

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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Mai Che was looking over 202  
some old postcards for me  
and she found these stamps  
which she thought were still useable. Are they? Swatow, China  
(I think the Balboa has been used) September 2, 1936

Dear Ones:

The Noiseless typewriter is certainly a pretty good one after all these years of not having had any intelligent repair. It had finally got so bad that it would not make decent copies. There has never been anyone here in Swatow who understood how to repair this kind of a machine and for that reason it has been terribly neglected. But this summer I sent it to Hongkong by Mr. Capen. He brought it back yesterday reeking with kerosene oil but working as you see. I am so happy. Haven't found out yet how much it will cost but I am pretty sure it will be worth the price to me.

Committee meetings have already begun for the term and the one we had last night was pretty good for a starter, as to spirit, results, and everything except the length of time it took us to get the discussion out of our systems. The chief question up for us to think about was whether Dorothy Hare, our new evangelistic worker, who is at present with Velva Brown in Peiping, on her way to us, should come down to Swatow now or stay in Peiping for her first year of language study. There is considerable opinion in the mission in favor of a new missionary's going to Peiping language school the first year to get not so much a start in mandarin as the best methods of studying Chinese, a broader outlook on all sorts of things as she begins her life in China, etc. The Woman's Board hoped that the mission would be willing to send her to Peiping for the first year, but their letter expressing that hope reached us the Day Miss Hare sailed from America! So it was rather difficult to get any well-discussed opinion on the matter in time to reach her before she arrived. It seemed best after looking at all sides of the question to advise her to come to Swatow now, with the hope that she can get mandarin later. At least the question has been reviewed, and both the Board and Miss Hare will know that we have tried to put her in the place where she ought to be this year. I certainly hope she may have the advantages of some time at the Peiping Language School some time. (And I also hope that some of the rest of us now may hope to have the same, sometime!)

School is supposed to begin today, but we shall not have classes until to-morrow, anyway. I have my tentative schedule and I am glad because it looks as though all my teaching will all be done up here at East Hall instead of having to travel all the way up the steps to the upper building two and sometimes three times a day. I ought to get fat on a schedule where I don't have too much trotting up and down hills, don't you think? But I shall have some to do, never fear; first time comes tonight, when I am to go to a school executive committee meeting at the principal's house.

One thing that I have on my mind right now is the question of where I am to get a textbook to teach a class in English letter-writing. I had a note from the dean two days ago asking me which textbook I wished to use. He has since sent me one to look over, but the most of the things in it are almost directly opposite things that I have been teaching from Correct English I have found another, but that is full of methods of addressing letters to earls, dukes, members of Parliament, and other British dignitaries. I really ought to learn these things but I think I'd better not try to learn them from a book written by a Chinese author! If they had only told me in time to send to Shanghai for samples I'd have been glad to!

Much love,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Sept 4, 1936

Dear Ones:

I have just finished writing to Arthur and telling him how old I felt after having "climbed the college stair" or its equivalent twice today. All summer long I have been lazy and have not been climb-up the steps at all; now when I begin again I find myself very much unaccustomed to the traveling up and down business:

This morning at half-past eight we had opening exercises at school and all the teachers sat up on the platform, while the principal, the "disciplinary officer", and the dean, in turn, exhorted the students to pay attention to their work, to keep the rules, to work hard for the honor of the school, etc., etc. Then various notices were given out, and students and teachers all went downstairs again and the classroom work for the term began.

I don't know yet just how many classes I shall have, for the two periods designated for piano lessons are likely to stretch to six or seven. The usual number of hours is between twenty and twenty-five. Work with the Young People, in their meetings and in the choir, takes more time than I know very well how to count. This week, for instance, shows several hours spent in that line of work, and it is not all over yet. I should not count the "worrying" of Sunday morning, and I don't, really! Out of six Sundays the Y.P. were supposed to sing this summer they sang only three and when last Sunday came I wasn't sure what the outcome would be. When I got to church there was only one in sight- a boy. We waited at the church door while the voluntary was being played, and after a bit a few more singers straggled along. The boy went and grabbed out of the audience another boy who had not practiced, and then they all marched in, just in time for the first hymn. I sighed the first sigh. Then at the end of each of the three responses, and after the special song, I heaved other sighs- glad that they had done fairly well! No- it isn't worrying, really- I don't believe in worrying any more, you know(!) but nevertheless I'm not entirely free yet from a certain- shall I say?- involuntary mental strain!

That was the beginning of the week. On Monday p.m. from 3 to 4 I met with the Y.P. music committee and we discussed plans for a choir social, to start the ball rolling in the right direction for the term. We have just lost several of our good singers, so we made out a list of new ones- several of them younger- to swell the ranks, and then planned the program for an evening's entertainment and settled the date for Thursday.

Thursday came around (last Night) and we were all set with chairs arranged and cakes and candies prepared for forty-four people- of whom fourteen arrived at 7.30 p.m. It was a disappointment, but we couldn't know in advance that a big group of the girls would come and choose their rooms and then go back home to Swatow over the week-end! But we had a good time any way. After Elsie had played a Beethoven Sonata for them and they had spent about an hour trying to learn three brand new responses as well as a new special song, we all went upstairs to the verandah and played games. "Man, gun, tiger" is a very popular one with us. The old "Spin the Platter" with calling names instead of numbers was a splendid game to introduce people to each other. Others followed and then we had tea and cakes. I must say that I don't know whether there would have been enough for forty or not!! They went home a little before ten.

Among the newly invited ones are three boys and at least two girls who are just entering Junior High from grammar school. It is worth a lot to me just to see the older ones helping the new ones to find the right page- to get started off at the right place- to understand the instructions that I try to give them. And the small ones- veritable pint sizes, some of them I- look up so admiringly at the big brothers and think it is just grand to be taken in with the older ones on this thing. We may have a Babel at first, as far as the singing goes, but if the good spirit continues we must succeed in the long run.

Last night's affair was primarily a get-acquainted party, with a little singing on the side to get us started. Tonight we had our regular weekly practice at the church- 6.30 to 7.30- and twenty-four were present. We are to have another extra practice to-morrow night, because some of the singers are new and all the songs are new.

The second time I climbed the hill today was tonight at eight, after choir rehearsal, to our first Academy faculty prayermeeting of the term. Now it is time to go to bed- no- I mean it was time some time ago! Goodnight!

Sunday, Sept 6-

And this letter is not off to you yet! I have to report a fairly good "singing business" this morning at church- Nothing wonderful- but no bad breaks- with the tiniest girl in the middle of the front row, and the three smallest boys in the back row, standing on little bamboo stools to make them high enough to be seen!

Today I have written a letter to Mrs. Humphrey, a copy of which I am enclosing - It is not very good but I had to get it off -

[Humphrey's  
letter  
in  
General  
Corres.]

I got your letter with the clippings. The "Tribute" to Aunt Fannie is a beautiful thing. I was glad you sent the ones about the Oxford Group meetings. I notice, however, that the Free Press confuses the Oxford Movement with the Oxford Group Movement! Several people in our two missions are interested in the

204. Swatow, Sept 13, 1934

Dearest One -

This last week I have been attending committees as well as teaching school. At Woman's Committee we voted, among other things, that our new Evangelistic missionary, Dorothy Hare, should go to live with Bea Ericson - That should be a happy arrangement, we think.

At the Ling Tong Executors (Chinese) Com. we reviewed the Board's new Evaluation, whereby all the Hakka work is to be done away,

No - I don't mean that -  
I mean, all Board support  
is to be withdrawn; no  
missionary is to replace  
Mr. Barker, and when Mr.  
Adams leaves on his return  
farlong, no one will take  
his place. What will be  
done with the Women's Board  
work up there, we do not  
know -

The support is also  
withdrawn from all  
primary schools except  
the one here; Chaochow  
is not to have a missionary  
and in the near future,

Angkong will suffer the same fate; also no more support for Siarn. These are suggestions; The Board says if we or the Chinese have any other suggestions we may make them, but do it quick! It looks as though the ore had fallen already.

Some of our <sup>(Chinese)</sup> people are ready to accept the Board's suggestion that they go over the suggestions and themselves note which of them they disapprove, and what they themselves think about it. Others, including Principal Ling, are rather discouraged, and think if the Board has gone as far as to put this all down

in writing, that it is not likely any expression of opinion from people so far away, out here could make much difference. Therefore, why bother? They'll withhold the money where they think it should be withheld, not where we think!

I must stop and get on to the next thing - I'm already thinking about how I shall go home. Marguerite Everham suggests going around through the Red Sea, stopping only in Palestine - I'd like to go that way except for two reasons; 1) If it takes more money, I can't. 2) If it takes very much more time, I don't want to, for I am in a hurry,



strange to say(!) to get home.

It might not cost very much  
more for the trip across the  
continent would be cut out -  
but it would probably take  
several weeks longer.

I don't know!

Much love to you,  
anyway,

Yours

Abba

205

Suatsow, China

Sept. 21, 1936

Dearest One,

Would you rather have  
a little scribble than none at all?  
'Cause it won't be a big one tonight,  
though I'm full of a subject  
that I'd like to write about,  
yet I've many things to do  
to-morrow and I know one  
sensible way to get them done  
is to go to bed early tonight.  
We already seen to an English  
teacher's meeting tonight and  
have been <sup>put</sup> on a committee  
to edit a set of books for  
us to use in our English  
department! And it is now  
after nine thirty -  
I went to Suatsow last  
night at the invitation of

Dr. Milne of the E. P. Mission,  
She and her housemate, Elizabeth  
Mulcock have become interested  
in the Fellowship Way during  
the last year since Mand  
Martin went home on furl.

Now Mr. Ho of the Y. M. C. A.  
(<sup>Brother Ho is the one who</sup>  
<sup>is the one who</sup>) is back from  
here in Swatow is back from  
Yenching University, Peking,  
where he has been for a year -  
He had some very real  
spiritual experiences - awakenings  
while he was up there, and  
Mrs. Larrige of Amoy told  
Dr. Milne about it when Dr. M.  
was on her way back from  
Kulsing this summer - Dr.  
D. Milne E. Mulcock (both younger  
than I), and Mr. & Mrs. Ho had  
dinner together last night -  
and while there was a great

deal of introductory talk -  
 about the year's experiences  
 in secular things - opium  
 and heroin dens in Tientsin -  
 varieties of fruits to be found  
 in China - and in America -  
 political situations in Canton  
 and Nanking - old friends  
 and friendships - present  
 work and problems - yet  
 late in the evening the  
 conversation came around  
 most naturally to the Yellow  
 ship and Mr. Ho told what  
 it had meant to him and  
 how glad he would be if  
 one <sup>group</sup> could be here in Swatow.  
 We all felt that it should  
 come naturally if at all,  
 and if this "two or three"  
 of us are in earnest in  
 wanting the best for Swatow,  
 the best will begin to come.

I was delighted to have Mrs. Ho so apparently in sympathy and to feel that we really have found a common ground - and that it is a Chinese man and woman who are with us in our feeling that this is the way that can be of help to some people in Siam. We had prayer together before we left, and I have the feeling that a step - very small - yet a step - has been taken.

I stayed all night and came home in time for a nine o'clock class this morning. Clara Leach was to have been there too, but she could not get away. I have a letter from her which just reached me.

tonight - and one of the  
 things she is advising me  
 on is more sleep - She  
 realizes that I am feeling  
 certain problems to be  
 difficult - and I probably  
 am letting things weigh  
 too heavily - which of  
 course I mustn't - !  
 But I must take her  
 advice and get me to bed.  
 I had to write to you about  
 this first, though!

Much, much love.

Abbie

P.S. Tell Aunt Bertha the only  
 difficulty I'll have about cramming  
 any of her cooking down my neck  
 when I get home is the difficulty  
 of finding enough time to cook  
 enough things to cram down it - !

Swatow, China

September 28, 1936

Dearest One:

This week has been full of lots of things. In fact the lots of things began last week, about Friday, when Mrs. and Mrs. Carl Capen arrived at the Capen House entirely unexpectedly. That is not exactly true, for they were expected to arrive the following day. Their steamer sailed one day early from Hongkong. Well, though Mr. Capen was rather regretful at not being able to send out a salvo of those piercing whistles of his to welcome the new son and daughter, yet he was glad in a way that Mrs. Capen didn't have all the worry as to why the boat was not in yet, and whether they had a rough night and all the rest. There was a welcome tea for them at the Capens the next day and the whole country-side was there. Louise seems a very attractive young lady, not in the least affected, and apparently as much in love with Carl as he is with her. She seems to have done very well studying Mandarin in Peiping but the test will come now in starting out with this tough old Swatow dialect. For Carl, the Swatow words just come rushing back. Louise would love to catch up with him and I don't know but she will, at that! The day they arrived was Louise's birthday and at the tea she was a very attractive picture in a white satin(?) afternoon gown to the floor, with red earrings and red sandals. Everybody is so happy to have them here.

Let's see; what next? Wednesday Velva and her guest Mrs. Makinson and our new evangelistic worker, Dorothy Hare arrived. It is good to see Velva again- but I have not seen very much of her yet. The various capital and other groups have been having teas and dinners for them and have been to some of them but not all. The one that they had at the hospital was simple, yet effective; the place was decorated Chinese fashion and Dr. Tang Siang Meng, one of the former doctors at the hospital, master of ceremonies. Mr. Capen was asked to do the introducing

and he did it with gusto; laid it on thick about all of them and then when he came to the last two, he couldn't because they were his own, so he just had to stick to the idea that he was pretty happy to have his "Kia Zu" (Carl's name) and the sin-pa (daughter-in-law) out here with them.

The day the girls arrived there was a tea for them over at the bungalow and then the next day we had the kou-nie-hue all over here for dinner- twelve of us counting Mrs. Makinson.

Dorothy Hare has gone up to Hillcrest to live with Beatrice Ericson. Mrs. Makinson is there also, for the time being. Before they came Beatrice had a new suite fixed up, in the end of the house where Edna Smith had her study; running water, toilet toilet and so on, so now there is more room for guests in that house.

I don't know that I can say much more now except that the day Velva came the waves were not too bad but there was a great crowd of boats, big and little, up around the Kai King and we had to do quite a stunt of jumping to get to the boat without waiting hours and hours. Mrs. Makinson thought it was a very touching sight!

I haven't seen much of Dorothy Hare but I think she is real stuff. Velva apparently has a pretty good opinion of her, and she has had a long trip with her. Velva evidently went over big in Japan, and all doors were open to her, where any of Kagan's friends were concerned. They went to Peiping and then down through Peking and Shanghai; went to Ningpo, Sheehaing and I don't know just where else, on their way here. If I get a copy of the letter to her written about the trip I'll try to send one to you.

Much love to you,

Albie



Sutton, Ohio

September 27, 1906

Dearest One,

Yesterday I thought surely I should get a letter written to you but not so! Last Sunday morning the chairman of our choir committee kept the boys - and me - after church and discussed the matter of wearing the white surplices once more.

They thought that the girls look all right in their white jackets, but the boys have been wearing "tin" kind of clothes & weren't uniform.

So when the girls heard that, they thought all should be the same. and I thought so too. But when the choir bought the cloth for these garments, there were twenty four in the choir. Not

there are twenty five girls and twelve boys! So I made surprises this week - even to setting up a sheet yesterday for the last two when I found out I didn't have enough cloth to finish!

I have just received a letter from Mr. Taylor in Shanghai with this message:

"Today we received the following cable from New York:

"Abbie Sanderson requested to represent Woman's Board Canton Centennial all expenses met here." ——— Just

like that! I was very much surprised. I had not thought of going to Canton - had not thought of leaving school work for a week or ten days -

I am glad to go, of course -  
although I realize that  
going in this way means  
reports to make! I do  
not know whether I am the  
only one to be sent,  
or whether someone is  
to be sent from East  
China as well.

I shall not have time  
to get any clothes ready -  
just wear my same 2½  
year old coat that I got  
in Shanghai and a shop-born  
white felt that Madame  
Tong cleaned up for me  
when I was up there  
this time. I was low

on shoes — very low —  
perhaps I can get something  
on my way through Hongkong —  
but I'm not very hopeful.  
They don't grow my size  
on every bush — and I  
haven't seen my size  
flourishing in any tem-  
perate store, either!

Next thing I do is to  
manage to correct all  
the English papers that  
I have on hand, and at  
the same time manage  
as much as possible  
without further written  
work the next two weeks —!

Kind love,

Alfred

Suifu, China

October 4, 1936

Dearest Ones;

I'm rather at loose ends - not knowing just how I shall get ready to go to Canton by next Saturday - for there are many things to be done this week -

Last week we had a holiday on Wednesday commemorating the unification of China - There was a parade in Suifu but our students had their own meeting at school and only a small number of delegates went to Suifu. Our teachers are very anxious to avoid crowds of students as far as possible, with all the dangers of Japanese trouble floating around in the atmosphere.

The Holiday, that day, gave us a  
tiny breathing space for which  
we were very glad after a  
"dissipation" of the night before -  
a big time over in Swanton  
to which most of us were  
invited. The ~~new~~ Swanton  
Rotary has just been formed  
and that was Charter night.  
Mr. Pan is the president, and  
way back last summer he  
asked Dorothy and me to  
sing at this occasion - get  
some others to help us if we  
wanted. So Dorothy and  
Beatrice sang a duet - and  
Mabelle, Dorothy and I sang  
the Raindrop Prelude to which  
have been set some of the  
words of Portia's speech on  
"Merry"; "Like the Gentle Rain" -

We all dressed in our  
 best bib and tucker and Dr. Paris  
 Leland came after us and  
 brought us home - I was  
 surprised and very much pleased  
 to find that the speaker of the  
 evening was Mr. Paul Wiant of  
 Leekhow. Mr. and Mrs. Wiant  
 have always been very nice to  
 me since way back in 1920  
 the first time I was on  
 Kuliang. I have seen them  
 off and on a number of  
 times since then - have  
 sung in quartets and duets  
 with him ever since the  
 old days. Last summer  
 I made a special call  
 on her to ask her what  
 she felt was the effect  
 of the Oxford group in

Foshow. They are both rather quiet conservative people (in some ways — though he has always been a "cut-up" for wild though harmless pranks!) and they are all for the Fellowship — they say it has been a great help —

Friday morning Miss Yen, until this term leading alto in our choir, was married in the church to De Jen Mien, one of my good students of four years ago. She was as lovely a bride as I have ever seen, in a simple white veil with orange blossoms and a long Chinese gown of white silk with all over embroidery in



paldest pink - attended only by two little flower girls and a page to hold her veil - The children were dressed in pink and white sprigged silk with shoes made of the same material. Elsie played the wedding march, I sang @ Perfect Love (in Chinese) and Mr. Capen performed the ceremony - We all went to his home afterwards for the wedding feast.

These are two of my favorite children and I do hope they are going to be happy -

Today another boy from our choir was baptized - a senior who will graduate from senior high in June -

It is late and I must  
kiss me to bed -

I had letters from you  
yesterday and Friday, as  
Jim rich - hadn't had any  
the week before!

Love to you -

Abbie

Kowloon, Hongkong  
Oct. 18, 1936

Dear Ones:

For two days now I have been thinking I surely must get a little letter written to you - The two days have gone by and here the letter is not sent - and I'm on the train for Canton - Train riding is not a very great help in producing handsome handwriting!

We had a good trip down from Swatow - We left there Saturday and got into Hongkong early Sunday a.m. Went to St. John's Cathedral for morning service. Magnificent pipe organ music with choir of sixty voices - robed in blue and white marching in procession. The service was a special one for the judicial and police service - One scripture lesson was read by

The chief justice and one by the  
chief of police in their official  
robes - the judge with his gown and  
wig complete -

In the afternoon we took a  
car and went out to the Christian  
monastery which is built on a high hill  
about a half hour's ride from Kowloon -  
It is carried on after a fashion something  
like a Buddhist monastery, and we found  
it a most interesting place - They have  
Christian teaching, but they use some  
Buddhist ritual - We found the  
assembly place fitted out with kneeling  
cushions and prayerbook rests, and  
in front of Bloch's picture of the  
Risen Christ ~~at~~ the front of the room  
was a huge bronze incense burner - which  
they use - Young Buddhist priests who  
haven't found satisfaction in their own  
religion come there and some are converted  
to the Christian way of thinking; they  
often become Christian pastors -

Yesterday we spent shopping - but  
it wasn't very satisfactory because many  
shops were closed on account of Confucius  
birthday. The most of the things I bought  
were for other people - but I was very

fortunate in that I found one pair  
of shoes in the city of ~~Canton~~ Hongkong  
that fitted me - and the price ~~of~~ \$16.00

Hongkong money - a little over \$5.00  
gold - didn't seem too exorbitant when  
it is so very difficult for me to find any  
shoes at all here that I can wear -

In our party there are Miss Sollen.  
Mr. Luebeck, Rev. Emission, Miss Clara Smith,  
Mrs. McKimmon [V. L. Brown's friend], and  
Dr. Bonfield.

Later:

Dr. Canton - I'm with Mr. Luebeck, Dr.  
Bonfield, and about 40 others at the  
Todd clinic for nights & breakfasts - and  
at Miss Lydia Greene's for lunch and  
dinner - This room there were ten tables  
full of people - and we had good eats -  
I foresee, however, that attending this centennial  
celebration will be something like attending  
the Northern Baptist Convention at Milwaukee -  
living a good distance from the place of meeting  
and having no place to rest during the  
day - At Milwaukee we did have  
the church rest rooms to sit down in or  
stretch out in - Well - here I'm sitting  
on Lydia Greene's couch and I'm as

near asleep as I could possibly  
be without actually being asleep —  
I really can't rest pretty well this  
way: it is amazing what you can  
do if you only think you can.

I'm enclosing this in Valma's letter  
which I begged her to send  
to you — I think you will enjoy it.

I hope this weather continues — it  
is beautiful weather — ideal for such  
big meetings. Already we have met  
people from Shanghai, Haichow, Soochow  
and other places — it is a great  
business — but I haven't been here  
long enough yet to write you anything  
about it, really —

Much love,

Abbi

Suwaotow, China

October 23, 1936

Dearest Ones:

Canton is over and past,  
and we are back home again.

I haven't written a report of the  
meetings, and I think I'm not  
going to make a very full  
report - Mr. Giedt has already

done that, at the General  
Board's request - and he said  
it took away for him the most  
of the pleasure of attending the  
celebration, because it kept  
him so hard at work all  
the time. I shall try to  
write little touches that Mr.  
Giedt didn't see or know  
about - and maybe one  
or two outside things - such

the meeting of the International  
Woman's Club, where we heard  
a most interesting lecture on the  
History of Canton, given by  
Mrs. Burdwall of the Bible  
Society - with whom I traveled  
once when she was Miss Reed.

The sight of some 1500  
people, or more, in the great  
beautiful church at Tany Shan  
was an inspiration that will  
remain with me for a long  
time - Another uplifting  
part of the whole thing was  
the singing of the choir  
and other groups - There,  
of course, the students helped  
remendously - The girls  
of Pooi To School sang



one of the most beautiful songs I have ever heard anywhere -

Dr. Saufay, president of the Louisville Seminary was the main speaker of the convention, and there were many people from the Seminary who have been sent out as missionaries. I shouldn't wonder if many of them felt towards him as I felt towards Dr. Francis. He stressed Baptist doctrines more than I had expected them to be stressed at such a place and occasion, and while on all sides

you heard words of  
commendation and  
appreciation, yet even  
some of the Southern  
Baptists themselves were  
heard to wonder whether  
he had chosen the  
note that would be  
most helpful.

Can you see, from  
what I have written,  
that I am going to  
find it hard to write  
any kind of report  
that will be positive  
rather than negative?

Yet I'm glad I had  
 the opportunity of going  
 and reading the air-  
 mail letter which the  
 Board sent for me to  
 read as their representative.  
 Dr. Goddard of East China  
 was the representative of  
 the General Board -

I hope I can write  
 more later - We went to  
 meetings all day long -  
 were entertained for night  
 and breakfast a half-  
 hour's bus ride away from  
 Tung Shan and were too

wearry each night & do any writing before we crawled into bed.

On my return yesterday I found a pile of mail. Among them was a letter from Betty Williams saying that she is passing through Swatow tomorrow on her way to England. Yesterday was spent seeing the first "Group" people in Swatow - arranging for a meeting, and breakfast with Mrs. Pan - and luncheon guests to meet her here at noon. She sails in the afternoon.

Fannie Northcott arrived here yesterday morning and there is to be a welcome tea for her tomorrow p.m.

It will also welcome the  
 Hylberts, who are stopping  
 here for a brief visit on  
 their way back from the  
 Centennial. They were in  
 Ughkump yesterday and have  
 gone to Putyang today - will  
 be back here to-morrow, &  
 have the week-end here - They  
 stay here with us while they  
 are in Kakshih.

I got back just the day  
 that our first monthly exams  
 began. I was glad I  
 had prepared some of  
 them before I left! Now I'll  
 have to correct them -

Much love to you -

I'll try to write again  
 some day - don't know when!

Abbie

My best love to Velda! I must  
write to her soon

Suifu, China  
November 1, 1936

Dearest Ones:

I feel as though much has happened in this last week - Part of that, I suppose, is because I'm still in the throes of trying to make up for time lost in going to Canton. My examinations, given just after I returned, have not all been corrected yet.

Yesterday afternoon, in spite of this unfinished work, I left the house immediately after luncheon - and went across the Bay. The Y. P. Society at the Institute has invited Mr. Lapham and me to be advisers and this was the first big social meeting after their invitation came. So it seemed right to go and show interest, & say the least. There will be enough times when it will be entirely impossible to go to their meetings, but I'm glad of this opportunity to get acquainted with them. They had their meeting at the Baker's house, some ten minutes' bus ride from the center of the city. After the serious part of the meeting was over, with devotional program, special singing, exhortation from four advisers and a report of the Y. P. program in Canton from another, Mrs. Baker served tea and cakes, and then we went out on the lawn and had our picture taken. They had such a good time playing "three deep" that we hated to come home.

I knew I had to get home, however, for last evening was the last night of a week of special

home week meetings. Last night was in charge of the Women's Missionary Committee, of which I am a member - One number was a song sung by the committee of five women; another was a song by "my" choir, and I wanted to see that they had their books, were sitting in the right places, etc. - Then the feature of the evening was a little play which is the same as the one given in many places, I imagine, stressing the importance of having a well rounded family life -

In the short interval between the afternoon's program and the evening program, while I was getting a bit of supper, I read a letter which had come in the afternoon mail from the Board. It was indeed a "neat" letter - Among the various items was this one:

Marion Bell, nurse, appointed to South China, sailing in November - !

Things are looking up again, and after long struggle to get a few new workers to come out, we are beginning to get a few of them. As Mabelle said when she read the letter "Praise the Lord!" It looks as though they sent a Swatow representative to the Centennial instead of spending the money to send some one from America. Then they used that money to send out a new missionary - which seems much more sensible.

2

Another item in the letter:

\$4000 granted to put another floor and roof on our long unfinished East Hall school building, where teaching in the afternoons is a blazing, suffocating hot business in the early fall and late spring and summer - and where studying ~~there~~ as students must be far worse than teachings since if the students are in one of the hottest rooms they are there all day, and don't even have the relief of going to a little cooler room to study in for some of the periods - This request has not been stressed of recent years, partly because people thought the Board was so hard up that we ought not to ask for anything extra, but now, as soon as we <sup>ask</sup> for it, we get it so fast that we haven't had time to catch our breath yet! Praise the Lord again!

The question of mandarin study isn't so encouraging. However - It is very doubtful whether a missionary who had already had two full <sup>years</sup> ~~terms~~ of language study should be released for any time to study at Peking! If they stick to that, it means that we older ones will still have to get what we can by ourselves - at odd times when we can push it in, - in a summer vacation, or a slice off from furlough, or something like that - And believe me,



that last doesn't appeal to me at all right now - But I'm not going to reap on that yet - I think I'm going to get some more mandarin sometimes - although I don't know whether I'll get it at Peiping - And I think I'm going to get some in Peiping before many years, even if it has to be in the summer time - However! -

My letter to the Board has not yet been written and I've either got to write it tonight or go to bed early so that I'll wake up early to write it in the morning - Guess it will be the latter of these two plans, accordingly to the dreadful sleepy feeling I have this minute!

Maud Martin arrived yesterday but I haven't seen her yet - Hope to soon -

Much love to you,

Abbie  
Herewith the clippings, "Tribute" returned - I knew you had made a mistake as soon as I read your letter - and intended to return it.

I'm marking this letter 213 instead of 210 - Is that right?

Swains, China  
Nov. 8, 1906

Dear Ones:

I feel like saying, "Well, the circus has begun again"! The girls are late beginning their Christmas handwork this year, and I don't know that there will be much of a "circus" this year after all. The net result of yesterday afternoon's work was two little white eating flannel lambs with <sup>pink</sup> eyes and <sup>another nearly done</sup> little black satin feet, all done but their ears; three pink flowered cats with their faces embroidered and their sides sewed up ready for stuffing; 49 silk biscuits all "baked" ready to be put together into a little pillow next time; another pillow, of shirred voile circles, about  $\frac{1}{3}$  done, 3 <sup>darned</sup> ~~woven~~ yarn table mats begun and several other bits on their way.

This doesn't tell the whole tale, however, I assure you. Mabelle has really taken full charge of the Daring Endeavors this year, and she is doing splendid work with them, too. I think she rather hoped that this year the girls would do something different; making <sup>making up some ready fitting</sup> bed-covers or "hospital" sheets for the hospital here, or something else equally practical, instead of making a lot of little gewgaws & get a

money for the White Gift series - Well, that suited me all right, for it meant that White Crossings that have been sent out could just wait until a later year ~~when~~ the girls felt more like doing the toys and patchwork again - I was quite prepared to drop the whole thing for a while - goodness knows I can find plenty to do besides patchwork! In the summer I had had Mai Che cut out several hundred silk patches and smaller white patches to make the little puff pillows, <sup>and two model pillows,</sup> - but I know those could wait for any number of years; those will keep and so will animal patterns.

But day before yesterday when the girls' committee came in after school Michelle asked me if I would bring out the pillows and the animal patterns. It was a grand rush to get the materials out, and enough things planned so that everybody had something to start on yesterday p.m. at 1.30. They haven't yet touched the ducks, elephants, bears, frogs, nor the bunnies with overalls on - I'm hoping some of the older girls will come to help out next time - I'm glad that I shan't have to have my room so littered with the stuff this year - we have put all the things down in Marion's room - and we shall only have to clear them out if we

have company.

Last night when I tried to do some work on this morning's Sunday School lesson, I found green spotted frogs and flowered yellow ducks with brown wings coming on the page and instead of Timothy, Lyster, Luke, Troas, Lydia, etc. and their various relationships I found my mind still puzzling about how in the world the frog's hind legs are to be fastened on! I guess I had too big a dose of calico animals ~~all~~ in one day - I'll take smaller bites from now on.

Maud Martin is back from England - today I went over to Swanton to see her and Miss Brander. Today after Y. P. meeting. Maud is looking well - and she is apparently most happy to be back and happy in experiences that she has had while on furlough -

Wm. Carter -

Love

At the

Suixian, China  
November 17, 1936

Dearest Cuss,

In school visiting  
this, and for a change the  
girls are not asking questions  
tonight. As for me, my mind  
is quite entirely occupied with  
trying to get into shape something  
for a Christmas letter. At  
home in my typewriter I have  
the first draft about half  
finished, and I'm stuck.

I have come to the matter of  
the Anniversary Celebration  
which our Young People  
are planning this year. It  
is so long that when I try  
to put it on paper it strings

out to two or three pages - Then  
when I try to eat it down  
it seems like a doll with  
all the sand out let out!

So I think I'll scribble a few  
minutes to you about it. Perhaps  
if I get it all out of my system  
I can later pick out the  
salient points. After you have  
read the story you will see  
that it can't all go into a  
Christmas letter!

For sometime the president  
of the society has known as well  
as I have that you can't hope to  
draw young people to meetings  
unless you have good programs;  
but how to get committee  
chairmen and committee  
members to buckle down and

prepare good programs is another question. The "point of shock" came two weeks ago when for one of the numbers on the afternoon's program a little boy who had been assigned the telling of a funny story told one with a rather smutty flavor! Everyone of the older ones was ashamed, of course - and they had to realize that they ought to do something about safeguarding the programs in the future.

The little chaps actually didn't intend anything out of the way - he just told the funniest story he had ever heard - never having been

given the idea that humor  
of a clean flavor is what  
is wanted -

At the close of the meeting  
Chek Min announced a cabinet  
meeting to be held the following  
Sunday to discuss the preparing  
of better programs and the  
keeping of better order in  
our meetings -

When the next week came  
we had a rousing good  
meeting with a debate  
on the subject "Resolved  
that Religion can do more  
for the uplift of the world than  
Science can -" After the  
meeting the cabinet met  
and discussed ways and  
means -

Hong Du, chairman of the



music committee (the one who got peeved and made some bad trouble for us at last year's Christmas party - who has been baptized during the year and taken a keen interest in getting a bunch of youngsters into the choir - and of getting subscriptions for the summer school - for new chairs for the choir - etc - ) said he would like to suggest some sort of a revival - not an old fashioned revival meeting but a B. Y. P. U. revival of interest and of doing things and getting right attitudes and high ideals - really having a B. Y. P. U. that was more than just a name. Chen Min then suggested.

that a regular Advance Movement be planned. He suddenly had the idea that since this is the year of Anniversaries we might have a Y. P. anniversary to with some actual work started to remember this year by, and two or three days of celebrations, perhaps including such a Sunday morning service as the Y. P. conducted once before -

But while the rest of the committee approved the idea heartily, yet it was soon evident that some immediately took the word "celebration" to mean something in the way of an outdoor play or some other big event.

So on Wednesday evening we had another meeting - thrashed it all out as to what kind of celebration we would have.

There was enthusiasm from the start, and even when the idea of dramatics in a big way was decided against, those who had favored it agreed to the other plans and things went on very happily -

They want to do something that is worth while - not just for the name of it, but for the joy of doing, because others will be helped, because they themselves will be learning how to serve -

So! The affair is to commemorate the 'steenth (!) (they don't yet know which!) anniversary of the founding of this society - There will be a party at Mrs. Capen's Dec 19th; Vesper Cantata will be given in the church Sunday evening Dec 20th; the choir will go to Chaoyang or come

other nearby place to sing <sup>again</sup> the Christmas  
music Sunday afternoon, Dec 27 -  
(not to Suvaron City where there is  
plenty of music). Following that  
the more permanent projects will  
be launched; these include at  
Sunday School at Sua phon, where  
there never has been a Sunday  
School or a church; an evangelistic  
band to do work elsewhere on Sunday  
afternoon; Mandarin speaking  
debates, socials, etc, to practice the  
national language; further "singing"  
trips by the choir as opportunity  
presents itself -

Doesn't that sound like a  
big order?

Later

Now - about my Christmas letter -  
I have finished the first draft and  
sent it to the printers because there  
is no time to make a second draft -  
as it is I'm afraid the things  
will be late getting home - but  
I can't help it - and you may  
send criticisms please - I  
have tried to give news and also to  
write as I felt -! Love Abbie

How do you like the letter paper for the Christmas letters ?  
Which pattern do you like best ?

Swatow, China  
November 23, 1936

Dearest Ones;

I feel like taking a long breath now for I have just finished sending of the last of my Christmas letters. I hope the ones that I sent to you all in a bunch will not be too much of a bother to you. I might have written the envelopes but I haven't any special envelopes this year- I'm simply trying to use up all the old ones I have- and I did not have time anyway. Today is about the last day I can hope to send any letters and have them arrive before Christmas I shall be interested to know what time these reach you. Sorry I did not have enough copies so that everybody could have one. We have a new mission mimeograph now- it has arrived just since I have had these letters printed. So perhaps it will be just as cheap in the future to have many more copies. If I really took time to write something worth while maybe it would not be a bad idea to print enough so that everyone in my "special" churches could have one. The objection to that is that a "circular" cheap enough for everybody to have one might not be as much appreciated. What is your opinion about the matter ? I hope to be writing my next Christmas letter in a different place from Swatow, however.

It was a grand surprise to have the \$4000 gold come out from USA to finish East Hall. Already stonecutting has begun and I think from the pounding that I heard this morning that one corner of the second step story has actually begun to go up. My....! If we can really have the next floor up above our heads before we have to teach through another muggy season, I shall be chock full of gratefulness !

Yesterday I saw Marguerite Everham for a bit and I talked with her about the possibility of going home by the way of Europe. I am sorry I shall not be able to spend Easter morning on the Mount of Olives. I should like that very much. But as far as I know now I shall be teaching

school right up to the end of June. That will make the trip through the Red Sea a hot one, but I should like to come through Europe if I can possibly make it.

When Velva Brown came out she brought with her not only Dorothy Hare who is already studying the language in preparation to teaching in the Women's School when Elsie Kittlitz goes home, but Mrs. Makinson, a woman very much interested in mission work and experienced in state work at home in California. When she heard that it was going to be my furlough time this spring she tried to make a plan for me to meet her in Berlin and take a trip through Norway. That would have been fine, for I should love to see the fjords and the rest of the gorgeous scenery there, and Mrs. Makinson would a most companionable person to journey with. But she doesn't want to wait so long, and I am not at all sure that if I can see only one place along the way that I would choose Norway. I might, if it came to a matter of going there or somewhere else alone. But now I rather think that I am likely to hook up with Marguerite. On two counts I cannot stop along the way to see more than one place; one is that I haven't the money and the other is that there is somehow a very strong pull beyond the Atlantic which I have a notion would never allow me to loiter around Cannes or the Riviera or any of the spas even though I had a million to do it with; nor climb the Alps ski out into the wide open spaces of Switzerland even though I had the energy of all the Olympic athletes put together- to say nothing of their youthful ambition!

So, as you see, my chief ambition is to get on around to 6 Agamentious Road PDQ ANDHOW! And don't either of you two youngsters dare to cut up any capers until I get there! Then's orders! Nor the other youngsters around that neighborhood! I am told that it will not be very much more expensive to go around through the Red Sea than to go home the usual way. This way I can land on the front doorstep instead of having to ride in the train five days to get to the back door. But I must get further particulars and see if what "they say" is true; if it takes ten cents more this way, I shall have to consider the matter very seriously. I would like one stop over, and that in the Holy Land. That would give me about two weeks in that vicinity and ought to mean a great inspiration. But - I dunno!

Much, much love to you,

P.S. I delayed sending this letter because I couldn't find my little address book with the numbers in it - imagine that ! Now if I can't find it tonight I am going to send the letter on without a number and you can put it on when it gets there. I have a habit of getting the numbers rather mixed/ up anyway !

Since the letter has not yet gone off to you - am going to add something that I forgot to write. On Saturday I attended a Shanghai University alumni luncheon- the first of its kind I think in Swatow. It was the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of Shanghai University and the college had written down here to find out whether some kind of celebration couldn't be put on for that day. We went to a new hotel in Swatow and had a very good Chinese "feast" meal for a dollar max. There were twenty-eight of us including five girls (all from our girls school or present academy formerly) and Mrs. Baker who was the dean for a year, Mrs. Page who is an interested friend, and I because I have had the honor of being a trustee. Mr. Capen was out in the country so missed it. It was a most pleasant occasion, and the outcome of it was a vote to form a Swatow U. of S. Alumni Association, with the actual setting up of the organization to come later. It will be a good thing I am sure.

Love,

A.

Swallow.  
Nov. 29, 1936

Dear Ones,

I am just upstairs from a heavy choir practice after a long rather grilling day, and I think I'll write just a little note so that you'll get something from me in this mail.

This morning we had Sunday School, then practiced a song - went to church and the Christians from our school went to church and sang "Finlandia" in four parts, unaccompanied. If you don't know what that means, ask Mrs. Oliver - she will realize that we had a job to teach these 80 boys and girls to sing this song without the organ!

We managed, anyway! Then at 1.30 came the usual young peoples meeting. Then came home and Mabelle and I divided a group of students - for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour I taught the girls the sopranos and alto, and she taught the boys the tenor and bass. Then we



came together and it worked beautifully - and  
a whole lot of time was saved. That was  
our big Christmas anthem - There will be  
more to do later -

I'm trying to tell you the  
events of this day - but already I'm dead  
sleepy. Suffice it to say that tonight  
beginning at 6.30 I had practice for 4 new comers  
who are just entering the choir. Then Elaine and  
I had cantata practice - Then a male quartet -  
and when that was done, I didn't even  
care whether I came upstairs or not - ! And  
now I don't much care whether I have a bath  
or not - but I guess I will, and that means  
say goodnight to you now -

Still can't find my little book!

Love  
Abbi

Would you please send the  
enclosed letter for me - Call the  
50c (which includes postage) a  
Christmas present to me! ①

Suvarov, China  
Dec. 7, 1936

Dearest Ones:

For once I am beginning my  
letter to you before Sunday comes, or even  
Saturday! I came directly over from  
Choir rehearsals tonight thinking that I  
would see Velva, since I haven't really  
had much chance to visit her lately.

Not, in fact, since she came back from  
furlough, for Mrs. Makinson, though a very  
lovely lady, has yet been with her most  
of the time and there has been all too  
little chance for good talks. But tonight  
I found Velva's room all lighted up and  
a table full of guests assembled, as I  
told the boy I'd come some other time -  
and then I came around here to Capen's  
to write letters. So I'm writing on borrowed  
paper and with a borrowed pen.  
Maybe I'd better get some writing paper  
for Mrs. Capen for Christmas! That's  
an idea.

Today I had a letter from Eva  
Asher telling me that while she was

down here in the summertime having a  
good visit she did not know that her  
mother was suffering terribly - This fall  
she had an operation for gall stones  
and lived only a short time - They  
found cancer, so Eva says she  
cannot wish that her going had  
been delayed, for it would ~~have~~<sup>have</sup>  
meant great distress for them all.  
I must write to her tonight, if I  
can manage the time.

Where do you suppose my little book  
has gone! I still cannot find it anywhere.  
I'm thinking of beginning a new system in  
a new book - Maybe I'll call this Red 1,  
and if I'm where I can write with  
red ink or red pencil I'll just write  
the 1, 2, 3, etc with the red; if not,  
write it "Red 2", "Red 3" etc - Is that a  
crazy way, do you think? One reason  
I think I really will do it is that I  
feel quite sure when I stop looking  
for the little book, it will turn up! And  
if it does, I can continue recording  
in the red anyway - !!

Preparations for Christmas are in full swing. One hindrance is that this coming week we are to review and the following week have our 2nd "monthly" exam. It seems to me I'm just over the first one! It will interrupt our plans for getting things ready for the school entertainment, I feel very reasonably sure. We tried this year to begin early so that we should not be rushed at the last, but I've decided that can't be done. If it isn't the last minute, then people cannot see the importance of getting at it yet. They've got & took themselves pretty much into a steam about a thing and get a little worried about it, before there is the slightest interest.

That is not true with the music in the choir, though. They love to sing so that they are willing to begin their practice for Christmas in the middle of the summer, if need be! I certainly do enjoy that music work with the choir. It is a bit strange

that I don't enjoy <sup>Teaching</sup> singing classes where they are compulsory ones, in school. Yet Mabelle enjoys that thoroughly, and she does good work with them too. I don't know whether it is the discipline that I dread, or having to play and lead at the same time. I am very lucky to have Elsie to play for the choir - She really does the most of the leading, as a matter of fact, but I get a whole lot of pleasure out of the young folk and their singing, anyway.

For some time they have not been invited to Swatow to perform as often as formerly but the invitations have begun to come again and now they are coming thick and fast. We went to the 70th anniversary of the Swatow church, then to a Mandarin service at the Y. M. C. A., ~~and~~ at which one of our own teachers gave the address. Next Sunday we have a special song at church, and the following Sunday we go to Swatow to a big Young People's Meeting - all the Young People's Group in Swatow. We are to sing and we have some other share in the program. The following Sunday we give our Cantata in the church - the night after Christmas is to a big piano service in Swatow to sing, and the 27th of Christmas to repeat the Cantata. Some got, love, Elsie

(219)

Swatow, China

December 19, 1936

Dearest Quers:

I'm sitting in the big assembly hall and my last examination of this "second monthly" bunch is going on. I have only eight students in this class and I am sitting where they are all in my line of vision. The other teachers are walking about, as usual, and as I did this morning for the first half hour. But my examination is in letter writing, and there is no temptation for these students to cheat in this particular subject. If I don't write to you this morning I don't know just when I shall get it done so here goes for a beginning.

First let me say that I quite thoroughly enjoyed W. R.'s letter that you sent me. He has evidently enjoyed his visits with you - and I don't blame him! It is also evident that he knows what kind of words fond parents usually like to hear about their offspring! You asked if I minded your mentioning him; - not at all -; for it is something like watching the curtain go up after a play is finished; then you see the actors without paint and furbelows, not gilded and glorified as they were while the play was going on, but revealing their true unvarnished selves as they appear in every day life - Then, if real worth appears, it can be

doubtly appreciated - And anything that is more tense can  
be more easily perceived -

The Christmas preparations are in the height of their  
rush - Thursday afternoon we practiced the cantata  
in the church; last night we brushed up the bad  
spots; this afternoon we have the final rehearsal  
and to-morrow night the affair comes off -

In the meantime today all cards and books that  
are to be sent off for Christmas must be addressed,  
stamped, and made ready to send; tonight the Y. P.  
have their big private celebration of Christmas.  
This morning costumes are <sup>to be</sup> found for Mary and  
Joseph - as well as the manger, and the light  
within it. About six games are <sup>to be</sup> thought of &  
prepared, suitable for 60 people to participate  
in all at once - I'm to sing a song behind  
the scenes - and I'll have to find out which  
old Christmas hymn it is, go over the Chinese  
words and practice it -

And much more!

Love

Abbie

Iwato, China  
Dec. 27, 1936

220

Had a letter yesterday from  
Shirley, Bess, Marion, and Granddaddy  
of the family  
mitten when  
the 220  
the 220  
the 220

The last of the Christmas

episodes, and in some ways the most  
adventurous, is to come this afternoon.  
One choir, thirty-eight strong, with organists,  
bells, banner, organ, extra pedal handles  
for the organ and a man to carry the  
organ and wiggle the pedals, and one  
piece-woman extra along to pick up the  
fragments, as I speak - do the wowing and  
the scolding and so on! - are going to  
take the Christmas cantata that we sang  
in the church here last Sunday to Chongqing  
and give it there. Well - it seems a bold  
project and we are rather holding our breath  
to know whether we can actually get there  
in time to give it at 3 p. m. - and then  
get back here the same night. Well - I  
suppose I can report about that in my next  
letter, but it is so very much on my mind at  
the present moment that I can scarcely  
think about the various celebrations that we have



already had!

I don't know whether I wrote to you about the meeting in Swanton of all the J. P. organizations in the city. We were outdoors on a big lawn - and we had an organ to sing by instead of the piano they are accustomed to. The result was that we made a complete fizzle. Three days afterward Chas. Min told me he was still mad whenever he thought about it - ! They made up their minds that very day to accept the invitation of the Y. M. C. A. in Swanton to go & sing on the 26th - & see if they could save their faces - !

Well, I'm getting ahead of my story! The music practices just before Christmas were fast, thick and furious! So were the celebrations -

Beginning Saturday night with a roaring good time the J. P. had at Mrs. Capens house - continuing with a successful rendition of the cantata the next night, and then the kindergarten celebration in the church Wednesday a. m.; and

entertainment Wed. night by the  
grammar school including dramatizing  
of both "The Other Wise Man" and  
Dickens' "Christmas Carol" - ; the  
Woman's School pageant Thursday night  
with a lovely candle lighting, spectacle  
and tableaux; and the academy  
Friday night in a dramatization  
of "The Mansion" with a chorus of  
40 voices sometimes on stage, sometimes  
off. The principal was one of the  
actors - and he sang my old  
solo I used to sing many years  
ago "Night of Nights" - with a strong  
male chorus assistance in the  
last chorus "Awake! Awake" - The  
climax as far as chorus work was  
all 40 on the stage, as pilgrims  
to the heavenly land ~~about~~ to find their  
mansions - All were dressed in  
white robes and were either bare footed  
or stocking footed - some sitting on  
the grass some on "rocks" - some  
standing -

I have since been told it was the best thing ever given in our church here - "H. I. S. O.", the Chinese say - it had real meaning, as well as being beautiful - We loved doing it, even though the practicing and singing so steadily right up to and all through the whole of Christmas day left little time or energy for anything else and made Christmas somehow not seem very much like Christmas after all - in some respects -

We went out carol singing in the morning as usual - but didn't start until 5 this year - a more sensible hour than 4 or 3 or midnight, according to my notion!

For Christmas noon dinner, we invited our five Chinese women teachers - Right after dinner we went over to the church for final rehearsal - The night of the 26th in S. Vinton was a big event. The Y. M. C. A. had erected a pavilion with roof for the platform -

while the audience sat out  
on the ball field under the  
stars. All the choir groups in  
Swatow were asked to take part,  
and ours was said to be among  
the best there so the Y. P. felt  
they had a little more "face"  
after that was over — !

Later:

Our trip to Chaoyang is now  
a thing of the past. We had  
various difficulties to encounter.  
At the last minute buses did  
not run, so we had to take  
boats part way, which made  
us much later. The meeting  
was arranged for 3 p. m. but  
announced there for 2 — and  
the bell was rung at 1 — !

By the time we got there, at 3.30 -  
an impatient rabble of children  
and curious passers-by was  
filling the chapel to overflowing  
and we did not know just  
how we should get along -

As it was - the children  
crowded up close and made  
a big racket most of the  
time - and the older ones  
had sat so long waiting that  
they were very tired - And  
most of them could not  
appreciate the music we  
sang - But we had a  
lovely boat ride home  
by moonlight - and got  
everybody back safe and sound.  
So there's much to be thankful for.  
Much love to you Abbie