

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 6 / 44

Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, with enclosed letter from AGS to Mrs. Humphreys, Baptist Foreign Mission Society

Dates: 1936 Jan - Apr

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Sweetow, China

January 5, 1936

Dear Father & Mother,

When I read your letters which tell about Thanksgiving I am indeed very very thankful. For last Thanksgiving I was filled with dubious fears as to how you were getting along; I was still worrying as to what I ought to do about the matter, and things looked fairly dark in general. I shall state the happiest state I could see in the manage was a state of fatalistic resignation to the fact that whatever was to be, would be, and I could do very little about it.

God truly has answered

prayer in a very wonderful way, beyond all we can think or ask - and it makes me feel very humble indeed. I often think of the lines from Tennyson that Father taught me to love "Some things are wrought by prayer that this world dreams of", prayer, that makes us all to be "bound by gold chains about the feet of God" (in words to that effect!) These chains certainly encircle the world.

But here in Swatow there are evidences, growing clearer to me all the time, that the Spirit is working, slowly but surely - For while last summer one of the things I was horribly afraid of was the opposition that I felt sure would be raised at the idea of a Fellowship Group -

especially if it were given
 the definite name Oxford Group.
 yet, the way things are working
 out now, it seems that
 such fears were quite
 unnecessary - I felt then,
 however, and now the same,
 that if we could get down
 to "bed rock" without having
 any special name or "handle"
 attached, it would be better.
 What is happening is this:

Many of us are realizing that we
 ought to ~~get more~~ ~~start to~~ pay more
 attention to the "important things" in
 life - as, that is not it, we are
 realizing that in some respects we
 have been deceiving ourselves - thinking.
 we had "laid all on the altar" - thinking
 we were doing our level best, when
 we were not at all - And many of
 us are deciding that will do a little
 more examining of the beam in our own eye

and least interesting of the note in the other fellow's eye - We have been realizing that we ~~ought~~ were missing a good deal by not sharing our experiences with each other more than we do - All this, and much more, has come out in our prayer-meetings this fall. Every one, I don't know, has been a gem, and we have had - or at least I have had - more joy and help in these meetings than I have ever had before - The ripples set in motion by the flinging of one little pebble are going on in ever widening waves -

Maud Martin went to Kuliang and received tremendous help from the group -

Anna Foster went to Kuliang and was also greatly helped -

Anna came back to Swanton and people could see that she had something she hadn't before - She talked to me a little, but not much, but she put me in touch with Maud Martin, whom I had never known very well before -

In the summer Maud went to Kuliang before I did and when I got there it was her eagerness more than

mine that first took me to the Fellowship meetings -

Marguerite was in Kuliang and she was greatly helped by the group.

Clara came later and I took her with me to two of the group meetings. Marguerite also talked with her about the matter - Clara and

Maureen and I came back to Swanton and we ~~both~~^{all} had talks with Dorothy -

Dorothy was quite as much in need of - fresh start as I had been, and after some struggle, she made it -

Clara went to Kuliang, and Margie did also - and they began talking with different Chinese people there - and a number of the Chinese there are thinking about the "surrendered life" in a new way.

Marion Stephens has had a very difficult year, and both she and Evelyn have had some hard discouragements and some serious disillusionments, to the point that both were almost ready to give up and

go home. Evelyn went as far as to write to the Board and Mission, but they wrote back and asked her to let the matter ride until further time.

Marion was sick and finally went to Kitzan where she was sicker than ever, before she finally began to get well.

Then Marion came back home and Clara came with her to help out at the Hospital -

I had talks with Beatrice Erickson, Edna Smith, and Elsie Kiltitz, Edith Johnson and Edith Traver - all of whom are traveling this "way", though they don't call it by that name -

Clara had talks with many more people than I did - Dorothy and I, Clara and I, Edith and Dorothy and Clara and I, at various times had talks together about each other's problems and about common problems - and had prayer together, outside of the mission prayer-meetings.

I had a talk with Mai Chai's daughter and she has decided to

be the best kind of Christian she
can, and to be baptized at the
next baptism, instead of later on
as she had thought. I have talked
with one of the village boys who expected
to join the church five years from
now. He is still on the fence, but
if he is ready for it, I hope he will
come to the point of decision soon.

I have had some other talks
that aren't of value to put down
on paper - but some real help has
come to me from every one of them, and
there are more to be sought in the
hazy.

Dorothy had a very special problem
in regard to Dr. Beatrice Lee at the
Hospital; they had been too friendly -
and ~~she~~ were not helping each other
spiritually - After his own surrender
she talked with B. many times without
apparent effect; but just last week,
Dec. 31, Beatrice decided to take
a deeper hold on spiritual things and

we are very happy about it.

Marion has in a way seemed to be Dorothy's and my problem. We seized that opportunity to help her probably lay in the hands of us two because we were closer to her - and yet we couldn't go at her hammer and tongs for she is sensitive and she has her own very high ideals - some of them different from some of ours - which it would be criminal to ignore -

She instead of talking to her about our experiences, it has seemed better to wait and let her see; Though in my case I have felt there was precious little for her to see!

But when my turn came for prayermeeting last week

I found I had nothing to
say except some bits from
my recent experiences. I spoke
with fear and trembling, thinking
of Marion and whether what
I was saying might help her
or not. (Along with her discourag-
ement & disillusionment she seemed
to have lost a degree of confidence
in herself professionally, which
adds to the problem. This is due
in part, of course, to her perhaps
ill health) - Whether ^(my talk) it helped or
not, I don't know - but on Jan. 2,
she led a prayer meeting which
was the climax of all we've had.
Almost all present followed Marion's
lead in thinking back over the
past year and putting the
finger on the "blots" that have
stained the page, and in
making resolves to avoid the same

kind of flots this year -

Just that afternoon Marion had opened up a little bit and had showed me a Devotional Meditation leaflet which she had just received and she expressed a desire to share such things - as we get more help when we talk things over than when we simply think about them.

So I was not surprised that evening when she confessed that she felt Worry and Anger had been two of her great "flots" - and that she was resolved to take some time for meditation this year than she had - with the feeling that it would help to overcome these faults - All these may

seem to you⁶ like such little things,
and perhaps they are, but they
are making more of an impression
on me than before - and there
seems to be more of a Pattern
in everything, at "all" seem to
be "working together for good."

There is much more that might
be said, but you can see that
much of what I have said must
be regarded as confidential -
especially about Marion and
Beatrice Lee - Dorothy is so
happy that she wouldn't
mind my telling all about
her "new beginning". She is
a great encouragement to
me, and so are Clara and
Marguerite - Clara very specially
so. Mr. Burkett went to Hongkong
and had a very helpful experience

Thanks to the fellowship there.
Mrs. Millican of Shanghai had
a meeting with us here which
helped answer questions for some
people - These are all odd bits,
like pieces of a jig saw puzzle -
I think Clara has the most real
optimism of all of us in hoping
and believing that great results
are coming from all of this, soon -
and she helps the rest of us -
Still, we may not see the fruits,
all of them! On the picture, when
the jig saw gets put together!

Love to you -
and to all.

(Special to Jane Allen,
this week!) Abbie

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Swatow, China
January 19, 1936

Dear Ones:

I have just finished typing the first draft of the circular letter which I have been trying for several days, nay, weeks, to concoct. I don't think it is very good, but I can't manage any better, apparently. It really is too late for me to be sitting up and writing another letter right now, but the thought that I have not written to Mother and Father for two weeks, and the fact that far too many such "accidents" have happened recently ("accident" - a slip of the pen, i.e., it slipped up and didn't write a letter that week) impel me to tap off a few words which may or may not have much meaning by the time I get to the bottom of the page if I continue to increase in degree of sleepiness as I crawl down the page.

In my printed letter (which I may have to cut down still more, since I can't afford to have but two pages printed) I didn't have room to tell about one of the best times I have had for ages - an all-day knitting party with our Chinese women teachers here last Friday. We asked them to come at nine in the morning and bring whatever handwork they wanted to do. Some brought knitting, others crocheting, one didn't like handwork but brought a book. We worked part of the time, started a jig-saw puzzle, played table games part of the time until dinner. Then after dinner we continued our playing, working, reading, talking, as we wanted, and the first thing we knew it was four o'clock and the teasups were brought in. It was just a lovely, homey time all together and I think everybody enjoyed it.

Jan. 20

As you see, I didn't get very far with that - for it is now Jan. 21, before breakfast. The boy who is helping me get my envelopes typed came and I had to take the paper out of the typewriter - and it hardly seems worth while to put it back in for this letter. I must make it short and get it sent off, even if I don't say anything worth while in it.

Schools closed two days early by order of the government. That means that we have all of our term examinations to give at the beginning of next term, when nobody is in the mood and when the students have forgotten all they have

been cramming for. The students are very
restless - they want to go out and save
the country. and it is difficult to get
them to see that staying in school
quietly and studying will help more
than anything else - A delegation of
college students, out on vacation (early)
from the government university in Canton
came through Swatow arriving Monday
night. The principal heard that they
were coming over to our school to get
the students to go out on parade - and
he knew that the students would go,
consent or no consent. Therefore, early
the next morning before breakfast, school
officials "happened" to stroll over to
the school dormitories and sure enough,
there were the representatives, making
arrangements with the students, not
with the principal! So the school
really got ahead of them in one way:
the teachers spoke appreciatively to them
of their patriotic spirit, and said "You
have come to help our students
increase their patriotic spirit haven't
you? ~~What~~ What are you planning today?"

"A parade or something? Fine! Well, you must let us take you and introduce you to the student body properly, and have the thing done in order" — Thus they were able to keep just one jump ahead of the students and have the parade without any insubordination — Not too bad? The graduates ^{even} wanted to be excused, but the principal told them that the college students were in charge of this day and they would have to go to them to be excused. So they all went! And came back fairly tired! The principal hoped until the last minute that he could manage to have the students stay on and finish up the term's work; but when the orders to close came from the mayor's office there was no way out —

We had a lovely party here at the Louse last Friday. The women teachers all came for a knitting party, staying from nine a.m. to 5 p.m. — & I told

about that on the other page, didn't I!
Well, it was lovely, any way —

Now I have to hurry and go
to a committee meeting! Even
vacations aren't free from that
kind of thing!

Much love to you,

Abbie

Suatsow, China

January 27, 1936

Dearest Ones,

It is half past nine of a Monday morning and I am sitting waiting in our little downstairs hall-way which opens off the living room - with a feeling of great expectancy, as though something marvelous is just around the corner!

Mr. Hung, who helped me translate Chinese poems a few months ago, has gone to Mr. Li's house to see whether he can get a poem or two from his son (the cripple mentioned in the printed letter). (Introduced by ^{Mr. Li's} ^{son} ^{Mr. Li})

I have had letters from Miss ^{Jo?} ^{Holt?} ^{Allen?} who is editing the anthology of Chinese poems and she wants 25 more Chinese poems which she expects to put in book form -

Jan. 30.

Now it is Thursday of the same week and this letter must be finished and sent off to you today, although I haven't my book with me to tell you which number this should have -

I am over in Suatsow with the Bakers - have been here for two days - and am going home today.

Mr. Hung came the other day, and that day and the next morning we translated twelve poems!

It is more fun than I can tell you - I still must go over them to polish them but - I have the gist of the verses in English now and shall try to improve them as I can. The most I can hope to do is to get a translation which will read along easily.

Tuesday morning or rather, Tuesday at noon, a requiem service for King George was held in the English Church and the whole foreign speaking community, with specially selected Chinese (officials, I suppose.) Then Mrs. Baker, and her sister, Clara Smith, who has come out here to live with them, came up to our house for lunch, then I came on over with them for this little visit. Last night the American consul & his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Drinks, and Dr. ^{Ruth} Milne from the C. P. Mission were here for dinner and we had a pleasant, homey visit with them.

Please keep this letter to yourself until the other copies arrive - I am sending copies to various people in Santa Barwick and I want to write notes on them, so I can't send them all just yet -

Much love,

Colin

Sat. Feb 1.

Dearest Oaes —

Have I left out
any who should have been
put in? I'm putting in
a few extras for you to
use as you may have
opportunity. I have the
Eddie Godwins on my list
but I have a feeling they are
no longer there. Is that
right? I hope it will not
be too much of a chore for you
to pass them out —

The Book of Remembrance
and Alumni & Between Two
Centuries have just come —
Does the note on Mrs. Kellie's
letter seem too short & abrupt?

I do very much appreciate
their sending the book and
I hope you will tell them
how much I regard their kind
thought of me —

I'm rushing, rushing to
get these 3 or letters off!

Much love to you

Abbie
Letter sent from Bakers should
have been 176, & will
call this 177 — though it's
a pretty poor letter!

Suifu China

February 3, 1936

Dear Ques;

I certainly am out of luck! Just yesterday I got word that postage ^{has gone} ~~went~~ up to 25 ¢ again. If I had only known, I should have stayed at home last week and got my 3 or 4 letters off! As it is now I have all these letters on my hands, I ought to send them, but the postage bill really does appal me. However, there is no use in weeping now — and I'll just try to put together the ones that go to the same place for the

most part, as in the case
of the South Baptist ones -

Then maybe I'll never write
another circular letter - just
send one to be printed in the
Main Messenger, or something!
It certainly does cost a lot.

Love

A.

P. S.

Did I tell you that
John Bruno Luebeck arrived
Jan. 1, 1934? Every body's
happy now!

P.S. no 2.

Evelyn Crauska sent me \$5;
The Hursey Circle Girls sent \$25;
Mrs. Mc Grotz sent \$25;
Eva P. Owen sent \$1.00.
So — while most of this, if
not all, goes for tuition, yet
I feel rich! Don't it
great? — !

Love again

Abbie

Swatow, China

Feb 9, 1936

Dearest One,

Here is some paper that I got before I found the "Chinese Proverb" paper on which I had my circular letter printed. I think this is not nearly as good as what I finally did use. I am sure of one thing - this paper is not nearly as good to write on with ink! But since I have started, perhaps I will finish on this unless it gets too "blotchy"!

After the between-term vacation we are back in harness again and it all seems quite natural. Today has been a fairly typical Sunday.

I did come home and have a little time for reading this noon after church. At half-past one I went as usual to the Young Peoples Service. Then they had a committee meeting to discuss the matter of having a class or discussion group for those interested in becoming church members. Just what it may lead to we cannot tell yet, but shall hope for something worth while. Counting Mai Chi's daughter I know of 3 B. Y. P. U. members who ~~are considering~~ have decided to take the church membership step - and two others who are still favorably considering the matter, + one who is being pressed to decide but has quite strong convictions that he cannot yet conscientiously join the church.

Khai Dong, the boy who was elected as president, has to stay out a while and teach. So.

Tang Chek Nin who has just graduated from Senior High, was

elected this noon to take his place
for the rest of this term. He is
exactly the one for it, I am sure.

After this committee meeting
regarding the church membership
business, Mrs. Capen and I went
upstairs to a meeting of a committee
of our Academy.  faculty to
discuss the arrangements
for Sunday School
and our
prayer-meetings. That
meeting lasted until
almost 6.30 and we
heard the bell for
evening service ring while
we were on our way home to
supper!

I wish you could have heard
the extempore debate we had
today on to whether being in
love brought sorrow or happiness!
Everybody had to say at least a

few sentences and some of
 the Y. P. said a good many!
 Almost all the boys thought
 that being in love brought sorrow,
 and almost all the girls thought
 it was a thing of happiness,
 but there were exceptions in each
 case. Chik Min said that
 perhaps being in love brought
 sorrow, but from what
 he could see of the
 young people who strolled
 about these walks and
 down on the seashore around
 Nakchiak, to judge from
 the expressions on their
 faces, he thought
 they weren't very sorrowful!
 And then Maudie got up and
 said she hoped Chik Min didn't
 think that just because people
 strolled back and forth under
 the trees here in Nakchiak, that
 meant they were in love! She

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She admitted "walking to and fro" sometimes, but she had never yet been in love. "Being in love", she said, "is rather a sacred thing, I think. And when it is beautiful and satisfying and as it ought to be, it brings joy; when it is not beautiful and what it ought to be, it brings pain."

A good many words of wisdom were spoken in that hour, I can tell you! At the close they asked the advisers to say something, and Mr. Capen gave them a very good talk on the relationships between the girls and the boys. There wasn't need for me to add anything, even if I could have.

Time for me to go to bed now, so goodnight!

With my love,
Abbie

179
Swatow, China
February 19, 1936

My dear :

Do you hate to be written to on the typewriter, I wonder ? I hope not, for I want to get a letter off to you and since I have my hand in a bit on the typing today I am going to see whether I can write a little faster on the typewriter. I ought to be able to, certainly but that is no sign that I am able to, alas ! Just now it is after twelve o'clock and I am using this time before the others come to dinner, hoping that I can get this off to you on the pm mail. I shall have to hurry, for I have to (oh! that's the way) the boys all spell "two" singing classes - from two to four - and I have to get my books together for them and then start up to school a little early so that I can get my breath after I get to the top of the hill and then have time to arrange the music sheets in the order that they should be. I wonder why it is that I dread those music classes so ? It seems a quite different thing to teach these compulsory classes in singing from what it does to have the Y.P. choir on my hands, an entirely voluntary group who sing because they love to and are eager to learn almost anything that you may choose to give them.

Later:

I didn't get very far before dinner, as you see. The dinner bell rang and we ate and from then on there was no time for anything but school work. The music classes were not so bad after all! I told them each a five-minute story, one about troubadours and another about some Roman flute-players, and thus we got started in good spirits. I tried to take them along too fast though at the beginning of the lesson and I suddenly found that they were all, or most of them, following by ear alone and hadn't the remotest idea what it was all about or where the part was that they were supposed to be singing. One difficulty is that the music is mimeographed and it isn't very clearly done. But the youngsters were pretty good and even those who couldn't sing paid fairly good attention. Maybe by the end of the term I will decide that I like teaching singing better than teaching grammar. Well, maybe I will, but I doubt it!

Did I ever tell you that John Bruno
Luebeck was born Jan. 1, 1936. ?

Love

Abbie

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Swatow, China

February 23, 1936

Dear Quoc,

I sent this pretty
writing paper: Mrs. Wooley
gave it to me for Christmas.
I decided to write a letter
on it to you just to show
you how pretty it is - !

I don't feel very
Sundayfied tonight, ~~overboard~~.
Conference begins the end of
this week and there is planning
of various programs, extra
music, two teas, and a
Conference Luncheon - so we
are getting started with
things. Mrs. Waters and
our house are the group to
plan for Conference Luncheon.
Mrs. H. came over here tonight
at 5.30 and we planned

what we should eat, made out the list of plates and dishes and silver and glasses and linen available, reckoned how much we should have to borrow, etc.

Then after supper I typed the notice and it is ready to be sent around to the various houses - The first step is to find out what each house would prefer to give, then tell em what they'd be expected to give besides that! Now it is time for bed, and I haven't any letters written - I was up late last night, though, and I must get to bed earlier tonight. For to-morrow, I feel in my bones, is going to be "one of those days" when there is more to do than really, humanly speaking, can be

done. Classes from 8 to 11 in
the morning - Lim Seng, one boy,
comes here while I am gone and
copies music from 8 to 10, then
stays on and practices typewriting
in my study until 12. Phet Hui,
Mai Chie's daughter, comes to my
bedroom to type on the old machine
for about two hours - perhaps more.
In the afternoon Mondays, Chet
Min comes to help me from 2 to 3 -
It is grand to have him, for he
can do anything from correct
grammar and spelling questions
to translating songs for the choir.
But I always have to get the
work ready for him - At three
I go up to the top of the hill
for the second time, for another
class - Then I come home for
a music lesson with 4 beginners.
I rather imagine that in the
evening there will be a committee

meeting to plan for a concert to
be given in a little over a
month. but I'm not sure.

(Hope not.!) Aside from all this
there are six sets of exam-
papers to be corrected, the
grades of which they want
to-morrow - but can't get from
me. I'm afraid!

I was so happy to get your
splendid long letters written Jan
21, and 27 - Pa - you done noble!

Do it some more, will you? I
like to get letters from you!
Glad to know you have wood-
enough to last a while - I have
been hearing about the terrifically cold
weather and I have been wondering
how southern Maine fared -

Love to you
Abbie

Swatow, China
March 1, 1936

Dearest One,

We have jumped into Conference already. Friday night was the opening session; yesterday afternoon we spent awaiting the arrival of Dr. & Mrs. Innett and Dr. Rushbrooke. A Chinese reception was scheduled for them at 2.30, but the boat did not arrive until 4. p.m., and Dr. Rushbrooke was the only one who came. Mrs. Innett had suffered a slight sunstroke in India so they were delayed and will not get here at all. But the reception was held at 5.15 and I was very proud of my four boys, who sang a four part song "We Can, by God's Grace, if we will", without any accompaniment. This was the first meeting for Dr. Rushbrooke in all China - and it was a reception given by Chinese, and planned by Chinese. We foreigners were only guests. The Ling Tong Convention scores high on that count! Sorry Dr. Innett was not able to come -

Dr. Rushbrooke spoke on Baptists last night in the church; I enjoyed him more when he spoke this morning about Andrew, A Common Disciple, on the text "He brought him". He will speak again in the church tonight - Mr. Ling does the interpreting,

Dr. Bushbrooke has a very true the few hours while he is here: this afternoon he went to Swanton to speak at Swanton Christian Institute; tomorrow he will speak to the missionaries as we meet in our conference. I shall enjoy that more, because I sit on pins and needles when he has to be translated. He is not easy for us Americans, at least, to understand, and I marvel that Dr. Ling gets as much of it as he does.

Tomorrow noon we are to have a Conference luncheon, in his honor. This is the first time we have had a big get together when Chinese and foreigners all joined in a meal. Many afternoon teas we have had, but not a dinner. There will be about fifty present. Our house and Mrs. Waters is the Committee to see about it, as we have been busy making plans. All the missionaries here in Swanton will share in providing the food - and we hope that there will be abundant fellowship as well -

We are fairly excited about the recent assassinations in Japan. We can only surmise what it all may mean for China, but some of the predictions are none too bright. South China may be

a form for Japan's aggression in the future.

Our little affairs here in Katchich are progressing almost more rapidly than we can keep up with them - ~~are~~ rather, than I can keep up with them. Today ~~is~~ the regular Sunday schedule has been in force, with an extra choir practice; a special meeting in which a splendid appeal was made to our young people to make a definite decision to follow Christ. There was a large attendance at that meeting. At the same time there was going on under Mabelle's supervision over here at our house the election of Officers of our Daring Endeavors - a splendid meeting, with 28 present - I am so glad that the interest kept up while Mabelle was gone ^{that} ~~on~~ it seems to be better than ever now -

Louise Campbell is coming here for supper - she has just arrived - now! So I'll say goodbye - and begin again the next time.

Love you!

Abbie

The first night things were a lousy stuff (in the meeting) - but all went better Saturday. Daris left Saturday night on the Fellowship way of life started some questions, and Sunday p. m. after the church services were over we had a very informal group talk in which one or two of us gave some rather personal experiences - Then little groups of two and three continued the discussion until suppertime. Mr. Luebeck is not much in sympathy with some of the Oxford group methods he has seen and heard, but he had a splendid follow-up for what we were trying to get across - in his devotional service which came first thing in the evening - At the close of his talk every one prayed briefly, and I noticed that the burden of almost each prayer was that our hearts might be cleansed and God be allowed to work in and through us - In me, it was a real time of coming closer to those in the group than I had been before, and closer, too, - I felt - to God -

Wednesday p. m. - The latter thus far was written Monday noon after the dishes were washed - in the brief interval between then and the afternoon meeting. The whole retreat kept getting better and better to the very end. Some of the discussions involved a good deal of talking - more, it seems to me, than should have been necessary - but at least people's attention was called to the necessity of training Sunday School teachers, preachers, lay leaders, young peoples workers, and so on - And the spiritual element was no small part of it all's

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On Sunday we went to the regular church services, some of us to the Leng Ché' church (there in Chaoyang) and some to Hai Ming (Sea Gate) a half-hour's boat ride away. Most of the guests had some share in these services. I was asked to prepare a song - and so we had a quartet, using one of the special songs which Clerk Min was helping me to teach to the people who were at the retreat. "This is My Father's World." Tang Chihang Hua spoke in the morning and Miss Sun Yen in the afternoon, there at Chaoyang - and others were called on to help at Hai Ming.

We ate Chinese food. The last day they suggested that we foreigners should cook a foreign meal for them! We didn't see how we could do it, with no implements - no pans, kettles, cups, knives forks, spoons, plates! But we managed a supper of hamburger steak, candied sweet potatoes, cabbage, turnip, baking powder biscuit, fruit jam, orange custard pudding and coffee! It was not first class, but it was the best we could do. We ate it with chopsticks!

Some of them were surprised to find out that we could work. Mr. Li told Clara "Why, Miss Sanderson threw the dish towel over her shoulder so naturally - just like anybody!" - Clara did most of the cooking, though.

The last evening was the climax - We had a little singing as usual to begin the meeting - then Mr. Lucke held a devotional service followed by a Communion Service. The spirit of it was very

fine indeed - He called on two of the members
for prayer before the bread was offered, and
on two more before the cup was given - and all
were of the quality which lifted us into the very
Presence - Then at the close we stood in a
circle with joined hands and sang "Praise Our
Almighty King" and continued standing thus in a
very tender prayer by Miss Sim Ho - The Retreat
closed with silent prayer after the singing of
"God be with You till we meet again."

Chek Min came afterwards and thanked
me very very much for "introducing" him
to this Retreat. It was the best meeting he
had ever attended - and very "touching",
he said. Some day, not too soon, I shall
try to explain to him the difference between
"touching" and "stirring"! I'm so glad
he could be there. To come in contact with some
of the older Christian leaders in a way that
showed what their spiritual life really means -
in such a wholesome, spiritual atmosphere, could
not fail to be a good thing for a young man
who plans to give his life to the Christian ministry.
We came back Thursday a. m. some by bus, and some by
boat. Clara and the Chinese women came by boat - +
C. went directly to Kityang. Bruce and I came by bus -
and I got here in time to teach my 11. a. m. classes -
now I'm back into routine again - with many papers to correct!
Much love, Abbe

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Suataw, China.

March 15, 1936.

Dearest Ann,

Spring is coming fast & furious. It is amazing how quickly we have to shed our amaters, wool dresses, heavy underwear, under socks, padded coats, scarfs, capes, wristlets, knee caps, mitts, and the many other articles of clothing which we pile on top of each other in winter out here in an attempt to come somewhere near keeping comfortable. I suppose before long we shall be talking about it's being too hot! Marion says she will never say "too hot" again - she has suffered so much with cold this winter.

I was amazed at what you wrote about the ground-hog! Mabelle believes in it implicitly - and lo and behold, just according to her predictions, we had one very warm day which was supposed to indicate a great change from the cold, blustery weather we had had. But it only lasted one day - and now the Chinese proverb which corresponds to the ground-hog idea says that the change begins to-morrow!

When I was reading your letter I read the sentence about the ground-hog & Marion, who has been fool-joking Matella's idea along with me - we were all ready to be kindly tolerant of "old-fashioned people's" ideas, when out popped your second sentence with the caustic comment "Is there any sillier superstition than that in China?" Then you may imagine how delightedly we ~~both~~ ha-ha-ed to ourselves - and I now did read the excerpt to Matella at all!

With Chet Minis help I am gradually lowering the pile of notebooks and papers that accumulated while I was in Conference and at the Retreat. New ones keep coming along, however - and I find it difficult to keep up as I should like. Tonight is a good example of how I shall not correct papers! The Young People's music committee meets here tonight at six-thirty, and that is when I am eating, but I shall eat in a hurry and go downstairs to join them as soon as I can - Then just before eight I must leave and go up to the principals house to meet in an English teachers' meeting - and that

will take well on to two hours - perhaps more - And so
it goes. The English teachers' meeting tonight will
probably plan extra work, too - I've heard rumors
of forming an English club in school - and if
it goes through I have an idea what that means.
I shall be glad, though, for any extra contacts
with students - for that counts for a great
deal -

Must quit and get this into an envelope -

Love to you

Abbie

Sevation, China
March 29, 1936

Dearest Paes,

This week's letter from you has not yet arrived, consequently I feel rather at loose ends and don't know just where to begin a letter to you - I keep thinking back to Father's being up on the porch roof, and Mother's having a bad spell (much worse, probably, than she wrote about) and it seems a very long time until July, 1937, the date when I shall ^{day} hope to be leaving on furlough. I shall not offer to have my furlough post-poned - I think! And I don't dare think about it out loud anyway, for so many missionaries are being asked to stay over - though none of our Board this year, I'm glad to say! - that the hammer may strike anywhere - But I'm going to keep on hoping, anyway.

Today the weather has turned warmer again - and it seems a little more likely that it will stay warm this time - for a

little while, at least. The Chinese don't talk about the weather as we do - but I don't know how many have spoken of it today; lovely sunshines - spring is coming - makes everybody feel happy and so on. Today we celebrated Children's Day, in accord with the Chinese plan of having April 4th (as sometime that week) celebrated as a holiday all over China. I rather think the regular children's Sunday School exercises will be held as usual on the second Sunday in June - in addition to this.

Geneva Dye took her language examination last Thursday and did very well indeed. She will need more practice in conversation, but she'll get that if she pays a little more attention to it - She is naturally quiet and it hasn't been as easy for her to try to converse with people as it is for some people -

This coming week will be fairly full - Dinner guests one night, invitations out two other nights - two nights prayer meeting, two nights choir rehearsal, one night study hall - can you count 'em - all in one week, too, and I have only counted six days!

Much much love,
Abbie

Dear Ones; (184) Apr. 8

No letter has gone to you
this week - and this isn't a
letter either, but it will show
you how I've spent some of
my Spring Vacation time (Apr 4-7)
I should have written many
more letters. Now school

begins again this morning

Last night we had a big
farewell party for Waters,
Mrs. Speicher, and Hobart -
all of whom leave next month
for furlough - Burlesque
opera in which all of them
were taken off formed the
evening's entertainment - All

Swatow, China
March 30, 1936

Mrs. J. Charles Humphreys,
W. A. B. F. M. S.,
182 Madison Avenue, New York

My dear Mrs. Humphreys:

Just how many letters I shall need to write to you before I can get a "beginning to catch up" feeling, I don't know. "It" won't all be said in this one letter, I'm reasonably sure.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to begin by telling you how very grateful we all are that the furloughs of the Woman's Board missionaries in South China have not been delayed this year. The furloughs due this year are all quite necessary, or so it seems, and delay for some of the workers might bring more than disaster. We are glad that we need not face that kind of situation.

We are also very happy at the prospect of having a new worker come to join us soon. We shall await further news about her and shall hope nothing will prevent her being sent out at the earliest possible time. Elsie Kittlets received the joyful word from Miss McKay first, and your letter came soon. You will be glad to know that Miss Sellman still is making progress; she seems to feel very much better.

It was very fine that Velva Brown could be the doctor to take care of Kagawa. We do wish we might know how her physical condition is at present. For some reasons we wish it might be possible for her to be here this year at the time of the annual Ling Tong Convention; but coming back to South China at this time of year is a procedure which Dr. Brown herself would not favor for any of the rest of us, I am sure. She probably ought not to come into the heat in such way herself, unless she is in unusually good condition. Thus we find ourselves in a quandary, feeling that she ought to be here when important medical questions are being discussed and important medical decisions made, and yet feeling at the same time that safeguarding her health is imperative. We do hope that she will come out at the earliest moment that it is right for her to come.

Your questions about Dr. Dye's language study expense came just about the time when Dr. Dye was preparing final review for her first language examination. You will be glad to know that she passed that examination very creditably and is now hard at work on the next lessons. A language teacher here in Kakehieh is paid at the rate of \$8.00 per month for one hour a day; thus the salary is \$20.00 or \$25.00 depending on the number of hours. Dr. Dye began with four hours a day but she has recently been studying five. The salary of an amount somewhere between \$340.00 and \$300.00 per year is not large, and there is an additional allowance for rent of \$40.00 (out from a former amount of \$70.00). This year we had the expense of sending a new teacher to Shanghai for a short-time course in language study methods; travel, tuition, and part-time salary for that extra study came to \$74.77. This amount was taken from the Woman's Reserve Fund. Usual expense for first or second year language study for one person studying alone is thus between \$280.00 and \$340.00. Expense for two studying together is half this amount at the beginning, or as long as it is satisfactory for the two to do identical work.

As to the matter of South China missionaries studying in the North, you are correct in assuming that the North China Mission as a whole considers study at Peiping impractical because of the South China dialect. There are a few of us who feel that the few unsuccessful trials we have made are not sufficient proof of the impracticability of such study and who are of the opinion that in the present day here in China a ground-work of Mandarin, as well as other work obtainable at the language school, is the best kind of foundation for a missionary's life in China. But the majority opinion is that beginning in a different dialect slows the process of learning the none-too-easy Chao-Chow-hua. A difference was made in the case of Carl Copen partly because of the foundation he already had in the Swatow dialect. We shall be tremendously interested to see what the Copens get out of the year of study up north.

Your request for reports on first term missionaries is noted. The matter was brought up in committee at conference time and we shall hope to tell you in a later letter some of the things you would like to know.

Reports of the "Forward" movement are most encouraging to us, as we know they are to you; and you may be sure that our prayers go with you all as you face problems that are bound to come whether giving increases or decreases.

Preparations for Easter have already begun. We look forward to a special baptismal service on that day and we hope that "New Life" may truly begin for many on that day!

Sincerely yours,

*Also added word about Marion's
recurrence of amoebic dysentery (we are
worried about her - I shall certainly be relieved
when I hear that she is safely home.)*

My dear Emma
next 9 to change
in management - is
very very close
I must write
him
Dearest One -

Durham, China
April 16, 1936

These days I really believe I'm
trying to do too many things all at once.
One result of this is that no letter has been
sent to you this week. Shameful! It is
rather crazy for me to start a letter to
you just now for I am likely to crawl
off into oblivion long before I get to the
lower right-hand corner of the page. I am
so sleepy! I'm over in study hall
and it is almost nine o'clock and time
for the bell to ring. The students are
getting all sorts of notebook work and
hand work ready for our exhibition
which comes next week in connection
with the school 30th year celebration.
So they have not come up to the desk to
ask many questions tonight. Just before
supper I started to write a letter which
might be sent to two or more separate
people - done on the typewriter. But I
could not hear myself think, somehow -
and so I didn't get very far -

(next to sleep)
writing this
letter

Apr. 19 - (Mason and Collyn have given up going though Europe -
Mason has been in bed for three weeks now)
Here it is Sunday - and no letter went to you

last week at all - I'm enclosing the sheet
that I started telling about Easter - I'm sending
the same sheet to Arthur, Helen Tilden, Helen Clark,
Emily, Lulu Gazzan - with explanations when necessary.

Yesterday I corrected notebooks until I was
dizzy - I had bitten off more than I could
chew - One of the sets was eighteen notebooks, each
containing 15 groups of sentences with twenty sentences in
each group - Do you see multiplying! Another set
was, forty notebooks, each containing answers to eight
questions on literature, and twenty definitions, ten in
English only and ten in both English and Chinese -
The notebooks didn't come in until Friday noon and
I worked on them every spare minute until fairly
late last night - They go to the dean's office for
inspection to-morrow morning - and are put up
for exhibit on Friday and Saturday -

Tonight I want to write letters to Dreambell
Ling and Helen Ling - Dreambell is thinking of
transferring to Fookchow, where her sister is - I wish
the students would not hop skip and jump about the
country so nonchalantly! It seems better to me to
stick to the place where you begin - I shall write
that to her -

Much love to you

At the

Swatow, China
April 16, 1936

My dear I

Easter is over, therefore the time is now here when I thought I should have plenty of leisure to write many letters, make myself a new dress or two, do some house cleaning - clearing up of old papers and other things that have been clamoring for attention for a long time but alas ! Examination papers from week before last have not all been corrected; our school thirtieth anniversary celebration comes next week with an exhibition(including English notebooks :) and a musicale(which means practicing :) and various other doings, such as dramatics and a school track meet.

I do not intend to grumble, though, about lack of leisure. This Easter was a busy one, yet there was lots of fun and some really deep happiness for me in the preparations and in the carrying out of the plans. It's the young people again, of course ; Since the ones we have in the choir now have some of them been singing for three of four years together, the result is that we have a bunch who have learned to love to sing and they have learned how to go about learning a fairly difficult four-part song in the shortest possible time. Elsie and I have been working together with them for over two years. She plays, and I "heat the air". Last Easter we attempted an Easter vesper service of music, and carried it through in spite of the fact that Elsie was sick and Dorothy Campbell had to do some marvellous "pinch-hitting" for her at the last minute. This year we had more singers - twenty-four voices - and we tried again. This time the program included two solos, a duet, a trio, a male quartet, a mixed quartet, a double quartet, a sextet, and three fairly long chorus selections. The most ambitious of these was the opening part of Steiner's oratorio, "The Crucifixion". There were scratchy places, of course, but on the whole I think they did splendidly and I am pretty proud of them.

Easter Sunday morning we had a good song service in the church. That doesn't mean that we went without the sermon ! Mr. Capen preached a good one. But each group on the compound had prepared a special song and some of them. The twenty-four in the choir did their bit well, too. The best part of all the service for me was the baptism at the close, when there was the joy of seeing four of the girls and one of the boys from this choir of ours go down to take their place among the sixteen who were baptized. Of these sixteen, the five from the choir and two other boys are students in the academy; one other is a former student. Others are from the Woman's School and the community. It was good to see among them Mrs. Li Tuke Seng, the wife of our minister. She has held back for years, but is now baptized, and after several of her children have already come into the church.

1st attempt

Seaton, Ohio

(186)

April 21, 1936

Dear Quen,

I'm sitting in East Hall in the
music room waiting for three piano students
to come. I doubt whether they will come, for
the whole school is so upset this week that
very little studying can be done. Knowing
that the students are all very much excited,
and would find it probably very difficult
to do any assignments that were given them,
I have chosen rather to go ahead and introduce
to them some new work myself, instead of
calling on them for something that would be
like pulling teeth to get it out of them -
Whether we shall be able to settle down to
anything at all for all the rest of the
term, I don't know - I doubt it! A
thirtieth anniversary celebration does not
come every year, of course - and I
suppose there are certain benefits which will
come to the school as a result of it - But
we are surely upset at the moment. Mabelle
has charge of directing and teaching two
songs which the school will sing - or which
certain groups will sing - (One girl class!!)

2nd attempt!
Mason and Evelyn left
on Monday for America - Swatow, China
and Mr. & Mrs. Waters
go Saturday, N. Hobart has
left on train, Mrs. & the children follow in a month
left on train, Mrs. Speck, Burdett, F. Evans,
Edna Smith. Mr. & Mrs. Speck also go this spring - Burdett, F. Evans, Mrs. Speck
I'm reasonably sure that I began a letter to left!

I got this last note which was never finished -
but I can't find it now. Oh yes, I remember now -
I started to write about our 30th Anniversary Celebration
and it rained so cut and dried that I got very
much disgusted with it. I want to write about it, so
maybe I'd better begin over again.

Our ten days of celebration really offered as varied
and interesting a program as one could hope for.

On Friday morning at nine we found the students
already seated in the school assembly hall
when we went up. The regular Sun Day School
memorial service was combined with reading of
the Bible and prayer - and followed by a history
of the high school work, mention being made of
the beginning of girls' school work previous
to the existence of a boys' high school - although
the girls' school was not at that time of
high school grade. The names of Mrs. Johnson,
Miss Held, and others were remembered, along with
those of present and former leaders in the
educational work. Congratulatory messages and
poems were read from 55 persons all over China,
including Ho Shih, the Chinese leader - and various
heads of organizations, colleges; mayors of cities, etc.
After the address given to us by the representatives

of the mayor of Swatow, we listened to an address by Mr. Lo Siak K'n, representative of the Ling Tong Convention. Then at the close of the service we went up on the roof of the auditorium - or rather up ~~to~~ ^{to the} of the administration building. The students had gone up first and by the time we got up there they were all arranged and the football taking was over in ten minutes time. This was a great relief compared to the usual deadly half hour of waiting.

The same afternoon, beginning at 12.30, the school track meet was held, with all sorts of races, hurdles, jumps, and other activities. One fascinating part was to see the Athletic director leading all the students in school, boys and girls both, in setting up exercises. The boys behind, in white, and the girls in front, with red blouses and long blue trousers. If you've never seen 400 boys and girls thus in really concerted action, you've missed something.

Friday evening we had ^{substantial} ~~good~~ musical help from Swatow. The "Beautiful Song Club" contributed several four part songs - about 30 voices and the Western music society gave a combination of violin, mandolin and cornet music that was very pleasing indeed. There were several other numbers including one by our young peoples choir and a solo by Mr. Capen and ~~two~~ ^{two} songs by the school, and one ~~Women's~~ ^{Women's} church by ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Women's~~ ^{Women's} ~~church~~ ^{church} women.

Saturday morning rain threatened, came down gently, stopped, began again. At nine o'clock there was a little rain, but we knew that by aunts and those in the military drill wouldn't stop for a little rain, so we went over to the athletic field. By nine-thirty there were about 200 spectators, in spite of the rain. (They came to see the military tactics! I can't write much of a missionary letter on that subject! We all deplore the fact that how to fight is being taught in our Christian school, but I remember that it is only what Colby College was doing in 1917!) Right in the most interesting part of the drill work the rain became more insistent until finally the down-pour came in such torrents that the principal gave the order to postpone the events - We plodded through the ribbing in rivers, with the "other" geese standing on rocks higher up beside the roadway laughing at the ones whose umbrellas and raincoats were such useless "feathers"!

In the afternoon the rain continued but people came to see the exhibit in spite of the rain - Paintings, sculptures, carvings, embroideries, notebooks on every subject from English grammar ^{and geometry} to algebra and logic; charts

showing various phases of school, maps of
all parts of the world - ~~biology~~ ~~spec~~ biology &
botany specimens, and physics charts -
~~and other~~ were on display in various class rooms.
In one room were to be seen the scrolls, mirrors
and other gifts from various organizations in
honor of the occasion.

The rain still held for evening but that did
not prevent the whole country-side from coming
to see the evening's entertainment, for they knew
that something given by Academy students and
teachers working together would be worth coming
to see -

Sometimes we feel there is a wall between
students and teachers. ~~Such~~ One of the results,
at least, of such an occasion as this is
the bonds that must grow between teacher and
student when they are working for a common
cause -

I'm not going to send the picture to
you, because I hope to bring one home when
I come next year -

Much love to you
Abbie.