

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Saratov, China

September 3, 1934

Father dear,

What do you suppose
I have been doing today?
Cutting out a dress from some
material I have had a long
time. (If the depression keeps
on I surely will be wearing
the same old clothes for a
while yet!)

Went over to supper tonight
with Dorothy Campbell and
Edith Traver. It is good to
see Dorothy sitting up in a
chair again - She was so
sick last month!

Edith Traver's knee is
still bothering her - It was

thought likely that it would
bother her for a year after
the operation - and the year
is just about over - but still
she has had trouble with it.
When she heard of your operation
she spoke with such kindly
sympathy - as indeed has
everybody who is here - and
she ^{sends} special love and greetings
to you and Mother. The people
here have been good to me since
I got the news of your sickness.
Elsie Kitley and Edna Smith
asked me for dinner one
night so that I wouldn't be
alone, and Edith and
Dorothy two nights later -

Much love to you,
Abbie

Swatow, China

September 4, 1934

Dearest Father,

Well, now I feel as though vacation is really over. Tonight we had our first teachers' meeting - up at the principal's house. I was asked to be on the Administrative Committee of the faculty this year, and so a group of us stayed until afterwards to discuss certain problems -

Got my schedule of lessons this morning - no, yesterday. I have the usual number of classes - with some good things and some bad in the arrangement - I have only three eight o'clock

classes, and all three are
at East Hall, right next door.
I have to teach two classes on
Saturday morning - but they
are also at East Hall, and
I have only one class (8.30 a.m.) all
day Thursday - So - perhaps it
will work out all right.

I'm feeling fit and fine
physically - and ready to
begin work. If I could
know that you are fairly
comfortable these days, I
should rest easier; but that
is where I get the exercise
of patience.

My love to you
Abbie

Sutton, China

September 5, 1934

Father dear

School began today.

Every term when I begin work I get some surprises. One this term was to be assigned a class in Ethics. When I went to inquire about text book, the Dean told me it was a class in religion and I was free to choose my own text book! If they had told me at the beginning of the summer I could have done something about choosing the course and preparing it!

Another surprise was to hear the announcement from

The school platform that all
those who wished to study
piano this term would be
taught by Miss Sanderson; and
I have two hours per week
reserved to accomplish that work.
Last term I had five pupils
myself and Mabelle had
at least seven! How I can
do them all in two hours I
don't know. However, I don't
need to cross that bridge until
I come to it.

I would like to see you
this winter, if I could!

Love,
Abbie

Suataw, China

September 6, 1934

Dear Father,

One recent letter said that you were pretty uncomfortable from the heat - along with all your other troubles. I surely can sympathize with you. We have had a cool summer, comparatively speaking - a few very hot days, but not many - we had a good deal of rain that helped, and of course during the month at Dottle Island we were cooler anyway, and we could go swimming a good deal, too.

We rather thought there

Might be a little change in
September, after work began,
and there surely is! I shall
not attempt to report to you
in terms of the degrees that
are marked on the thermometer,
for on account of the humidity
in Ecuador the thermometers never
tell the truth - When you know
it is 115 in the shade, the mercury
points to 88° or 89°, so there is
very little satisfaction in looking
at it!

Today the barometer took a
drop, the wind started up, the
sky looked queer, and the birds
began to fly low - We thought a
typhoon was coming - But now the
barometer has started up and
I guess we may get just a little rain.
Hope so! Love to you - Alice

Swatow China

September 7, 1934

Dear Father,

Today is the day when a letter should have come from America and it didn't come. I am really so busy thinking about that that I can't seem to put my mind on anything else.

I had my two Saturday classes this morning. Having classes on Saturday makes me feel as though I don't have any Saturday any more! But I shall get used to it.

This afternoon I worked with a Mai Chi for a while, getting her started on a new dress that Emily sent me - and

mending and making over
one or two others. Then I
tried to settle down to the
work of getting ready my
Religion course that I have
to teach to the seniors. But
there again I feel somewhat
at sea - and don't know
just where to begin -

We heard that sixteen
banks failed in Swatow
today, so Marion and I
rushed over to deposit some
paper money which she
had taken in at the
hospital - \$20 of it was
found to be doubtful -
but may bring something
in a day or two -

Love to you
Alicia

Soochow, China

September 8, 1933

Father dear,

How about another poem?

I haven't copied one for you for
several days now!

By the Light of the Year

"I have learned these things by the light
of the year.

Like a child conning over his books,

That the darkness outside of my
window at night

Is never as dark as it looks,

And if I but run out and search,
I can find

Some little light, steady and kind,

"I have learned that Hope is the

(Bright)

White-feathered bird

That sings all day on its nest,

That Fear is the crouching beast
that comes

To tear the bird from its nest.

I have learned to close the door on Time

After many and many a year.

"I have patiently learned that pain
will cease

Though peace comes slowly and
late.

And that there will drift down
to sleepless eyes

Lost sleep at last, if I wait.

So why should I worry and
fret and cry,

Knowing these things pass by.

"I have learned that to doubt

is to hurt One who long
Has walked by my side and
been true,
That Faith wears a shining
face, and to trust
Is the grateful, wise thing to do.
I have studied it long by the
light of the years,
And have learned it, through
my tears."

Isn't that a beautiful one?
To me, it is very very helpful.

Much love to you
Abbie.

(111)

Sovaton, China

September 8, 1934

Mother dearest,

All this week when I have been writing the letters to Father I have thought so much about you - wondered how and where you are - and how everything is with you - I have written to Father - but all his letters are really written to you too, you know - so actually, I have written to you every day as well as to him!

I thought surely a letter would get here yesterday and that I could write to you better after it did arrive - Maybe it will come today -

This week has gone pretty

enough, except for the last two days, when I have been watching the mails!

Dr. Song, the China "Billy Sunday" is here again. For five days in Swanton City first, and now five days when he is on this side of the bay in the morning ^(p.m. in days) crowds flock to hear him and the church is full to capacity. I have not heard him yet this trip since I have been busy every day with classes. He certainly has a marvelous power over a great many people.

We had our Young People's Song Practice here Friday night at 6.30 and then the teacher's prayer meeting came here at 7.30 - so you see we are getting back into the swing all right! Much, much love
Lottie.

"God never yet forgot at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed."

Suway, China

September 19, 1934

Mother dear,

It is time for me to be
in bed, but I must talk with
you a little bit before I go there.
Kind of think of you once in a
while, these days, I do! I just
read the words I have written
above, from a hymn - and they
seem to help me - although what
they say is not new.

Your letter sent August 10
arrived today - I am very glad
for every bit of news that comes,
of course - Glad to see a little

bit of Father's own handwriting -
It doesn't all look like his writing,
but it sounds just like what he
would say - !

What do you suppose ! Clara
Leach arrived today ! She had
intended to stay down until
Marguerite got here, ^(from Peking) and
then go up to Kityang with her,
but the doctor (Chinese ^{one}, who has
been the only doctor there this
summer) is down with typhoid,
so she is going right on up -
to-morrow -

I got excused from a class
this a. m. to go out to the
steamer to meet her - We
had a little tea for her here
this afternoon, inviting the

other missionaries and the
 women doctors (2 Chinese) & the
 two senior nurses - Mr. James
 and a new young man
~~from~~ the English Presbyterian
 happened to be over here, so
 they came too. Dr. J. knew
 Clara well in the old days, so
 it was really fine all around.

Then tonight Marion, Clara,
 and I went over to Edna's &
 Beas for supper and Elsie
 came up afterwards - Clara
 is staying here with me -
 and it is so good to
 have her - I'm especially
 glad to have her right now.
 I can't think of anyone else
 who would manage to

be comforting and at the same
time bolsters me up as she
has done today. She realizes
that Father's sickness is
no child's play - and yet
without quaking, at all, she
seems to be very understanding
and yet very sane and
sensible about it -

She is sorry not to have
seen you again - but she
had a hectic time herself.

^{24th 1872} Her old housekeeper, Hattie, was
sick for several months before
Clara left. Clara kept her on and
got some one else to do the
work and then a nurse to
take care of her - She died
just about two weeks before
Clara left.

Then just as she and her sister, Mrs. Jackson, had returned from the N. O. C., two days before she left for Europe, Mrs. Jackson, her brother-in-law, died. There was a long sickness of the brother-in-law, Mr. Pillsbury, sandwiched in somewhere, too - (although ³/₄ of the ^{time} there)

She doesn't say much about the "man left behind". She is mostly glad that people have apparently forgotten about the episode. Mr. Baker will be here soon, however, and he has not forgotten, I'm sure. The "man" stayed with him while here!

Love to you, Abbie

Swatow, China

Sept. 11, 1934

Dear Father

Didn't write to you
specially last night - started
a letter to Mother when it was
time to go to bed and haven't
finished yet! And now it is
time to go to bed the next night.
As soon^{as} I hear you are
safely back home again I
expect I'll get lazy again
and won't write separate
letters any more! Of
course I realize it is
very likely that you
were home before any
of my "special" letters to
you began to arrive -

I wonder if you ^{will} see!
As Arthur says, "Wish we
could send airmail letters
across the Pacific! Edna
Smith sent an airmail
letter to her mother from
Siam this summer, and
it reached home in less
than two weeks! But you
can't send air mail from
Swatow -

Love to you -
Arlie

Swatow, China

September 12, 1934

Father dear,

I ought to have had you here to lead my prayer-meeting for me tonight. For although I have known all summer long that I was to be the leader of this first meeting this fall, yet I haven't seemed to be able to make myself get ready for it with any degree of completeness.

I made three points, or rather struck three notes as our "beginning-place" this fall.

First, thankfulness for care and protection past many

dangers, troubles, sickness
that have brought concern
to us through the summer.

Second, prayer for understanding
a fuller sympathy with
all those with whom we work.

Third, prayer for realization
of our utter dependence upon
God to help us carry out
the plans his wisdom has
helped us form —

We sang some very beautiful
new hymns from our new
hymnbook and the meeting
was a good one. (And I
am glad it is over, too —)

Much love to you,

Abbie

Swanton, Sept. 13, '34

Dear Father,

I don't know to whom I started this note with red ink but since it emphasizes the right word to begin this letter, I'll use it for you.

Today is the day that I am supposed to have the most free time. but I've been rushing around until I don't feel that this is a leisure day a bit! After my eight o'clock class I worked for two hours on Young People's songs - translating into Chinese, writing on waxed paper for mimeographing, and so on. My teacher went home in the summer and just got back day before

yesterday - I rather thought
she might work a little
over time to pay up for being
11 days late, but that didn't
appear to enter her head
at all! So I had to do
some extra work myself -

In the afternoon I worked
until 3, then went to Women's
Prayer meeting in the church.
They asked me to play when
I got there. I had no music
book but had to do as well
as I could without.

Came home for a Junior W.W.S.
committee meeting at 4. Then
Young People's Music Committee
met here at 5 — and
now there isn't much more time
left in this day!
Love Abbie

Sewanee, China
Sept. 14, 1934

Dear Father,

Another busy day gone by - The days all seem pretty busy now, somehow!

Tonight I had choir practice here at 6.30 - then Faculty prayermeeting over at Mrs. Page's at 8 - in the pouring rain - It was hot, too - and the steamy atmosphere made the rain more oppressive than ever - The meeting was a good ^{one}, but the leader spoke in Mandarin, and some of those present could not understand any of it at all - I am always glad when it is mandarin

unless I am very tired, for
it gives me a "chance" to
stimulate the "Mandarin-
hearing" nerves in my ears
and to see how much I
had forgotten since the last time
I heard any -

I was afraid I was
going to be the only foreigner
in school this year, you
know - ? Well, I didn't
need to worry. Mrs. Page
has a good number of classes,
Mr. Hobart eight, and Beatrice
Ercison five - With Mrs. Page
that adds four foreigners
to our Faculty list - It
will be a big help - I think.

Love
(Maybe Mrs. Hobart? - s.) Abbie

Swatow, China

Sept 15, 1934

Dearest Father:

Should have had letters from America today, but none have arrived - Again I find myself very very impatiently waiting.

Today I deplored my two Saturday morning classes all right. Velva Brown came back from the Hospital in Hongkong today. Her boat steamed into harbor just as the bell rang for my class, and I couldn't even go to the jetty to meet her - She looks rather drawn through a knot-hole. Has lost a

good deal of weight - and
of course hasn't yet got
her strength back from
the operation - But it is
good to see her again.

This afternoon from 3 to
4.30 we had our Junior
W. N. G. first meeting - They
elected officers and planned
for inviting new members
next time -

At 7. we had the first
Young People's social of the
term. Rain kept a good
many people away, but
it was a very successful
affair, in spite of the
small numbers -

Much love,
Abbie

Swatow, China

Sept. 16, 1934

Father dear,

You may have read some notes of discouragement about the difficulty of getting a group of singers to be faithful - in some of my letters. There will be none of that in this letter.

I feel I have great reason to be proud of these young people who sing. This morning the three responses, after opening prayer, after the offering, and at the close, were all lovely - all four parts blending beautifully. They sang as a special song "O How Love I Thy Law!" So

you know it? The boys' voices came in so sweet & strong on the second line of the chorus - It was a joy to hear them. And the leading soprano girl had to go to Swanton the night before, but she came back early this morning and got there just in time to go in with the others. It meant a special rush to her, but she made it - and it proves that she realizes a responsibility.

Velva invited Marion and me to dinner today. and then I had a long Young People's Meeting. Had to speak & hear (in Chinese) Love Abbie

(113)

Suwan, China

September 23, 1934

Dearest One of Mine,

I haven't been writing
to you every day this week but that
doesn't mean that I haven't been
thinking of you every day and all the
time - and wishing with all my heart
that I could be with you.

Just after the letter to you was
sent last Sunday, yours ^{Arthur's} of Aug 18(?)
written from the hospital arrived, so I
knew that when the letter reached me,
Father had probably been at home for a
month. And now yesterday the letter
telling me how he stood the trip
home and how things were
going with you afterwards. Aug. 23,
24, and 28 all came yesterday -
I am thankful beyond words to
express, that you are not in Florida
just now. What it means to me to

know that you are there near
Aunt Bertha and Aunt Gertrude,
Uncle George, Aunt Fannie and
all the others, right now when I
have such a strong feeling that I
ought to be there with you - and
yet can't be - I don't know that
you can fully comprehend. nor
can they.

Your little messages of "Don't worry"
at the end of the letters have been
a help - and yet the flesh is weak!
My mind does a heap of traveling
these days, and I can't always
send it just where I want it to
go - or bring it back to business
when it has started out on a trip!

At this last Thursday prayer-
meeting, though, I had a pretty
good lesson about worrying.

Ching Hui's younger brother has
been very sick this summer. The

Mother decided that she must keep calm for the sake of the others in the family, no matter what happened. She told about it at the meeting; and when people asked her if she wasn't pretty much frightened she said no. She knew he was past her helping him, and if the Lord wanted to spare his life, He would - all she could do was trust, and pray. The little boy is much better this week! She committed his life to the Lord -

Let me see - perhaps you will be interested to know what I have been doing this week -

Sunday afternoon I had a long meeting with the young people. ^{held on Tuesday} ~~Tuesday~~ Sunday evening had a Sunday School Committee meeting.

I made a mistake - Sunday
night Marion felt she had to
go over to Swanton to see Dorothy
Campbell who had been staying
with Erind over there. Dorothy
is having some unknown trouble
with her leg - So I went with
Marion - Well - I won't stop to
enumerate all the committees,
but I have had at least one every
day this week - and sometimes
four: Woman's School Trustees,
Junior W. W. G., Young People's Music
Committee, group of girls writing
& some American girls, Sunday
School Committee of the Church,
Sunday School Committee of our School,
Committee to plan tea for Dr. & Mrs.
Henry Waters - etc. etc. !

Henry and his wife arrived
Tuesday, and they will be here
for a week or two - I have always

liked him - now better than ever,
and we all like his young wife -
It seems such a pity that we
are not going to have them in
our mission - They are on their
way to Toledo - you may know -

Thursday night while I was
at school study period I learned
that Mr. Saunders of Canton (Southern
Baptist) had arrived and was to
stay at our house. Marion was out
that evening, so I got home at nine
just in time to see that the guest
room was in order, and then Mr.
Page brought him over - He was
here until Saturday.

Friday was a big day for me:
Beginning at 8 A.M. I had
classes right through until 4 p.m.
Then I rushed into a different
dresses and over to Mrs. Waters

where she entertained sixty
people - Americans, English
Presbyterian and Chinese - at
tea. We helped pour, serve, etc.
I got home exactly 6.30 - in
time for a half hour's music
practice with the young people.
Fortunately Elsie is helping
with that now. After that
I sat down at the table with
Marion and three guests - Mr.
Saunders, Evelyn Stephens, and
Luid J. I had just time to
swallow some soup and eat a
little fruit, then I had to be
excused and go to lead our
faculty prayer meeting!

I talked a little about St.
Patrick, using the portion of
his "Breastplate" as the basis of
my talk. We had a good

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discussion of whether the criticism that has been heard that there is a wide barrier between students and teachers in this school is well-founded or not. If it is, what can we do about it?

When I finally crawled into bed I wasn't relaxed enough to sleep for a while - so I lay propped up and did some reading.

Yesterday I had classes in the morning and then in the afternoon after working on my Sunday school lesson, my lessons for Monday, and trying to help Mrs. Dorley with a hat she has had made - I went on a trip to Double Island - The waves were pretty high on the way down - but we had

a dip in the ocean, a good
lunch, and a marvelously
smooth moonlight sail back
again - got here about 10 -

It was the full of the moon -
and we wanted to go while
Henry was here - Mrs. & Mrs.
Adams are down from Hope,
and they went - ~~Mrs. Adams~~ Henry, Ann Water,
Mrs. Waters, Kenneth Hobart, Eirik,
Beatrice Ericson, Marion & I were
the others who went - We had
a good time -

Now it is Sunday again, and I'm
back on today's schedule once more.
Pretty busy days - but I'm well,
and good for all the work and some
play - that comes!

Love to you

Abbie

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

From

Saint Patrick's Breastplate

聖貝潔的護心鏡
基督與我們同在，基督在我們面前，
基督在我們後面，基督在我們心裏，
基督在右邊，基督在左邊，
基督在我背後，基督在我們說話時人的心坎，
基督在看我們的人的眼睛裏，
基督在聽我們的人的耳朵裏。

Suifu, China

September 30, 1934

Dear Ones:

Early this week, after I had already had your letters of Aug 22, 24, and 28, the one of Aug 14 came - It must have got on a San Francisco boat instead of a Seattle one - On Friday, Sept 28, I got yours mailed 7. A.M. Sept 7 in S. Berwick or rather, postmarked there - Pretty good time, I think -

I have been so grateful for all the letters you have sent. I realize it will be a month more before I can hope to have an answer from the first letters I wrote to you after I knew

of Father's operation - I very
much hope you will tell me
your honest opinion of what
plans I ought to make. That
will depend much on the state
of health of both of you. Of course
I know there will be a great
many people to whom my
not coming home immediately
will seem a very wrong thing -
And if things that ought to be
done for my father and mother
are not being done, because I am
not there to do them, it will be
wrong - I am not quite sure that
it is right as things are, for some
other people to be doing what I

ought to do, but there is another side to that, too - Some of the people there are doing some things that I couldn't do, to save my life: i. e., get up a surprise chicken dinner all in a jiffy; clear out a big pleasant front room and turn it into a bedroom, in a well beloved old house "far from the maddening crowd" and the noises thereof; etc., etc.. Well, things like that are printed indelibly in my "book of remembrance," anyway -

Mother - you must remember to tell me the truth about your own ^{little} Father. I'm so glad for the news that Father is getting on so well - I was rather frightened when I read that he was home from hospital before wounds were healed,

but Clara and Valva say
they wouldn't let him go until
the intestinal wall had healed.

Does the new "front" passage
give much trouble? Is the
new "bag" rubber - or what?

Is it simply put over the
aperture, or inserted - or how?

Worn with a belt? On the
left side? Low down? or high

up? Hope all these questions
do not seem to be too personal.

I think I should feel better
if I knew some of these details.

You have told me many already -
~~perhaps~~ but these are just some

more questions that are all the
time popping into my mind.

About the bowel movements - Is
there any regularity about them?

Is an enema used often?

The "irrigation" you spoke of—
does that go up into a wound
the inside of which is out of sight?

Now if all these questions worry
you — don't bother — but if you
feel like answering — O. K.

In answer to Aunt Jo's

query about bathing suit, tell
her I got away (or imagine)
do!) with a compromise in the
modern apparel idea — I
haven't come to the patch - halter-
string effect yet — and don't
believe I shall soon — The
old fashioned bloomers, skirts, etc,
though, are far more conspicuous
than skinny legs!
I have to have shoulder

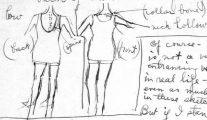
straps, on account of my
"coat-hanger" frame work



But I can't see my
vertebrae myself, so I
don't worry if the

back of the suit is fairly

low



Of course - it
is not a very
entrancing view
in real life - not
even as much as
in these sketches -

But if I stand

a little sideways and hold my breath -
I can imagine that some of the extra
scraps is disguised - The fact remains,
however, that I always have a bathing
map to ~~see~~ ^{use} until I'm ready to jump into
the water and at the earliest possible
moment after I have arisen from it -
(Except when out for a sun-bath with
Mrs. Page as sole spectator!)

This week we have had extra music practice because the young people are having a musicale this afternoon - It's lucky I had a few extra songs already translated and in reserve - !

Friday afternoon we had a tea at the Page's, for the Academy faculty. It was arranged for a conversational tea - but they didn't know how to converse - and since Mrs. P. didn't want any games played, as soon as the crowd had had tea & cakes, they jumped up as one man and said goodbye! The principal wasn't there to start a general conversation - and I didn't do all I might have done I suppose, because it wasn't my home on

Mrs. Page has her ideas of
what she wants & so —

I think she was surprised when
they all got up & left — but
she couldn't do anything about
it! The principal had been
detained by guests — so he came
later — The women teachers
forgot until it was late — then
only two of them came — But
it wasn't an entire failure,
because the sets were good!

Much love,

Abbie

Pleasant, China
October 7, 1934

Dear Ones:

Where shall I begin to tell a little news that will be of interest to all of you, before I take these sheets out of the machine and write something personal to each one? I didn't intend at all to write a carbon letter but these sheets were already in the typewriter, expecting to have some Bible class notes typed on them yesterday. These notes did not get written and these sheets didn't get taken out.

We have had some very happy moments today as well as some trials. This afternoon's communion service was marred for some of us by the fact that while waiting for one of the new members who was to receive the hand of fellowship, the old Elder Tan, who can be depended upon rather often to do the very thing you don't expect or don't want him to do in a meeting, started off on an endless story about some Chinese man who wanted to be a guest and nothing else. Even after the member arrived, the Elder kept on going and might still have been going if Mr. Waters had not arisen and gently suggested that he had better receive the new members. He did so, and the service finally came to an end, after two hours. Since I had been going strong since 8.30 a.m. with no break except a half hour- I think it was a little less!- I was ready to quit by the end of it.

But I wasn't too tired to have a little word with our senior athlete, Pak Toi Soi, who was one of seven to be baptized today. Last year at the track meet he was shaking his head because, in spite of getting four or five first places in various events, he hadn't broken any records. First places are no good if you can't break any records, said he! I reminded him of that today. I am so glad to have him come out into the open in his decision. Another in his class is Hiong Seng, younger brother of Hiong Tek, the "boy in China" for whom the Charlotte Hunters have been praying. I hope Toi Soi's coming will help Hiong Seng, and that perhaps the influence will in turn reach that older brother, in some way!

With the Young People I am just "full up" most of the time. They can sing, that is sure, and they are using some of their time and energy just now to do it to some advantage. Last Sunday afternoon they had a really rather successful little musical program. Two rather long and pretentious (for them) anthems, a duet, a solo, a girls' quartet, a boys' quartet, and several instrumental numbers. After that meeting was over, an idea was born- to have the Young People take entire charge of the service at the church next Sunday morning. They did not know just whether it would work in with the minister's plans but as it happens there could scarcely have been a better time. The preacher has to be in Canton to attend a Southern Baptist meeting, and he had not yet asked anyone to take his place. So the plans are going along with a swing. In addition to the musical specials prepared last Sunday, one or two others are being prepared. Khioek Bun, the new president of Y.P., is to be the preacher, and Tang Chek Min is to be presiding at the service. Mou Khiong and Li Hiong, Tau So and Gek Lung will take up the offering. Others of the Y.P. members, those not in the choir, will be ushers. We shall have music practices all over the place this week!

(157)
What is Father's handwriting?
How is Henry's behavior about daughter?

Oct. 7

FATHER DEAR :

And was I glad to see your handwriting again. I'd even have been glad to see it writing MENE, MENE, PAX, etc., on the wall somewhere I believe! I am very glad to know that you can sit up and take your meals, and write a letter to your D.E.F.A.D. Bet you can't guess what that means. Bet you a cookie. I'd even go so far as to bet you a dollar on it, if you feel the need of going on a real gambling spree! (Only tell it not among the heathen, nor in bath, or whatever place it is that such items are usually published in. It might give a false impression. What advice I'm trying to give- if you bet me- is this- do your gambling under cover and don't let anybody know about it.)

(I did)
(she loses)
Oh, I know something else to bet you about. Bet you Mother never showed my bathing suit drawings to a soul yet, not even to Aunt Gertrude, who, I'm sure, would really be interested, since Mother said she asked a question one day about my style of bathing garb. But after I had sent those sketches, Mother's letter arrived in which she was so terribly shocked to learn that I had been sunbathing not only my arms and legs, but my back as well. She would be more shocked if she discovered undressed-of nudist tendencies in her only D., wouldn't she? then she was when the hair got cut off. Dear me!

That reminds me- I would be willing to make a bet with you about the danger of my becoming a nudist- but that really would be about as modest as sunbathing my back; wouldn't it? And besides, I think you have had enough gambling temptations for one short hour. Don't know how much you can stand yet, anyway!

Much love to you.

Abbie

P.S. Really can't resist one more bet- and this the last!- bet you Mother won't read this letter at the C.B. nor the Ladies' Aid nor the Missionary meeting nor the W.C.T.U.!

The surely wins this last bet! Clara

*1881 said what
you think there
Critic means - advised I*

(116)

Swatow, China

Oct. 15, 1934

Dear Ques:

This last week has been very full of music rehearsals. Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, Basses - all had separate rehearsals of their parts; duets, quartets, double quartets, etc., all had rehearsals of their own, and then we had a grand rehearsal of all from 6 to 8 Friday evening. All this was getting ready for the big event of Sunday - when the Young People's Society had entire charge of the church service - I am going to type a copy of the program and all they did, giving names, etc - because I know Mr. Capen and Isabelle

will be interested to know all about it. They did pretty well, I think - and to me the best part of it was that no one who was asked to do anything refused. Even some⁽⁴⁾ of the girls who really have only ordinary voices did the best they could, with the result that some people thought their number was the most appealing one on the program.

Somehow during the process of strenuous practicing I managed to develop a larynx condition which does not help me at all in my teaching work! Marion says I ought to go to bed and get rid of the cold but I'm not sick enough for that - Not sick at all, in fact - only it is

(116)

very distressing - to me - when
I can't talk!

Saturday afternoon we had a
big time, too. Our W. W. J. has
not really got started this year
until now. They were rather
discouraged, because there were
so few of them -

So Lee Poo Lan and I got
our heads together and invited
the old "Daring Endeavors" girls, and
the new Junior Christians who
entered this term, to a "Tract Meet."
We had games and eats first and
after a jolly good time we had the
thought of the girls around to the
business of getting the society to
work again. I am sure I
should have had a very hard time
alone, but with Miss Lee's help the
thing was easily accomplished, and

strong enthusiasm shown so that
when it came to signing up
for the continuing of the work, all
twenty who were present signed
their names with no hesitation.

From that they went easily on to
the next step. They had had a
very half-hearted election of officers
at the beginning of the term and
they decided it ought to be done
over again - So new and old
girls all entered with the spirit
of the thing and in ^{much} less than
a half hour the officers were
elected and the members divided
into their separate committees -
We hope they have got a real start
this time -

Today Marion Shivers of Judson
College, Rangoon, arrived for two
days - She is visiting China on her

way home - I expected her to stay five or ten days - but she stopped off in Hongkong and went up to Canton - I sorely am sorry to have this wretched cold while she is here - She came on Helen Hunt's recommendation - she seems very nice -

Thursday -

Your letter not sent yet! It's partly because of having guests - partly because of feeling punk with a cold, and partly because I have waited to get the church program typed -

Evelyn came down from Kitgum to take a week's vacation with Marion - She was a week late in getting here, because they have all been sick with dengue fever up there - Evelyn first, then Marion and then Clara - But they are

all getting better now, and Evelyn
was enough better to come down
here -

I surely was grateful to ^(Marian + E) them
for the way they entertained
Miss Shivers - I was busy at
school and felt like two cents
anyway - They took Miss S. to
the galleries at Bang Khoe on
Tuesday and she evidently enjoyed
the trip -

Now ~~she~~ she is gone and my chief
business of the moment is to see
how soon I can get rid of this
cold -

Your letter of ^{Sat} Aug 17 has come -
and it speaks of the possibility of
your going to Woods Hole - ^{for the winter} Maybe
I am a pessimist, but I can't
seem to see that picture very
clearly - And yet I don't see, if

you go back to Smith & Birnbeck how
the furnace is to be tended, etc -
and all the other things done, even
if you should be perfectly well -
and I think I see now, from
hints that peep out, that you really
haven't been as well as I have
been imagining you were (Mother)

I wonder how soon any further
light will come to me on the
subject of whether or not I ought
to come home - I try to think
that I'm not going to care what
people think I ought to do, - that
my only concern will be to do
the thing that is right to do -
if I can find out what that
thing is - But I realize that
I'm made such a way that I
can't help caring a great deal
about what people think -
But I do not need to

whine all these worries of mine
into your ears - Things must
come out all right sometime -
It would seem that one of my
most difficult tasks at present
is to be patient. ! Answers to
some of the many questions I
have asked will be coming soon,
I suppose -

In the meantime,

Much love to you all,

Abbie

(117)

Sivatow, China

Oct. 21, 1937

Dear Ono,

You can't imagine
what I am doing, I know,
so I'll have to tell you -
You can perhaps tell by
the writing that I can't
exactly see what I'm doing,
which is, in fact, the case!

It is a wonderful moonlight
night - I have been in
the house all day, trying
to give my throat a real
rest. I did go to Sunday School
this morning, but I spent
most of the time with my
class looking at pictures
of Christ by famous painters
and studying which Ono

of the pictures were most
like our ideas of Christ -
The general favorite was
Hofmann's Gethsemane -
Not a bad choice, I should
say -

Tonight Marion seemed
very restless and blue -
and she didn't know
what she wanted to do, but
finally she hit on the idea
of dragging the viols
out on the veranda in the
moonlight, where we could
have music and moonlight
both - Then I conceived the
idea that I could write
my letter to you out here

the moonlight². That will be
a good idea if you are
able to read the letter after
you get it! I certainly
can't read it now, as I
write - So I don't know
whether I have spelled
the words right or not -
Pretty soon now it will
be my turn to get up
and change the records -
If I stop in the middle
of a sentence I shall not
know how far I have got -
So you see you'll be
very lucky if you are able
to decipher it at all!

Lucky! That record ended
just as I had finished
the page. - I can't seem
to concentrate very much when
I know it is going to be my
turn to hop up in another
minute. - I do three records
and then Mr. does three -

This afternoon the little
girls came over with Mrs
Lee to prepare for their next
meeting, which comes Saturday -
I'm afraid Mrs Lee feels it
is a burden, which is a
pity, for she does things with
them so well - But we have
the thing partly planned, anyway
and that is a relief - although
I know I must have plenty

of ideas for games & program
up my sleeve if anyone should
trip up - This is not a going
concern like the Young People's
Society -

Arthur's letter written Sept 23
came yesterday - I was anxious
to get it and learn that
he didn't really get sick
while he was in Rollinsford.
I was afraid, from what you
first wrote, that he was going to
be -

We wish that he could be
near enough to talk with
me without its costing us
\$10 a minute! That is the way
I feel about you, too - I should
like so much to know just how

You are right now, not just
a month ago! — However —
there is nothing for it but to
wait patiently a little
while, it would seem —

This isn't worth much
as a letter — but I'll
send it along anyway,
with my love,

Abbie

118

Swatow, China.

October 27, 1934

Dear One,

Friday and Saturday
your letters telling of the separation
in the family reached me - I
was suddenly struck by the fact
that for a month ^{or so} from that time
you ^{received (?)} ~~would~~ be receiving letters from
me which contain separate messages
for Father - in case he should be some
where else than South Bendish!

I received also, on Saturday, a
letter from Charlie Hagg in which he
gives as his honest opinion that as
things are now it would probably be
wiser for me to stay here than to come
home. It gave ^{although it doesn't lessen my} ~~me~~ ^{able to see you with my own eyes} much comfort, as
did your letters which assured me that
you had no thought of my coming home
unless it was necessary - I had

Chas.

asked him to write.

Now I certainly hope that you have been getting the rest that you need, Mother. My opinion - at this long distance - is that, according to your life-long custom, necessity for "serving" gave you more strength than you really had, and so you were able to keep up - Then when Father began to get better, the reaction set in, and you had to get more rest for "mending" the extra strength that you had spent more than you had! But if you don't improve as you should, I hope you will give Dr. Wilkinson and the others at Lakely to give you another "once-over" - I really have much confidence in them.

And I hope, Father, that you will not make the mistake of

2
using more strength than you have.
You will get strong eventually, but
you must have patience and walk
softly for the present - Don't get
an idea into your head that you
can do something or go somewhere
that you are advised not to.

You see, I know what a vice-
like grip some of your ideas have
had on your mind in the past -
(often a very good thing!) but don't
give little old ~~the~~ tenacity of
Purpose without Suitable Supervision
free rein just yet!

I am delighted to learn of
your progress, Pa. When I read
that you had walked almost a
mile I could scarcely believe
it! Keep right on!

As for me - I'm still plodding along - Yesterday was a fairly bad day for me in some respects - I went to Sunday School - and got all "hot up" trying to lead a hundred boys and girls in learning a new song (two parts). Mrs. Capen has done that before and I'm not so good at leading a large group.

Then I went to church and found as many of the choir girls gone that the others ^{of the choir} were discouraged about going into the choir loft - I used a little persuasion and they went up as usual and sang. Then I left Chinese church early and went down to Chinese English service - my first for a long time - whether as long as a year, I don't know - That was all right, and I enjoyed it.

Then there was a rush back for

dinner and a rush to get over
 to the Young People's Meeting by
 1.30 - When I arrived, I found
 a notice on the blackboard saying
 that "on account of affairs" the
 meeting would not be held! Two
 or three other groups were having
 meetings which would take a
 big toll of our members away
 for the day - and so, without
 warning, the thing was called
 off. But thirteen people
 arrived and I could not
 see letting them go back home
 again without any message -
 Many of them ~~had~~ had not
 been baptized, ^{but are christians} - so after our
 singing I read the story
 of Philip and the eunuch,
 with the emphasis on the

"What doth hinder me to
be baptized?" — I really
had in mind especially a certain
one of the boys — and I had a
chance to tell him so
afterwards ... I said, "I think
you knew that I meant you."
"Yes — I knew" — he answered —
Whether that little seed will
bear fruit or not remains to be
seen —

Oct 30 I got home from the meeting
in time to find a Junior Young
Peoples special meeting from
Swatow holding forth in our
living room — I went up-
stairs to get a little rest —
While I was still resting, a
Chinese man from Swatow
came to ask for flowers — I
was just dropping into a doze —

but was of course wide awake after that, so decided to get up and write to you -

While I was still washing my face Marion came up to tell me that the American Consul and his wife had just arrived - She couldn't find a single boy to get any tea ready for them - I went out and found the coolie and helped him set the table, then went down to entertain the guests until the tea should arrive - The room down there was a mess. The youngsters had left bits of candy and papers around on the floor - and the chairs were better shatters - Cushions all wrinkled; flowers withering because they hadn't been changed for two days - and still no boy in sight! We had a fairly good visit with them, or would have

if we hadn't been fussing
inwardly about tea and the
looks of the place & ^{they left before the tea arrived!} I gave
the boy a good sound talking
to and told him I wasn't
"ashamed to death" - He was
ashamed too - and for two whole
days now he has been pretty much
on the job - He has needed jacking
up for some time - but I'm not very
good on jacking people up!

We haven't usually had many
callers on Sunday because people
know it is our busy day - for one
thing - (Oh, well!)

Then Sunday evening I spent
trying to answer a letter sent to
me by Hsuan Bell Ling, our principal's
daughter, who is studying in
Shanghai - She asks my opinion
about what vocation she shall

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choose - The correspondence is
to be shown to the president,
Mr. Lin - and so! - I
have to think what I will (Haven't
finished the letter yet!)

I have been very glad to have
the fashion sheets, Mother - a
number of good ideas have
come from them for making
over winter dresses -

By the way, are you still
well supplied with white
Lais-nets? I have some
which I shall send you
if you need them - Or
could you use any for
friends? Do Aunt B. & Aunt G.
ever use them?

I must quit and get this off
to you - with my love.

At the

My throat is practically well - I
don't cough at all, and I think feel
better fit again - I am
all day long -

(119)

Swatow, China

November 4, 1934

Dear Quon,

That Saturday and Sunday when no letter comes from you is a very incomplete week-end for me. Now has come this week and I have the most disappointed, unfinished, "bores end" feeling! I've been fairly busy today and yesterday, but being busy does not take the place of getting a letter you are looking for!

This has been the week of the annual Swatow-Kakchich association meetings in the Church - I have not attended many of the sessions (couldn't

on account of school) except the
evening ones. On Wednesday
evening Miss Chen from Swatow,
our new field worker recently
returned from study in Nanking
Bible Institute, gave a splendid
talk on Building: The Creative
in Every Day Life. Thursday evening
the Young People's Society gave
a Religious Education play
which they did very well indeed.
They had had three evenings
only (here in our home but I
was not present) & practice - It
is truly marvelous the way that
they can have the whole meaning
of a play in mind, and don't
have to bother with remembering
exact lines, cues, etc.!

Tang Chak Min took the
part of a young father the

death of whose child sobered
him and turned him to God -
His acting, including agonizing
over the child - and a long
difficult solo part in which
he is finally brought to his
knees and pours out his heart
in a cry for forgiveness, was really
superb - for a boy in the
equivalent of our Sophomore High
School class in America. I was
very proud of him - Our usually
noisy Wakarusa audience was
very quiet through the whole
thing. Part of that good
order may have been due to
the fact that the Young People
had invited ten or a dozen people
to sit in different parts of the
audience to help keep the
babies quiet and keep people from

moving around - and keep the
dogs out!

Friday night the Woman's
Missionary Society gave another
play - very good of its kind -
depicting how the Christian
family should plan the use of money,
how family worship should be
carried on, and what good a
Christian man who has a little
money may be able to do in
the way of being a public benefactor
providing vaccinations etc - for
people who need them - getting
doctors and nurses to give health
talks to people in the community -
etc. I suppose perhaps some of
the people felt that that one
was more fitting to give in church -
It was as good, anyway, that
it is being given over again tonight
in Swanton - at the Swanton Christian

Institute -

Saturday morning I got up early and dyed an old winter dress - a bright orange made from jersey pajamas Dorothy Powell sent me instead of rayon ones I asked her to get me - So now I have a true brown dress - but it isn't finished yet and I'm not sure whether it is a good shade of brown for me or not!

Went to classes Saturday A. M. as usual - At 2. p. m. went to a Mission Executive Committee which lasted until nearly 6. 30 - Ate supper in a fair degree of hurry - then went up to the Principal's House to coach the boys' and girls' basketball teams on some songs and cheers which they expect to use when they take

a trip to Boston to play some teams
there. The ~~two~~ athletic directors
and the principal are to go with
the youngsters, so they should be
well taken care of. They will
take exams a week early at the end
of the term, and then be gone into
vacation time. This will be a
grand "trip to Boston" for them. Some
officer on one of the steamers is
giving them free passage.

After they got home from that
"shouting bee" I still had some
Sunday School outlines to copy for
this morning.

Today had a good L. S. lesson
but when we got to church I found
that only one ^{2nd, & 3rd} ~~2nd, & 3rd~~ ^{was present,}
so I went into the loft with the
^{chair} ~~others~~ and helped them ~~choir~~ sing
the special song which they have
been practicing for today -

Pushed home & got ready for having a group of girls come in for tea this afternoon - As soon as dinner was over I had to go to Young People's - as everything had to be in readiness before that - More making I can tell you! I got back just about in time to greet my guests for the afternoon.

I asked the Senior High girls and the women Teachers and Mrs. Ling to come - Mrs. Ling couldn't come because she had to go to Swatow with the Women's Missionary Society - Two of the teachers couldn't come - and some of the girls were absent - but we had a group of seventeen in all.

We had Victrola music, tea and cakes and conversation, mostly. I had wanted to have them on a different day and have a frolic with them, but Sunday is the only day that they have free. Don't know whether they enjoyed it or not but I did.

I had them write their names in the guest book, with their addresses and we rotated around the room to have conversation with different people. Then we each made a little "life-history" for some one - pasting a small picture cut from magazine on each page of a booklet. "Birthplace", "First Day at School", "First Success", "First Defeat" - etc. The girls chose favorite hymns and we played them on the Victrola (the non-Christians don't mind the hymns, apparently, if

they are played on the machine!)
There was a happy atmosphere
of friendliness - humming the
good old tunes along with the
acords - and talking about
our actual influence on
each other's lives - etc.

The time went very quickly.
They drew lots for the "Lip. History"
and trooped away, interestedly
reading each other's books -

As soon as they had gone I
went over to see Dorothy Campbell,
who is just back from Italy
where she has been for two
weeks, trying to recover - It is
good to see her again. Her
hair all came out - and she is
just getting her new crop -

Now I've had supper, and as
I sit waiting to you, a feeling
of lassitude comes over me -
strange, don't you think? Or

doesn't that sound on paper
as strenuous as it really was?

Just here - half past eight
Sunday night - comes a letter
from Joy Tatum! Imagine
that! The first in years.
She doesn't know where my
parents are living - thinks
it is in Gardner, Maine!
Her father & Mrs. T. are in
Yonchaw - Her father had
a slight shock but is better.
She is on furlough now but
is not going to America,
but may come down to
Hingham. I shall invite
her ~~here~~ (for a week at least)
I think (but not longer than
that!) (I wonder!) -

My love to you -

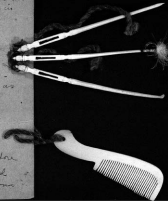
How are you? Alice

1. To pick your teeth with. Do not
use in public unless you are in
China!

2. To flick the dust from
your nostrils (and ears.)

3. To dig out your ears with.
Maybe this will be as good as
Dr. Brown's treatment!

4. If you get nervous before
the sermon. Take this out and
give your beard a superstitious
combing or two.



November 19, 1934

Dear Ones,

I know not exactly how to write to you these days; I think of one of you in Woods Hole and the other in Rollinsford and want to write to you both. If I were sure you were still in those two places I should write to both and maybe I will anyway. Shouldn't wonder if my oldest brother would be glad to have a scrawl from me now often than he gets one.

At the present writing I have had one letter from Mother since she began to get better after her "beriberi-moaning" - and two from Father since he has been in Woods Hole, and one from Arthur since he took his flying visit to the farm - I hope that everything is continuing to go as well with you as these letters seem to indicate. I can feel very much comforted if they are.

Today a letter came from Judy's Paul in which she says Edna had been down to the farm. She said she herself had tried to call at the house this summer a number of

times but found no one at home -

I've had a letter from Mr. M. Grotz which began just as the other one did "Dear Miss Sanderson" - That, to me, from him, doesn't seem just right somehow - He seemed much concerned about you - and expressed his desire to send a "missionary contribution" direct to me - and wanted to know how to do it - I told him he could either send a check to you or a bank draft to me, whichever he preferred - Just imagine that, will you? I thanked him for going to see you - and told him I knew you appreciated it.

This is some paper which I received today from the Bridgewater "Albion Sanderson Mission Circle". Except for some which came in my box last month from Henton I am low on writing paper - so I was delighted to have this - The box today was a marvel, really. Cutest little boxes of soap (colored) pencils, good looking little strings of beads and pretty ^{etc.} knickknacks. And right on top, in a special box done up all by itself, a lovely peach silk pajama suit and a pair of silk stockings - I ought to write to them tonight but I cannot manage it, I'm afraid - doesn't pay to sit up too late at night!

Much love to you. Albion

(121)

Swatow, China

Nov. 11, 1937

Dearest Mother,

Yesterday a letter came from Mabelle in which she enclosed the nice little one you had sent to her in reply to hers -

Sorry to know that you haven't been behaving quite as I'd like to have you - I keep being grateful all the time, though, that you are with Aunt Bertha and Aunt Gertrude because I know there isn't any one in the wide world who would take care of you any better -

I have written a circular letter this year - and hope to get it off some time this coming week - I'm not sending as many because I can't afford it - One will have to do for the church people - and I'm sending one to Mrs. Pendleton

and one to Mr. Morris which they may or may not wish to use in their state papers. I've cut down the mailing list of last year about a third - and am doubling up on these letters wherever possible - to save postage.

Each circular letter I write seems to be worse than the one I wrote before; I read other people's, and think how uninteresting most of them are, and wonder what kind people at home would like anyhow! Then I decide I won't write any more circular letters, but when the time comes around I do it anyhow - I'll send you one of these as soon as they are printed and you can tell me whether you think it is too sketchy, or too un-pious, or un-missionary, or too dumb!

The "Daring Endeavorers" have decided to make little pillows and things to sell to get Christmas money for the White Gift Service. You'd have loved to see the bunch of them sitting around my bedroom, some of them right down on the floor, among the bags and bags of patchwork pieces - making the little puffs or squares for pillows or patchwork quilts. I really hope their enthusiasm will last long enough for them to get one thing actually finished! The youngsters love to begin things, but it isn't so easy for them to get them finished!

Mrs. Page and I, being on the entertainment committee, have been stewing around trying to get arrangements made in

advance for all the conference
guests who will be coming next
~~month~~ ^{month} It is not a particularly
easy task, for

"Well, we can't have a family
with children this year!"

"We want ^{to do} ~~our~~ share, of
course, but any body can see that
we've only one bathroom in the
house."

"We had ----- last year,
why can't Mrs. ----- take them
this year?"

And so on - But I think
we have a niche for everybody
now - and we shall entertain
here at our house (Enid, Marion &
I here to begin with) Evelyn Stephens,
Anna Foster, Clara Leach, Mr. & Mrs.
Baker, Mr. Barket and possibly
Mrs. Barket and the baby -

If they all come, will have rather a house full - not as full, however, as we would if we followed the plan we evolved this morning at our breakfast table, whereby we could entertain all the guests here in this one house. The men would have to double up with each other - and the women bunch up in the other side of the house, but we reckoned that on a pinch we could do it - But I guess will not try it this time -

Keeps on getting better, sweetness - and say a big thank-you to the ones who deserve one from me!

Love,

Abbie

Swatow, China

November 25, 1934

Dear Mother,

Your long letter answering my
solley of questions arrived yesterday
and was I glad to get it?! The very fact
that you could write such a long letter
proves to me that you are - or were,
at least, keeps better - I am much comforted.
Glad to have Mr. Dr. Girdy's letter - By the
way, if he sends any "mission money"
to me through you - just keep it until
you hear from me, please - I don't know
whether he'll send it that way or direct
to me.

What do you suppose I have been doing
to "fill in" time this week? Can't imagine,
can you? School as usual - though I was
obliged to give a couple of written exams in
charge of some one else in order to get everything
in

Monday evening, school executive committee,
up at the principal's house -

Tuesday noon, an elaborate Chinese feast
given by Dr. Ji of Swatow in honor of his old
professor at Hartford Seminary, Dr. Hodous,
and Mrs. Hodous, who were in Swatow for
the day, passing through on a trip around the

world. Dr. Ji invited all who had studied at Hartford - I enjoyed it immensely - Got home in time to collect examination papers, and then got ready for a tea in honor of the new minister to China and his wife - down at the Snaton club house. A big time - Came back and grabbed a bite of supper and went out to the American gunboat with our "young" bunch of missionaries (Hobart, Marion, Evelyn who was down from Hitzjary, Helva and I - Edna and Beatrice couldn't go because they had guests -) to see a movie and have some cups of good American coffee! We got back before nine o'clock and I sat up fairly late getting letters off. During the evening it was noticed that Helva's face looked different and the next morning we learned that one side was paralyzed! I was scared as well as distressed, but they say it is only temporary. That is bad enough, though! She can't shut that eye and can't control that side of her mouth when she is eating - It doesn't move when she smiles - and of course it makes her look all out of gear. Very embarrassing and uncomfortable but easier to be borne if she may hope that it is a matter of weeks, or even months, than as though it were feared permanent.

Where am I? Oh yes - Wednesday - I cast prayermeeting to go and help the young people with their preparations for a program which they gave Friday night.

Thursday I spent most of the day rehearsing songs etc. - Thursday night I was invited to Principal Lewis for a grand Chinese dinner. (I haven't got to the end of that story yet; my accepting a Thursday evening invitation means that I have to get some one else to take my place and I have to take Miss Lee's place on Monday night (to-morrow)!

Friday is always a busy day, and this Friday when I got through at 4 I had to go to an English department meeting, go plan a standardization test for our Senior High students - Got home in time for a bit of supper and got over to the matched where the J. P. entertainment was given - I sat in my little corner where the organ was, behind the scenes, from 6.30 p.m. to nearly 11.30 - Of course the program was far too long, but the reserved seat tickets were \$1.00 and \$2.00 and they wanted to give people their money's worth - ! As soon as it was over they brought on huge buckets of rice and vegetable - piping hot - and all the participants had a little lunch - It tasted pretty good, too - ! The thing was really a stupendous thing for them to attempt. They are disappointed not to earn more money, but I think they are lucky to have earned any - I am more than thankful that they are not

in the hole! Thirty or forty young people
helped in this program, many working like
Trojans behind the scenes - Their school
work had to go by the board for this
last week, I am afraid. Fortunately for
them, the school disciplinary officer is
also an adviser to the Young People's Society
and he is sympathetic with them - Well,
I'm glad it's over - They did well, but
they certainly need to buckle down to
school work for a while now! Christmas
is coming before we can shake a stick, and
that will mean more extras -

Saturday at 11 I went to Beatrice's to
practice a duet with her - Came home and
cut out toy animals for the girls to make
(rag doll effects!) and from two p.m. on
the girls had their sewing and their
little meeting - As soon as I had my
supper I went to the Romans School to
attend a Thanksgiving meeting - This is
as Chinese Thanksgiving ~~meeting~~ feast day,
not our American Thanksgiving! Before
I was in the hall I heard my name
spoken - and B. and I had to go
immediately and sing our duet - It
was a most interesting program -
And now it's Sunday!

Much love to you
P.S. I haven't written Father - If you are
about this to Father - If you are
in Rollinsford maybe you'll
better send it to him + Arthur to read.

At the

Swatow, China,

December 1, 1934

Dearest Ones:

About an hour^{ago} I decided that this world wasn't a very wonderful place to live in after all. I really couldn't think of very much that hadn't gone wrong today, and the work that I have piled up seemed to be piled so high that there could be no possible chance of its ever getting done. Then ^{some of} the servants came and wanted to be paid in big round silver dollars instead of in the depreciated paper money that we get here in Swatow these days. Thereby hangs a big long tale which I can't go into in detail in this letter, but anyway, it seemed to me that all the problems in the world were coming up all at once and that they all waited for me to solve them! Things looked pretty black, I tell you. I had forgotten all about the good Thanksgiving este we had only two days ago and nothing was right at all, at all!

Then I had some supper, which made me feel a little better. Then I remembered some good advice from Gladys Paul's latest letter: "Take good care of yourself and preserve your sense of humor". I decided it was high time for me to hurry up and do some preserving! So I did and the world at the present moment is much brighter. The piles of paper still remain to be corrected, and about 40 Christmas letters are still to be addressed and stamped, and about a third of them need little notes written to go with them (which costs more postage as well as taking more time!). But I have my notes all ready for my S.S. students to-morrow morning, and I have decided to go to bed and leave the piles of letters and papers just where they are for the present. I am going to get some sleep and maybe when morning comes I will have pep to write some of the letters. I might even do better to leave this letter to be written to-morrow! But I know my family is longuffering where my letters are concerned and so I'll get this one page written tonight and that will be a little start. More later, (but not until next week!)

Much love, Abbie

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Suweston, China

December 9, 1934

Dear Ones

Imagine writing to you all together! I just hope you are all there and all well and happy. I'm busy as usual.

This coming week I have a few things on my hands. In the first place all the ^{2nd} monthly exams must be made out, and given - and should be, I suppose, (but will not be!) corrected -

Second, Dr. Becker is already here and we are to have our conference meetings - We have a large house and so we expect to entertain a fairly large number of

guests - Perhaps I can tell
you about them later.

On top of that we are trying
to get ready for Christmas, and
that includes sewing bees with
the little girls, and singing
and perhaps a program; it
also means getting ready the
music for a program at school,
a young people's program,
a school ^{house} song to sing at church
and a Y. P. song for church -
and possibly a few other things.

Today I went to S. S. as
usual - then to church, where
Dorothy C. and I sang a
duet "List to the voice of the
Saviour" to the tune of Whispering
Hope.

At one thirty I went to Y. P.
meeting - where I had "sessions"
with Mr. Capen's poor little broken

done again before and after the meeting - to see if anything could possibly be done for it. I am afraid, however, that it is beyond repair. I don't know just what we shall do - for we need a little organ in that Young People's Meeting - need it badly.

At four p.m. I went to a nominating committee where a slate of officers was drawn up for the Women's Dorcas Society, the Prayermeeting Committee & the Missionary Society. I knew that I could scarcely hope to be left off from all three - and sure enough, I am

on the Missionary Committee
again - after having been off
several years - It is not the
wisest thing in the world for me
to be on that ~~for~~ I am never
sure of being able to get away
from school on Thursday
afternoon - I believe this
term is the first one since
1928 that I have not had
classes Thurs. p.m. at the
time of the missionary meeting.

I wish all my Christmas
letters were sent. I'm
planning to address the
Philippine ones tonight and
all the rest of them, if
possible -

How has the weather been?
Here it has been cold - had
a frost. On my back porch
Thursday morning at 7 the

thermometer said 40° - just
two degrees colder than the
room next door (to the porch!)
where I took my bath - ugh!

The next morning it was $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ -
Yesterday 43° and today 48° -

It has been pretty cold - but
a lovely day and I have
managed to keep from
freezing. Each noon we

go out on Matelli's little
glazed in veranda to eat our lunch.

That is the only place in the
house that is warm at all.

We have bought some coal, but
feel so poor that we don't want
to use any more than we have
to.

Mother and Father - don't
you think I might have remembered
your Christmas in a little more
definite way? I do - and
I did remember but didn't
have much but 'handkerchief
& send - Soon I'm going to
have one or two little things to send
you - I hope - but with all
these affairs coming on it
may be Christmas ^{week} before I can
get ready what I have in
mind to send you -

Wraps of love & all,
Ollie.

Had a letter from Pernice Drew
of Dover - She wants a short
sketch of my life - and a
merry letter for their March
meeting -

Duotow, China

Dec. 16, 1934

Dearest Ones;

I feel a little let like a
ray that has been drawn through a
knot-hole this morning. Our conference
meetings began Thursday evening,
and we have had meetings now
for three evenings and yesterday
afternoon.

Aside from that there have been
Woman's Committee meetings and
sister song rehearsals, sewing bees for
the little girls and various other
things to attend to. Sunday School
music for Christmas, School program
for Christmas, Young People's arrangements
for Christmas, W. W. G. program for
Christmas!

I was supposed to be in two
different places all yesterday afternoon.
Marion has taken the brunt of

the housekeeping this month so I do not have to worry about what the nine people who are sitting around our table at meal times ^{are eating}. That is, they are there at breakfast time - and then are usually invited somewhere else for the other two meals. Then we have some of the other compound gossips instead, and a jolly time is had by all. We certainly have a hullabaloo at breakfast. It is the grandest family I could imagine for conference guests. Anna and Clara have been together; they are in my bedroom and I am in my little guestroom.

Mr. Barker is all by himself in Matella's room. The Barkers are down in Elinor's room and she is in her little guestroom, and Evelyn is in with Marion.

Last night we had Dr. Becker as our guest for dinner and of course all our other guests stayed at -

home with us in order to be there
when he was there. He spoke of
his visit to Dr. D. and I was
interested to learn that he
stayed with Chester Wood while
he was there. "Chat" just about
talked Dr. D.'s head off. The night
Dr. D. arrived there Dr. D. couldn't
get to bed because C. kept on
talking! The next morning Mrs.
gave Chat such a "bawling out"
that he always let Dr. D. go
to bed earlier after that. She
is a little fat, comfortable thing,
just C.'s opposite, and, Dr. D.
thinks, exactly the wife for him
(I asked Dr. D.!) "He's quite
a chap", was his comment.
He goes off early and stays
long - his wife never knows
when he will get back for
meals — !

I thought when the nominating committee brought in its slate of officers to be voted on that I should get off easy this year. They had put me down as a member of the Language Committee, and as alternate (as I was this year; I only went because Mr. Page couldn't and didn't want to) for member of the Board of Directors of Shanghai University.

That is plenty for one missionary - yet it is much easier than being on three or four other committees in addition!

However - the conference reserves the right to nominate from the floor and some of the committees when elected contained not one name that had been nominated in the first place!

The Mission Secretary was elected first - Mr. Page -
Then the Mission Executive Committee, ~~the~~ Hakka members

and five from our field:

I Hakhas: Anna - Mrs. Adams

II Lo-chin: Mr. Page - Mr. Waters

Mr. Hobart, Dr. Leach, Mrs. Baker

(Last year it was Page Waters Hobart
Brown Sanderson)

Then they elected the two extra
Divisional Committees. These, with
the above group II, form the Ling Tong
Divisional Committee - or our Division
Speaking Reference Committee. The
Groups I & II above together form what
takes the place of our former Reference
Committee.

The Language Com. was elected as
nominated: Hobart, Sanderson, Travis.

The Women's Committee as follows:

Mrs. Luebeck

Leach

Dr. Stephens

Sanderson

Smith

Miss Smith is chairman and I am
secretary -

as is the Representative on the Board of Directors of Shanghai University. Mr. Page's name was nominated first, Mr. Borkat was nominated from the floor and I was alternate - Then Mr. Page suggested that I be ~~off~~ elected the delegate - and that is what they voted: Mr. P. is alternate -

Now of course we do have a few other committees - but don't note on this, and how could you be very deeply interested in any com. that your dearly beloved daughter had not been elected into? ! So - enough of that. During the election once Mr. Page got up and said rather plaintively that he noticed he had been nominated neither for the Language Committee nor for the Romanio Committee! (I feel a little sympathy - I've altogether

too many committees - and can't do a thing about it.) A little later the Women's Committee was elected. Mrs. Page was nominated and actually got a vote! That is laughable now, but in the days when Women's Committee began, the men didn't trust the women to run their own committee and always had one or two members on it!

Joy Tatum is in Hongkong and may come to see me next week. Father and Mother Tatum are there too but I didn't strongly urge their coming just now - It is too likely to be cold, and we couldn't keep them comfortable - They may come, of course!

Much love

Abbie

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CLARA CHASE LEACH, M. D.
SOUTH LONDONDERRY
VERMONT

Kitzgang

Dec. 31, 1934

Dearest One,

When I asked Clara for
some notepaper a minute ago she
was scratching around to find
something real "swell" until she found
I was going to write to you - Then
she said, "Well hold on - I'll give
you something to write to them on,
that will let them know where
you are all right!" So, this is
what she fished out - and I
think it is pretty swell, don't you?

Here I am at Kitzgang at
New Year's time again. Only this
time I am not staying over the
New Year - I'm going back today.
Guess who is with me! We have
had a real houseparty, with Mr. +
Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Wiley, Edna Smith,
Evel J. and G. F. S. and her cousin
Joy Tatum! The Geadts, Marguerite
Cushman and Clara Leach are the

Kitzing residents who are our hosts, and they surely have entertained us royally. Evelyn Stephens was really the one who invited me first, but she is now in Canton with her sister Marion leaving her tonsils out - We were so sorry she couldn't be here - Both of the sisters, in fact.

Let me see - where did I leave off the last time I wrote? I know it has been longer than I intended - since before Christmas sometime, anyway. Christmas was a strenuous time this year - Not counting all the extra music practices (and exams just the week before home) our actual celebrations began Friday night, I should say. That evening the Academy teachers' prayer meeting came at our house and we had a good meeting, with practice of Christmas songs, and tea and cakes afterwards -

The next night was our school Christmas celebration - and that night I stood on my feet for nearly five hours - I was very glad when it was over, because we had not been sure just how the non-Christian students would receive the entertainment. During the first part, in fact, they did threaten to make trouble - But as

CLARA CHASE LEACH, M. D.
SOUTH LONDONCHERRY
VERMONT

the evening went on and the number grew better and better - and the Christian students kept their tempers and carried on as splendidly - all signs of opposition stopped and the whole thing was quite a success, with not a few lessons taught, in the bargain!

Sunday morning after a final song practice we went to the church for the morning Christmas service - Our youngsters were still as tired from the night before that the best songs did not go very well - One, however, of about sixty voices, was done creditably, even if the rest of the songs were a bit flat in places - (Principal sing very poorly)

Sunday p. m. we had the White Gift Service - There were songs, and a good talk by one of our Academy teachers - and then the gifts. I was most interested in the gift presented by our group of Junior Girls - the "Daring Endeavour" Box \$17 was given by them - mostly earned by making little fancy pillows and toy animals - birds, frogs, monkeys, and rabbits - It is the first time they have tried anything of the sort and

and it was most satisfying to see
the way they worked.

Monday I taught school! (diff. sed!)

Monday evening I went to the Roman's
School to see their pageant and
then to Edna's with Marion -
where we opened our presents
around their Christmas tree -

A lovely, restful ending to a day
of rush and turmoil -

More later,

Love

Abbie

P.S. Got your package slip from P.O. Christmas
Day, and the package next day -
The things are lovely - all of them
just what I need -

CLARA CHASE LEACH M. D.
SOUTH CONDUCTORY
VERMONT

Wilmington
New Brunswick

Dear Mrs. Garrison:

It is good
to be back again. I
would to wish you soon
leaving about Mr. Garrison's
sickness. Am so glad he
is better. Please give my
very very best wishes for the
new year for health & comfort.
Sometimes one has to learn to
be comfortable & happy under
different conditions. Do not take
changes in life too seriously.

It has been so good to
have Addie and Miss Feltus here
for our house party. The only
trouble is I have not seen so
much of her as I hoped to.

It is time for her to
take leave now. Love to all
New Year & year
Clara