

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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Swatow, China

Jan. 17, 1947

Mary, dearest darling!

Your box came Tuesday January 14 - such a lovely Christmas box! Yours, and two from South Bernick people, were the first to arrive although I have heard of several others that are on the way. Such a lovely lovely box -! So many things in it that are just what I want - from the Kleenex that I couldn't get much of before I left America - on through the list. That beautiful black box with the candy, and the lovely blue one with the raisins - how could you bear to send these to me and not keep them your own self? But then I think you'd give me your back hair - or your eye teeth - if I wanted them! All those nice little notebooks, and that grand book of labels - AND the waxed paper between; Christmas cards, which will be just as useful next year as they would have been this year; the diary, which I have begun at once to use - although I have neglected diary ever since I came -; beautiful beautiful calendars with the New England scenes. I used pictures from this year's New England calendar to make folders for the Academy graduates and in my White Cross Requests I asked for old New England (or similar) calendars to use that way again. I hope, by the way, that lots of people will send me lots of old Christmas cards, the prettiest and the less minting on them the better; also, the sooner the better for as you see, it takes a long time for packages to get here, and then we need plenty of time (summer?) to use our paper cutters &

make old cards into new ones - This calendar that  
you sent - (was it you and Carrie? the card fell  
out & I wasn't just sure which of the many things  
the card (from Mary & Carrie) belonged to. Then the  
earrings and the little colored scotch tapes are  
lovely. I shall use them for gifts, probably.

The candy is delicious - yum yum - and I'm  
enjoying sharing it too. We Americans are all  
very hungry by now for good American chocolates!  
I don't have any notion that I've mentioned all the  
things - but I send a great big thank you for all.  
Don't think that this "New England" calendar will be cut up & give  
away - not for a good long time at least! The pictures are  
too lovely, and too near home to me! The ones I gave were  
sepia, or black and white, or green tone. The students seemed  
to prize them quite highly -

Mary dear - I've been waiting several days to add  
some special things I want to say - but no time! We  
have had a home full for over a week now - conference -

Will write as soon as I get my breath -

Lots of love to you three -

Abbie

Mary thanks!

For the gift from Anna too - I shall write  
to her - You are all dear -

Am very anxious to hear about your  
station after your birthday. Did you get all February 8, 1947  
these messages that kept going to you all day long  
Dearest Mary, on Jan 24? - Wish there had been more than messages!

I have lost all track of letters and everything else!

A week ago today I moved back into my old quarters here  
at Prescott House and I'm sure I have both received a  
letter from you and sent one to you since then, but I don't  
have a record of either - My energy has all been used up  
trying to settle my belongings into some semblance of  
order here.

It seems we are never satisfied! I felt as pinched  
for room over at the other house, with trunks piled up on  
each other in one corner of my room and out on the  
porch. I looked longingly towards the big attic I was  
used to over here. Now that I am here, whenever I  
want anything I usually discover after hunting a while  
that it is in one of the boxes or trunks upstairs.  
With several pieces of furniture lent to other parts of  
the house, my apartment does not seem very full -  
The guest room does not yet have a bed - but if it  
did - I should after think how empty that was! Do you  
get my inference? Well I do wish you could visit  
me out here but I don't seem to see that written  
on the books at present.

We were deeply saddened this week to learn of the  
death of Bob and Dorothy Vick + son Teddy - plane crash -  
on their way to West China. Baby little Paul, 15 mos - was saved, when  
Bob and Dad jumped, each with a child - Paul was the only survivor  
in the crash. They were with us at Yale - you must want to hear more  
in one night - Much love to Anne + Carrie, and lots to you our dear mother.

Some day I'm going to write you a letter that is always in my mind!

Suvarata

Feb 15, 1947

Dearest dearest Mary:

So many things I keep wanting to tell you and keep forgetting or not finding time to write them down! 1) My watch had to be cleaned, wanted to keep stopping, but since last time - Alarm clock has been doing splendidly - Little Ben was saved in a box out here and that is now our kitchen clock.

3) Secret Place and Quiet Time come about a month late but are worth it - and the first month is here on hand to be read the next "first month" of the quarters.

3) I thought about you, (hard!) on Christmas and your birthday - but apparently did not have energy enough to do anything about it either time! I sent you lots of love, though - Hope you got that!

4) I think Ruth and Gladys thought I was crazy to bring my old fur coat to China - I've got it on now! I'm sitting in bathroom, doors all shut tight, and with flannellette housecoat over flannellette gown and fur coat over that. (muckrat) and two pairs of bedsocks, sitting right up close to your lamp, I'm really quite comfortably warm even though the north breeze fairly whistle through the layers of doors!

5) Today I borrowed Bill Sutterlin's pruning shears (long-armed) and went at the huge thorny Bougainvillea bush just outside my bedroom door - I've cut off yards and bushels of long, thorny shoots and cleared away several years' worth of dead leaves and debris from under the trees - It looks rather naked now, but it will come out all right. I'm sure. Yesterday I clipped off several feet of bamboo tops, trimming the trees down to hedge-height, as it was several years ago - Next will be to get a few stone slabs tacked in place for seats, then get some

grass seed etc and soon we can sit  
at the edge of the little lawn and look  
out over the bamboo hedge, across South  
Bay to the city beyond. Then will try to  
fill up a big gash in the hill just beyond  
the lawn, rebuild the drain which the  
J's broke to pieces, and so bit by bit will  
get back some beauty. The wisteria  
vines had simply gone mad, climbing  
to the tops of at least three ~~tall~~ trees,  
tending a cedar and a pumelo tree to a  
45% angle and wrapping itself around a  
eucalyptus with a smothering embrace, for all  
the world like a medium sized boa constrictor!  
We cut that right down in the quiet so  
I'm afraid we won't get blossoms this May;  
but maybe that's just as well, for will  
have to make our own bamboo lattice  
and vine it to the stone pillars, if we  
are to have even a semblance of the lovely  
arbor we had before! Oh, I think it is  
good for me to be back in my own  
place again where I can go at some  
of these things as soon as I think of  
them, without having to wonder whether  
some one else thinks they had better be done  
otherwise! The others in this house will  
not be living here long, and they don't  
know how badly we need to "attack the  
vegetation" to keep it under control! I think  
all of them were horrified at the way  
I hacked into the shrubs today. But  
Chinese friends have been lavish in words  
of admiration of the great improvement  
already! 6) I'm so glad to have a maid  
back again! She still iron beautifully - and I

Hope I can get her fitted to some glasses. She is delighted with one of mother's self-threader needles that I brought out to her!

Bill Sutterlin is a jewel. He has repaired the sewing machine that the Portland, Maine church gave me (frame all smashed on the way out here) and it works as well as new - I'm so glad! Isn't it wonderful?

7) The things left in boxes up in the attic were all taken - books, dishes, bronzes, pictures, sheets, games for the young people, but strangely enough the boxes were left, though some were broken. I'm using the <sup>slightly</sup> broken ones to have some furniture made to replace some of mine that has disappeared. I already have a very

convenient bathroom washstand (covered with some old crepe that I brought out; a piece of the same <sup>it</sup> fills in the door of the medicine cabinet where the mirror was taken out, and another's up at the glass door for curtain. I have a little set of shelves

for storing materials now being made.



See what I mean? Then I'll cover it with a piece of cretonne and have it in my bedroom - and it won't be half bad! See?



I'm also having a dictionary stand with drawers, for my study.

I was able to get some bamboo chairs made, for a beginning (I had no chairs left except father's study chair - for which one I am very thankful, of course!) The Board has granted us an amount to replace heavy furniture lost during the war. This house will need furnishing for at least two bedrooms, some for living room and dining room - and at least two study tables.



(my seal with my Chinese  
name, a nice little American  
carved stone, in a little  
box(?) a horn case, Swatow, China  
presented by a former  
student who is now a  
fellow teacher.)

Feb. 15, 1947

Dearest Mary:

I was as thrilled when your letter came  
yesterday telling of the position you have with  
Aunt Minnie. Truly it seems an answer to  
prayer - the perfect, miraculous answer, I should  
say! I am so glad for you. Glad for Aunt  
Minnie too; I am really in a position to know  
how fortunate she is to have you, as well as your  
being most fortunate to be able to be with her.  
I can appreciate her side too!

The girls will miss you but the ones who  
had you will not forget you and many of your  
words and dealings will be a help to them through  
years ahead, I'm sure. There is no doubt that  
Anna and Carrie will miss you sorely, but you  
have had your period of striving with those  
poor reformatory "victims" and to me it seems  
wonderful that you will now have church  
privileges and Christian atmosphere and loving  
fellowship and many things that you have  
been missing sorely. Please give my warm  
greetings to Aunt Minnie and Mr. Collins - and  
tell them I am thankful from the bottom of my heart  
that you are to be there with them.

Our second term of school has just begun.  
By doctor's orders, my schedule is to be a bit  
lighter this term, so I am hoping there will  
be more opportunity for meeting students outside  
of class. The classroom work establishes  
the teacher-student relationship which is so  
prized out here in China, but the teaching and

correcting of notebooks threatened to overshadow the "missionary work" last term, and that must not be. At teachers' meeting yesterday, however, brought to our attention a new set of regulations from the Provincial Educational Headquarters in Canton which calls for a long list of penalties for teachers and principals if certain details of teaching and school administration are not carried out to the letter! There were many groans and sighs and a good deal of resentment at what seems such a futile way to raise the school standards of the whole province. Now we are wondering how, where, and when our protests can be placed and better plans presented. This will take lots of time and thought and diplomacy!

Mary, you must surely have received my letter by now telling of my receiving your bank draft and later the lovely Christmas package - Everything is so good to have - The chocolates were "yum-yummed" over by everybody and I'm especially enjoying the beautiful tin boxes - very thankful that they were not even dented - You'll be interested to know that the diary has been written in every day so far!

Letters came yesterday telling of Lillian Wong's arrival in New York. I'm wondering whether you have seen her yet. She wrote to Louise that she still could not get used to being stared at while she was eating!

You have probably had my letter saying that I am back in my old quarters at Prescott House, with my former wash amah and sewing room on a Mai Che two days a week. It is very near school and I'm beginning to get settled - Very much love, Abbie

Your letter of Jan 19 reached here Feb 23 American Baptist Mission  
and the one before that Feb 19 Sivatow, China  
and Jan. (28 I think!) last mail does sometimes come faster, as this did! March 2, 1947

My dear -

I do want to write a little word tonight but it is late already. Today has been full of things that we never would have planned for Sunday! Well that isn't quite true, because there were "Sunday" things too! (Brr! It has been warm today, after some extremely cold weather, and now (11 p.m.) it is very breezy again and I am in a drift wherever I sit, even with all doors closed. I've had a cup of coffee, and I'm still hungry! (Right there I went out to the pantry and found a small piece of apple tart left over from dinner - It's a luxury for me haven't any dried apples left now - but I feel better!))

Sunday School at 8.30, church immediately following, home just in time for dinner - There was a train of callers all afternoon - Some kiddies came to see little Carl Hosen, two of them my former cook's kiddies, who like to come over here to see me too - One student of some dozen years ago came bringing about 7 with her - two of them smoking (which is unusual in our house!).

Then came a teacher from the Women's School, returning books I had lent her, and two men (sent by a friend in Sivatow) to look the "white ant" situation over. They will send estimates of how much it will cost to exterminate white ants in the houses that are infected. Then if the cost is too high, we shall let the white ants keep on feasting! There seems to be a great shortage of money these days - and a great need for repairs - I wonder where we are coming out, eventually!

Well - while I was still on that tour of inspection, word came for us to send over for surplus

supplies which <sup>2</sup> had arrived for us missionaries and had been parceled out to the various houses - Carriers were sent as requested - <sup>who had found me</sup> then on the way home I met three callers - <sup>two</sup> teachers, and the mother of one of my students - I brought them back home, gave them little cups of tea, ~~and~~ had a nice little visit - They had brought a present of some eggs for me -

They went, and the surplus goods arrived & had to be received and put somewhere - (Am I thankful for my grand big attic again?!!) Supper time, then Loren Noren, Allison Osborn and I went to Young People's - I don't go every time, but this is the first meeting of the term. They had election of officers, after a short devotional led by the pastor, and then two short games. one of them "Bugg" { 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Bugg, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 bugg, 15, 16, Bugg, etc }  
Saying bugg instead of any number that has seven in it or is a multiple of seven

We like games first and devotional later, but they think it more respectful to have devotional first. Then we came home and Loren and I went up and divided the stores into four equal parts, and put away the things that rats would get into - We are very glad to have these things - They are sold to us as relief goods - (some the Chinese would not care so much for -) They are cheap, but we have to pay transportation from Shanghai. That will be much less than from America - and will give us variety, this year when the fruits are very scarce, where they are usually plentiful. Fruit trees of all kinds have been ripe in many sections - We were especially glad to see Red Tomatoes! - cans of apple butter, cherries, apricots and grapefruit juice - Don't know just how much I shall use vacuum powder! For my dear old mother and greetings to you all - pudding, maybe!

Mary my dear, my dear! Sure night  
late.

This may mean overweight  
but I just want to put in a little  
love letter - I have been missing  
you "sompin fierce" these last few  
days -

I suppose it is when many  
problems press all at once that I  
get depressed - I do not think it  
is right or necessary to get so  
downhearted - We had four  
language exams to give to the  
new students Wednesday and Thursday.  
They did well, but there are some things  
we are concerned about - and one is a  
matter of attitude. Really I think they  
all want to learn the Chinese - but some  
times the impression they give is that of  
not caring a fig what any committee  
may plan in attempt to help them -  
On top of that, Carl Capen wants to let them  
go their own sweet way, and Louis J.  
wants to be strict with them. I know  
that being too strict is likely to make  
trouble now, but I also know that  
they are likely to be grateful later (not  
now !!) for having been held to some  
points - For great leniency  
will make them say later "Why didn't  
some one tell me?" - etc - Anyway, I  
was lump at the end of each session!  
Several problems have been bothering me -  
But last night I decided I have been neglecting  
quiet time too much - and thinking too much about  
addressing letters! Mary, I love you. Mrs. Alder

My greetings to Aunt Minnie - American Baptist Mission  
+ Mr. Collins - always Swatow, China  
March 17, 1947

Dearest Mary darling,

Sometimes I am going to sit down and start out writing to you whatever comes into my head, - keep on sitting just as long as I want to, and write just as though we were talking - or as near as I can - But these days there just is not time to do that - Either I am old and slow, or else there just are more things to do than ever before -

I did at least write a little letter to Cella yesterday. She has been good about writing, and I am ashamed that I have not written to her at all - all this time! Isn't it dreadful?

Lots of letters just piled up in the drawer waiting to be answered. It takes a lot of time to help discuss other people's problems these days, too. One of these days, too, I am going to have a servant problem on my hands - When the Greens move, which will be soon, we shall have to have more people helping - The cook may go with them - My former boy wants to come back as cook but there are reasons why I probably should not attempt to take him back. He may make it very difficult for anyone else who wants the job! It is not all sweetness and light at home, I can assure you! But I'm thankful to be here -

(Next morning) Right there I stopped to go to bed!

Yes my dear - there are many many times when I



American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China  
April 4, 1947

Mary, my dear!

Yesterday ~~two~~ precious letters from my dear! I feel so ashamed because I haven't written to you for so long. I scribbled something to Arthur the other day and then in the postscript asked him to send it on to you since I didn't see when I was going to sit down and write to you!

But now your letters have brought you as close that I have to take a few minutes to say a few things - whether there's time or not - even if all I say is to repeat that I love love love you and miss you oh so much. There are many things I want to tell you. Slips! I wear the ones you made for me all the time and they are grand. Almost everything I wear these days has some of Mary's stitches floating around in it some where - from the stockings that you were putting extra hems on when Supt. Levin came to call on us (remember?) & the pretty white blouse that Mary gave to me to wear with my dark blue suit. All these things that Mary made for me came in very handy. Summer will soon be here and still I have nothing more than I had when Mary fired me up - don't need any more!

All winter in the evenings I have crafted, drawn and sewed, right into the padded dressing gown that Mary gave me and it has been the only way I could keep warm. I think I may order a Perfection Oil Heater from somewhere for next winter but I haven't definitely decided about that yet.

Velva Brown has arrived, with Miss Weissen, a nurse, who is coming out on her own - not sent by the Board - a very nice person, I judge, and an old friend of Velva's. Velva also brought a big electric generator - got it safely here, landed, up the hill - set up, and today at 4 p.m. it was tried out and worked! The wiring may have to wait a long time - The power lines are down and we don't yet know where we can find replacement for them. Velva brought a lot of smaller wire, but probably not enough of that. Isn't she a wonder to have got all that accomplished? She also brought a good deal of equipment for the hospital - and now the problem will be when to begin in setting up hospital - She will begin by repairing one or two rooms and setting up a dispensary and an outpatient department - then go on from there as she can. It is quite wonderful to have her back again!

This is our spring vacation - We have just had exams, so our spring vacation comes

are filled with correcting English exams. Tired -  
will not quite, but almost. Last night the Christian  
students and teachers held a meeting to commemorate  
the death of Jesus - It was a happy service.  
A group of teachers and students sang "I was  
midnight and on Christ's brow," "Oh Come and Mourn  
with me a while", and "There is a great will for any".  
A special number - in Chinese - The message  
was given by Mr. Lo Siak Kuo, Secretary of the  
Ling Tong - A meditation was given by our woman  
teacher Miss Eng - who took the part of John the  
disciple and reviewed the things that happened  
on the night Jesus was betrayed -

Right here have a chance to send -  
so good bye, my love - more later!

Yours.

Abbie

American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China

April 19, 1947

Mary my dear - my dear!

Half past six Saturday morning and I have been about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours working on notebooks and writing a letter to Arthur. I owe letters to everybody. Bristolers are due this morning, with 35 tons of freight! If they come early, I can go to steamer. If not, probably I shall stick by my classes (2 this a.m.)

Your letter telling of Carrie's resigning came last week - I am surely sorry it did not work out for her. You certainly have to "build a wall" around yourself in such a place as that if you are to avoid having it "get you". I don't very much if I could do it there - If you had stayed on, I imagine it might have made a difference with Carrie - But I am glad you didn't have to stay, and glad glad for every opportunity that you are having now to go and see, and hear. Hope you will be driving a car now before long too - You would like that a little, wouldn't you, my dear?

The cold, shivers-to-the-bone days are over for this year I guess - but I'm still glad to be cuddled up by my nice blue padded kimono - which I have used constantly this winter - It is one of the nicest garments I own -

Mary, you have been asking what you could send. Baby clothes are next on the list! My old washwoman's daughter, a teacher in the school, will have a baby in a few months and I'd like some American baby clothes for her - There are also two other babies in the offing and I'd like to be able to give each of them something - Rubens shirts are always acceptable and a little flannellette kimono or nightie that could be used to make a pattern to make others by, would be lovely. Pattern books showing pictures of baby clothes would be lovely too - Rompers don't do for <sup>tiny</sup> small children because diapers are not the style out here - but plain dresses are always useful - Four or five ~~articles~~ <sup>gifts</sup> in all, in the case of shirts I would give two as one gift) - would be a great help - These friends of ours are crazy for things with an American touch - Soap and powder are appreciated but they shouldn't be sent in same box ~~with~~ food - and there is a limit - only stuff valued within a dollar is allowed to enter at one time - depending on the man who happens to examine!

Arthur has been sending milk, coffee, and some cocoa, which is fine - Selfishly (though I share, of course!) I think sometimes of candy - which comes through O.K. and is a great luxury out here -

How is Mary? My greetings to Aunt Minnie & Mr. Collins -

And heaps of love to my Mary -  
 Abbie

Suifu, China  
April 25, 1947

Dearest Mary darling,

Here I am over at school with a few minutes on my hands and nothing better for writing materials than a dull pencil and this huge piece of paper. If I go home to get better paper I would no more than get there before I would have to start back, and the time would be all used up. So I'll sit down and scribble, and hope that when the letter finally gets to you you will be able to read it.

Your letter containing the two white hair net just came this noon - and I am delighted with the letter and the nets both. One is small and the other large. They are both useful, but the small one (lot size) is exactly right. The large one had some holes in it but I think A. Mai Che can mend it with fine white thread. I am getting low on the nets and I'm very glad to have these.

Sorry - (or am I?) that you've had trouble with your left arm. Think I have had enough experience in the same direction to be able to sympathize thoroughly. It is a trouble that is not quickly cured. As to the trouble creeping up into your face, well, the trouble may even spread to other parts of the anatomy and cause considerable - irritation? shall I call it? - with a sensation something like thirst, or hunger, or itching (?). I wonder if

hot wet flaxseed poultice administered three times a day would help? That treatment given to me certainly did wonders in relaxing pain-tightened muscles. There is a knack about these poultices, however, and the one who applies them needs to have just the right touch and also the sense of temperature, not getting the poultice too hot, etc. . . . .

Hum — Right there the students came telling me it was time for their class meeting, so I went and listened to six addresses in Mandarin, a "semi-finals" contest to decide which one should represent their class at the 'all-school' contest to be held in the church auditorium next Thursday morning. The boy who was expected to get the vote was successful, so that matter is decided peacefully.

The class officers meeting which followed lasted from 2.30 to 4 p.m. — So I finally left without further excuse than to say someone was waiting for me. They want to have an extra conversation class and of course want me to lead off in it. That is all right if they really want it and can find the time.

Allison is sick with some kind of lymph-gland fever, whatever that is — and is having to take it easy and do a lot of resting to get over it quickly — sore throat, headache, general discomfort, wrong count of white blood cells — lumpy glands — & I don't know what else — She is uncomfortable, but I don't if the trouble is dangerous, although it is

"catching". Still most of those who have it are under thirty, so I ought to escape - I think she has rather a dull time of it, living all alone in this big house with only old-maid(?) me - But we get along very nicely thus far, on the outside, at least - She is one who is a regular globi-brotter - For years not a week went by without her taking a train once or twice for some place or other - But she comes out here and is stuck in one place for months at a time and naturally gets restless. I don't blame her - She is quiet and works hard at the language - I think she may develop into a very useful person if she gets into the right place - We don't yet know where she will be assigned, maybe here, maybe Kityang -

I thought you would be interested to see one or two of the pictures that were taken when Valerius was getting the electric light plant and her hospital supplies landed - It was an exciting time. I can tell you. Only man-power to move these huge things - after they left the ship in Swatow harbor - Derricks and trucks should move such heavy things but there is no arrangement for that kind of thing here yet! The picture which shows the big case going over the side of the ship shows it being lifted by the ship's derrick - That was the case which broke open when being

Loaded in San Francisco - While Velva was watching, one end of it came off and the contents of case fell out - fortunately into the hold of ship and not into the sea. The case had to be repacked and some of the things put into an extra box, made on the ship by the (Danish) crew. for Dr. Brown - All very exciting!

The power plant machine was too heavy to get up the hill so had to be taken apart, then carried up, with many groans and struggles and much sweating and shouting - a tremendous job. Then it was reassembled and now waits the old electrician to come back and supervise setting it up -

I am thinking about you very often - wish we had a chance to talk over lots of things face to face. I see breakers ahead because young people's and old people's ideas do not agree! It takes a lot of Christian love to "be a person" anywhere in this world -!

Kiss you now - Lots of love,  
Abbie

My dear Mary, I have been thinking of writing you for some time but have been so busy that I could not find time. I hope to hear from you soon. I am very much interested in the letter you sent me. I have been thinking of writing you for some time but have been so busy that I could not find time. I hope to hear from you soon. I am very much interested in the letter you sent me.

April 28, 1947

Dearest Mary -

My letter hasn't been mailed yet, alas and since I've got a little more to say, guess I'll add it and then try to be sure to send the letter tomorrow.

The thing that is on my mind now is a few nice baby clothes. Some little Rubens(?) shirts for "just-born" and some little thin jersey rompers for the smallest size they make them. Some day I hope to get some baby blankets to have on hand, of two kinds: one kind just something warm, pieced up or any how, and the other kind pretty, for a special gift; also a few jackets and kimonos (smallest size), that can be used as gifts and also as patterns to make some from. I'm also hoping to get a fashion book or catalogue of some kind that will give some pictures of baby clothes to copy - I have thought of sending for a paper pattern for a set of "new-born" baby clothes - or even for a simple layette that could be used as pattern.

The young women who are having babies are a crazy to have something American - and what I had is all gone - Did I write all this to you before? If so, please forget that I have written it tired. There are some babies coming in a few months' time and I shall be glad if I can get three or four things to have on hand at least - So if you have a chance to look, grand.

The 4 stamp coupons you sent arrived safely. I just today succeeded in getting them exchanged for stamps. The P.O. head man called on me yesterday and I then had a chance to talk about them. We had not heard about them, but changed.

Dear Mary, I have been thinking of you & how I  
want to hear from you all the time and I want to know that you are  
hearing from me every other minute or  
so too! And still my ambition runs  
all out the end of my toes or somewhere  
before I get around to write.

American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China  
May 12, 1947

Dearest Mary,

quoting to  
and to  
and to

I've been negligent about everything

Just had another brief tussle with malaria.  
Only missed one class - but spent the most of  
two days in bed and doped with Atabrine.  
Today I had my 8 boys for Bible Study at 6.30 am.  
as usual and my Sunday School class at 8.30 -  
Then I came home and let both the "boy" who is  
our cook and his mother who is the "other servant"  
(gardening, washing for Allison, scrubbing, etc.)  
both go to the church "Mother's & Father's Day" service.  
I rested a good deal - took a little walk this  
p.m. and feel quite fit to begin work again  
tomorrow a.m.

Allison has been sick & is now spending  
a week with Parvati in Kityang -  
Would you like to send me a box of airmail envelopes?  
By the way - I "cashed" you 4 stamps - did I tell you? Many thanks  
much love Abbie

A.B. Mission, Swatow, China  
May 18, 1947

Dearest Mary darling:

I've been so glad to get your letter but wish there were something I could do, at close range (pretty close!!) about the matter of homesickness! I wish you could do something to me that would give me pep to write letters to all these people I have been sewing letters to for the last 8 to 15 months! Isn't it awful? I settle down and maybe get one letter written, but if I do, that takes that whole evening and I don't get my work ready for the next day - ! It is bad. Now this week just ahead bids fair to be full to overflowing. Goldie has after given me the good advice to "walk, not run" - but I can't always seem to manage it!

This last week I have been alone in the house. Allison was in Nityang, where she went to recuperate from a spell of sickness - ("trench mouth" or something of the kind). I have been recuperating from another spell of malaria (guess I wrote you about it - a week ago Fri. Sat. Sun.) and just yesterday I had a shot in the arm for cholera and typhoid prevention. So I've had a big head today and haven't been good for much. Allison came back yesterday and Clara Lead came with her. I had invited her to stay here next time she came, so she is here. She goes back early to-morrow.

This afternoon Alice Chen and I worked on a history of women's work in South China - but we have just begun and we shall have to get together next Sunday again and in between, I have to find out a lot of things about the Girls' School history. These items go for editing to Pastor S. K. Lo, and at the end of June a complete history (abbreviated) of the mission must be ready to hand in (in Chinese) to the government department for a history of the Swatow-speaking area.

In the meantime, to-morrow the Sutterlins are to take their second language exam, which means that the committee will be busy tomorrow p.m. giving exam and planning the next term's language study, also arranging new schedules because both Allison and Millicent Engel have been out sick and are now not with the Norens in the matter of material studied. Louise's mimeograph has come and we are going to try to get that together after the exam tomorrow. Then if it works we try mimeographing our exams on it, which means making out the questions and typing stencils and running them off - in time for Thursday and Friday exams. The next thing after that will be the correcting of 60 + 55 + 45 exams. I hope I will have sense enough not to give exams that are too long!

Well, my darlin' dear - I think of you as very close - Can you do that? It will be so, some day, dear love!  
Yours ever, Alice -

American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China  
May 25, 1947

Dearest Mary:

Two letters in this envelope for you -  
The other will explain why you got a letter  
addressed "Dear Pearl" - I suppose you got it!  
What a mess I am to get letters in the  
wrong envelope that way! When I got this  
back from Pearl Mason today and found out  
what had happened I rather held my breath  
until I had read through the letter to you -  
not remembering what I might have written to  
Mary! Can't remember what I wrote to Pearl  
except that I probably would not accept her  
invitation to go and stay with her this summer  
in her cottage up on Hingwa mountain -  
I would like to get away from here but it  
seems like too much of a task to take the  
trip especially if it means going through Foochow  
where I don't speak their dialect.

Exams this past week mean that I have  
papers and notebooks to correct. It also happens  
that I'm to lead faculty prayer meeting this  
week (in Chinese) - and I dread it -  
I have some things I'd like to say but  
want to make sure I say them in a way  
that will not cause hard feelings - and  
in language that will be understood. It  
was Louise's turn last time and she

spoke me being Born Again. She did it so easily  
and so beautifully that I am all the more  
scared now that it is my turn. My ideas  
are still rather vague but what I want  
to say, if I can, has to do with our building  
our lives on a larger, better, higher scale  
than we do - remembering the infinite greatness  
and power of God - stressing the thought  
that we accomplish far less than we  
might. We do less than our best, because  
we don't plan large enough - don't have  
imagination enough and determination  
enough - and don't care enough - don't  
put Christ first - etc. etc. I had  
one of the Chinese teachers in this p.m.  
to help me with some of the phrasing -  
He is a former student of mine -  
am just lazy enough so that I wish  
he would give the talk instead of my  
giving it! Isn't that awful? (As Carrie or  
Calla would say!)

I surely am laziness personified - There  
are many letters I must write - Some  
mission business - And there are  
many people waiting to hear whether I  
have received their packages sent - <sup>(quite a lot I must send)</sup> I am  
very slow - can't seem to get anything done.  
Now, Mary dear - I'm going to risk putting  
down on paper a few words just for Mary - Wish I  
could see Mary this minute. Quite a lot of things I  
would say in words and otherwise, if I could see  
her. As it is, the chief thing I can report is a dull  
ache in the gizzard - Know any cure for it? Saw card  
Supper. Arthur and Gladys will soon be on their way  
to Chicago for Ralph's wedding - Wish I could see the gal!

American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China, June 8, 1947

Dearest Mary:

Sometimes I think I can't quite stand it not to be able to sit down and pour out all my woes and joys big and little - <sup>(into your ear)</sup> and sometimes it does seem as though there are more woes than joys - but I know that is not true. One of my woes is not enough time as pep to do all I want and ought to do. Aside from letter writing - some of it is answer packages sent from South Cemick and elsewhere ages ago - at present I am working on a history of the Girls' School, to be translated into Chinese and incorporated into a book being compiled by the Government on the development of the Swatow area - It has to be in in the next two weeks and just as exams are coming on - and I'm swamped.

However - there are joys - One came last night when a class that I taught last term put on a play, written by this not-yet-Christian teacher adviser, in which one of the boys in my special 6.30 am. Sunday morning Bible students took the

part of a Christian teacher who was  
sacrificing for his students and who  
influenced them to worship the Christian  
God, live useful lives and help their  
country in the future - It was heartwarming.

And this morning at church my old student,  
<sup>John Chong Hui</sup>  
son-in-law of Dr. J. C. Bau of East China,  
(who has recently visited America and must  
have been at the Northern Baptist Convention, I think)  
was here in church and sang Show Me The Way  
in his splendid baritone voice - It took me  
back! And I realized that the singing  
those young people did back in the old  
days when Elsie Kittitz and I had the  
choir together was training that really did  
help them - even though the part I had in  
the process was very small indeed -

Mary dear - it is a joy to get your letters.  
Wish I could talk about lots of things with you -  
I am a great <sup>giant</sup> more and more and faster and  
<sup>Don't tell any body I said that, though</sup>  
faster. Arthur says little Grace Eller is a sweet thing  
kind of course Richard Meredith being a boy is a wonder.  
And today ~~Ruth~~ Ralph is taking the rows - I'd like  
to be there to see -  
Affectionate greetings, much love to my Mary - Alice  
Aunt Minnie - always -

American Baptist Mission  
Suatow, China  
June 17, 1947

Dearest Mary darling:

My letter to Pearl Mason that I sent by mistake to you came back this noon. I could kick myself for making such a blunder - but it all goes to show that I'm "slipping" these days. That was such a jolt, though, that I don't believe I shall do that exact thing again for a while at least! I know it must have been a disappointment to think there was a letter for you and have it turn out for someone else!! There is no chance of my getting away to Pearl's place, though - as far as I can see. I simply have not the courage to start off alone. I want to stay here and rest, but I know it is not always possible to rest if one stays here in Katchich. There are always things for the one who stays here to do - But then if I stay here in my own home I am free to do a lot of things that I might not be free for off somewhere else -

During the last two weeks the Americans out here have most of them undergone some attacks of an abdominal upset. I was sick for three days - nausea, rather violent pain some of the time, and fever. It went away almost as suddenly as it had come, leaving a feeling of weakness and lack of ambition, but all are on the mend now. Actually I was only away from classes two days. I think we shall all be glad when vacation arrives! The weather has been very hot some of the time - and we have had such terrific rains that crops are ruined, dykes are giving way and houses slumping. Reports came yesterday of several who had committed suicide because they could not find food for themselves & families. It is so strange; last year a drought with famine and people dying - this year floods of rain and people dying of hunger because crops have failed. It is hard for the people to understand why such calamities should continue.

Thank you very much for another white hair net. They were impossible to get before I came out to China, as you know - and those you have sent have 'saved my life'!

My copy of "The Worth of a Life" is the first one to arrive  
out here and I'm so glad to have it! Thank you  
very very much - Your package (or packages) has  
not yet arrived but it sounds to me as though  
you "went to town" getting things to send. Mary-  
dear! (Like to be able to say that, not just write it -  
might not say it too far away from your ear, either!)

I'm not going to keep this letter waiting any longer.  
It has been four days in its writing already (It is now January)

And the boy is waiting,

Love,

Ablie

Did I tell you your  
stamps arrived O. K. & American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China  
I cashed them? Many thanks July 13, 1947  
Dearest Mary:

Before I forget, I want to tell you that  
your big box of Christmas cards has arrived. Many  
many thanks. I'm very glad to have all the pattern  
books, and already I am planning to use the ideas  
in the Rufus Jones pamphlet. It is splendid. Haven't  
yet had a chance to go all through the box, but it  
looks like a splendid box of cards - I think I shall  
have a good many that I can use next year.  
Your other box has not come yet.

Did I say vacation had begun? Well it certainly  
does not seem like it to me yet. Young People's Camp  
(100-100) 5 days  
beginning before our grades were in at school, - and  
a Baptist - Presbyterians, Christian Workers' Retreat - 200,  
8 days - right on the heels of that - and this coming  
Wednesday, the day after that closes, the Ling Tong  
Convention begins (3 days). I find I can't attend  
all the sessions, but when I do miss one, I  
find afterwards that I've missed something I  
would give my right hand to have, such as a  
speech yesterday afternoon (in Chinese) by Louise Giffin.  
Everybody says it was wonderful. She certainly knows how  
to use this dialect, and how to appear in public,  
and how to entertain people and get her meaning  
across in an effective way. I certainly feel like a

back number beside her in many ways - and I can't help feeling a little envious - It is good, however, for me to have my pride taken down a bit, for I might be inclined to boast, otherwise, when some of my old students of former years come back and make a fuss over me. Aren't we perverse creatures? I am very proud of Louise and all that she can do, and I should be very impatient if she seemed inferior to me in any way, but when she is so much better in so many ways I find myself sighing a wish that I could measure up a little higher myself!

Later: This sounds as though Louise doesn't have students of hers coming back to make a fuss over her but of course she has - loads of them -

Mary darling - Your clippings - Real Friend - and Be with me. Love - are a wonderful help and I get them out and read them over and over - I know someone else notes them and yet it seems as though I could hear you say every word of them direct to me - Must be there is an echo at this end! Sure is!

Meetings, meetings! I'll try to tell you about them sometime - but I can't get up steam just now! Love & then more love,  
yours Abbie

greeting  
the friends  
as always.

American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China  
Aug. 7, 1947

Dearest Mary dearie!

Your box came several days ago and what a wonderful box it was! Everything in it is just exactly what I am delighted to have. The little shirts are what one mother-to-be thinks the very nicest possible gift for a tiny baby; one wrapper and the little blanket has made Le Maiché's daughter very happy, and she is having the best time making some of the clothes I have cut out for her from the patterns you sent. She already has one white dress and one pink dotted dimity and one slip - and she is in process of making a little short coat and bonnet (embroidery and all) out of light blue, rather heavy flannel that I found in Swatow. Yesterday she asked if I had any pattern for booties. She is going to be pleased enough when I cut blue ones for her to match the coat and bonnet. The pink ones you made are darling. They go to the other mother-in-waiting, who, by the way, was here tonight with her husband and sister-in-law, for dinner - and we had ice-cream! The boy had quite a day of it, rushing over to the city to hunt for meat and ice - missing the launch both ways and getting soaking wet twice<sup>(rain)</sup> - He went after a beef tongue but got two pork tongues, which really was a skimpy amount of meat for six. But the icecream covered a multitude of sins! <sup>this boy does all our buying, cooking, saving, everything.</sup> Could we had a very nice visit, too - Dr. Everham is down here for a few weeks from Katsang, so that helped to make the evening interesting. Time fails me to mention all the other things in the box that

are so good - Candy? Gum-gum! The chocolate peppermint  
were stuck together, but we have enjoyed eating them very  
bit. And the chocolate bits, & the "pillows" and caramels -  
delish! Not to speak of Maccas and Malted Milk - always  
items that we need - The sewing kits are very nice.  
I want to make some of every item in the two sets  
of baby patterns and some by the paper patterns  
you cut out. You certainly know how to sew, and those  
garments are just dear.

I feel like a pill, not minding for so long - but it does  
seem as though I have just been kept busy with one thing  
after another - just hopping with meetings and callers  
and having electric lights installed, and getting ready for  
guests and entertaining them! And leading a meeting  
of missionaries and leading a worship service at the  
hospital - in Chinese - and the preparation for same.  
All one day in Svatow traipsing around trying to find  
bains, picture frames, fans, cloth for curtains, and  
a bamboo settle. All at expense, and the last two  
items not found at all - .....

Mary, my dearest - how I wish I could talk over lots of  
things with you - I must find a way to write to you  
more often - My letters to be answered are piled up  
high - and still I can't get into the spirit of writing.  
Your letters come and always have something in them that  
"I must answer" - Then when I really sit down to  
answer, your letters are tucked away somewhere and I  
don't have the gimp to get up and find them. At the present  
moment it is 3 a.m. and I am up writing to you because I  
was wakeful and it seemed such a waste of good time.  
We are getting electric lights - soon. I shall have to scurry  
around and convert some light shades <sup>(not lamps!)</sup> into electric.  
I still have trouble with light pens (not pencils!) Do you meet every  
night - and I hope to see you there! Love - Love - You Abbe

*very soon after*  
I hope you have received my letters telling of how  
happy the little "mother-to-be" has been, making  
things by the patterns you sent. They are really  
exactly what I wanted - I've been passing on  
some of the pictures of dresses to the principal  
wife, whose girls are crazy for new patterns of foreign  
dresses.

Mary darling - I'm really beginning to take a  
little time to fix up my house and ground -  
Did I tell you I have the front fenced off now  
with a bamboo fence, which keeps people off  
the front verandah and gives a little privacy.  
It will also give my hedge - which I planted years  
and years ago a chance to grow up evenly - and  
that will be the protection eventually. In the  
meantime the bamboo fence and two gates looks  
quite elegant. I was afraid I might hear some  
criticism about being so exclusive as to shut people  
off my porch but they like the looks of the fence  
so they speak words of praise. Marguerite Everham  
has been my guest this month and I think it  
would have been unbearable for her if we had not  
had the fence. Hordes of people used to come  
and sit or lie on the porch and smoke and eat  
and sing and look in the windows. Now some  
sit on the ground outside the fence but more pass  
on because they haven't a good place to sit! Mary - I love you - and I do

*seems like you enjoy that my letter is in 'rich' and I am not sure of it and am not sure of it and am not sure of it*

Mary dear -  
you think of  
every thing

A. B. Morrison  
Swatow, China

September 2, 1947

Mary dearest!

Two more boxes have come from YOU!  
Those baby quilts are darling. One of the  
"alumet" mothers will probably prefer the  
little blue blanket which is sweet. But the  
others will be crazy about your pretty  
pieced, stitched, quilted "map the baby bunnings".  
The little yellow suit is very nice - and the  
two more "shirties" just right. I am appalled,  
though, when I think of all they cost you and  
when I see how much the postage is!  
Your choice of magazines is just fine. All  
those things to make - and new recipes,  
etc. I'm so glad to see the Woman's  
Day again. I always did like that little  
magazine. The Pacific Pictures and Flower  
show magazines are grand. I ought to put them  
all right in the school library but there  
are some of the pictures which just  
have to be framed! One double one  
in the middle of one magazine "Crooked  
River" - another on the back of one "Corona  
del Mar" and another of Lake Arrowhead.  
We are some of us "starving" for good  
pictures on our walls - and these will

help wonderfully. The pattern for the dancing dress is very suitable and very pretty. And your Air mail envelopes have come just at the right time <sup>all wrapped up, in</sup> and the two cards you tucked in are so pretty - Don't think I have mentioned all the things - but how can I ever say thank you?! Mary, darling it is wonderful to have you so good to me. Candy! I knew there was something I hadn't put in - Very lucky you put a layer of <sup>but still very good</sup> Cleenex in the box for they melted a little and some of the cleenex had to be thrown away -

Today I have a grand feeling of accomplishing things, because the carpenter has been here all day finishing up oddments of things - A lot more to do - but it is such a relief to have my magneto net frame repaired, after having it hit me in the eye, lopsided and broken, every day for over a year! It is a miracle that the parts were almost all here. Then he has nailed a loose leg on my clothes wardrobe (closet for my dresses) and made a new leg for buffet in the dining room and one for a long chest that serves as a seat. He has put knobs on the food safe in the pantry so we can open it without ruining fingernails and fixed the pantry closet door so that it will really shut - Tomorrow he does work on kitchen shelves and pastry board cover - and then

to work on the fastenings all over the house that were supposed to be repaired last summer! Sometimes before too long the ~~beam~~ <sup>post and beam</sup> holding up one edge and corner of the kitchen roof will be repaired - I hope soon! I'm glad we have whitewashing done in the rooms of the kitchen building, for we are soon to have a new little bride. Her mother is an old student of mine and they came to call on me. I served them tea and cookies, and then the husband-to-be (our young cork-boy) served them a meal which he cooked himself - All very nice! Now I hear that at first she did not want him when she heard he was a cook. Then he went in person and did some more talking and since he is an energetic, rather persuasive little person who very much wanted this thing to go through, he "brought home the bacon". Quite different from where our former cook was married, years ago - and had never seen the bride (as he said!) until the wedding day. Young people today have more to say about their plans than they used to -

Mary dear - I think so often how nice it would be if you could be here to help me fix up this big house. It needs so much fixing. I'm likely to be all alone this winter - except when guests come - and they'll all be sent here!

Did I say  
that you for  
that last? In  
Dear Mary: They are coming  
with the ships  
again in Shanghai  
so we should  
able to have  
from American Baptist Mission  
Sydney, China. Sept. 20, 1947  
A.  
5.30 a.m. and I have been up a little while

reading - mostly trying to prepare for my Sunday School  
Class and the special early morning Bible class for to-morrow.  
I know you pray that these classes may bring students  
to know Christ. Otherwise there is no use in my having them,  
even though some of them think that they are learning some  
English that way. We do read the verses in English, but much  
of the explanation is done in Chinese.

I have been teaching two weeks now and as far as  
classes go, things are going much better for me this term  
than last. I have fewer hours, but an even larger number  
of students. Most of the teachers here - including Louise J.,  
I think, hate to teach grammar, but I have always  
liked it because it gives opportunity to get to the bottom  
of things and correct bad English habits that students  
have had for years. I like to teach reading all right  
if the students can come anywhere near grasping the  
work; but the standards are so low, ~~now~~ now that many  
of them can do no more than make a stab at what  
the meaning ought to be, and often they miss the mark far  
and wide. And when it comes to their writing original  
sentences - they are fearfully and wonderfully constructed!  
So I like to begin back a little farther!

I am back at my old trick of falling asleep over my work.  
Last night I stopped correcting papers when I found that I had  
written across the bottom of one page "This is good blackboard  
material" in red ink! Wonder what my subconscious mind  
meant by that! (That isn't the only reason I wish she were near!)

We have our electric lights - but oh how I wish Mary and  
a 5- & -10 were near by to help me fix up lamp stands -  
lamps, I mean, and shades; bed lamps, desk lamps, etc!  
I have made two shades from heavy paper, but they are not  
very satisfactory - Can't make wire frames very well - don't know enough  
to make them hang straight! Much love - Abbie

*Late*  
You & more  
stamps have  
come and seen each other,  
thanks! Thanks!  
Principal's daughters are  
from in members!  
as 14, 16, 18.  
no picture  
of my fatherly  
paper  
or no paper  
plain.

Dearest Mary Larkin;  
September 31, 1947

Such a time such a time! It seems

Such a time such a time! It seems  
to me I have spent several weeks in the  
last five days! Reference Committee was called  
for Friday evening at Kityang, instead of down  
here as it usually is. That meant that Bea  
Ericson had to come down (by bus) from Chauchonfu  
and join Velva Brown & me for a trip up the  
river in one of the rickety Kityang launches. Carl  
Capen took his whole family and went up  
Friday morning but Bea and I waited for  
Velva who had to stay down for her clinic  
(she got our former Dr. Geneva Dye (Turner)  
from Swanton to take her place Saturday).

The night before we had had a "progressive" dinner in honor of Ruth Butterlin's birthday - Began with soup at my house, then went for chicken patties to Elsie Kittling, Erid Johnsons and Edna Smith's house; then to Velma for salad - then to Louise Giffins for ICECREAM!! then up to Butterlins to see their movies of engagement days; <sup>and</sup> of leaving America; also some movies of Mission Conference last year and Y. P. conference this summer. They were lots of fun to see, but I was quite disgusted to see what an old granny I am beside the young ones!

Well! We aimed for the one o'clock launch Friday but because so many people were going inland to celebrate the mid autumn festival - the biggest feast of the year in China - the 1 pm. launch - last for the day - had already left long before we got there at 12.30! We had had just a hot

drink, had our lunches with us since Velva ~~did~~ not have time to eat lunch after clinic - We came back - and I asked the girls if they wouldn't sneak over to my house and stay that afternoon and the night. Velva could get some rest and not be called out. We sneaked up the back way from the rear porch and told the boatman not to tell anyone up over back. We kept the front door locked so folks would think nobody was home, ate sandwiches for lunch and toasted sandwiches, soup, and fruit for supper. Had a good rest in the afternoon and went to bed early.

We got up at three a. m. and were on our way by four. The "boy" went down to the jetty with our lunch but was a little late and we hadn't waited. He was rather peeved, so

I would have been, I'm sure - but we were all afraid we would miss our boat, which was to leave at five. A little sampan had been ordered and was waiting for us down at the mission jetty. We sailed over across the bay in the launch landing in pretty good time, but the early launch had already left! However; the second one was about ready to go; there were no seats to be had when we got aboard. Bea sat on her suitcase all the way to Kityang. Velva sat on the ship's rail for a while, then a man came out with a bamboo stool for me and later passed at some people who were taking up too much room until they made a place for Velva to sit too.

We arrived about 10.30, had a cup of coffee and a bite to eat, which we appreciated after leaving our lunch behind! Then we went

right into Committee meeting, and except for meals  
 and a ten minute rest at noon, we worked steadily  
 until 11 p. m. I never sat in Committee when  
 I was so woozy the whole time! But although  
 everybody was tired, we managed to get through  
 quite a bit of work. Bill Braisted, H. Giedt and  
 Carl Capen are the other three members of the committee  
 (not including Louise Campbell from Hakeka territory  
 who is seldom here for meeting). One of the  
 matters on hand was to decide what kitchen,  
 bathroom, and servants quarters could be arranged  
 since some women missionaries are going to  
 live in the Braisted's downstairs. Another was  
 division of money to be used for property  
 repairs, travel, individual teachers, etc. Some  
 of the problems seems just about unsolvable  
 when we tackled them - but things do work

themselves out somewhere. We had a nice picnic  
supper on Brasted's veranda, looking out over  
the river - and continued right on with an open  
meeting and people expressing their opinions  
about the various subjects in hand, before the  
committee went back to Giedts dining room.  
to get as much more work done as possible.

They wanted me to stay over to help  
talk about a few more matters - but I decided  
I had too much "on" down here. I had  
promised to go out to supper tonight, have  
3 classes to-morrow a. m., and a big graduating  
class party to-morrow night (I'm one of the two  
class advisers). So I came back on launch this  
a. m. with Velva and Bea - Had a  
Chinese supper at home of Velva's cook, and  
now it's the middle of the night.  
I love you, darling! You asked what I'd like -  
more compacts? Yes, if you can find - or little box of face  
powder - a Tangee lipstick - some "Everyday" paper wrappings.

Christmas or other occasion paper



*Your Oct 5 letter arrived today - pretty good time!*

**American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China**

October 14, 1947

Dear, dear, dear, such a time! Just a week ago tonight I was busy doing other things besides writing letters. I thought I should surely be writing about what the "big wind" had done here on October 7 long before a week had gone by! But things do have a way of coming in between.

"Mildred", "Irene", Phyllis", and some of the other recent typhoons have most considerably ignored us or swerved coarse enough to leave us in comparative comfort, but this "Pauline" had made up her mind she was was going to land on Swatow- or else! And she did! Barometer dipped somewhat Tuesday afternoon but we were not sure that meant much because low barometer a few weeks ago scared us into barring doors and shutters and fairly nailing ourselves in for the night- and then the wind petered out into a mild little breeze and drizzle. Not so this time. Porch furniture and screens were brought inside the house just in time to keep them from being ripped out or lifted bodily up over the railing. One of the screens did just buckle out of its frame and sail off down the hillside right in front of our eyes. Just as the rain struck I decided to tackle a table and a small blackboard that were still out on the porch. But Mr. Typhoon tackled all three of us at once and the table the blackboard and Abbie all danced gracefully and swiftly out across the verandah! Then help came and all three were hauled into the dining room, together with a swirl of water which was not entirely dried out three days later.

Lai Sun and his mother were here with me in the afternoon, and in the evening his mother went down to her rooms in the village with the two children, and Lai Sun's grandmother came here to stay with us. The caretaker from the Ke cheng Hak (Domestic Science building next door, now unused) was afraid to stay over there alone so she came over here too.

I did not worry, because the barometer started up about 8 pm. and we all went to bed and got some good sleep. Next morning we discovered some big branches down and the bamboo hedge around the front of the house pretty well blown down. Then the reports began to come in of floods and tidal waves in Swatow city and up river as far as Kityang; hundreds of matched dwellers homeless and destitute; launch landings and jetties on both sides of Swatow Bay entirely demolished; bad damage all through Swatow city; sewers broken and outhouses flooded and pouring out their poison. By that time we decided we wouldn't complain too much about the dampful of dirt that had sifted down over everything in the kitchen and up in the attic. We really were most fortunate.

Wouldn't that be just the night when A Mai Che's daughter would start in getting her baby born! She and her husband are teachers over at the grammar school and they live over there and of course Phak Hui has been doing what they all do- teaching right up to the last minute. She had hoped that the hospital would have a room for her by the time she needed it but that could not be, so she planned to come back to the Rest House where her mother is still caretaker. About 10 pm on the typhoon night she knew her time had come. Her husband said she would have to stick it out until morning there at the school. So she did- until 2 am, and then he piloted her up and down the hilly paths from the grammar school to the Rest House! When A Mai Che found out that the baby really might appear any moment, she set to and cleared up the rooms down there, scrubbing floors etc. and by the time all was in readiness to call the doctor it was daylight. Miss Phe the nurse got there and found that there was still plenty of time. Little daughter didn't actually arrive until about five o'clock that afternoon. The happy part of this story is that although they would naturally have preferred a boy baby, now that the little girl has arrived everybody is pleased, even the daddy, who declared "It's fun just to be a papa".

Just as I wrote that last line-Bang! One of the shutters here right beside me (study door) broke the rope that tied it and I had to go out and brace it back with a heavy wooden chair. I really think it will take years to get all the door fastenings and bolts and hooks repaired! Really, we are fortunate to have things in as good condition as they are.

Dearest Mary darling,

Made 4 copies of this and am sending to  
you, Arthur, Emily, and Gladys Paul. Can't even  
take time to correct it. I have three classes and a  
song practice to-morrow - and two sets of notebooks -  
and it ~~is~~ my turn to lead prayer meeting to-morrow  
evening - here at my house -

Phoebe this is very glad of all the baby clothes, I can tell  
you - and she still has not nearly enough - I am going  
to make some more for her if I can possibly find  
time - She has very little milk - and the baby is  
not getting enough to eat - I have given her some  
milk powder and I have more to give her - but I know  
she will find it hard if she can't nurse the baby -  
You want to know what I'd like - All right - But this  
is for you to choose from - I don't mean send all!  
When I first came to China mother asked me to send a  
list, and I did, including typewriter and victrola and  
sewing machines - (All of which came, by the way!) But  
when father saw the list he wrote and asked me if  
I would like the mom?

A few turkish towels with colored borders. (Small, O.K.)  
Two or three packages of "all occasion" (birthday,  
shower, etc) wrapping papers and some ribbon or  
tape or something to tie with. A roll of soft  
toilet paper or two - yes, the old lamp nice  
will be good - Some day I hope to get or  
concoct one or two bed lamps (the kind  
that hook over the bed rail?) but no hurry  
about that - I'm always needing construction  
paper, especially green, black, brown, and buff.  
One or two packages of ordinary colored wax crayons.  
He been trying to think what other toilet preparation  
would be nice for gift to engaged girl - not as expensive  
as compact - The compact was lovely - It came in handy  
for just the right person. Any time you can get time  
and materials to piece more baby quilts or get any body else to - or make  
more baby things that would be grand - the babies are coming  
thicker and spatter! Did you know I lost you? Lots! You little

American Baptist Mission  
November 3, 1947 { Swatow  
China

Mary dearest dear:

My record shows no letter sent to you since September 24 - and I just can't believe it. Record says last letter to Arthur was Sept. 3 and I don't believe that either. I do know, however, that it has been a long time since I wrote to either of you and I don't know why that is or how it can be so.

I think of you many times every day - I have plenty of tangible reasons for doing so! I wore the black wool shirt you gave me, to school this a.m. Now that cooler weather is coming on I often slip into the blue padded housecoat both morning and evening - I wear the silver pin more than half the time - I have the lamp you gave me ready on my desk every night, to light if 10.30 comes too early! (It usually does - lights go out then but my papers are never corrected by that hour!) I use some of your dishes every day, especially the round yellow flowered oatmeal dishes; ~~and the blue oval ones~~ I use them for vegetable dishes or fruit dish (stewed fruit). The New England calendar has been a joy to me and to many others all through the year. Oh, there are a million things (besides your picture which always sits up on the bookcase and looks at me) that make me think of you all the time. A good bit of you came right along to China with me - Did you know that, Mary dear?

If it has been anywhere near as long as I think it has since I wrote to you, a lot has happened that I haven't yet told you -

Allison has gone to Kitzang to live with the Braisteds and to teach in Chin Li School in Kitzang, in addition - Her rooms up there were not really when she went, so she left most of

her things, including Rusty, her yellow & white kitten. Then about two weeks ago (Oct 22 to be exact), May Luckbeck <sup>temporarily</sup> arrived. I have invited her to stay here with me, or live here with me permanently, whichever seemed best. Her son Jackie is in Shanghai American school and will be down south here in the summer with her, wherever she is. She does not yet know where she is going to settle. Several places are bidding for her.

Monday after May arrived Wednesday, she went to Kityang to visit the Giedts. That same day Allison came down to move her things up. They both expected to return Wednesday but were held up by a Kityang Launah strike! Her things went up in a small sampan towed by a freight launch - on Thursday - but she did not get up herself until Saturday. May came back from Kityang on Thursday.

Not having electric lights when we first came, I did not open the projector then; and not having any slides, I have not opened it anyway - until yesterday. The thing is in splendid condition except for one of the lenses (condensers) which is broken right across the middle - I shall send it to see if I can get a lens to replace it. The men "oked and ehed" when they saw the projector, saying that it is tops - Loren has just brought over the old slides that were saved in Suatow, and maybe we can have a sanitation meeting sometime - or something similar - And I still want slides! I must investigate.

The Quiet Hour and the <sup>to both</sup> Secret Place have arrived - are you responsible? Many thanks. So much more to write, but it is getting bed time -

Much love (& then some!)

I have a little kitten now, gray tiger  
I call her "Lilibet" - is that disrespectful  
to the princess?

Bob's

American Baptist Mission  
Swatow, China  
Nov. 20, 1947

Dearest Mary.

The "big freeze" has begun! Not the thermometer is down to freezing - It never does anything "low" like that out here, but I really shiver tonight at the thought of taking even a hot bath in a cold bathroom where the breezes blow right through the door cracks! It has not been cold until now - and the days will probably continue to be very nice and warm; but at night sitting in my study I can sympathize with New England friends who may be sitting in cold places shivering too!

Christmas is almost here and my long suffering friends should have some sort of word from me, or they will think I have ceased to exist! What shall I write about? I seem to have developed into the world's very worst correspondent. I don't get nearly as many letters as I used to - and of course it serves me right - But I do hate not hearing from people, even when it is my own fault.

Have I lost the power to see interesting sides of every day life, I wonder? It didn't used to be such a task to write letters! It seemed always as though there were always far more things of interest to write about than I ever had time to put down on paper - Think I'll have to try to remember what sort of thing I used to write, and then see if the same things are happening nowadays!

Can't remember whether I have told you that I now have a housemate - temporarily at least.

In October Mrs. Burns Luebeck ("Kay") arrived from the U.S. and until several decisions by several people and one or two committees have been made, she will not know where she is going to work. So for the time being she is staying here with me, and I'm enjoying many things about having her here. She is a fine nurse, and a good dietitian. She brought a quantity of canned goods with her and she is sharing with me her good "home" salt and sugar and soup and canned peas and beans and apricots and tomatoes. She has also made a cake and some cookies and waffles and pancakes. She brought Bisquit and Soft-as-Silk Cake Flour and a lot of things that I don't have. I wish she had brought corn meal! And baked beans! And salad dressing! Oh well - some day maybe will have those too -

She is the one whose husband died out here very suddenly. She has one boy, Jackie, in the Shanghai American School. and she hopes to have him down here for Christmas. I saw him when he was a baby and I wonder what he will be like now - A bright boy, I hear -

Kay is a very capable person - She will probably go out to do country evangelistic work, and there seems a fair possibility now that her headquarters will be here for the time being. That is very uncertain, however. I'm sure she does not want to stay here! No time to finish, not even  
 — read on — but I love you! expecting in March! Love  
 Alice