

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, Shanghai, Double Island (Swatow), including enclosed poems by Chinese students

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(97)

Swatow China

May 6, 1934

Dear Quas.

This must be a
short one tonight for I'm
having to make every minute
count these days - Tonight
instead of writing to you I
have been looking up my
passport and pecking into
my account books, preparatory
to taking a quick trip to
Shanghai - (Not that I'm
going to pay my own way
or anything - No - sir - ee.)

At conference time Mr. Page
was elected the member from
our mission to be represented
on the Board of Directors
of Shanghai University - Mr.
Page cannot go, for he's going

Don't know what to do

to attend the Hakka Convention
in Kaying next week. I was
elected alternate, so it is
up to me to go. I dread it
in a way for I feel as green
as St. Patrick's Day in the
morning - and I'll have to
give a report when I get back.
I suppose! On the other hand,
I am rather glad for the
chance to go and meet the
Shanghai University people
again and keep up contacts
there. It seems that this
is a good thing for the
groups of missionaries
in the different sections
to be connected a little
bit. We are separated too
much as it is -

The meeting of the
University Trustees is May 19.

2

The Theological Seminary
trustees have a meeting
on the 18 and we who go
to the other meeting are
asked to sit in at that
one.

I'm expecting to sail from
here this next Saturday
May 12 - and I shall take
the first steamer back
after the 19th -
I'm so sleepy to write

Mae!
----- Next morning
As I read this over I am
reminded of what I have
been trying to teach a
class in letter writing, -
i.e., that they must be
as careful in writing to
relatives and friends as
they are when they write

their most important letters.

Careful in matters, good penmanship etc. ! I'm a shining example, all right !

The Gredts have another boy ! They thought they wanted a girl but they seem to be happy enough to have it a girl now that it has really come.

Margaret Burket cannot possibly see how she can escape having twins - but the doctors are not sure even yet that there are two heartbeats - It is all very exciting !

Mr. Lim goes off on a trip to Siam and Singapore this week, to collect money for the school. It seems the only

hope of clearing up the debt on the new buildings, the principals' house and the boys' dormitory. There are many old students down there in the southern islands who should be willing to give to their Alma Mater - Since the buildings are named for Mr. Page and Mr. Capen there is a special challenge to the loyalty of these students in this appeal to help out their old school in the time of need.

Still, if economic conditions are as low down there as they are here in China now, this trip cannot be an overwhelming success. There is another fly in the

ointment, - a very big one, I
am afraid - Mr. Lim is
way below par physically,
and Velva is greatly concerned
about him -

He has been under a
terrific strain for years
and she says he must
have a rest or there is
likely to be a break which
will be a serious one -

We were all rather alarmed
yesterday when he was
preaching. It was the Father's
& Mother's Day celebration and
he was deeply moved so he
spoke but he lost control
for a number of times and
had to stop to get hold
of himself - It was an effective
message that he gave - and
people were greatly stirred. I

think, but it is not like him
to lose control in such a
way and those who know
him best are worried.

A few weeks ago one of
our finest young men teachers
lost his mind worrying over
family and money matters.

This is a great blow to
us all, but Dr. Ling has
felt it more keenly than

any of us, I suppose -

We have had another thing
to bring discouragement. Jang
Chen, the young man just
back from America who
has been giving such
splendid help in the
English department, went
off to Shanghai in the
spring vacation and now

sends back his resignation -
with not a word of apology.
He has taken a position
with some school or firm
in Shanghai, where he can
get more money!

So the problems grow - and
I hope that you will pray
very specially for Dr. Ling
and for us his helpers
through this summer season -

Things such as I have
written here cannot very
well be published but
they will help you to under-
stand a little of our
situation -

Much love to you

Albie

Don't you think I ought to be able to last for a while on these?

church, general
dress-up

school -

afternoon, prayer meeting,
etc.

special dress-up

1 + 4 were bought
on my way
Baggio two
years ago, in
Hongkong, at a
sale. The
yellow ^{one} had been
I had for Alice
Shan's brown dress.

2 + 3 were
remnants that
came in packages
from New England
women - not enough
for long gowns for
Chinese girls and
not suitable for
short ones -
The embroidered
sash is from
an old dress of
Emily's

red & yellow
print
with blue
embroidery

2
floral white
cotton print
white tulle
top

3
rose
floral
white

4
dainty
floral
yellow
rayon
silk

yes mother,
you may be
proud,
was thinking
"Happy Birthday
on April 3
even if

(98)

I didn't
write + tell you
of -

"S. S. Yochow"
En route to Shanghai
May 14, 1934

Dear One,

I have a pen with me,
but I've already written two
letters and I don't want the
ink to give out entirely before
I get to Shanghai, so I'm
going to use pencil -

Isn't it amazing that
I'm really on my way to
Shanghai once more? Now
I know, though I didn't at
the time, what I tucked down
and made those dresses in
spring vacation! I shall have
a use for them - and as
a matter of fact, if I hadn't

made them then I don't know
just what I should have done
about this trip. They are,
with the aid of the blue buckram
suit that Emily sent, and
the printed silk suit I got
in Portsmouth, the backbone
of my wardrobe just for
this time of year - and do
pretty well for a travelling
outfit. The black hat I
got at home has its little
extra underneath piece taken
out, and is turned up at the
back; it is not too bad.

My old brown coat is the
shabbiest piece I have with
me - I really ought to get
a decent one, but don't believe
I can get one for the price I
have in hand - I'll wear this one

to school every day in the winter time for several years. It was new in 1926(?) -

In case my previous letter may not have caught as fast a steamer as this one does, perhaps I'd better explain that I'm traveling to Shanghai as South China Mission representative on the Board of Managers of Shanghai University. Mr. Page was to have come, but he went to Kaying to the Hakka Convention and so I, as attorney, was the next in line. Mr. Page himself is not very enthusiastic about this business of taking such a long costly trip for a one day's meeting - Mr. Capen, Mr. Dutton, Miss Traver, Talva

Brown and some others,
however, thought that I ought
by all means to come - and
here I am.

Expenses are paid by
the University. I can't have
very much to give, but I
hope to learn something,
and I feel that contact
with the people in another
place is often worth a
great deal. I am very
sure that one of Valva's
reasons for wanting me to
come is that it will be
a little break away from
Kakchik, because I am
planning to stay at home
this summer. Can't afford

It goes away (and then, if it isn't too tanned hot, maybe I can get a few things done that I shouldn't if I went away!)

This steamer is a new one, just out from London in January, and it is really very grand. Only two cabins - My cabin is as good, however, as some I've traveled across the ocean in on bigger boats by far. There's a really good "Chinese" ^{the crew is all of the} ~~company~~ ^{company} ~~at sea~~ ^{travelling} and the whole ship is opulent & span. Haven't seen the captain, but one of the other officers came to dinner last night and made himself most agreeable. The "inmate" of the other 1st class

cabin is a young ^{English} fellow in
Customs who damns missionary
mission work, the natives, and
all religion any way, straight
up and down without mincing
matters. He thinks the American
missionaries are several shades
better than the English, and
seemed surprised - said I
was very lucky, - when I said
I'd met some nice English ones.
Thinks the Americans better
stay at home and do mission
work in New York, though. Says the
missionaries are all to blame
for all the trouble in India -
maybe China too - I wonder
whether he'll despise me more
if I get all "het up" and
answer back or if I just let
him down and let him trample on
me. I can't argue worth a
cent anyway, so I guess I'll

not give him³ the satisfaction
of seeing me lose my temper!
I did tell him that I didn't
see much hope of curing the
deadly enmity between missionaries
and Community people - and
that I had long ago stopped
trying to convince people of
what I knew they couldn't be
convinced of. Said I felt it very
difficult to explain what I felt
to anyone whose sympathies were
dead opposed to mine. He said
he always told missionaries what
he thought of them - in no uncertain
terms - I asked if they told
him what they thought of him,
and when he said no, I said,
"They bottled all those wicked
thoughts up inside of them. Now
just see what a lot of evil
you were responsible for -
all those wicked thoughts cooked

up in good people's minds. You admit they are good people, don't you - at least that their intentions are good?" Yes

he admitted that, but went on to damn the preachers and religion in general - and to say that if the "Yellow Peril" conquers the whole world eventually it will be the missionaries' fault.

When we finally left the table this noon he said, "I'll tell you some more later". I answered, "You'd better think hard, so you'll really have something to say" - !! I'm glad we get to Shanghai to-morrow morning!!

I slept almost all day yesterday - but haven't slept at all today - I have written letters to Charlie Flegg, to

Helea Clark, to Hi Khong,
my beloved "Prodigal Son - or"
who is in San Yut Sen University
in Canton, and now this one to
you. This morning I arranged
the commissions people gave
me in some sort of order -
groceries on one page, Lard
nets and pearl fuckles on
another, books on another, and
so on - I have several pages
full! Shant need to worry
about not having any money to
spend on myself! Wouldn't
have time to spend it if I had it.

I don't know whether you'll
be interested in this letter I wrote
to Hi Khong - nor whether you'll
think it is worth much as a letter
from a teacher to a student - but anyway
here it is! Much love to you - ~~to all~~
Able

(99) Shanghai, May 21, 1937

Dear Cass,

I've had a wonderful time in Shanghai; this is my last day here. It is now about 7 a.m. and I'm in Mrs. Chambers' guest room. The children are having their breakfast and I'm supposed to sleep as long as I can for I got rather tired this last week and I have a strenuous day ahead of me, boarding the steamer tonight to get ready to sail at daybreak to-morrow. I can't write to you about my trip now because I haven't time and probably shan't have before leaving Shanghai. This isn't much of a letter, but I want you to have something from me from Shanghai - and then I'll try to write more in detail later, possibly after the

steamers & Hotel -

I had ~~breakfast~~ at Beaman's
the morning I arrived, but I wasn't
allowed to stay there all night.
I went out that night with the
Hylberts and stayed with them
till Friday morning, going into town
for shopping each day. Then
went out to the college Fri. a.m.
with D. H., and stayed there
until Sunday a.m.; came in & had
dinner with Mrs. Cressey - then
came here -

More later

Love,

Abbie

(100)

S.S. "Sin Kiang"
En route to Swatow
May 23, 1934

Dear One,

On my way up to Shanghai
I slept all the first day and
diligently wrote letters all the
second day - But alas, going
back I don't know whether I shall
do the same or not. I followed
the first day's program all right -
did nothing but sleep yesterday,
but when it comes to writing
letters today - my head and
my head both feel as heavy as
lead and there is a very strong
inclination to do some more
sleeping! - - - - -

I wrote the above about 10 o'clock,
then immediately peeled over on the
bed and slept soundly until 12.30.
The second officer was at two
meals yesterday but this noon in
the first time the captain has
appeared - We have sat talking

until now it is after two o'clock -
and I don't know whether I have
any more pep to write that I had
this morning really!

For one thing we are getting farther
south and it is very much warmer
than it was. For another, the captain
says there is report of a typhoon
brewing to the south of us and if
that is true that helps to make the
air feel muggy - I have been
very comfortable in my suit until
now but I've got the jacket off and
this afternoon I shall shed the
rest of it for good. If it doesn't
rain when I land in Swatow
I'm O.K. for my "spring" clothes
are all ready on the wash tub and
I've just got a couple of summer
ones left in reserve. I'm coming
out just right on clothes this trip
but if I had been in Shanghai
two days longer I couldn't have
managed without getting some laundry
done, and that was difficult when

2

I was trotting around from
one house to another.

Let's see, how much did I tell
you in that brief note I wrote from
Shanghai the other day - ? Not much,
I guess - I'd better begin over again.

Landed in Shanghai early Tues. A.M.

Reaman's man came to meet me
and took me over to 382 Ave.

Joffre, where I really expected to
stay the first three days - I had
breakfast there and while at the
breakfast table two ladies came in;
they introduced themselves as Miss
Archer and Miss Denison, but for some
reason that didn't mean anything to
me, until, after I had told my name
one of them said "Oh, you are Mabel
Robell's friend!" Then I knew they
were Letty Archer and Myrtle Denison
of West Chester - We had a good
talk and I was so glad to see
them.

As soon as I was up from the breakfast table I had a phone call from Mr. Taylor to welcome me and also to tell me that Mrs. Bonsfield wanted me to come out to her friends' house for tea that afternoon, and that the Hyberts wanted me to come to stay with them.

At nine I went to the Mission Treasurer's office and delivered letters and got some checks cashed, then started out on my shopping. I had many things to get of many people - most of them little things - but it took a good deal of running around. I managed to get out to have tea with Mrs. B. & Co. That night I went to stay with the Hyberts. They picked me up at the Mission Building in their car and took me out to

Beaman's where I collected my baggage and tried to pay my bill. He let me pay the taxi from the boat, but shouldn't take anything for my breakfast - said I didn't come often enough to let me pay for one little breakfast. I insisted that he let me pay a little tip to the man who came to get me at the boat. At first I thought he was peeved because I didn't stay with him - but he was so lovely and cordial about it that I decided to accept his kindness at face value. I told him I might be coming back to stay Sunday night but I couldn't tell, and he was very cordial about that too.

Well, at the Hyllerts I had a grand time, of course. They are

such fine people!

Mr. Hyldert drove me in town
Wednesday and Thursday mornings
and back again at night (yes, he did)
and I managed to get most
of the shopping commissions
attended to. Wednesday night they
took me to the Community Church
annual supper. We three sat at
the table with Mrs. Lockwood, wife
of the Y. M. C. A. director in Shanghai.
After a not-too-long business meeting
we saw a brief play put on by
the Woman's Auxiliary - Barnes
"Jewels-Pound Look" which was
very entertaining. I saw a great
many people of whom I have
known for many years; some
who were at Kuling in 1920 -
and some who were at Kuling
last summer.

Thursday p.m. Ethel took
me to an attractive musical

movie "Melody of Spring" which
was very good - Some good music,
pretty scenery - and very laughable.
(^{somebody said} I enjoyed it thoroughly -
Right after dinner Mr. Hybert
began to say - "Well, are we
going?" and I wondered what
next - The upshot was that
in the evening we dressed up ^(as per ~~him~~ ^{him})
and went to the Amstein
Dramatic Club's performance of
"A Ten-minute Club" - which was
quite exciting from beginning to
end - a good detective story.
I was glad to see it but I
really think that was one reason
I was so sleepy in the Seminary
meeting next morning - ~~that was~~ ^{ago}.
Mr. Hybert had to go to
the meeting too, so I drove out
with him. In the morning
session I was the only woman

and I think the only one who
did not speak mandarin - They
translated some of it into English
but there was much that I did
not get and the whole thing has
just strengthened my conviction
that I must get more Mandarin
as soon as possible, and that
I must get it even if I have to
take some of my meager savings
in America to do it with, although
I don't want to do that - I'll
begin this summer and get a
teacher if I can - ^{right in Suifu} then perhaps
go to the Peking Language School
next summer - if I can arrange
classes in June - Oh - I don't
know how to manage it - but I
feel that I must if I'm to be
as useful as I can be -

The Seminary Meeting was a
conference which included Board
Members, and Chinese pastors, both

Northern and Southern Baptist. I was really just a listener there, and was invited only because I was attending the University meeting the next day.

The big problem of the Seminary just now is to know whether to continue the lower grade work - two year course - or not. Some Southern Baptists largely - are in favor of continuing the low-grade work so that there will be leaders for churches who can't afford higher grade pastors - Others - Northern Baptists mostly - are in favor of cutting out the low grade work - and raising the standard of requirements so that the theological students will be looked up to as the campus and will get rid of their present alleged inferiority complex. The argument is, on this side of the question, that there are

other places, such as Manning
Seminary, where the lower grade
students can be trained and
thus a duplication of work
be avoided. The argument
on the other side of the question
is that if the shorter course
is cut out, the country constituency
will consider that the University
is ignoring them, and will therefore
fail to give the support which
the Seminary must have if it
is to live. As I see it, things
are just about at an impasse
and how the affair can be
managed to suit all concerned
is a very serious question. Frankly
the University has some bitter
enemies among the Southern Baptists

particularly ⁶ and any single move
made by University or Seminary
that does not click with their
ideas is brought up as evidence
against the Institution - or as
he must now say - institutions
for since the coming of registration
with the government, the two
schools must be on a different
basis -

The cry of the present Seminary
Faculty is for more Chinese members.
At present 3 out of 4 are foreigners
and they all feel that religion
will not get its full place
in the life of the college until
more of the religious teachers
are Chinese; I think that is right.
Saturday morning at the meeting
of the Board of Directors there were
more women present; Miss Zimmerman,

and Mrs Esther Long, neither of whom I have ever met before - and Mrs. Chambers. That meeting was all in English - There, the problem of the Seminary took up a good share of the time. The president's report, treasurer's report - and some others were given orally - and reports of the various departments in typewritten form were passed around for our perusal.

There was a Board of Directors Dinner given at President Lin's house in honor of Mrs. Mrs. Higgs and Mrs. Knabe who are soon leaving for America.

Mrs Zimmerman and I, with a Chinese man from the China Christian Educational Association (Mr. Wood(?)) were the resolution committee and immediately after the feast we went to Dr. White's sitting room and struggled with the wording of the three or four things we wanted to say, namely, appreciation of 1) Dr. Franklin's efforts in behalf of the University, 2) Dr. Lin's success in America and the cordial

reception given him by the churches
and 3) splendid way the faculty carried
on in Dr. Liu's absence, especially
good work of Dean Van - I can't
say I ever enjoy being on a
resolutions committee but they
passed it all without a murmur
so I suppose it was satisfactory!
Miss Gunnerman is a good person
to work with.

Dear me! I have left a lot
out of my story. Friday night I
went in town again with the
Huizingas and the Lins to dinner
at the Taylors. That was a
happy occasion, for I had a good
chance to talk with Dr. Lin and
Mrs. Lin (Frances Willard Wong Lin) before
and after dinner, and I sat between
them at the table - (The Taylors used
to be in West China and they knew
Mabel Borell too - Every one speaks
so highly of her.)

I went back out to the college
with them all, and stayed at Roman
Hall - with Miss Knapp, Miss Root,
and Miss Byrd. I had already
seen the three Siam Chinese girls
and they had made arrangements
for me to have breakfast with them
at Roman's Hall. I warned them
not to have but one dish for breakfast,
but they had about 21 kinds: Chicken,
and mushrooms - and all sorts of
things - It was good to see the
girls again - But that big

Chinese breakfast, and the feast
at noon, made me wonder how
I should ever eat any dinner
that night, at the Beaths' (who
used to be in South China). That
afternoon at four there was a
Faculty tea in honor of the Directors
in Dr. White's garden. At five p.m.
I was to meet Thien Hoh - younger
brother of T. J. Ling, who is studying

in the seminary there. By great good luck, Henry Hung, son of Ma Hung in New York who sent me so many things, came over from St. John's that afternoon to see a friend, so Thien Hoh (Harold Ling) brought him along too and we had a grand chat for nearly an hour.

Then I rushed into my dinner clothes and over to make a short call on Dr. Lai and his wife & Wong - who used class to be in South China. I saw Mrs. C. C. Chen two or three times while I was on the campus - but didn't have a long time with her. She is always so very cordial - she is dean of women at the college now - gave up the principalship of Bridgman Academy for this task. (The ones who have been

dear since they invited me
have not been marked success
in some ways, I understand -

I suppose it is small-spirited
of me to thank my lucky stars
I didn't have to go through the
agony of failing in that
position, as I feel quite sure
I might have done - Mrs. Chen
is splendid for the place, of course.

After dinner at the Beaths
we went over to the Assembly Hall
and witnessed a very good
presentation of the balcony scene
from Romeo and Juliet and the
"Shylock" scenes from The Merchant
of Venice by Miss Byrd's Shakespeare
class. That was especially interesting
to me - the pronunciation was unusually
fine - Another treat was meeting

the cast afterwards at Woman's Hall when Miss Byrd had them over for punch, cake and ice cream. The bloodthirsty

Shylock - splendid in his role, proved to be a very shy, retiring Christian boy whose fiancée, Moonbeam, protested wasn't a bit like Shylock! Everybody had a good time and before they went home, they presented little gifts to Miss Byrd and to Mrs. Carrer and Mrs. Vaughan who helped train them; two lace tinted handkerchiefs, a heavy embroidered linen tea cloth, and two (?) initial handkerchiefs respectively.

After breakfast next morning

I went to call on Mrs. White. ^{My mother had my first meal at her house where I had my first bath.} I was in very poor health - I had been much of the time. I had a nice visit (15 minutes) with them before I went to the Huezings.

House, ^{from} where I went ^{in the car} with them
to Community church. I had
packed my dirty clothes and some
other things in a bag which I left
at Hylberts, so I wasn't too loaded
down. The Huizingas would not
let me pay a share of the car -
seemed glad to talk with a
friend of Peggy Wellwood's (Peggy's
sister married their son.)

At church I heard Hester Cartwright
Vanderberg sing, - that interested me
because I loved her singing so
in the "Crucifixion" on Kuliang in 1920,
the summer they became engaged.
He is one of the leading ^{athletic} business men
in Shanghai. He was coach at the
American School then.

After church Mrs. Chambers took
me to Mrs. Earl Cressey's, and took
my bags home with her. Delighted
dinner with the Cresseys and
Florence Webster (who was down for
a few days from Hangchow). Met
their pet - a young alligator about

9

13 inches long, who lives in the bath tub and eats nothing about 6 months of the year. A very intriguing pet but one I'd rather watch in someone else's home than have to take care of myself, I think!

At 3.30 Mrs. Chambers came and took me with a friend of hers to see a marvelous display of flowers on Buttrick Hill Road. All kinds and varieties of Cactus, begonia, pond lily, fern, palm, gladiolus, rose, sweet pea, fuchsia, geranium, holly hock, snapdragon, and many more, some of which I'd never heard of before.

Then she took us to the

American School, where I looked
up Dorothy and Stanley Burket
and saw them for a bit. Then
we all went to Mrs. Chambers
for a five o'clock cup of coffee -
(~~to the~~ ^{the} ~~Lyons~~ ^{Lyons} for my bag for the (Tray))
That evening after supper

Mrs. Chambers and I had a
long talk, mostly about Publication
Society affairs. Dr. Williams
and Mr. Tipton, who have
charge of things now, won't let
Mrs. Chambers have any share
of the work. She is well fitted
for some of it - and her heart is
all for it - but she has really
been very shamefully treated,
very much, I think, because they
are afraid she will want to
go in and say "Dr. Chambers
would have done it this way -"

I can't go into all the
 details - but Mrs. Chambers, Dr. Hyatt
 and others - all, it seems, except
 Williams and Tipton - feel this
must be a meeting of the Board
 of Directors. That will mean
 a change of hands, of course,
 which is what Dr. Williams
 does not want. Well - they
 have sent out word that there
 will be a meeting, but they ^(well) ^(etc.)
 don't feel there are funds from
 the Society to pay fares of
 people from Swatara and
 Canton nor from the Inland
 Mission up north. Mr. Hyatt
 feels they can afford it, and
 will so vote if a Directors' Meeting
 can be held. Well - it is rather

a man. They kindly expressed
to me the wish that I might
stay up there for the meeting -
(June 19 & 20) but of course that
was impossible. I wonder
how it all will turn out!
(Edna Smith and Mr. Gied are the real
representatives from the mission.)
Monday morning after breakfast
Mrs. Chambers took mine and my
belongings and started out. I
finished up the tag ends of
my shopping - collected Edith
Davis' pen which had been
left for repairs and a new
spring coat which I have
had made (black and white
tweed, price 48 mex or about \$18 gold)
tried to buy some roses for
Kenneth Hobart but was
unsuccessful; then went to the
Mission Treasurer's. Got all
my Shanghai dollars (about twenty!)

11
changed into silver which I
can use in Swatow - then
loaded up the car with all
the articles which are being
sent down to the various people
in Swatow - and went down
to the boat. Got my things
safely stowed in the cabin, then
Mrs. Chambers brought me back
to the Missions Building and
I said goodbye to her. I was
just in time to meet Dr. Lai,
as we had arranged, and he took me
for Chinese lunch to a new Chinese
restaurant. Then he took me
out and put me in a taxi and
I got out to Shanghai college just
in time to go (it was at Dr. Lin's
invitation) with Dr. Lin, and Prof.
& Mrs. Newmyer of the University
of Southern California, ^{visiting them for a month} on a sight-seeing
trip. I had told Dr. Lin I was not

sure I could make it, for it
was quite a rush - and' as it
happened I just barely made it.
But I wouldn't have missed that
trip for anything! We went to
the University Social Settlement Center -
first into the nursery where forty
small children lay sleeping -
getting their afternoon nap - watched
over by the nurses(?) or leaders -
then on out to the playground where
a hundred or more children were
playing - ~~this on Saturday too!~~ ^{no it was Monday!}

H. L. then took us to a branch
of the Commercial Press where we
saw printing "in the large", book
binding, etc., just as it would
be done in America. I suppose
the Professor is getting material
for a book - but as for me, I was
getting educated myself and
having a gorgeous time doing it.
After this we drove back out past

¹²
the University of ^{Kiangwan} Kiangwan
where the new Civic Center is
being developed. The Central
Building, with the great official
hall, the mayor's office and
many other offices, was the first
to go up, I suppose. It is
gorgeous - and seeing it
with An Lin was surely the
right way to see it. The
Mayor was out, but we were
admitted to the presence of
Secretary General B. K. Yin, who
is said to be the real power
in that place. He spoke flawless
English, telling us of some of
the labor troubles which have
arisen in the past few days and
of the great difficulty in settling
some of those problems -

Roads for this new Civic Center
are already laid out - parks,
some schools, ^{a few} dwelling houses -
playgrounds, many fair prospects
should induce buyers to
get hold of property and build.
The new plans for Shanghai put
the center of things out there -
that is - the residential center -

On the return drive we
passed through ^{Japan} the Area of the
devastation of 1932 - While much
has been rebuilt, there are still
~~large~~ houses and houses whose
gutted framework presents a
sorry sight to the passerby -
This is the part of the city that
was in flames when I was
here in February 1932, on my way
to Swatow.
We stopped for a moment at the

Chamber of Commerce building,
 they went on past the Chinese
 Y. M. C. A., down Nanking Road
 and out to the National Vocational
 Association Offices where we
 had tea with two of the secretaries.
 Then out Avenue Joffre where the
 Professor and his wife were left
 at their friend's home. Dr. Lin then
 took me back to the Missions
 Building - and we had further
 opportunity for conversation. He
 remembert meeting you in Portland,
 mother -

I went up to the Hyblerts' office
 and Mrs. Taylor's office
 to say a last good bye and
 thank you to them & then down
 on the street to get myself a
 frivolous Saturday Evening Post
 to read on the trip down, and
 a chocolate ice-cream soda to

remember all the hot summer
days this year when I can't
have any!

By that time the Rons had
arrived for me to go to the
University Alumni Club where
Dr. Lin had invited me for
dinner. In a way that was
the climax of my seven days in
Shanghai. I was greeted most
cordially when I entered the
room - although Dr. Lin had
not ^{yet} come - and in the half
hour before dinner was served
I had exceedingly interesting
conversation with Mrs. Wang,
W.C.T.U. Secretary (with Mrs. Lin) who
goes to Sweden to the World W.C.T.U.
convention next month and then on
to America for two years' study at
Crozer, with Mr. Chiang the secretary
of the Alumni Association, with

Pastor Roo of the North Shanghai Baptist Church, and with Mr. Woo, a young journalist who is connected with one of Shanghai's leading newspapers -

There were two tables of us when we finally were seated, and the ones at my table were seated thus:



Of those at the other table I remember only three distinctly, one woman who is ⁱⁿ insurance business, another, a Min Chen who is in the

Christian Literature Society (a friend and classmate of our Miss Chen (Tay Chien Hui, whom I have just named Christina Chen) and Mr. Lin of the Y. M. C. A. here in the city. There was much joking and good fun at the expense of Miss Chen and Mr. Lin, who have just become engaged.

At the discussion group after the tables were cleared away, they asked me to tell about Swatow. I didn't say much - but I did have a chance to thank Dr. Lin in public for the royal way he has treated me on this trip - said if he got out of a job I'd like to recommend him as a personal conductor of tours around to see the high spots of the world - but did

15

not think, from all I had
seen, that he would be likely
to lose his job very soon for
he seemed to be greatly
needed to lead the University
on to still greater success
than it had already attained.
Said we were always happy
to send students up to Brabham
and told them how I enjoyed
being there with them in that
particular group - Said I was a
teacher of English grammar -
and they had ^{all} graduated from
that kind of thing long ago
~~but~~ didn't want to hear a
long speech from a grammar
teacher, but I wanted to hear
what they were going to talk about,
etc.!

Mr. Lin ^{the Y. M. C. A.} was the leader of
the discussion that followed.
It was in mandarin and I
couldn't get much - but it was
all about how to deal with
Japan in the Christian way -
"Can't be done in a day" he said.
"This generation won't finish the
job, but if we start the thing
right, the next generation will
have a chance to accomplish
some thing". Then they talked
about the need of more really
consecrated Christian leaders and
Christian teachers - of the great
value of what students get from
teachers outside the classroom.

The whole thing was a great
inspiration to me. There seems
to be a truly Christian atmosphere
about the place and especially

in that Alumni group - It was
 a great glimpse of the contribution
 that that University is already
 making and is going to make
 to the national life of China -
 I can't be thankful enough
 that I accepted Dr. Liu's
 invitation for Monday evening
 as well as for the afternoon.

A little after eight the
 party broke up - They were all
 so cordial - made me feel
 like one of their own, really -
 Dr. Liu took me in a car
 right down to the dock and
 put me on the steamer - then
 said goodbye -

Now - I know I haven't
 told all of it - but what

do you think of that for a
week in Shanghai? Don't
you think I ought to be
satisfied to stay at home
this summer even though
Swatow does get pretty hot?
This has certainly been a wonderful
break in the year's work for me -
and I ought to have paper enough
to last for another year, I think!

May 25 -

Your package was waiting in
the postoffice when I arrived in
Swatow - just the "sweet" things I
want - but you shouldn't have done
it. I shall luxuriate in the woodboring
things - and the talcum is lovely, too -
we had to be very sparing of it
lately - Glad to have Penelope
and the fashion books -

Many many thanks, and

Much love
- Abbie -

Suataw, China

June 13, 1934

Dear Gus,

Isn't this dreadful? Over two weeks since I wrote to you - and I have been having qualms of conscience about it for the last week - but still have been too lazy to get down to business and write the letter.

My principal excuse is that I have had the extra burden of typhoid injections and it pretty nearly knocked me out. I don't know that I have ever minded it as much as this before. There were three shots - a week apart - and the second was the worst of all. I had the first ~~two~~ on Saturday night, ^{evening} hoping that the worst might be over by Sunday morning, but it wasn't! The second time I had to give up and

go to bed for a few hours - This
last Saturday night there was a
big Young Peoples party - farewell
to Mrs. Capon and Miss Culley - so I
didn't get to sleep until Sunday a.m.

It wasn't so bad this time, though.
I felt rather "abused" during church
time, - couldn't get my arm in a
comfortable position - but I managed
all right.

June 17 -

Now it is all the way to Sunday again
and this letter not yet finished! I
don't know what you will think of
me - Nobody else has had a letter
from me, either! Things are getting
up speed and we are going to
have a hard time, I am afraid,
to get everything in that has to

!!!
(3 weeks!)

be done in the next two weeks -
 Matella leaves for America the 30th -
 Reviews began this last week at
 school and senior exams come this
 week - the others the following week.
 It seems to me I have thought
 very very little this term.

This last Friday night was my
 turn to lead our Academy Faculty
 prayer-meeting, and now I'm glad
 that is over. Yesterday afternoon
 the Junior W. W. G. had their final
 meeting for the term. They invited
 me to be one of their advisers next
 term, to help Miss Olivia Lee take the
 place of Miss Cubley while she is gone -
 Last night I had the class
 of which I am the adviser
 here for games and refresh-
 ments - I'd like to go

into detail - but this letter will
not get sent if I do - Had
a good time -

Today - went to S. L. church,
practiced music after church,
attended music committee meeting,
went to the hospital to see Beatrice
Ericson, who was operated on for
appendicitis a week ago Friday -
she's getting along very well -

At 1.30 I went to Y. P. and
from there, with "the bunch" to
the Y. M. C. A. mandarin service
to sing - Then I went out to
see Mrs. Speicher to get her to
come over Wednesday night
for a little farewell supper to
Markell, a surprise.

~~For the~~ ^{this} evening Marion and I
have been around seeing the people
about Wednesday and I think the
single women are all coming -
The Burkets have a new boy!

Much love, Abbie

I must not forget to tell you
how I am enjoying my
birthday soap, powder, and
other things. The pretty
safety-pin holder is adorning
my bathroom wall and
is going to be an extremely
useful as well as good-looking
adjunct to that room. Did
you make it? Bet you did!

Love again

A.

Will you
return this
blank for me
and me 25¢?
Dear ones,

Suataw, China
June 24, 1934

We have been waiting and waiting for American mail and at last it has come - I don't get very much these days, for I have written so few letters myself - Today I had four, from each of you people, so I feel rich - (May 15 and May 27) Glad to know Mother's dizzy spell was no worse than it was - Do be careful! We don't want them to get chronic again!

Let me see, mother you asked about me in the wedding picture - My hat has no band on it, and it looks like a white felt one. I do have a fur around my neck. If you draw a straight line down from Eleanor Ruth Hobart (last in line in wedding group), the line would go through my

Lat on the right hand side of it.
I look perhaps as though I am
sitting right behind a man who
is on the next to the front seat,
but I really am not. There is
a woman with a dark hat on
in the row between me & the man.
How can you find me?

By this time you have the
news that I am planning
to stay here the most of
the summer. I shall be
in Double Island at least
the first two weeks of August,
but mail comes & I write
just the same. There is
a bare possibility that I
may pick up and go to
Hongkong for a week before
school begins, & get a

little more of a change - and then again, I may not at all. But I shall go no farther away than H. R. anyway -

Well - we are on the last lap of school now - I have all my exams made out for to-morrow - have my senior exams all corrected and the averages will be finished to-morrow morning - To-morrow I shall make out the exams for the two remaining classes - Then the rest of the week I shall correct papers just as fast as I can after the exams are finished - I want to begin my vacation as soon as possible.

My fingers are itching to
get at some boxes, desk
drawers, trunks, etc - and
to have a regular house cleaning,
such as I haven't had for
years - because I haven't stayed
at home long enough when I
wasn't teaching school - !

I'm wondering whether the
choir will continue to function
during the summer. The
church has invited them to,
but the two leading sopranos
are dormitory students and
won't be here - I hope they
will do it, though - I'm going
to be here the first month -
and it will be good for
them not to drop out of
things altogether just because

3

it is hot weather -

Our Young People's Society
may sleep in the hot weather;
very often it closes down al-
together, but this time we
are going to make the meetings
a little different, have more
singing, have it in the
evening, and have it at
our house (The Capens are
leaving in a week or two now -)
The rest remains to be seen.

Much love to you -

Abbie

Tell Uncle George & Aunt Fannie that
the sound of their 53rd anniversary
clams certainly did make
my mouth water! (over)

Since writing this, I have heard that Dr. Frank Ashmore has suddenly died; an explosion when he was making fizzy water (soda pop) out in his back yard sent glass all over the yard and cut his eye ^{army} and all his face badly. About 50 stitches were taken and healed, but an antrium infection set in and he went very suddenly. You may have heard this all long ago -

It does seem tragic - the letter from Mrs. Ashmore written after her nurse (I suppose she has to have one all the

time now) had put her out on the sun porch (with all the paper pen & things & into with) seemed so pitiful. "Of course God can't make a mistake but it is very hard to see how this can be test." She would have been so glad to die in his place!

He is their oldest child - and only son - A wonderful doctor, people say - and the main stay of his parents. Surely this is a hard time for these veteran missionaries, and indeed hard & understan.

P.S. I laugh when I think
about Baby Bonnets - this
weather - I've made them
of little fine pink and white
wool (knitted) But mine was
so small that by next
winter the baby will be
altogether too large for it
A boy - did I tell you?
in each case - Girdles &
Baskets -

Yes - the Stephens girls do look
alike - and I can see, I
think, where you feel they
look like Freda - Though
they don't, really!

Clara Leach is in London
by this time -

My hair is still long - but these
last few days of hot weather make me think
it will not remain so all summer!

Sevastopol, China

July 8, 1934

Dearest One:

I'm surely getting into bad habits again about writing. Each week I mean to reform, and then I put it off a week.

Well - Mailee sailed from Hong Kong for America the 4th of July, I suppose - She left here Saturday, a week ago yesterday, in a cloud of - what shall I say? better say, on the crest of a high wave of packing, sorting, putting away things to leave here, instructions to the servants, and a stream of visitors who kept coming to say goodbye - That is mixed metaphor - but every thing was mixed up. This last part of the term she had to take on six extra periods of teaching for

the English teacher (a Chinese man just back from America) who left us in the lurch at the end of the first month. That was a great burden to her - I had only three extra from his schedule, but I had a heavier schedule than Mr. D. began with.

The next day after Mattie went was Sunday. I had finished all my exams and grades had been sent in; the 1.30 p. m. meeting at Mr. Copens had been changed to 7.30 p. m. at my house, and I rested all afternoon - with the glorious knowledge that I didn't have to get up and do anything or go anywhere the whole blessed afternoon - That was restful. The days since then have not been so restful.

Monday morning I began to study Mandarin. I have a Peking man

whose father is in the Customs in
 Swatow. He comes over every
 morning, arriving at 8 a.m. and
 I study for an hour and a half -
 He is a born teacher and if I
 only had a little time to practice
 by myself later on in the day I
 could get some where this month,
 perhaps — Yet — one hour or so
 a day just one month out of the
 twelve — I really don't know how
 much it can help — He is encouraging
 me to write character notes — and
 I'm glad of that! I still hope that
 next year I may be able to go to
 Peking to study in the summer — but
 that may only be a dream!

On Tuesday afternoon the meeting of
 the Reference Committee lasted until
 nearly seven p.m. & I was weary enough
 to go to bed early —

Wednesday we had a nice informal

supper out on Edna Smith's lawn.
Nobody was equal to stunts so we
just sat and talked and had a
good time while we ate salad,

sandwiches, ice cream and iced tea
or hot coffee - And then suddenly
it was time to go to the evening
meeting in the church, - the
opening session of the pre-convention
retreat. I've continued my study of

mandarin each morning, ~~coming~~
going to the church as soon as that
was over - That has kept me
fairly busy - Thursday night after
5 p.m. we had a Woman's Committee

meeting which wasn't all easy on
our dispositions because we had
last week to get the people together.
Friday p.m. at 6.45 the young people
practised singing for three
consecutive pieces which they
had to sing Friday night at the
Retreat, Saturday morning at a by

Funeral, and this morning in church, respectively - Most of the sopranos have gone home - as the altos have divided the honors and they are doing pretty well, I say!

The choir we have now (about 15) is doing pretty well - and I hope they can be persuaded to keep up the singing during the summer months - They all live here.

Yesterday this morning is funeral service was for Pastor Jon, the father of the eight children Miss Hong, Miss Luang, Miss Lee, Miss Hwa (4 girls) and Cheng Hui, Cheng It, Cheng - - - etc (4 boys). The ~~oldest~~ two girls are Miss Hong the nurse, (who wrote about the tiny mite seven inches long who like to box and play tennis - ?) and Miss Luang or Ma Sam - our young people's leader who married the official(?)

We took a quantity of poison, thinking

it was stomach medicine - and
the doctor with him was too
stupid even to give him an
antidote! It is a very sad
thing - Cheryl Dini is just
graduating from our Senior High
school now -

Evelyn Stephens is with us now -
on her vacation - yesterday her
guest, Marion Holmes arrived -
I knew her last year at Stuhary
and before that at Hartford -
It is good to have her here - and
I think she will enjoy it. They
may go to Double Island, but
the Burkett family is down there
and I should think it would be
rather crowded -

Meetings of the Convention begin
to-morrow night - and I, for one,
~~will~~ ^{shall} be glad when the sessions are
over - Reorganization is the
program of the day and I imagine
there will be some opposition -

Some of my work with the Young People will continue this summer but I shall enjoy it. I don't feel a bit as I have some years - when I couldn't get away from everything soon enough - It will be just as well if I can manage to be happy here in the summer - for aside from the course in Peking I want to take by hook or by crook - soon, if possible - I cannot see that I am likely to get very far away for any summer right away -

The General Board workers have just received word of a cut of \$150 Gold per year -

We are holding our breath
lest word of a similar
nature come for us - but
Miss Maine's letter yesterday
said nothing about it so
perhaps there is nothing - I
do hope so!

Love you - a lot -

Abbie

(103)

Swatow, China

July 19, 1937

Dearest One,

Wouldn't you think that when vacation time came I would have a few spare minutes to write to my beloved family? I shall have to do something desperate about it, I think. I seem to be getting worse all the time.

But truly, I don't yet have much of the vacation feeling - The Convention is over, and it was a very good one. There were a few snags, but on the whole

it was an uplifting experience.
A preacher from Canton,
An Sin Se', was the devotional
speaker each morning and
evening - both at the Retreat
and at the Convention. He
gave sane, wholesome talks
that were good for the people,
and I think some of
them have come to
realize that they got a
steadier diet from him
than they would have from
a more sensational preacher.

The closing service, Thursday
night, was the climax of the
meetings in every way.
Two questions of finance

had been ² ~~over~~ faced and settled that
day, responsibility greater
than ever before undertaken,
and the difficult problem
of choosing the foreign
Secretary for the Ling Tong
Convention had been decided.
(Mr. Baker was elected last
March as our Conference
secretary and the expectation
was on the part of the missionaries
that he would receive the
Chinese vote. Mr. Page, however,
is chosen for the Ling Tong ^{managing} Secretary
and Mr. Baker is to work
part time in Swatow Christian
Institute with Mr. Lo and
Mrs. Spieker and Miss Johnson
and part time in evangelistic
preaching throughout the field.

which is what he wants to do.)

The evening message brought a picture of Calvary and its meaning, and it was followed by communion service for all the assemblage of delegates, administered by Lo Mok-sui and Eng Mok-sui, two of our leading pastors. I think it was the quietest service I have ever attended in our Memorial Chapel. It was beautiful.

During the meetings I kept up my Mandarin study from 8 to 9.30 just the same. That made me miss the devotional service. But I had opportunity to hear him at other

times - and since 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night is the mode of a good thing - I decided to do just what I did. Aside from one or two of the evening devotional meetings, I attended all other sessions of the convention.

The day after the convention closed we had a reference committee meeting in which some things were cleared up. Many people felt better about the situation of Mr. Baker and Mrs. Page after we had that meeting. It is the last one before ~~the~~

everybody goes away for the summer - and it was rather long. Let me see: that was Thursday. Can't remember what I did Friday and Saturday, aside from swimming and studying Mandarin, but I really was busy all the time.

One reason I feel so busy is that we have guests now - whom I mentioned in my last letter, I think. Marion Holmes and Evelyn Stephens. Sunday I did get a good rest in the afternoon - Then Velva came over for a while. In the evening I had the young people here until nearly ten o'clock.

Yesterday and today I really have been buzzing along at a speed that I really think is not proper vacation rate. Listen!

Monday 5.30 A.M. Swimming
(240 yards without stopping)

{ 8.00 A.M. Studying Mandarin
9.30

{ 9.30 A.M. With Mrs. Page
11.00 Looking over and sorting all the old millinery material that has accumulated from Mrs. Ackmeisters. Threw away more than a bushel -

{ 2.30 to 6.00 P.M. With Mrs. X
to see about passports and also to make formal call on the consular wife -

(Had a good time. she
fed us iced tea, and
coffee ring just out
of the oven, and while
we were there a Monkey
ward package came and
she opened it right
then and there just as
though we were own
folks - Shoes for her
baby, cool green and
white socks for hot
weather - etc -)

6.30 p. m. over to Mrs.
Sollman's with our whole
household for supper -
and stayed until about 10 -

Tuesday . 5.30 a. m. Swimming
(480 yards without
stopping
learning to kick
a little better .
8.00 to 9.30 studying Mandarin
9.30 to 12 - Over to Mrs. Page's
10.00 working on an old
white hat -

Really had a good rest
 this afternoon - and now
 I'm writing to you - Tonight
 we are going out to dinner
 again, though, to the
 Waters. To-morrow Evelyn
 and Marion Holmes are
 going to Gontle Island
 and the "tumult and the
 shouting" will die a little bit,
 at least I hope so -

From ~~this~~ ^{now} on I hope
 I shall be able to write
 more regularly and more
 fully -

Love you - a lot -
 and that means you two
 and all the others,
 Alice

Swatow, China
July 23, 1934

Dear Ones:

I'd better do a little duplicating if ever I'm to get any letters off to you these days. Each twentyfour hours slips by so swift and smooth and slick that I don't realize it is gone. And yet it is not all smooth sailing, I am here to tell you.

The thing that is uppermost in our minds these days is that Dorothy Campbell is desperately sick. Aweek ago Saturday she went down to Double Island but came back again the next day- sick. Her temperature has been between 103 and 105 ever since. At first they thought it was flu, then dengue, and now they find the blood has a positive typhoid test and the typhoid symptoms are present. We can't get her to eat anything - she says everything tastes so rotten. She has been semi-delirious since yesterday. We take turns caring for her, - Marion and Dr. Lee get her fixed up in the morning, I am with her from 9.30 to 12 or after, then the doctors all come, and one of them stays with her until the next shift. Fennie begins the afternoon period today, and that will relieve the doctors a great deal. I shall keep up the morning period for a few days. Whether or not a nurse will be sent for from Hongkong will depend on whether Dorothy gets worse or better in the next few days. In any case I'll not be needed much longer, as nurse, anyway. If she has a turn for the better there are Chinese from the hospital who can do for her; If the nurse has to be sent for, I may be needed to keep house there- look after the nurse, etc.!

Of course this is bound to make a difference in the vacation plans of a number of people. Velva Brown has been planning a visit to the Matilda Hospital (Hongkong) to have her appendix removed; she expected to leave, in fact, last Saturday. If her holiday is delayed, that will affect the time that Marion and Dr. Lee take their vacations later. As for me, it doesn't matter much. I was planning, - am still planning, for that matter, to go down to Double Island the first of August with Mrs. Page. I shall do that unless I am needed up here. I shall not insist on staying if some way can be planned without me, for I know that Velva feels every missionary who stays here all summer is a potential patient for whom she is responsible. She likes to get everybody away to a place that is at least a little cooler than Swatow.

People who are going on vacations this year have almost all of them gone: Mrs. Worley to Peking to be with Edwin a few weeks before his return to America(she fell, breaking her wrist, in the ships bathtub on the way to Tientsin !); Edna Smith and Elsie Kittlitz to Siam to have their vacation with the Groesbecks; Edith Traver to Formosa(she planned to go to Japan but gave it up at the last on account of the expense); the Waters, Miss Sollman, the Bousfields, and a friend or rather guest of the Bousfield's(Miss Perrin) left yesterday for Baguio. The Burketts are at the island now, with Evelyn Stephens and her friend Marion Holmes. Margaret Burket would "normally" be the one to do the housekeeping for her sister Dorothy, but the new baby rather puts a crimp in that plan !

I have written once to Mrs. Campbell about Dorothy. I held the letter two or three days, hoping for better news to add, but then

decided I'd better send it as it was - Things don't get better very fast!

I am keeping up my Mandarin study from 8 to 9.30 each morning - but that means that I don't get one other thing done - I rest quite a while in the afternoon, for I realize that I must keep up strength for any emergency that comes. I am in good condition physically, but I very much want to keep fit. Even if I must stay on here in August instead of going to Double Island, I shall not study in August. for there are a million letters to write.

Did I tell you about Eva's request for Chinese poems? I enclose her letter and a copy of the ^{original poem} ~~three~~ poems. I chose from our school paper. One of the teachers helped me translate. I told her I feared the translations were not "lovely and appealing" - They couldn't be, written on such topics!

(As I write, it seems to me that I have already sent you these poems - Have I? If so, send these on to Arthur, or Mrs. Webber - or any one who might be interested - Gladys Paul maybe! I wonder if you are seeing her at all this summer - I must write to her -
Much love to all,
Abbie



OAK GROVE SEMINARY

VASSALBORO, MAINE

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPALS

May 29, 1884

My very dear Abbie:

I have been wishing for weeks that I might have an hour that I could call my own when I could write you a real letter to express some of the things in my heart. Now comes something that requires immediate action so I am putting this concern ahead of all the important pre-Commencement things that are clamoring for attention and dashing off a letter about one specific thing.

Earlier in the spring when I learned about an international anthology of poetry from the children of all lands that was to come out in September I submitted some poems by a very talented little girl from a rocky hillside who has been a student here for five years. Much to my joy three were accepted with a delightful personal letter from the editor. I had, by chance, included a poem by a real Spanish girl who was a student here last year and that was also accepted. The editor wrote me in a very friendly way and in replying to her last letter I have told her that if she didn't have all her poems in Chinese complete, I should like to have one of your students have the honor of being considered. It is really a great distinction to have a student's poetry published in an international collection. I shall be overjoyed if this honor may come to one of your pupils.

If your students write poetry (they ought to be under thirteen and must be under sixteen years of age), won't you please, Abbie dear, send typewritten copies of them on the first boat? I suppose you have a Chinese typewriter. If you don't, please have them make the characters so that there can be no confusion and please submit three poems. In this anthology there will also be an English translation on the same page. Will you please, Abbie dear, see that these little translations are lovely and appealing.

I hope you will be as thrilled to try for this honor for some of your pupils as I am to have a part in it.

We are on the threshold of Commencement and you know what that means, and even the nights are very strenuous. We have been saddened by the very unexpected passing of Mrs. Eleonora S. Woodman last Tuesday after an illness of less than a half hour. We were there two days and again all of last evening with the Senator, Mr. Wadsworth. She will be greatly missed and his health is very precarious. I have



OAK GROVE SEMINARY
VASSALBORO, MAINE

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPALS

been asked to write an appreciation of her life and must do that as soon as this letter is finished. It is very difficult.

I shall be thinking of thee, Abbie dear, on June twenty-fourth and sending you loving greetings across the ocean.

With best love always,

Devotedly thine,

Rua

EPO:AEF

(Mrs. Robert E. Owen)

P. S. Thee will reply by return mail, won't thee?

OLD DEERFIELD BOOK

FORWARD!

(To the Swimmers in Our School Contest)

Though the waves be high as those of the Western Ocean,
Though the whirlpools eddy like the Yangtze Rapids,
Even thus;
Yet your desire to reach the other shore can not be stilled.

Push forward; look not back!
Cast not one glance towards the shore behind you;
Don't listen to that sister's cry,
"Brother, stay; the water is too deep!"
Shoot straight forward to the farther goal,
Let not one other overtake you!

Paul says,
"Those who strive are many,
But one only wins the race."
But see!
Yonder among the crowd
There is your sweetheart with a handful of flowers;
Her heart beats high with eager hope,

Oh see!
You are past the mighty middle current now,
The water flows more smooth,
And see!
The wild waves have lost their fury now.

Forward, there!
Forward, there!
Straight to the center of that waiting crowd,
Forward - Push on!
Forward!
"Those who strive are many
But one only wins the race."

(Written on the day of the School Swimming Contest.)

Chen Chih Chung
(Age 14)

June 6, 1934.

Rickshaw Puller, Pull Fast!

Oh, Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
The hot yellow clouds reflect the color of your tired face,
As you stand weary and hungry;
Vaguely I hear your sobbing sigh,
Your sweat and blood are dripping on the ground,
Walked upon by the indifferent feet
Of those who pass unseeing by.

Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
Ting a ling! Ting a ling!
That is your cry -
It is the sign of your future success;
The dust of the city streets
And the noise of the market place
Can only be washed away
By the sprinkling of your sweat!

Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
In this world of people to-day,
It is the time when you must struggle
Only by the sweat of your brow,
Can you get your daily rice and bread.

Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
Drag all the proud bad ones down and throw them into the sea!
Down with those fine ladies who only spend - but never toil -
Down with them - to the last one!
Then will begin a new life,
Light will come through darkness -
Pull, Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!

Chen Shun Wei
(Age 13)

May 15, 1934.

WAKE UP, OPPRESSED ONES!

Wake up, oppressed ones!
China is in danger, like a heap of piled-up eggs;
Powers from without, surrounding, threaten us,
When shall we be freed from the tyranny of slavery?

Wake up, oppressed ones!
Among all those who govern us now
Is there one who will not strip us, flog us, plunder us?
When, oh when shall we be freed from the tyranny of this
slavery?

Wake up, oppressed ones!
If we will shake free from the pain and the suffering,
We must look for help to none other, - only to ourselves!

Wake up, oppressed ones!
Look carefully to see who are your enemies:
Without, the oppressors of our country;
Within, the traitors of our country;
If we will shake free from pain and suffering,
We can look only to ourselves for help!

Chen Huang
(Age 15)

January 15, 1934.

Douglas Island, Iroquois

August 1, 1934

Dear Ones,

Just arrived and had my first meal down here and now I am so sleepy that it seems I must get a nap at once. But Enid came down with a party of her young people, and there will be a chance to send back mail by her, so I must put off my drowsiness for a short half hour and write a little scribble to my beloveds -

I had not been anticipating the vacation down here with any great degree of pleasure. But somehow, with so many tag ends of things to do - with my study every day, with the young people to think about, and their music to plan for each week - prayer-meeting to go to, a guest in the house - yes, two guests - and visitors coming in often to sit - I was getting very eager to get away to a quieter place -

This morning when I awoke the rain was coming down gently. About 6.30 it poured in torrents ^{but} but 8.30 it was clear and we loaded the things and ~~we~~ rowed down in just an hour, with (9.30 to 10.30)

favorable tide, of course. Our things were
unloaded, and the Baskets things loaded
on to the same boats, in about an hour
and a half - and they got off for Kachich.
I arranged the zinnias, little sunflowers,
and marigolds which I brought down from
our garden, while Mrs. Page was getting out
the knives and forks - and about one o'clock
we sat down and did justice to a good dinner.
Mrs. P.'s cook (father of Hing Tek - the "boy down in
China") and our boy, A Kin, will get along
well, I think. They have both been here several
times and know the ropes -

Velva left for Hong Kong last Saturday. She
probably had her appendix out today. I am
leager to hear -

Dorothy is much better, but Evelyn is still
nursing her and she has a Chinese nurse at
night.

After I get some sleeping done I hope to tackle
my pile of correspondence. But not today, please!

Didn't Charles Flagg write beautifully about Sadie's
operation? It must be dreadful for them all, but
as they are - That is the proper spirit! I must
write to them soon - Much, much love
Athe

Swatow China
(Donghai Island)
Aug 5, 1934

Dear Cues,

Mrs. Page and I

came down here August 1
as we planned - and I
have had four days of
marvelous rest - Swimming
twice a day - glorious blue
water, salt and warm
near shore, cooler farther
out - I don't go out
very far - I already have
a very healthy sunburn -
and hope to get more -
I'm eating like a horse -
hope I get a little fat!
Three of the Chinese girls
were down from Swatow today

and they say that my
sunburn makes me a
little more beautiful(!) -
although they can't see
that I'm any fatter yet!

Last month I studied
Chinese so this month I am
taking a complete rest from
that. I must get down to
letter writing pretty soon, though.

Last night we went to
a supper up on the next
hill - Scandal Point - they
call it, because everybody
goes there to sit in
the evening and they
relate all the scandal
they have heard during
the day or the week!
About thirty were there -

Baptist missionaries (2),
 Presbyterians (2) —, customs people,
 Standard Oil people, Steamship
 people — about 40 people in
 all. Mrs. Stocker invited us
 and although some other
 people furnished some of
 the food, apparently — yet
 the brunt of it came on her —
 a whacking good feed —
 cold chicken, fried
 potato chips — vegetable salad —
 baked beans (baked 3 days!)
 Ham, dill pickles, hot dogs,
 olives, orangeade, apple pie
 a la mode, cake, coffee!
 Needless to say, I didn't
 eat all these things! This
 party was really to celebrate
 the birthday of the Stockers
 20 year old daughter Bessie

who was married last
December. - Her birthday was
August 3 - and as her father
says "The next day all
Europe was plunged in war!"

Very nice party - useful - nothing
anyone had to do - not even
talk, if you didn't feel so
inclined -

Dorothy Campbell was better
when we left Wednesday &
and we have had no word
from Katchick since - Ibra
has gone to Hongkong and we
suppose she has had her
appendix out by this time,
but no word from her yet -
I hope she will get well
from the operation fast
enough so that she
can come up here in time

To be with me here the last week in August. I had hoped to go to Hong Kong for a week and come back with her, but it cost too much -

I am returning the cards for the bank. I hope they are properly filled in -

It seems so long since we have had any mail! The boy goes up to Katchick tomorrow and I surely hope he will bring some back with him -

Wish you could be transported here and see how we are fixed - Simple life, but good for resting - Love & aff. Bessie

(106)

Double Island

August 12, 1934

Dear Ones,

Seems to me I wrote
a letter a week ago, but I have
no record of it, as maybe I
didn't. I received your two last
week, though, telling about the
contemplated and the accomplished
visit to the Lahey clinic. I am
much relieved that there has
been a check up. Do you feel
it was as thorough as it
ought to have been - and have
you been any stricter about
obeying rules since then?
Mother - tell me the truth - you
know!

You will want to know first
of all that I'm getting a grand
good rest down here - Nothing

very exciting going on - but
there's swimming twice a
day - and I'm getting
brown all over legs, arms,
neck, back, and face! Don't
know whether I have gained
a pound or not - That doesn't
really concern me much as
long as I'm feeling as fit.
Mrs. Page thinks I look
much more rested than I
did when we first came
down - I feel more relaxed,
I know!

I haven't really got settled
down to letter-writing yet. Thursday
I got well started sorting out
my letters and making the
list of those which must be
written. (By this a.m. that
list had mounted to 94!) I kept
at it as long Thursday, though, that I

didn't have ² ambition to look at
a letter all day Friday and all
day Saturday. Today I have
written six but it only crosses
two off the "list"!

Yesterday we had some excitement.
Pleasure seekers who came down
for a swim in the morning
lost control of their launch and
it was blown ashore on our
bathing beach and pounded
as hard into the sand by the
breakers that it couldn't be
lifted. In one short afternoon
the people of the little village
down here ~~had~~ ripped that petty
little launch all $\frac{1}{2}$ pieces and
were fighting over every last
bit of board, nail, or glass
window. We saw them carrying
off things all afternoon - Blankets -
tin of oil - pieces of machine - every -

"last least little" thing. When we came up from bathing at 6 p. m. it was all gone except the bottom "spine" of the boat and the propeller with the shaft. They were shoveling that out of the sand. Such a pity! All through carelessness. They say that the chief owner is a rich man, but the young man who was sailing her yesterday was part owner and it will go very hard with him. It is told that he told the Honolulu people when he had to abandon the launch that they might have the remains - But they would have had them anyway; it is the custom to salvage anything that can be salvaged

3

from ship-mast and get what
you can out of it. They had
begun to take things away
and rip the thing to pieces
before it was abandoned -
Vultures - that's what it
looked like to me!

Today Marion and Evelyn were
down - but just for a minute.
we saw them in their bathing
suits - They came down with
the Ohlans for the sail and a
dip but they went right back.
They brought no news, however -
Dorothy is as much better that
Evelyn is going home to Ketyay
to-morrow. Kebra had her

appendix taken out at the
Matilda Hospital in Hongkong
last week Friday - It proved to
be $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long - and there was

or has formed since, I don't
know whether a blood tumor,
which was to be opened whatever
day the letter was written.
I have written to Yelva every
day, though I haven't had
chance to mail a letter each
day. But she may still be
too sick to enjoy mail. Maybe
I'd better cut down on it a
little until I get further word
from her! I haven't written
long letters, though!

We have a very quiet life
here. Mrs. Page and I. We are
up for breakfast at 7.30 - sometimes
I'm up reading before that. Then
we have morning prayers in
Chinese, and then before long
it is time to go in bathing.
I have a huge native straw
hat that I got for 30¢ as I

drape it over my head and
 lie sprawled in the sand by
 the half-hour. I should stay
 longer if I had nothing else
 to do! After I come up I have
 a good soapy rinse-off and
 wash out any towels or handker-
 chiefs that happen to be hanging
 around. Then is my time to
 write letters but I've been reading
 and dawdling and doing
every thing else but, so far!

After dinner, naps, then
 more of whatever I'm doing
 that day, then tea! After
 that, swim again, take
 a swift non-soapy rinse -
 then it is time for supper -
 After supper we rig up an
 extra mosquito net and put
 a little table and two chairs

inside it - where we can
read, or write or play rock
in comfort, while the magpies
and other beasties gnash their
teeth - on the outside of the net!

Dress is reduced to a
minimorum, for me - brassiere,
(and its lower mate!) slip,
dress, pair of old shoes - And
part of the time two of those
lesser garments are missing!
Comfort is the main thing - I
have more than that on today;
stockings, even; - but that is
because it is stormy, and I'm
cold!

My chief worry now is that my
bathing cap won't last the month.
It has begun to split already
and I have mended it with
adhesive tape - but it will split
again one of these fine days -
Es - since Father ^{is swimming} will probably

continue for me after I get back
from Double Island - I'd better
see about getting a bathing cap
or two - If you know of
anyone who is going where
there is likely to be a sale of
bathing caps - would you have
them get me one if they are
(him)
(her)
(it)?

cheap, and two if they are dist
cheap? [I am quite seriously
considering getting Velda to
get a bathing suit for me -
if there is a sale anywhere -
what would fit her, I could
wear -]

For the cap, black and green
are taboo, unless for trimming.
White, blue, red or yellow -
or transparent - anything
fairly good looking and cheap -
I shap or not strap - either way,

the important points being that
it shall not be too small,
and that the rubber shall
show no signs of crack -
(Oh yes, and cheap - but I said
that before, didn't I?)

Well - more of this nonsense
later -

In the meantime, my love
to you both - and to all the
tribe -

All yours,

Altho

1861-2

Mrs. Page
sends her love.

Swatow, China
(Dongk Island)

August 19, 1934

Dearest Ques,

We have another rainy Sunday! I think Mrs. Page does not like it very much - but I am just having a grand good rest.

Mr. Page planned to come down over last week-end, then again this week-end, but it has been stormy both times. He doesn't like the water anyway, and I'm sure he would not have enjoyed himself if he had come.

It is his turn (the men take turns) to stay on the compound this summer to look after any thing that comes up, or any one who comes. He could get away for week-ends but

he wants fair weather, of course, for a trip down here.

I am very much afraid Velva will not get here before it is time for me to leave. Mrs. Page does not want to stay down here alone, and I cannot blame her, especially if the weather is not good. She would like to stay on a week or two into September but I begin school September 1st. Velva may get back in the first two weeks in September, but if the weather remains cool she will be better off in Kakchik where she can have more of the comforts of home.

I had a letter written by Velva herself the other day; she is still lying on her back, with

gauge drains in her "tummy",
 which she says is the "hurtingest"
 thing she has had for a long time.
 I do hope she comes out of the
 affair without any further
 complications!

I am getting a little discipline
 these days that is good for me, I
 suppose. - At home here it has
 been impossible to economize
 on food because some people
 who live there have been so
 finicky about their eating -
 wait have left-overs served -
 won't eat the same thing twice
 in succession, over-particular
 about having meat, fish, etc.
 very fresh, especially in the
 summer time.

I have felt it to be very wasteful,
 some times, to manage things
 this way, yet was never able

to do much about it and I suppose I have been getting pretty finicky myself.

The Pagers are known to be careful managers, but I never before knew just how careful. Not one scrap of the cheapest Chinese vegetable is thrown away but is brought on again and again, if need be, until it is eaten. Once we had four days in succession. The third and fourth days I was mentally prepared to have it not fit to eat but even in this hot weather, the cook had managed to heat it up until even the last of it was gone. Only twice has there been anything I couldn't eat; one day some left-over bamboo shoots had soured, and the other night some second-day stuffed crabs

tasted too fishy to suit me - I have found myself involuntarily recoiling from a few of these dishes for fear they wouldn't be good - and have decided that it is all nonsense. I was certainly brought up to eat up left overs, and to eat what was on my plate before I could have any dessert, - why shouldn't I do it now? We groan and moan about the high cost of living, and yet because of our old-maid fussiness we spend far more money than is necessary on food. I wonder whether I can start a reform when I get back to Hakelish?

I will say one thing for our cook, however; many many times he

prepares just exactly the right amount of every thing, and there aren't any left overs. But we never have very good roasts of meat because the pieces he buys are so small. He doesn't dare buy good sized pieces for fear ^{there} ~~they~~ will be left over & that we won't eat it!

Not much of this down here!
Another thing that I have always rebelled at inwardly is Mabel's idea of opening the especially good things when she is there alone or when there are only two of us, instead of keeping them till we have company. That certainly is against my bringing up!

Another thing I am forced to notice down here and that is

the lack of variety of fruit - That, I realize, is an entirely unjust criticism, for we have had pineapple, bananas, figs, dragon's eyes, papayas, and avocado pears. The thing of it is that many mornings we have had pineapple raw, and in the evening pineapple cooked, with nothing more than a small banana to vary the program; and we have had no pumelo, which at home we think we cannot live without! I am really very much disgusted to find that thoughts and feelings such as these occupy my mind, when there are so many people in the world who have never seen a pumelo, and perhaps rarely taste pineapple!

Brother Campbell continues better

Actually, Mrs. Page is feeding
me very well - giving me good
food and a lot of it. And
I'm enjoying it. I see no
reason why I shan't be several
pounds fatter when I go
back to Kakahiek. And just
as for the next part I have been
relishing the food down here
because it is a little different
from what we have all the time,
so I know I shall enjoy
Lui Kimo's cooking when I
get back, all the more for
having been away from it
a little while.

I'm in the throes of trying
to get some letters written.
If I succeed, I'll send you
copies of some that I do -
Much, much love,
Ethie

Copy

Swatow, China
August 18, 1934

Miss Grace A. Maine
152 Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

Dear Miss Maine:

As I was writing my letter to you from our Woman's Committee I realized that some things I wanted to say might better be put in a separate personal letter to you. The enclosed cards and the information blank should of course have gone to you long ago. In order to save postage I am also sending to you the blank which th M. AND M. Board asked me to fill out some time ago. May I ask you to deliver it for me ?

First I want to say thank you for the splendid gifts that have been coming this year from the Vermont women. Some of them have written that they felt the gifts were small, but since they were what we had asked for they supposed we were getting what we wanted. We surely ~~are~~ are. Especially useful have we found some of the old music that has been sent; used programs suitable for Christmas, Easter, and other occasions; old Studies and other music books containing practice pieces for beginners; we hope the women will find more of that kind of thing for us. All the other things are put to good use, too; handkerchiefs and toys bring pleasure, and the pretty remnants of cloth make garments and bedcovers for some who are very grateful for them. Bibles are a help in our Sunday morning Bible classes in English with the seniors. All school supplies are useful to students who cannot afford all the things they need to spend money for while they are getting an education.

As the women at home sit together in their missionary meetings and in their sewing meetings I wish they might have a glimpse of the women in South China and what they are attempting and what they are accomplishing. Perhaps they would like to think of the women in our church here in Kakohieh, making garments for those who live in our Old Folks' Home in Kityang, or for needy children of our own neighborhood, at Christmas time. Many of these articles of clothing are brought as offerings at the time of the White Gift Service each year. Some of them mean real sacrifice.

There are other things that our women do, too. On the table before me as I write I have a slip of paper on which is printed in large black Chinese characters the following:

TWELVE GOALS

1. Observance of Lord's Day
2. Family worship
3. Tithing
4. Taking the whole family to Sunday School
5. Forming visiting groups
6. Woman's prayer meeting
7. Woman's missionary society
8. Home week celebration
9. Mothers' meetings
10. Teaching illiterate people to read
11. Reading a number of books selected by the Woman's Committee
12. Teaching a class in Sunday School

Last year this set of goals was adopted at our annual Women's Meeting. Each woman took the list home and tried to see what she herself could do about it. The reports that came in this year were, on the whole, very encouraging indeed. Tithing seems a difficult thing for the women to practice. For some of them there is no money, and how can they give a tenth when they have nothing to give a tenth of? And yet some progress is noticeable even in this matter of finances. One of the most interesting reports came from some women in the Kityang district who have taken a special interest in the work and are really doing things. You should have heard them talk about keeping intact for the woman's work the money which the women themselves give. They are learning by experience!

"When we needed money for the pastor's salary or for repairs on the chapel or something else, the deacons would come around and say that since the sisters had some money on hand, why not use it for the Lord's work right where it was needed? It was all the same work, wasn't it, they would argue. We thought, it was all the same work, to be sure! Why yes, why not? And we listened to the men and gave the money to them, and thought it was all right. But we know better now. Why, if we give it to them once, then the next time they say that the women helped before, and they won't try nearly as hard to raise the money. And besides, do any of them give any money for our women's work? They don't give one penny! And so, if we keep our own money just for woman's work, the pastor's salary does get raised anyway, and the repairs do get paid for, and the result is that more work gets done than as though we gave our money into the general fund!"

I couldn't help wondering, "What would the people at home think about this as an argument for the merger?"

Two weeks more, and the Kakchih hills will be alive again with students. It is rather quiet in the summer, when most of them are gone. With Miss Culley and the Capens in America, I do not look for a very "quiet" time once the term opens! I would like to ask that you remember especially the teachers of our academy as we meet in our Faculty Fellowship Prayer Group each week during the school term- Friday evening from eight to nine.

It was my privilege to attend the meeting of the Board of Directors of Shanghai University in May. I was also present at the Seminary Conference held the preceding day. I am thankful to have had this opportunity to meet the workers there and to see something of the splendid piece of work that is carried on under the able leadership of Dr. Liu. I came away with the impression that there is a very real Christian spirit in that institution.

Sincerely yours,

Copy

Swatow, China
August 18, 1934

Miss Grace A. Maine
152 Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

Dear Miss Maine;

Your letter of June 4 reminds me unmistakably that you have had no letter from our Women's Committee since the new set-up at Conference time. There has been, however, very little official business to report. Regulations concerning the loan of money from the Judson Scholarship Fund have been put into more definite form; they have already been sent to you with the minutes of the Divisional Committee. Any questions you have asked have, I believe, been answered by Mr. Page in his letters to you.

We note with interest the vote concerning housekeeping grant. No requests have yet come in this year.

It is a great joy to us all to know that Dr. Leach is really coming back to us this fall, and is even now on her way to us. We are indeed more than happy and glad to welcome her back to South China. Just what her coming out again at this time will mean, in the way of relief and support, to those on the staffs of our two hospitals, cannot at this time be put into words. We are very grateful.

In regard to Miss Northcott's staying over another year, Mr. Page has perhaps already answered that each question of delayed furlough was referred to the doctors; Dr. Brown, the Mission medical adviser, was present at the meeting when the question was brought up. Approval of delay was in each case made largely dependent on the doctors' approval.

You may be sure that we waited with the greatest interest for reports of action regarding merger of the Home Boards. To many of us it seems that a merger must serve to swallow up funds without resulting in the economy of resources that is so imperatively needed. It is the strong conviction of some of us that a scattering of interests cannot result in larger giving. There must be a right way to settle this question, however, and we do pray that that right way may be found.

If you had sat with us in our beautiful new church buildings during the sessions of our Ling Tong Convention in July I think you would have felt encouraged to see the number of women who are coming to the front in our work here in South China. The leaders from our Swatow/Kakchieh field are doing splendid work, as before, but it is gratifying to see in addition to these a number of women from the other districts - younger women, who give promise of being very helpful in future days - daring to step forward and take their places. The Convention this year moved along very happily. Pastor Au from Canton gave sane, helpful messages which seemed, more and more as the days of the Retreat and Convention went by, to give just the note of uplift and inspiration that was needed. The hours that were spent grappling with difficult problems took patience.

A great deal of time and careful thought were given to the revision of the Ling Tong Constitution. We shall hope that in the practical working out of this document in the work of the Ling Tong the wheels may move more smoothly and efficiently than before. Just how far all the rules will "work" we cannot tell yet. I think just now of one of the points under the heading of Finances:

"All the finances of all kinds of work of the Convention are to be assisted by subscriptions from all the church members of all the Ling Tong Baptist churches."

This is every-member giving, all right, - on paper, at least ! How fine it would be if we could attain this objective in our giving for Kingdom work, both in China and in America !

Very sincerely yours,

Abbie G. Sanderson,

Secretary of the Woman's
Committee

Swatow, China

August 26, 1934

Dearest Mother,

Your letter - and
a long one from Arthur, telling
me about Father's operation
have just come this afternoon.
Of course I had not dreamed
of such a thing and can't
fathom it all yet. I am
grateful for all the details
you can give me and
I shall eagerly watch the
mails of course -

Mr. Page is down today
and though he had intended
to go back to-morrow, yet
the barometer is down and
he fears it will be stormy
to-morrow -

So this is my chance to
send a letter and I'm
going to send it anyway
even though it is just this
scrap -

I go up to Ketchikan to
begin school - this Friday -
Will write again soon -

Give my love to Father -
I'll write a letter to him
soon -

Lots of love
Abbie

Frank Wahman - the son, died
in an accident not long ago -
Mrs. Wahman had another
shock very soon and
died right away after that.

Suataw, China

August 28, 1934

Dearest Father,

Valva Brown has been sick in The Matilda Hospital at Hong Kong (appendicitis) and I have written a letter ~~to~~ her every day for a month - It helps keep her cheered up - If I could have known that you were in The Hospital too. I should certainly have written to you - But that could not be. And now as I write, of course I do not have any way of knowing whether you are still in the Hospital or back home again. But it seems that there has been fairly serious business going on and I shall

be pretty anxious to hear all about how you are progressing. I shall be more impatient than ever for home mails now -

This thing you have been going through must have made you know what pain and discomfort means, if you never knew before - I can only hope that the worst is over by this time, and that none of the suffering will seem too great to be borne. As for the future, I am very sure that is in God's hands - though we cannot see always why some things are as they are -

I wonder if you have ever read this little poem by Grace Hall Crowell?

It is called "A Prayer."

"My Lord, I pray that ^{through}
^{today}
I may walk patiently,
Forgetting not that Thy dear hand
Is leading me.

"I know not what Thy wisdom, Lord,
May choose for me today,
What the long hours may hold for me
I cannot say.

"I only know that I may go
Unquestioningly with Thee.
Remembering that what Thou wilt
Is best for me.

"For Thou, Oh, Lord canst see the end,

"While I but see the way -
Help me to walk it patiently
Throughout today."

Your loving daughter,
Abbie

Swatow, China

August 28, 1934

Mother dear,

I could not seem to write at all yesterday, though I meant to, and though my thoughts were with you every moment - Asleep as well as awake, I think, for each time I dropped off to sleep in the night you people would be with me very vividly and so naturally you would seem to be already with me again even before I waked -

Now all this that has come so suddenly seems very hard to understand, and very hard to bear - I suppose even I cannot

grasp the whole of what
a nightmare it has been, and
perhaps still is, for you.
And yet somehow, I feel that
the needed strength will be
given.

It will do no good to anyone
for me to pour out to you all
the fears and doubts and
dismays that have been
crowding my heart. Your
burden is heavy enough without
that. I have poured them
out, though, here in my little
room alone - and already
a measure of comfort has come.

Did I ever quote to you
a part of this poem by
Grace Hall Crowell? The last
verse has always appealed to
me as a very helpful one,
but it never seemed so

exactly fitting, somehow, as it
does now -

A Prayer for Courage -

God make me brave for life,
Oh, braver than this!

Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after
the rain,

Stronger and lovelier again.

God make me brave for life,
Much braver than this!

As the blown grass lifts to let
me rise

From sorrow with quiet eyes
Knowing Thy way is wise.

" God make me brave - Life brings
Such blinding things.

Help me to keep my sight;

Help me to see aright

That out of the dark - comes light."

You know without my telling you
that I long with all my heart to
be right with you this moment.
That ~~is~~ the thing I have thought
about most, I believe, ever
since the letters came; whether
it is right for me still to stay
out here if you are needing
me there. For while the first
comfort that came to me Sunday
afternoon, was in the strains
of that loved hymn "God will
take care of them", through all
the day over all the way,
God will take care of them -
with the word ^{you} changed to "them"

as it rang in my ears while
I was yet in the first daze from
reading the letters - yet -
I realize that I haven't the right
to expect God to do all the
taking care if part of it is
in my power to do -

So - Mother dear - will you
please write just as frankly
as you can about what
seems to you the wise thing
for me to do - ? My first
and very strong inclination is
to come home - at once - Of course,
that is not as simple as it
sounds, for Mr. Capen and
Mabelle Culley have just gone
in furlough - But I am

confident that some one could be found who could take part of my work - ^{here} whereas I don't want anyone else to take my place if I'm needed at home with you -

In the old days, the Board would have been very generous about a leave of absence, I know - but things are different now and I suppose they can't be as generous - So we come around again to the hated problem of finances - Even that will be waived if I'm needed there with you -

I have ~~a~~ not an offer to teach in an exclusive girls' school in Maine? ! (For although I have sworn I would never take that position, I see in these last two days that I would do even

that, if it became necessary!)
 And although I should probably
 peter out at scrubbing floors,
 if I couldn't find any teaching
 to do — may be I could
 write for the funny papers —!

I know without anyone's
 letting me that many many
 people are saying South America
 Maine instead of China is where
 I ought to be right now — I
 know too, that Father would guess
 to be the cause of my coming
 away from China, even temporarily.

It may be that when
 I get back to Katsushik and
 have a chance to talk with
 the doctors there, I shall

feel a little easier - But -
the important thing is - how
about Father's individual case
and what is it going to mean
to you - What care is he going
to need, and how is your
own strength? What I
want you to do is to write
very honestly to me and tell
me whether the thing seems
too big a one for you to
handle alone - I know
everybody is kind - as you say -
but do you think I ought
to be there - Now please
don't say "Don't worry about
me, I'm all right" - if
it isn't all go right -
You know what you promised
when I came away - well
I think this is one of the
things included in that

promise - (if you have already answered those, I just ignore them, of course)

Now - I want to ask some questions - You can write about it freely to me now, I think - I would like to ask many things - Had Father been sick before the examination - more than what you told me about? I mean, had you feared something was wrong, and if so what were the things that made you think so? ^{were you worrying about him?} Do you think the doctors knew before the operation just what kind of operation it would be and did they tell Father? I mean - about the opening that takes

the place of the rectum?

Of course, as you learn details about how a recovered patient manages this kind of thing, you'll tell me about that too.

And you must all the time, and all the time tell me how you are yourself. - And tell me true - for you know I need all the facts if I'm going to decide some of my questions in the right way -

Very lovingly yours,
Deak

I have arranged these sheets in the order in which they were written. (class)
Please look: Dottle Island
Sowatow, China
(9 sail-mill masts)
August 27, 1934

Dear Father,

I want to write a little bit to you before I go to bed tonight. I surely do wish could know how you are - and where you are, tonight. I wish a good deal more than that. But we can't always have ~~also~~ the things we wish, is discovered!

Today is the biggest day of the feast when the "Grandmother God" of this island is worshiped. Every year crowds of people come, in sail boats from far inland places, some of them - bringing their

offerings of incense, fruit, rice,
fish, meat, noodles, gorgeous
paper jackets, hats, skirts,
boots: everything that one
in the spirit world could
possibly need to eat or wear.
The paper garments are valued
tens of thousands of dollars
worth of them. I took some
home with me when I went
once; perhaps you remember
the colored paper fringes on
skirts and jackets! This
year the caretaker has
brought me some more of
them. I don't know whether
I shall be able to take them
to America or not. They
are bulky, and may be
all eaten by white ants
by the time I go to U.S.A.
again.

Mrs. Page and I went down this morning and I took a few pictures - but I am not sure how they will turn out. I must send you some if they are good.

We have noticed other years that a large percentage of the worshipers are women; that is sometimes true of church worshipers in America, isn't it? This year, however, we have seen a great many men not only coming in the companies of pilgrims from Swatow and the surrounding villages, but in the temples kneeling on

the little straw mats, kneeling and waving their incense sticks many times in front of the idols.

In one of the temples we saw about thirty women down on their knees, each shaking as hard as she could a little bamboo container with little bamboo knives (~~that~~^{quartz} use for paper cutters!) in it. After a thorough shaking of the cylinder, the woman would choose one of the little knives and then go to the priest or attendant, at one side of the temple, who would explain to her the meaning of whichever Chinese characters happened to be written on the knife.

It is rather disheartening I think that right here on this island where the Svatov mission was founded those huge heathen celebrations still go on in full sway, entirely unaffected, it would seem, by the impact that Christianity has been trying to make all these years -

Of course there are those who simply come for the sake of the "lau-jak" (big time); Theatrical performances go on until nearly dawn for three successive nights; tonight is the biggest of all - Our

more than
House here is scarcely a
stone's throw from the
nearest of the temples, and
we can hear the voices of
the little child actors, ^{singing} all
during the night - high and
shrill -

Our "visitors" these days are
many. In the morning under
our veranda all the space
is filled with men and
women sprawling at their
ease, snoozing, or chatting, or
brewing little pots of tea
on tiny stoves which they
have brought with them.
In the afternoon when the
sun creeps around to this
side, they go down next
door to the Presbyterian
house, where it is shady!

We have to keep a rather strict watch of the house while the people are coming so close - so many of them - They come right up on the veranda if we don't keep an eye out - I keep my eye especially on such things as my field glass, camera, clock, and fountain pen. Such things could so easily be carried off. Last year a number of things were lost at this time -

Great excitement! Well, it will soon be over - and I'll be back at school again -

Very lovingly,
Abbie

Doubt Island
Swatow

August 28, 1934

Father dear,

Just a little note
to say good night to
you before I climb into bed.
I've been packing today,
getting ready to go back
home to-morrow -

I found another little
poem for you. Do you
like it?

Fallow Fields

"The field is worn from yielding
the good grain,
Fallow it lies, its furrows dark
and still,
Beneath the blinding sun and

→ "bitter rain

It patiently awaits its master's will.
It draws new power as the year
goes by.

From winds that sweep across
its furrowed way;

It pulls the sunlight from the
bending sky,

And holds it there to use again
some day.

Now I, like any barren field
must lie,

Fallow awhile. God make me
wise to wait

As old fields do through storms,
nor question why.

Strength comes so slowly,
peace, so very late.

Let me draw power from this time,
and then.

Strengthened anew, rise up to
serve again.

Very lovingly. Abbie

At Home,

Kakchials

August 31, 1934

Dearest Father,

Well, vacation is over! We came up from Double Island today, after having been there just a month - Everybody says I am brown, and I have gained about five pounds -

Our things came up by sail boat this afternoon - but we had the opportunity to ride up in the motor launch with Mrs. Stocker, and we were very very grateful for that. It is hot enough at the best - and if we had had to fuss around and not get here

until three o'clock in the afternoon
it would have been pretty
hard. As it is, I have spent
the remainder of the day getting
rested - If I had spent the
day getting here, I'm afraid
I might have had to spend
tomorrow getting over the
trip!

I was very glad to have
letters waiting for me here
telling of your further progress -
I shall wait for the mails
very eagerly, you may be sure.
Can't write much tonight, too
sleepy.

Much, much love to you
Arlie

Suatsow, China

September 1, 1934

Dear Father,

If I could manage to write something to you early in the morning instead of waiting until night just before time to crawl into bed perhaps I could write a little something that would be more interesting to read. But today has been filled up, somehow, although I have done a great deal of resting along with doing things.

After prayers and breakfast, I went out into the garden for a look around. There are straggling bamboos which must be cut down; the hibiscus bushes

must be cut or the branches
will switch our heads every
time we go out of the house,
pretty soon! And the grass
is cut in the middle, but
not trimmed around the
edges. A lot of work to be
done.

Then one of the Chinese
girls came to see me
about getting help with her
tuition fees.

Then I went down to the
house next door and visited
young Georgie Burkett (age, 3 mos.)
while he was having his bath.
He is really a most engaging
young man.

After that I came back,
looked up a magazine I
wanted and took it over to
Dorothy Campbell, and sat

visiting with her for a while. She has been very sick - lost some 20 or 25 lbs and looks rather badly - but she is getting better, though she can't sit up a great deal yet, can't walk around, nor take her own bath -

Then I talked with Edith Traver, who is just back from a vacation in Formosa.

After dinner I really did nothing all afternoon except to wash my hair and then, while it was drying, spend or rather waste a lot of time reading a book which Ralph Townsend, whom I do not

know personally, wrote from the
wealth and wisdom of his
two or three long years'
experience as American Consul
in Shanghai Tsochow between
1931 and 1932. Many of the
community people in China will
gloat over having such a book
in print - It tells many
sad truths (that are so) - and
many many untruths along
with them - Don't ever read
it! (unless you need a depressant!)

Love to you,
Abbie

Swatow, China

Sept. 2, 1934

(9)

Father dear,

How about another
little poem tonight?

Walking Softly.

"I must go softly now!
How can I learn the way -
I, who have moved so swift
and sure,
Through each brief day?

"How can I stay my feet!
How can I learn to go
Quietly, measuring off the
days
With steps grown slow?

"I have walked softly now
Many a long, long mile.
I have passed often beside
a stream.
A gate, a stile;

"And I have learned so
much!
I have had time to see
Thousands of beautiful unsung
things
Shine out at me.

"Things I had missed before.
I, who had gone too fast,
Found after God had
stayed my feet,
His world, at last."

With love. Alice

Swatow, China (10)
Sept. 2, 1934

Mother dear,

I won't write much
for you'll read most of what
I want to say in Father's letters.
He may be at home by this
time but if he is still in
the hospital maybe he would
rather have something
written directly to him.

Back at church and
Young People's again today
has made me feel at

home - though school
won't have begun yet.

Classes begin on Wednesday,
probably.

I am still feeling a little
let down after getting back

home again where I can
have things a little more
my own way - I'm finding
that a certain strain
is relieved, too, now that
I don't have to shout at
Mrs. Page - I wouldn't have
her know that, of course -

But I can't loaf much
longer - !

I'm wondering now how
soon I can expect your
next letters. When I arrived
on Friday yours sent Aug 3
and Arthur's Aug. 7 (by air mail)
were waiting for me - The next
steamer is not due for a week,
so I'll have to wait at least
that long !

Much, much love,
Alicia

Wednesday, Oct. 3^d 1934, 5.30 P. M.

Dear Clara: Took a short walk before dinner & a longer one after dinner. Went to the Post Office & across to the fisherian building.

Watched some men out at work on the wharf & then went inside & read Arthur Post & worked a little on the Cross Word Puzzle in it. This evening after supper, (as we do every evening regularly) we all gather in the bed room where I sleep & have devotions.

I select some passage in the New Testament - & Ralph, Ruth, Robert & I read a verse each, until the whole passage has been read &

Then we all kneel & I offer
prayer, closing with the Lord's
Prayer, which we all repeat in
unison. That closes the day
in the true spirit of devotion.
Tonight, Arthur & I finished the
puzzles in the Boston Post before
supper. Then came clearing off
the table & dish washing which
the children share in doing.

I have not been to meeting
yet, but plan to go next Sunday
if I feel able. Let me know
just how you are, which I hope
will be that you are getting better.

With love, Elsie.