

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Swatow, China

January 3, 1957

Dearest Owen,

I'm having a wee little vacation - ran away from everything last night and came over here for the week-end. To Bakers. One reason I came was to go to the students' church over here - I ought to have known that since our school in Kabeishan is having a short holiday it would probably be the same for the students over here, but I thought about that too late - so I was disappointed in not being able to see the students' service this morning - I must see it sometime before I come home, for it is one of the famous projects in China among young people.

After getting to the church and finding that there was to be no service I didn't have ambition to try anything else, so I came back here thinking that I would write letters - But I only read a little and talked some with Mr. Baker, and then it was dinner time -

This afternoon Mrs. Baker had about 70 neighbors children (not Christian) in for a little Sunday School - She has a pious wife and two or three girls from the Presbyterian High school (very near) come over to teach the lesson to the young ruffians - They have some difficulty in keeping order, but the spirit and enthusiasm with which they learn the songs and recite the Bible verses is something very fine to see -

I just got the Conference Program yesterday and learned thereby that I have something to prepare for -

For one thing, the Language Committee has to make a report or suggestions for studying Mandarin, and that means that three committee members whose ideas do not agree, must get together and work up something to present to the whole mission body - so that the whole question can be

thrashed out.

I learned also from that program that this is to be a theme running through the whole of the Conference this year - "The Appeal of the Present Situation" - and I'm to have a paper on "The Appeal of the Present Situation, in Young People's Work" looking forward to possibilities yet - unreachd at present. I do not see just when I am going to get it written, but it should be good discipline and ought to be a help to me in future work if I do it right - This does not come until March, so you will have time to pray that I may get the very best out of this opportunity.

Again my letter to you will have no number, for I haven't my little book with me. I'll

try to remember to record it, however, as soon as I get home and then it will have its number!

Next morning. This is January 4 - and there are nine more days until my annual report must be in the mails - That is a task that I feel must be done this year - for it seems that letters written at other times do not count - and I'm bound to send in at least one this year that has the right date on it!

Much love to you,

Abbie

Swatow, China

January 7, 1937

Dearest my own Ones!

Two letters
from you came today - after
a long wait - Nov. 23 and Dec
13. There is one left
which has already come -
I'll admit I was a good
bit worried - (or could have
been!) about Father - I'm
so relieved to find out that
he is better -

Now, when you see that
the Nov. 23 letter has at last
reached me, you'll know
why I haven't said a
thank-you before! And if
you stop to think, you'll
understand how difficult it

is right now for me to put
my mind on anything
except wondering whatever
is the world. I am going
to do with you two people
when you insist on sending
such a gift as the one
you have sent me! You
should not have done it at
all, and I feel most
guilty, in accepting it.

I must admit to you,
Lowell, that I have been
having a rather discouraged
time of wondering how in
the world I should ever manage
the way things are going now.
There are more calls than
any body dreams of, especially

from the projects that the Young People are putting across - These things all take money - and the young People, while they are pretty good about going out to get subscriptions for new choir robes, new choir chairs, transportation of choir to Chaoyang, Sunday School at Sua-pho, etc. - yet they come to us for good fat subscription to head the list!

And now that I'm trying to plan to go home by way of Europe, taking about two weeks in Palestine,

I wonder very seriously
where the money is to come
from. It will cost quite
a bit more to come that
way, but I feel it will be
worth it if I can possibly
manage. If I do that,

I should get home before
the end of August; I don't
know how much extra it
will cost me - but more
than \$100^{now} ^{good} just for fare,
without a cent for Palestine.

So I don't know whether
I can manage it just
now or not. I want to put

aside this ten from you for that
purpose. I wish I might put

aside the receipt of another gift
 which came today, - \$25 from
 Calvary again - but I do not
 see how I can, with tuitions coming
 on so soon for next term - and
 the other calls. Since I wrote
 the last sheet, I have learned that
 the Y. P. have decided they must
 have an organ - They have
 needed one for some time, the
 one that Mr. Capen put down
 there for them being "in ruins"!
 Now they have decided to take
 up subscriptions, beginning
 with themselves at the rate of
 40 ¢ a piece - Hong Lee, the
 little wise rascal, suggested
 that I should not make my
 subscription until later, after
 the Y. P. have got all they
 can! He thinks it would be
 a good idea for me to make up
 whatever is lacking after the members
 have subscribed! Although he did

Not say so, yet I know that
is his meaning -

I went to Swatara City to the
Presbyterian Students' Church today.
It is the first time I have been
there - and I know I ought to
go once before coming home -
Expected to go when I was over
at Bakers last Sunday, but
for some reason or other they
did not have the service, so I
missed out.

It was fine - quiet, worshipful,
with a speaker, Mr. Pan of the
Y. M. C. A., who knows the mind
of young people and knows how
to speak to them - He talked
today about giving our sub-
conscious and unconscious
selves and wills to God as well
as the conscious part of us -
Now another time -

Much love to all,
Abbie

Swatow, January 24, 1937

Dearest One,

Eva Reynolds Dunbar and Ellen Peterson have been my guests since Tuesday afternoon and we are having a marvelous time! Mr. Page is happy to meet old Colby friend too. It is now 11 A.M. and I am expecting the lunch bell to ring any minute. We are going to eat early and take the one o'clock launch for Kityang - be there 2-noon, come back via Chaochow for Tuesday - stay at Baker's Tuesday night - attend a session or two of a Retreat for Christian Workers - (I speak at one and Ellen at another and Eva declined the invitation!) see a bit of Swatow city Wed. then come back here Wed. night - and they leave for Shanghai on Thursday!

School closed yesterday - I was in the midst of exams when they arrived - and it has been a bit hectic - One day I had an English exam at 8³⁰, Louis Capen's Language Exam at 10-12 and Beatrice Ericson's exam 2-4 -! Fortunately Enid Johnson took them to Swatow that day and Fannie Northeast had them for lunch -

Must quit and send this -
Love Abbie

Swatow, China
January 28, 1937

Dearest Ones:

"The voices of educated people, with a Maine accent- aren't they about the finest things to hear?" Some such sentiment as that was expressed to me by Mr. Page about two hours ago, just after I came back from seeing Ellen Peterson and Eva Reynolds Dunbar off on the steamer for Shanghai. They came a week ago Tuesday and we have tried to make the best of the short time we had. The next day after they arrived I had examinations all day long, but Edid Johnson took them to Swatow and over to see the new work at Black Bridge; they had lunch with Fannie Northcott, who is an old friend of Ellen's, and then Edid took them to see some drawwork, and they came back home late that afternoon apparently thrilled but a bit worn from the all day's jaunt. Thursday evening we three went over to the Pages and had a little Rook game. It is the first time that I have even known a Rook game to be seriously hampered by conversation at the Pages, but "Dutchy" Marquardt, "Johnnie" Hedman, "Cassie" White, "Judy" Taylor, "Prexy" Rob, as well as many of the old schoolmates somehow came along and did a good job at interrupting the bids. We had one grand Colby reunion, although there were only four of us there who had really studied at Colby.

Friday night we were all invited to a birthday party which Dorothy Hare and Beatrice Ericson were giving for each other. I was delighted to have my two guests meet all our women missionaries in this informal way. (The first night they arrived we had a few of the girls in for dinner- this served as our very private little welcome for these two guests and for Marion Bell, our new missionary who has now been here a little over two weeks.)

Saturday afternoon we went over to hear a piano recital in Elsie Kittlitz' home, given by Elsie's two star pupils. That was a chance for Ellen and Eva to meet almost all the missionaries on the compound. I was glad for them to hear the two young musicians, also.

Sunday morning after my good friends had seen a good bit of the church service (and had heard the choir sing!) we shipped out home, had an early dinner, then got off on the launch to Kityang. We had a splendid trip and it was good to see the people at Kityang. Clara had invited all the other missionaries in for coffee after dinner and we talked and drank the coffee and then sang some of the good old songs, each picking out the ones he wanted to have sung. Dorothy Campbell has gone to Kityang now to live, so she was there; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Capen, Marguerite Everham and Dr. Giedt. The next morning they saw the hospital; at noon we were the guests of the Capens and Marguerite (who live in the same house); in the afternoon Clara took them out to see the city a bit and they saw how the Chinese grass-lichen was made, from start to finish. People are nearly always tremendously interested in that process. That night we had supper with the Giedts.

Tuesday morning we might have got away a little earlier but Dorothy had asked me to speak to the nurses at morning prayers, before breakfast. Then we missed one bus, but after a while we made the start and rode by bus to Pang Khoi, where the pateries were. We carried two prisoners (roped and chained together) on our bus and just before we started we counted about 14 more who were brought along and would have been put on if there had been room. Poor things, I wonder what they had been doing and what was likely to be their fate? Some of them looked as though they

opium addicts; the government is trying very hard to do something about opium eaters and it is quite possible that these may have been victims. I wonder whether they were on their way to a clinic to have treatment, or to an execution ground ??

Ellen and Eva had never seen pottery being made before and while they did not want to buy very much, yet they were very keen on seeing the plates, ~~and~~ other things being made in the factories. It is always a fascinating thing to see the workmen spinning the wheel around with one foot and doing the moulding with their hands; or perhaps dividing the work between two men, one with his foot always whirling the wheel, and the other with his hands never off the clay; putting spouts and handles on the teapots after they were shaped and ready for them. We finally tore ourselves away from the shops and went to the chapel, where we sat down and ate our lunch which Clara had ~~prepared for~~ put up for us. Then we got the bus for Chao-chow fu and after we got to the city we went directly to the famous old stone bridge which is a thousand years old so they say. Basket street is very near, so the girls bought baskets to their hearts' content. Then the houseboy (who took great pride in personally conducting our tour!) took the three biggest baskets and went out on the bridge to buy the best and cheapest oranges he could find. As soon as that was done we went to the R.R. station and had to wait less than a half hour for the train which got us down to Swatow at six o'clock.

We went directly out to Baker's. The others had finished supper but we hurried as fast as we could and did not cause too great a delay. By "others" I mean about 20 Chinese leaders who were meeting in a Retreat out at Baker's for three days. I was the speaker that evening, and you can understand why I felt very sorry that we had not been able to get there on an earlier train so that I could sit down and collect my thoughts a bit before getting up on my feet. My subject was "The works that I do, he that believeth on me shall do also." The next morning after a short devotional, Ellen Peterson spoke to them in Mandarin and gave them a very fine message.

While we were in meeting, Miss Smith, Mrs. Baker's sister, took Eva shopping. After Ellen's speech I took her out to buy some things, and then we all went there for lunch. Then after going to two more pewter shops, we came home and had a little time to sit down and think what they wanted to put into their suitcases first! After supper we went to prayermeeting and it was a good chance for the guests to say goodby to everybody with very little effort. After we got home Eva and I sat downstairs in the living room that Mabelle went off to bed and then Ellen left us. After a while Ellen came back and said that she had had her bath and it was time to go to bed. But she sat down anyway and we had one grand old gab-fest, knowing that that was the last chance we should have for a long long time! We talked about all the people we could remember, sometimes not being able to get the names for ever so long, but finally getting them up out of the deep places of somebody's mind! I feel like writing to tell Miss Parmenter of Waterville the beautiful beautiful things that were said about her; one of them being "She simply effervesces with enthusiasm and interest, and she means it all! She's so real." Ethel Merriam is another who was mentioned with appreciation and affection; Helen Hanson too. No advantage in reporting all that was said, or perhaps was left unsaid only by dint of conscious restraint, concerning one certain other one who is in the teaching profession - it would probably have been better if nobody had said anything about that one! But it was evident that we three all feel we can see through what is sham! We spoke lovingly of Miss Gilpatrick and wished we knew where she is now.

This morning we did a good bit more talking, had quite a time of getting accounts reckoned up and all little tail ends of business finished up. They found that they did not have enough oranges so the cook went to Swatow and bought some more. We had these to pack into the baskets. Then we went up to East Hall where Mr. Page was overseeing the workmen pour cement floor. After lunch I don't know just where the time went but suddenly it was time to go out to the steamer. One thing we shall laugh about happened right then. Eva said I looked very nice in my white hat, much better than I had in the ones where the pictures we had had taken; so I ran back upstairs and got my camera; we all stood in a row and smiled our very prettiest smile as Mabelle took careful aim for one last shot at the three of us. Then when she went to turn the roll, she found that there was no film in the camera after all, so we had all our sweet posing for nothing!

X

Well! There ends that story; nothing more except that I went out and then when I came back I saw Mr. Page and he made the remarks with which I began this letter. We surely had a good time together. I know I did, and if you can tell anything by the things they said, they did too. It was one of the times you dream about, but feel that you seldom really have come true.

Another little point. Ellen Peterson was helped by some Oxford Group missionaries who came back to Hengchow after furlough. The following summer she went to Japan and came in contact with a group there, when she really began to "get down to business". I was very happy to find that our feeling about this whole matter is almost identical. She doesn't think we should go about advertising promiscuously but should do our best to live this life, and readily witness whenever and wherever that is the plain leading of God. Her talk to the people was just full of helpful thoughts. We did not have much chance to talk about it but these bits came out from time to time.

I must say goodnight and go to bed before it gets a minute later!

Much, much love to you,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 6, 1937

Dear Ones:

This is the wind-up of a happy time for a good many people. The girls of the old Chiaⁿ Kuang Girls' School have been meeting here for the last three days and there has been very joyful fellowship together.

The immediate and apparent occasion for the getting together of the old girls was the celebration of Miss Culley's 61st birthday. According to custom, the 60th or 61st birthday is the "biggest" one a person can have, sixty years being reckoned as a complete cycle. Our teacher here in the Academy, Miss Lee Pao-lan (formerly known as Yieh-ki) and Margaret Lee (Hui-tsu) were the chief instigators in the first place. It would be hard to ferret out all the underlying motives for getting together this way; one may have been the fact that last year the Woman's School people celebrated Miss Soliman's 60th birthday for her. There has always been a deal of rivalry between the Girls' School and the Woman's School. Sincere regard for Miss Culley herself was no doubt one big reason, but it was certainly not the only one. There was a longing to come together once more as in the old days, and Miss Culley's birthday was made the occasion for it. That is not all, however.

A few of the old graduates of the school have had it on their hearts for some time to try to bring back into a deeper spiritual life the old girls who have drifted away and the girls who are at the present time students in our academy here. They realize, with a great sense of having lost something precious, the fact that today many are indifferent to the important things in life. Lin Hui Cheng, who used to be a rather sullen and unapproachable youngster when she was in school, has got hold of something real in her religious life, and she has been praying for three years that somehow our "girls", old and young, might be stirred to a new interest. One night not long ago in prayermeeting she spoke of being especially glad that this meeting was to be held, for she hoped that there might be something of real value for those who should attend. She it was who gave two very earnest talks to the girls, yesterday and the day before.

The meeting opened with a get-together of between 30 and 40 of the old students Thursday night. After Hui Cheng's message these present were called on one by one to tell her former name, her present name, and such items as her husband's name and his business, number of children and age of oldest child, or her own business if she had not married, and what she was doing at present to help in the church work. There were many laughs and some smiles that were pretty close to tears. Gou Sok long gave her husband's name, Tang Si Chiang, and said that her husband's present business was "quietly resting- he hasn't waked up yet". He was Mr. Speicher's Chinese reader who died so suddenly several years ago. Margaret Lee was the chairman that night and under her leadership the girls "reminded" and talked on and on as much like old times that they hated to go home after it was over. A whole lunch-load of them went back to Swatow that same night.

The next morning I was scheduled to lead the devotionals. I took Proverbs 11:35, a verse that had brought a special meaning when I was Proverbs to some of these very girls about 15 years ago! After that Hui Cheng gave her second message- a very good one. At noon we invited a few of the girls from out-of-town to come over and have dinner with us,- those who live too far away to come usually. We had Sui-po, the wife of a leading Presbyterian minister; Lin Sai-eng, graduate of the Nanking Bible School and now doing evangelistic work over in the Chao-yang field; Gok-ling (before my day), one of the church members from Tui-hua-pou; Tahn-Khang and A-chie, sisters-in-law, both widows, also from Tui-pou; and Gok-Khang, here temporarily from Shanghai, with her very cunning little niece.

In the afternoon the girls who live here in Kakeish were busy getting ready for the evening's entertainment, but many who came from a distance had leisure. So about 3.30 a roomful of them gathered in our living room downstairs and the result was practically a witness meeting. Kin-gek was here with her baby- the youngest of five- and told with her same old-time enthusiasm and fire the story of great blessing that had come to her in the curing of some of her physical ills. I imagine the disciples of old could not have spoken with greater assurance than she did. Many others told their experiences; I was deeply impressed with one statement which was repeated at least five times by five different girls to the effect that when they had had plenty of money and plenty of things to make them happy they hadn't felt the need of God, hadn't known him, and hadn't wanted to know him! Lin Hui-cheng and Pui Hui-long have never been in an Oxford Group meeting that I know of but they certainly used the Group method in that meeting. I am positive that they had planned the meeting and worked for it before hand and I have no doubt they felt just as surely led and guided in it as Groupers are in the work that they do (and as numberless others are, whether they have any special name or not!)

The evening's program was entirely different-dramatic, with that little "different" something about it that so often characterized the things that were put on by the girls in the old days, and now emphasized because carried out by those who not only have a wish to do it well and an interest in the thing but also an added maturity to make them surer of themselves. One of the numbers was an old Chinese ceremony of offering the gifts and good wishes suitable for the "mother's" 60th birthday; these gifts included oranges, eggs, candles, a birthday cake with proper inscriptions, the "long life peach" made from bread dough, tinted the proper peach colors and stacked high on a platter, and some other things that I cannot remember. It was all most interesting and impressive.

The big event of the three days was the meeting on Saturday morning (today) which was the actual birthday celebration (although several days in advance. A good many who could not come to all the festivities came to attend these ceremonies and the feast which followed. Miss Gully was robed in a gorgeous embroidered gown which the girls gave to her to wear on the occasion, with embroidered shoes and a festive old fashioned red skirt to match the costume. There were several speeches, including one by Professor Lau, the old Chinese teacher of our Girls' School, and the "advice" by Miss Gully herself. At the feast which followed, the

ones who made things lively were the old girls who were back most of them from college. The happy badinage was much like it used to be in the old days. The presence of several "husbands", however, gave it a little different flavor and we were kept on our toes wondering what was coming next. Before the feast a big picture of most of the assembled guests was taken. We shall certainly want this one in our collection of snapshots, for some of the girls we have not seen for more than ten years and may never see again, I suppose.

This afternoon Mabelles invited the whole crowd over to our house. I wish you could have seen them ! Our living room was far more crowded than it has ever been with our Young Peoples group. After a bit we brought them upstairs and fortunately it was warm enough for them to go out on our front verandah for their cake and tea. They decided to set up a committee for some sort of permanent club or association of the old China Mission girls, so perhaps we shall meet again another time some day after all ! They practiced a song before they went; they have been asked to furnish the special music at church to-morrow.

This has altogether been a very pleasant and lovely affair. The publicity part of it has been harder for Miss Culley than I dreamed it would be, but she has come through all right and I am sure these memories will remain with her all her life long.

Much love to you,

Albie

Suataw, China

9 p.m.

February 20, 1937

Dearest Mother,

I feel as though it has been a long time since I sat down and took time to write you a decent letter. For the last two weeks at least I have sent your letter off without any number, and now I have got to record those, guessing at the date - and pretending that I'm sure I've written as many letters as that. I wonder why I am so slap dash about things?! It makes me sick!

I have the feeling that there is never enough time to get things done. I got away

from that terribly rushed feeling
for a while - and do still manage
to get away from it at times, yet
it is there, right around the
corner and ready to jump at me!

Last Sunday morning Mr. Long
said at Sunday School that we
could have time to read the Bible
every day if we wanted to; and he
went on to say that it was people
who didn't know how to use their
time right who were always
crowded to the limit. If a
person made the right use of
his time, he could get all
his affairs done and even
have a little time left over!

Well maybe if I'd make up
my mind just as hard to

find time to do all these other necessary things as I do to find time for a little meditation every day. they would get done! I'm still inclined to doubt it!

I'm not sure whether I sent you a copy of the description of Mabel's birthday celebration, so I'm sending the enclosed. On the heels of that school opened. That very week I was asked to lead the prayer meeting at the church. and I got through that.

Last Sunday the Lings celebrated their silver wedding

anniversary and Mabel and I were asked to sing at that occasion. It was a very simple ceremony. About a hundred friends, Christian and non-Christian, gathered in their home Sunday afternoon and Mr. Capen, who twenty-five years ago performed the ceremony, again gave "instructions" as well as did a good bit of reminiscing. There was prayer, and Bible reading, and one song, and a duet by Elsie Little and her pupil Miss Linn. Then they served plain Chinese tea and cakes - all very simple. It was one way of witnessing to non-Christian

friends. It is probably the first Chinese silver wedding celebration in Lorain. They did not ~~advertise~~ what it was to be, and there were only a few gifts, which was as they wanted it to be.

This week was my turn to lead the prayer meeting and there was preparation to be made for that. Now that's over and ——— ! In the meantime I have been trying to work on Language Study Curriculum. Mr. Ling has been prevailed upon to help draft a new course of study and I have been talking with him

about it. He has taken a good deal of time to think of the best books to be used, and I am hoping the committee will adopt his plan. Today I spent more than an hour at his house looking over books. Now that proposed curriculum must be typed and sent to the other members of the committee.

And ———! Conference comes March 4-6. At that time I am to have a paper on the Appeal of the Present Situation in Young People's Work. The Language Committee, of which I am at present chairman has an hour for presenting various

plans for the study of Mandarin.
I don't intend to lead that discussion,
but I may have to!

In the meantime we have
on our hands four language
students who are pegging away
at the old course of study
which is many years behind
the times, hoping that will
hurry up and do something
about it!

The above are a few of
the reasons why I wish
some one else could be
found to teach a few
of the beginners music
lessons. I am leaving this

term - for - I ask you - When
am I going to get ready to
go home?

That brings me to another
question - and I'm going to
put it on a separate sheet
and on the top of the pile
so you'll read it first of all!

The question of going home - I
know you are already anxious
to know when, where, etc. !
Marguerite may travel with me -

Much love,

Abbie

Feb. 20 - 1937
6 p. m.

Mother dear,

Unless I get news from home which makes me decide that I ought to come by a faster route, I shall sail from Hongkong June 27 on the S.S. "Scharnhorst", going via Suez, with a stop-over in Palestine of about two weeks. This means two things that I don't much like, but I have to face them. First, that route will cost more, and I must get extra from home to have with me; so will you please as soon as possible draw out from my account in the Boston bank \$225.00 and send me a New York draft (or have the bank

make it out to me, whichever is the simplest way). I hope I shall not need to use it all, but I do not dare start off with any less than that added to what I shall have. Second, I shall not reach home until almost the end of August, and that is too much delay to suit me. However, I do want to see Palestine and the longer I put it off the less likely I am ever to see it.

Now! If in your opinion I ought not to delay, and take the extra time, please write and tell me so frankly. I ought to be told -

Love to you both,
Ethel

Swatow, China
March 8, 1937

Dearest Father,

This year your birthday has gone by without my sending you any present or even writing you a letter, but it did not go by without my thinking of you. I thought of you many times all day long, and even at until the hour of eleven o'clock at night of that day I thought I should surely get off a little word to you. But there seemed to be neither time nor strength. I hope there will be some time next year when I can talk instead of write. Won't that be just a little bit of all right !!

Last night we finished our annual conference. The program this year was very crowded and we have the feeling now that we have been running and have not had time to get our breath yet. We had eight papers on various phases of the Appeal of the Present Situation and then we were expecting to discuss the points brought up in the papers and perhaps make some recommendations for the Ling Tong Convention to discuss next summer. Some people were very much disappointed that we did not do more of that. But there was not time and so we have adjourned without doing much more than discussing how things are and how they might be improved. Definite plans must be left until later.

One thing that leaves me out of breath is the fact that I was elected one of the members of a findings committee who after the papers were given had to get together and cull out the most important points from the eight papers to present for the approval of conference before adjournment. Dr. Giedt, Dr. Leach, Bruno Iusbeck and I were this committee and we had Bae Ericson helping with the secretarial part of the work. We had to work on Sunday to finish, and Bae got sick with a blind headache so she had to stop. I had to drop every other kind of work I had during conference- classes and all, although I had not intended to do so. I had been put on the nominating committee at the beginning of the meetings Thursday night, so I was very careful to steer clear of having my name on either the findings committee or the Resolutions committee. But alas I was put on the former from the floor of conference. We could not get things into anything like the finished form so Dr. Giedt has been given the thing to polish up before it is sent home. There will be two editions of this Findings Report, one the one which was adopted last night and a shorter one which will be available to send to friends at home. I wish I could have a copy of Dr. Ling's paper on the Place Of the Christian School in the Near Future. It certainly made us all ashamed of the way we handle Chinese !

My paper, on Young People's Work was I think the shortest of all. That was just as well for it came the last thing in the afternoon and when I got up to present it it was about five minutes before closing time. As a result I felt hurried and fairly galloped through it. But I had copies for people to look at while I read so they knew what I was talking about. I enclose a copy for you to see. You can make your own corrections; I know there are a great many typographical errors. I had four different students working on the typing of it so that there would be copies enough to go around.

The next thing we have to plan for now is the Religious Education Retreat which is to be held April 6-8. We are not sure just where it is to be held but we hope that it may have for the meeting place the prayer room or the chapel at Phau-Thai, part way between here and Kityang. The program has ~~xxx~~ been planned, but we have no Edith Traver here this year

Clara Leach will be at Shanghai at a medical meeting. Bruno is leaving on furlough the last of the month and it is rather doubtful whether he will be able to attend. But we shall have Dr. Gindt and Carl Capen and hoped that the most of the Chinese who were there last year as well as a few new ones will be present. The general theme for the Retreat will be "Follow Me". Again I have a speech to make on Young People's Work. The speeches at this retreat except for the devotionals are supposed to be reviews of books on various subjects- evangelism, personal work, Religious Education in the family, etc. Edith Traver was practically the leader of the Retreat last year, but the real leadership of the thing had passed to a Chinese this year and I am glad. Last year I doubt if they ~~had~~ have had a retreat if Edith had not been here. This year if it had been left for me to decide I am afraid I should have said no, because I felt that I could not do a thing like that justice. But this year it was Mr. Lee Tehun Chek who was very sure that we must have a retreat. He said, "If we can't have a retreat just because Miss Traver is not here, then we are no good!" Miss Traver spent months thinking and planning about the retreat and getting material for it and talking it over with the two Mr. Lees. I told him I simply did not have all that time. She was in bed a good deal of the time and she could call the others to her bedside whenever she thought they should talk about things. But our committee of four attended the meeting at our house here the other night and we decided to have the retreat, who should be new members, who should be the leaders, and what the program should be- what assigned to each speaker. The place was suggested and Mr. Lee sent the next day to investigate the place. As some one said when they were going out the door, Miss Traver hadn't been there but the plans seemed to work out just the same. But I shall not be so sure that all will be well until the thing is over. Still I do know that Mr. Lee has had the matter much on his heart and if he is heart and soul for it it can't be a complete fizzle!

I ought to write a great long apology for not writing you a letter for two weeks- or is it longer than that? Each day I thought something would be sent off to you, but did it get sent? It did not, I am sorry to say. I love you just the same, however.

All yours,

Abbe

Suifu, China

Mar. 14, 1937

Dearest Ours,

This morning Erid
brought her Shanghai paper upstairs
& breakfast and showed me the
Card of Thanks inserted by Mrs. Tatum
and Jay - the first I had heard
of Mr. Tatum's death. I wrote to
Jay this afternoon - She
will feel alone indeed after
this - I think she was never
very close to her stepmother.

Right now I am feeling
that I shall be very glad when
Easter is over. We have had
rehearsals on for some big thing
or other in the musical line ever

since last October and I am beginning to think I should like a little rest. I know there will not be much rest until after I get on the steamer for Hongkong, but at least I'll have some rest from beating time then! I'm wondering whether I shall ever have to do it again after I come back from America - I hope not - for by that time there ought to be some younger blood around here, either Chinese or foreign - and it will be their turn - ! I'm getting too old -

I'm babying myself tonight - I'm weary after the evening's practice - (Chie at the piano for a solid hour must be still wearier) and the house is cold. So before

getting into my bath I lighted my little bathroom heater that I got last year (I've used it only twice before, this year, it has been so unusually warm). Had a nice warm bath and now I'm seated right beside the heater all comfortably fixed for writing letters. Result? Overpowering drowsiness, for which I'm glad in a way, because that means I should sleep well tonight. That isn't always true, though!

This morning I had a good, though brief, talk with one of the boys in my S.S. class (also in the choir) about baptism - He is thinking

about it, but he said to me, "Which is better, to be baptized and then do some things that ^{are} ~~are~~ pretty bad, or to wait, and not be baptized because you feel your character, deportment, etc, are not up to the ideal?" I said of course it was better to be careful than not to be careful, but we shouldn't let other people's wrong be a stumbling block to us - We are not to follow the example of any person.

At noon (1.30) Miss Tang & Miss Lin gave a splendid talk about baptism. - The same boy was there - I hope he will decide this spring - There are other girls and boys in the class

who ought to decide, but with
 some there is grave danger
 of their deciding to be baptized
 without first deciding to be
 Christians. I remember what
 Dr. Kinney used to say; "In
 some places we have baptized
 far too many Indians -
 Indians who weren't really
 ready to be baptized."

How is the weather with
 you there now? The oil heater
 proposition sounds like a
 much needed one to me,
 and I think we shall
 have to go seriously into
 that matter as soon as I

get home. When I received
your letter the other day, Father,
I was very greatly tempted
to change my plans about
coming home by way of the
Holy Land - for that will
cost much money, that a
direct course across the
Pacific, I have no doubt.
But I thought the matter
over and over, and the right
decision seemed to be to
continue with the plans
already laid - unless some-
thing should come up to
change them.

At present I can see no
possible chance of my getting
a car when I get home - of
any kind or description -

I wish I might have one, but I cannot for the life of me see how it can be done. But keeping warm is a different business and something will have to be done about that. It looks to me as though there will be no difference of opinion on that score!

This week on Anti-aircraft exhibit is being held in Swanton and the students are all very much interested in that and very little interested in their books! They are going by groups - in relays - to Swanton to be taught how to use gas masks

and what to use in emergency
if they don't have gas masks -
and other measures to use in
case of Japanese attack from
the air. It makes us wonder
how soon all this information
will be needed.

Did Mrs. Sargent send you
the invitation for me? Imagine
little Horace Means being
married! The thing I remember
about him is his enthusiastic
pronouncement at the Thank-
sgiving dinner, about the turkey -
"My, this goes right to the
'spot!" I wonder if he
is like his grandfather - Wasn't
it Deacon Means who pulled
a long face and said to
you that the Sedgwick

people liked their minister all right but they didn't want the minister's wife any "longer"?

I feel as though I ought to quit immediately and get ~~x~~ doing some of the innumerable things that must be done - Otherwise, how shall I ever be ready to get away from here by June 25th?

Much love to you,

Abbie

Havent got Frances' doll yet but I have
ordered one from Chaochow -

Sweetow, China

March 26, 1937

Dearest One,

I have just finished marking out my
questions for an examination on the first two
chapters of John's Gospel, and before I go to
bed I want to write a little letter to you. It
seems to me that recently I have been letting
my letters to you slide - and I wish I
didn't. If you ever want a letter from me
as much as I wanted one from you, and
they don't get it, I ought to be spanked.
I got the one I wanted this p.m. ! I
knew there was a mail due, and I thought
I just couldn't stand it if I didn't hear -
But I did ! A letter from you and father
(telling about wearing the plaid dresses - and
about Velda's being in the hospital) and one from
Arthur. Also one from Mrs. Lilly and Mrs.
Miller, telling that the New England District
is to be dissolved - Does that mean all
the districts, I wonder - or only the N.E.
district ? And I wonder what the reason
is - Do they think it will save money ? I
wonder ? They tell me I shall be assigned
to a state - I wonder which one !

But I never tell you that Calvary church
sent me \$25 this year - or rather, the Hursey circle

sent it? It has all gone for tuition, long ago -
Mr. McGitty sent \$25 - and the equivalent of
that has gone the same way - Mrs. Miller sent
me \$10. (Mrs. Alton Miller) and it went the
same way - Some people I love very very dearly
sent me \$10 and that has gone in the same
or a similar way - It takes money to put
children in school - ! Did you know that?
And did I tell you that last year Evelyn
Crawska sent me money for a girl - and
I gave it to Dreambell King? She is a
fine girl, I think -

Yesterday Geneva Lye and Dorothy
Haw had language examinations and
although I am not now on the committee,
(since I'm not to be here next year) I was
giving exams and talking about courses from
2 p.m. until nearly quarter of six! I had to
rush home & get a bite of supper. Then rush
back to church for choir rehearsal at 6 p.m. -
then at 7 to practice Easter solos with the
boys - then at 8 to Faculty prayer meeting -
I think I should have gone to bed instead
of doing the last bit! I'm still going today -
but it has been a sort of aimless wandering
all day and I haven't been good for much -
I don't like to make so - and I'm going to stop

it one of these days! I know there is a better way - and I get a glimpse of it now and then - but it doesn't seem to stick.

Perhaps if I go to bed in decent season, in spite of the tower of notebooks - I wonder! But the tower would soon be a leaning tower of Pisa and great would be the crash - there of, I fear -

I'm trying to think what I should bring home - I don't think I shall have much this time - From now on I can't spend a penny over my board, as I see it; otherwise I'd get stuck about half-way - and won't get home at all! Wouldn't that be too bad?

If you can think of anything that I ought to bring home, please tell me, and I'll try to do it. I wrote to Eliza Prindle about the kimono - but I have had no answer - I wonder whether she wrote printed, or embroidered, what price, etc.?

Much love to you both -
and across the road - and down
the road - across the river - up over
the hill - and down the next hill - and
on to Dover - Yes - to Kennebunkport -
all around, in fact! Love - Alice

Letter,
Thank you for the
"Mentor" poem -
It goes good for me -
Dearest Ones,

Suataw, China
March 24, 1937

Sitting here in my room this afternoon getting ready to answer some "missionary" letters and therefore looking over a bunch of the letters received since last December, I came across a little card that has given me the biggest thrill I have had for a long time. It was the little calling card that Evelyn Cranika had put in ^{with} the lovely Christmas picture that she sent me this year. I saw that card when the Christmas greeting came, but never until today did I see what she had written on the back.

Here it is:

"So glad to get your splendid letter. Annie Hill was here & I shared it with her. Lucius is married to a splendid girl - I am busy with social service and Oxford Group - The last has done wonders for me. Love, Evelyn."

I wonder why it should be that I didn't get that last little message until today? I was too much hurried in opening the Christmas things, - of course that is the logical answer - But it couldn't have meant any more to me than that it did today, I'm sure. I stopped in the middle of my letter setting, and wrote Evelyn a little note - just had to!

The only other word I have had about the feeling of anybody anywhere near the Board at home in regard to Oxford Group was not as encouraging as this. Mr. Burkett wrote

know so enthusiastically about what it had done
for him and Dr. Becker wrote back and told
him to go easy - that the C. J. almost split
the Burma Mission in two! 'Well!' That
proves one thing to me that I knew before;
God works slowly and sometimes very -
quietly, and sudden enthusiasm and a
great deal of talk doesn't ever compare
with a steady constant business of living
out a theory that has helped you. It gives
me comfort about not having great and
sudden things happen here in Swatow
after a few of us were helped by the
Oxford Group. It is to be hoped that more
will be accomplished by a steady keep-at-it
than would have been done by thunderbolt
preaching - (of the C. J. Mission in Swatow)

Elizabeth Mulcock taught me something
else not long ago, too, and that was,
that we should remember that there are
really a great many people around us
who are living surrendered lives though
they are not doing it in exactly the
way C. J. Fellowship people do - I knew
that all along, and it is important not
to forget it. Some C. J.'s have forgotten
it sometimes, and have thought they
were the only ones living close to God.
And that is where the crashes and clashes

have come, I'm very sure!

First monthly examinations began today. Fortunately I didn't have any until to-morrow, so I spent my time this morning making out the questions - got them all done, then went over to see a boy in the hospital. Last Wednesday night Dr. Brown was to have led prayermeeting but about 5 o'clock one of the academy boys was taken into hospital with what proved to be strangulated hernia and an immediate operation was called for. All the staff doctors were brought together and the operation was performed while we were in prayermeeting - and remembering them in our prayers. After the meeting was over Mabelle and I went down to find out how things were. They had been afraid he might not live. He came through the operation all right - and today when I saw him he was very happy and cheerful. The doctors are very thankful.

This afternoon I had a shampoo and then got at my letters - and I have told you above what I found! Tonight I've been to prayermeeting, led at last by Helva, who was sick two weeks ago, busy operating last week, but finally got to the meeting tonight. She made it an Easter meeting and it was helpful to all of us - Several of the Chinese friends were there tonight.

Uabell and I sang "There's a Green Hill
Far Away" and Beatrice Nicolson sang
a "Hosanna" song and we sang a great
many Alleluia songs. Ethel Min has attended
two of these meetings now - and he enjoys the
singing very much, I know -

I have felt almost leisurely today, for
I have taken my time about doing what
I had to do - I wish it might be the
same all the time, but I'm not able to
manage - yet! Beginning tomorrow I
shall have music practice with the choir
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the
Easter Oratorio in the church Sunday night,
and Monday night a trip to Swanton with
the choir for them to take part in the
service at the Kialat church when a new
piano is to be dedicated.

Tomorrow I have four exams - and I
want to go to the ^{prayer} meetings if I can.
The next day I have an exam at 8 and then I
am to go to Swanton and sit in the dentist's
chair for a while. I have one big and one
little cavity that I know of. I hope he
won't find too much that needs to be done!

Much love to you
Ethel

Swatow, China

March 31, 1937

Dearest One,

Perhaps you have already received my letter asking you to send me some money. If you have already done it, don't worry. I'll bring it home all right, I hope! But if you haven't sent it yet, don't send it. Only yesterday I decided that a trip around through Europe would

take too long to suit my impatient
spirit and I am now making
definite plans for a quicker trip -
across the Pacific. Don't
know any of the dates yet -
but you'll be hearing from me
again pretty soon!

Love

Abbie

Svetlov, China

April 3, 1907

Mother dearest my dear!

You didn't get
any birthday present from me this
year - father didn't either! And
when you get this letter it will
be so long after your birthday
that it won't seem a bit like
a birthday letter.

But it will let you know
that I was thinking about you
on your birthday - It will
also tell you that I'm very
very happy not to be worrying
any more about trips around

through the Red Sea that will
put off my getting home until
what would seem almost
like the middle of next winter
before I got there !

Now that I have decided to
come straight home instead of
taking any side-trips I'm much
more relieved and settled in
my mind than I have been
for many weeks. I can't possibly
be on the Mount Olivet of an
Easter morning, so I'll let
that go until another time.

I don't know yet, of course,
what reservation I can get for

travel across the Pacific, but I'll let you know as soon as I know anything myself.

Marguerite came down here this afternoon to give a talk at the Christian Home Club (Teachers' Wives group) and she is staying here with me tonight. She is disappointed, I think, that I'm not going on the trip with her, yet not too terribly dejected. She will not stop at the Holy Land, since that would mean a far greater expense. She will go all the way around to Europe by water and will reach England around the last of July - by which time I

shall hope to be safely escorted
in my snug little room at
6 Argemone Road. (Does Father
still call it The Parlor?) Believe it
or not, right now the last of July
seems a long time off!

Our Easter Vesper was something
that we were pretty happy about.

There were some mistakes, and a
few extra flats and sharps, but
the young people did pretty well.
Everybody says that they sing
the words much more plainly,
that they pay better attention to
the "loud" and "soft" marks, and
~~they sing much better~~

that they sing with much more
feeling than they have ever

gone before. The singers went
"on their own" now this time, too.
Elsie played the accompaniment ^{as written}
instead of having to follow along
every note with the fingers.

Tang Chak Wain covered himself
with glory in his baritone solos.
They were beautiful, and he
sang them very feelingly -

The Lament over Jerusalem,
The Passover - ~~Gethsemane~~, Thy Will,
Jesus' Death on the Cross -
(Darkness, Rending of Veil of Temple,
~~making disciples fast~~)

The night after Easter the choir went
to Swatow to an Easter praise service
there - dedication of a new piano.
We sang two of the Easter choruses,
and I was proud of them
all over again! All the choirs in

Swatow were there and we sang pretty well, comparatively speaking! There was some talk of our going to Swatow with the Cantals, but I'm glad we are not going. A thing like that is a big strain.

Tonight I feel a little like a runner who hasn't yet got his breath. Our spring vacation begins to-morrow but I have been very busy today trying to get ready my speech which is to be given at the Religious Education Retreat at Pham Thai this next week - Chuk Min went away this afternoon and I worked two solid hours with him just

Before he went, but I didn't get done. I'll have to work out the rest of it by myself.

I was invited to Hongkong this week-end and I said at first that I would go, but had to back out at the last minute because I had too much to do. The Lucbeks wanted me to help celebrate their wedding anniversary. I think they feel I am treating them very badly by not going. But it can't be helped. I can barely keep my head above water if I stay at home! If I had gone I'd have been swamped, sure enough!

Did I tell you about the boy I
talked to about baptism, a week
ago Sunday? He is to be baptized
to-morrow, along with 18 others.

Among them is Phak hi, the
second adopted daughter of
Mai Che', and Song Hui, another
boy who was in my Sunday
School class last term - It
is slow work, but they do
come in a few at a time!

Love, and thus some, to both
of you -

Abbie

And may ye live long and prosper!

Swanton, China

April 18, 1937

Dearest Cass,

The Retreat is over and I am back home again and deep in school work - and play! This afternoon one of the teachers and I spent quite a bit of time cutting out colored paper for money - dollar, twenty-cent, and ten-cent bills. Tonight Mabelle and I ransacked the ~~office~~ attic for odds and ends of everything we could think of. Friday night there is to be a teachers' party and we have decided to have an auction - ! I don't know just how it will work but at least it will be a little different from anything we have had recently.

In regard to the Retreat - we had good meetings. I don't know that they were up to the pitch of the meetings that we had last year, and yet some of the addresses were excellent. There was a note of making the everyday tasks a part of one's religion, in all the talks, which was very hopeful, I thought. We have always been so prone to divide ~~our~~ lives up into compartments - one for Sunday and one for the rest of the time.

Just as last year, we divided the work among ourselves and did it without much help from servants. I took our coolie with me principally because I know I should need him to help with getting the baggage on and off the steamer. Sure enough I needed him when I came home especially because the others than all

ferook me and fled! One went to
 Khok Khoi, another to Kityang, and
 others elsewhere, instead of coming right
 back here; but they entrusted me with
 their baggage! So I was pretty glad to
 have some help.

We had some of the same people for cooks
 as last year; this year I did not wash
 dishes but I helped to wash the vegetables.
 Dr. Friedt and Eind were on the dishwashing
 squad, and Carl Cyser was one of the
 sweepers. One afternoon we went for a
 splendid long walk -

The place where we stayed was the
 Phaw-thai chapel, which is right on the
 river front. Phaw-thai is about $\frac{1}{3}$ of
 the way from here to Kityang. It was
 a splendid place for meeting - and the
 rooms were divided so that the men
 were in one side and the women in another

so it was all quite convenient.

Miss Tang Sui Lee was not there and we did miss her spiritual messages. Edith Traver is in America and we missed her sadly. But I believe some good came of it. and it was something to have held it at all this year, after all the discouragements there have been about our having such a retreat - really quite unofficial and met with more or less indifference on the part of Ling Joo leaders -

I have a reservation on the "Empress of Asia" leaving Hongkong June 25 - and arriving in Vancouver - July 12. I am now planning to take the Canadian Pacific R.R. directly across to Montreal and down from there. The people here will probably have approximate

train schedules from Vancouver to Boston,
but if you people can get timetables
showing the best way to get from
Montreal to Santa Bernick, please send
them to me either here or at the Empress
somewhere along the route. As soon as
I get the dates of ports of call I'll
send them to you -

Now I'm really beginning to
get excited about coming home!

Much, much love

Abbie

Swatow, China

April 19. 1907

Dearest One,

It is beginning to seem now that I am really going home to America. On Friday evening the Academy Teachers held a farewell meeting for Astrida Ericson and me, and gave us each a scroll & took home with us - a Chinese painting, with characters written on it appropriate to the occasion.

Last night after their practice is y.p. stayed for a committee meeting - I am usually expected to stay too, and since it was right here at this house, it didn't occur to me that I wasn't expected to stay this time. After a bit of hemming and hawing, the president finally came right out with it - that the reason for the meeting was to prepare for a goodbye meeting for their adviser who was soon to leave on furl.

Of course then I asked to be excused, and they said "We didn't think it would be very polite to ask you to go upstairs!" So I went upstairs and they had their committee meeting until about ten o'clock! I don't know when this affair is to come off, but sometime soon - so that it won't have to be rushed into the last few crowded days!

Tonight Elsie is having a farewell dinner for Beatrice - The invitation said "Black tie" - so that means we put on our frocks & farbelows - I cannot stay late, however - There are too few days left and there is too much to be done to use much sleep time (more than necessary) on things other than sleeping -

Elizabeth Mulcock of the E. P. Mission is sailing on The Empress of Asia with us, on her way home to England - She goes all the way to Montreal with us and we are being introduced to

people there who are friends of Ruth Milne's -
 But I don't plan a lengthy stay in Montreal!
 The next train for Portland, Maine, suits me,
 unless I find out that the one headed
 towards Boston is faster and makes better
 connections.

Elizabeth and I are both glad, for it is much
 more satisfying to travel two than one! We
 are writing to the C.P. company to ~~have~~ be
 put into a stateroom together. And while
 I think I shouldn't mind changing trains, stations,
 etc, in Montreal, it will be fine to have some
 one right there to tell me what I ought
 to do -

When I think about Montreal, it makes me feel
 that I'm almost home!

The Empress of Asia calls at these ports:

June 27, Shanghai - June 29, Nagasaki, Japan -

Jul. 1, Kobe, Japan - Jul. 2-3 Yokohama -

I don't expect letters from you at all these places;
 if you could get one to me somewhere in Japan, I'd

be quite happy; and if I should not find one
waiting when I get to Vancouver, I'm afraid
I should not be quite happy!

Much, much love to you -

Abbie

Please send this letter on as I've addressed
it - and I'll be grateful ——— G.

Swatow, China
May 7, 1937

Dearest Gues -

I could be all worked up right this minute - but, I'm being fairly successful in my attempt to keep calm and let things work out themselves. The situation is this. I have been invited to a farewell party in my honor tomorrow night by the Swatow Institute O. Y. P. U. I knew that the students here were thinking about having me - but they hadn't decided when. This morning they came to tell me that it is all settled that they will have it tomorrow night - and the invitations are out and the time can't be changed!

So I have to go to Swatow in about two minutes to see the young people over there, (if I can find them!) about my arriving there a half hour late, or so! It's a bad

business and I don't like to have to
cut them both short, but on the other
hand ~~two~~ things will both be done up
at once instead of dragging out quite
as long - I'll need all the extra time
I can get for packing - -

So - a short letter this time, though
it ought to be a long one to make up
for the one I did not write last week.
Yr letter with the checks for \$225.00
has arrived safely - thank you very
much for the bother - Now that I
am not coming through Palestine I
hope I shall not need to touch this.
but I'm not sure that I shan't
need a little of it for college loan
arrangements in the fall - I must
help Chuk Min a little - and I may
be pretty nearly strapped aside from
this! -

Much love to you

Abbt

Swatow, China

May 11, 1937

Dearest Ques,

My letter-writing is rather spasmodic these days! There are so many things happening that I almost forget when I wrote last week! and some weeks go by without my writing at all. I am a bad child, truly.

In the vicinity of this fabled Swatow Bay, plans do not always work out as they have been put down on paper. More than a week ago I was approached by the Young Peoples Society over in Swatow Institute with an invitation to attend a meeting to be given in my honor Saturday evening May 7. I accepted, then on the morning of May 6 our students came to me saying that they had arranged a farewell

party for me (the Student Government
of the whole school) for Saturday
evening May 7. ! So I planned
to go to the school affair at 6.30,
then leave early and get over to
Swatow by 8.30 - But the
winds and the waves ordered
otherwise, and when Saturday night
came the boatmen did not
dare cross to Swatow ! So I
stayed here and was able to
see the whole of the students'
program.

The chairman of the Student
Government made a very nice
little speech to me and then
called on me for a speech (though
he had not told me beforehand
about that). But I had prepared
a little and got through it
better than I really ever
expected I should. I felt
freer to say what I wanted
to than I should have believed

possible five years ago - both in regard to the students' being willing to listen and in regard to my own being calm and composed about talking to them. They listened to my admonitions very respectfully and appreciatively - then continued with the rest of their program. They had two little plays - a competition - with judges and all - to see which of the two lowest classes in school has greater dramatic talent. They were both shot - and even with two sprinklings of Chinese music by a Chinese orchestra composed of some students and some faculty members, we came home at half past nine - very early for them! I was glad it was so -

The next day the bay had calmed down beautifully and one of the Swatow boys came over in the morning to set another date. So I go to them next week,

unless the boy kicks up again!

The other night I had a very happy time with the senior high-graduating class. I was their guest of honor - the only guest at a farewell tea and dinner, if you please. We had a happy little social time ^{beginning at 5:30 p.m.} with tea and cakes and icecream, candy, and watermelon seeds and fruit - games, riddles, songs and jokes. That included a speech to me, a speech (very short) by me, and a short speech by one of the girls. It was a rare opportunity - Many of them are non-Christians but it didn't seem to make any difference - I believe I could have said anything to them. I hope the Lord will use the little Christian message that I did give them - perhaps he will, even more than as though I had said more! We sat down to a feast about 8.30 and finished a little before ten - It was pretty fine!

Much love to you,
Abbie

P.S. Soon I shall not have to write to ask about South Beach friends - but will be able to see them for myself. How has Grace Allen been lately? I often think of her and Mrs. Moore and wonder whether I shall have a car again and be able to take them to church or missionary meeting? Is Helen Harvey by any chance president of C. E. now? I have had such good messages from Mary Libbey and Dorris Bennett from time to time - I wish I had written to them more often! Give my greetings to them all, do - and to others - Mina Plummer and Everett, Elto Guppy, Mrs. Pinder, Alice Goodwin, Bertha Ford - and any other that you know I mean to keep in touch with, though I'm very poor at it! Mrs. Clement - the Cliffords - and others -

This is over and above greetings
to every one of our own "tribe" - my
love goes to them, in my thoughts,
in every letter I send you & love, ^{and} Plover

I think I told you in my last letter
that I had received the \$225.00
you sent O.K. Of course it does
not make any difference to me where
it comes from, and I really hope
that I shall not need to use
it any way, but I dunno - I'd
like to save it for coming back through
Palestine - maybe! (If I could tear
myself away soon enough for a
bit of gallivanting in that direction.)

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Tsowatow, China

May 21, 1937

Dearest Cues,

If you don't get a letter from me pretty soon you will begin to think I have stopped writing altogether! I am indeed ashamed - This last week the days have slipped by so fast that I don't know at all when they have gone - Now I realize that in just one month I shall be leaving Tsowatow, probably! From the state of my affairs - packing - things to be left here - things to be attended to before I go - you'd never

dream that I intended to leave so soon. My dishes are packed away up attic, and the handwork things for Mabelle to use with the girls while I'm gone, but the rest of my things are not in the state I should like to have them in. I shall do the best I can, however, and that is all I can do - If I can manage to get through with my exams this week and get them corrected at once that will be worth a great deal to me -

Last week Dr. and Mrs. Howard of the Board arrived. We expected them Thursday, so postponed our prayer-meeting until they should arrive.

On Wednesday night instead of our regular prayer meeting we went over to Velva Brown's and listened to the Coronation Service from London (She has bought Dr. Bonafield's radio). The first part of the evening there was a good deal of static and it was rather a strain to listen - About ten o'clock the air cleared and to our surprise we heard the beginning of the same thing again. Records were evidently made when the thing was going on and then repeated for the benefit of those who didn't hear the first time. We wanted to

stay up until 3.30 to hear
the King's speech, but could
not manage being up most
of the night and carrying a
heavy schedule the next day.
I had classes from eight to
twelve and I don't know what
kind of work Valva had at the
hospital - So we went home
about 12 - Mabelle went even
earlier than that and she had
a tearing headache the next
day -

Valva heard the record
of the King's speech the
following night, so she
was glad she hadn't lost
the night's sleep for it. It
hasn't ceased to be a

marvel to me that such things can happen - or that we can hear and almost see - such a beautiful and solemn ceremony -

Americans in many places will feel it was a lot of pomp and show, I suppose - but there was something grand and imposing about it -

The cheering which kept up so long was no louder, I suppose, than a football game brings out - but there was something a little different about it to my ear.

One of the most interesting additions to me was the

way Euid Johnson would
break forth in an animated
whisper every now and then;

"Yes, yes, I can see just
where they are; I've been
right there! I can see
it all as plain as day!"

The next a.m. we got a
telegram from the Howards
saying that they had missed
connections and would not be
here until Saturday.

Since I was one of the
reception committee I spent
actually the greater part of
Saturday watching for the boat
and going out to meet it!

We expected it in about 9 a.m.

But those boats sometimes come

earlier and we did not want
 to miss them so we began
 waiting about 6.30. There was
 a boatman watching but I
 was afraid he would miss
 us. I spent a lot of my
 valuable (!) time (I really
 do feel it quite valuable
 these days !!) looking out
 from my little verandah.

There was one false
 alarm and I went
 down as far as the
 bund then came back.

The boat actually
 arrived a little after
 three. Four or five of
 us went out to the boat

and brought them up to the compound - They went to the Pages at the beginning of their visit and ~~that~~ is where we took them when they came. They got over here to our house for the welcome tea about five. Most of the Chinese guests were already here when they got here - We had prayer meeting ~~here~~ at Elie's that night & the Howards spoke to us. D. Howard preached the next morning - (and the choir sang a special song by request!)

Sunday noon I went immediately after an early

dinner over to Swanton city
 to the Swanton Institute Young
 People's Society meeting. They
 tried to have a farewell meeting
 for me the week before, on
 Saturday night (did I miss
 about it?) but the waves were
 too high and I couldn't get
 across. It was just as well,
 for our own school had a
 farewell meeting for me that
 same night ~~after~~, and it was
 going to be just as bad if
 I had to get up in the
 middle of that and go off
 to Swanton! As it was,
 I had a good time here
 with our students, and

the Swatow Y. P. arranged this
other time for me later - Enid
is their regular adviser, but
Mrs. Capon and I are "extras".
Some of them are former students
of mine. The leader is the
younger brother of Lo Liak Kue,
the chairman of our Ling Tope
Executive Committee - It was
a very nice little meeting - except
that I'm afraid I talked too
long - Enid said an hour!
I'd better reform before I get
home - I don't believe any
one will want to listen to
me all hour now-a-days!
(Except in the bosom of my
family - and they can't help
themselves, poor things!)

Is Mary Warren still in
 South Berwick? She has been
 so good about sending me
 cards and messages from time
 to time - Give her my love
 when you see her -

I must sign off for now -

Much love to the whole
 "tribe", collectively and
 individually;
 Can scarcely wait to
 see you all!

Your own -

Althea

Swanton, China

May 23, 1937

Dearest One,

Dorothy Campbell's brother David and his wife are down here in Swanton to see Dorothy off for America, and in about 15 minutes now I'm going over to Velva Brown's to see them. In that fifteen minutes I hope to go through a little pile of your letters & see if there are any questions I need to answer. It is with a view to destroying the letters - I do not intend to leave letters behind me this time if I can help it - and while I hate to destroy those letters from you I think I'd better do it.

I must first tell you, though, of the Trans-Pacific air mail letter I received Friday from Eleanor Schroeder, inviting me to stay with her during the time I'm in New York after I land there! Wasn't that lovely of her? I'm saving the stamps that came on her letter for her, so she asked me to; and since I know that she is making a stamp collection I'm going to send her an air-mail letter in return, so that she can have those stamps for her collection. I shall hope to visit her sometime when I am in New York.

The pictures (moving) you saw at Mary Libbey's sound most interesting. Please tell her a thank-

you for the good letter ^{she} ~~you~~ sent me not long ago -
I was very glad to receive it and I'm looking
forward to seeing her again -
(Time to go, and I've only torn up three
letters!)

Monday, May 24. - Noon recess -

~~I've just finished reading over some more letters
and I have come across Aunt Bertha's request
for Chinese flower seeds - I'm sorry! I simply
forgot all about them - Will try to see what
I can do -~~
^{Since writing this I've remembered that it is}
~~against United States law to take any seeds
or plants into the country, except to send them~~

^{to Washington}
Four weeks from today I shall probably ^{So?}
be leaving Swatow. Imagine that! I shall hope
to be leaving on the same boat with Marguerite
Everham and Elizabeth Mulcock. Again I
have to report that my packing is not done at
all yet, but I'm hoping to get some of it
done very soon -

Much much love,
Athena