still have  
four sets of exam papers and two sets of notebooks  
still to correct. Beyond the piles of uncorrected ones  
are three sets of daily work and three sets of examinations  
the ~~three~~ largest these classes - all done and ready to  
be recorded - Now if I can make another violent  
stab at them Monday (I have been working all  
day today at them) perhaps I can get them  
out of the way -

I am not "sweating in the thinnest of linens";  
at present I am "wearing on my frame" the following,  
put on a garment at a time as the evening cools  
came on - ; A rayon vest, knitted cotton union suit, girdle,

trassiere, a white cotton slip, three pairs of stockings, the  
top pair wool and the bottom pair part wool - felt  
lined slippers - my brown wool dress (made over again!)  
Scar's Roebuck rose wool bathrobe - a sweater, a  
scarf - and a Montgomery Ward 59¢ cotton blanket -  
wrapped around the lower part of me - Oh yes -  
under the dress I have on a woolen skirt - But it  
is no use - If I am wide awake, I am too cold for  
comfort - and if I get warm enough for comfort  
I get too sleepy to correct papers or even write  
letters to my long-suffering family - So I guess I'll  
quit until to-morrow -

December 17

As I read this over I find it sounds as though I began the day  
with very little on! I assure you I had the regulation number of articles  
of clothing on when I started out for school in the morning yesterday!

We had an atom of excitement this morning or rather this noon while  
we were at dinner out on the porch, in the sunshine to keep warm. We  
saw some visitors down in our garden but though nothing of it for we are  
always having visitors. Then we heard one of the boys shout and looked up  
just in time to see one of the visitors running off with what looked like a  
branch from our lemon tree. The coolie ran pell mell after him and the  
other boys followed, cook and all. We could hear the hollering from  
way beyond the bridge. After a while the boys began to straggle back  
one by one! Fortunately, too, for we were about ready for dessert then! )  
the coolie last, with a branch bearing three of our precious lemons!  
This is only the second year that the tree has borne and there are less  
than a dozen on the whole tree. They are always being stolen and we are  
helpless to do anything about it. This time the boys followed the men and  
they ran into a policeman and then complained to him and threatened to go  
to headquarters about it. Then the man said that he thought it was only  
something interesting to play with and didn't realize that it was fruit  
that was not supposed to be taken. For myself I hate this kind of fuss  
and would far rather lose all the lemons I had than to make any bother  
about it. But I suppose it really is a good idea to let them know that  
we don't care to have every Tom Dick and Harry coming round to take anything  
that attracts the eye.

Was to stop and write a few more letters now. I have had a fairly  
long day already and am fighting a cold in the bargain, so I haven't pep  
to "branch out" very much!

Much, much love,

Abbie

Sweetow, China

Dec. 25, 1933

95

Dearest One on Earth,

Merry Christmas! (I'm wireclassing it to you so hard that I think you must be getting it now instead of having to wait weeks to know that I'm doing as!)

It is 11.30 p.m. now and I must not sit here very long for I've just had a warm bath and I'm trying to get over a terrific cold that I have had for a week - the first one this fall (I think!).

This has been a full Christmas day though it has not been as full of responsibility for me as some Christmases have been. I got up at quarter before five - and cooked myself a cup of coffee (drip method) while I was dressing. After gulping the drink down in a hurry I went out to get the girls who were waiting to go caroling. We met the boys at the church - then went to Mrs. Capen's, where he joined us - and we made our usual rounds. Others started in at 2.30 and several groups had already gone around - I got back at 6.30 and lay down for ten minutes before going out to the dining room for prayers and then breakfast following that. Just as we were getting up from the table Dorothy and Stanley Burkett, home from Shanghai for the holidays, came up to get us to go down and see their tree while it was lighted - It was gorgeous - Then I went over next door and said "Merry Christmas" to the Pages ~~next door~~.

Shortly after nineteenth our Christmas "Lovers"  
party people began to arrive - We had invited all  
those connected with our housework, washing, etc,  
(and their children). The cook has four children,  
the cook's three, and the boy & his kin, one - (an only  
daughter, for whom he had to wait two or three  
years, and to whom he is utterly devoted); Enid's  
woman 3 children and mine (a maiche) one - So we  
had a goodly crowd - I had intended to go to  
the English church service this morning but I  
didn't make it; at eleven a.m., the hour of  
meeting, we were still going strong - and there  
was no hope of my getting away - I'm just  
so glad, now - for I really did enough today  
to make me tired,

Part of this was the cat - I was fortunate  
enough to be invited to two Christmas  
dinners - one at noon at Miss Sollman's and  
Elise's, and one with my father & mother - I  
went to both places and enjoyed myself at both.

<sup>next am.</sup> Went to sleep writing this last night. I'm sending it on without  
further delay - Will write more later - Love you - Corrie