Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 149

Finding aid for collection available at:
http://hdl.handle.net/10079/fa/divinity.149

Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 1 / 2

Folder label: AGS to mother and father, on ship en route to China, arrival at Swatow [Shantou]

Dates: 1918 Mar 14 – Apr 29

For copyright information see: http://www.library.yale.edu/div/permissions.html

Originals of collection held at:

Yale Divinity School Library, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven, CT 0511
(divinity.library@yale.edu)

Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China 515063
# LUNCHEON

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Queen Olives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Tunny fish in Oil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Sardines a l' Huile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Salami Sausage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Norwegian Anchovies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Pate de Foie Gras</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Consomme Paysanne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Barley Broth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Grilled Halibut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Plain &amp; Mushroom Omelette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Eggs with Tomatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Dry Curry &amp; Rice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Macaroni-Calabrise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Scotch Pie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Ox Tail-Printanier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Roast Shoulder of Mutton-Onion Sauce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Baked Jacket—Mashed &amp; Fried Potatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Dressed Cabbage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Boiled Rice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Cucumbers, Beetroots, Tomatoes &amp; Spring Onions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Chicken Salad</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To order from Grill:—

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Rump Steak-Bordelaise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Chicken &amp; Ham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Caramel Pudding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Apple Pie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Chocolate Slice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Vanilla Ice Cream</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cold Buffet—

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Roast Beef</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Turkey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Cumberland Ham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Capon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Leg of Pork</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Round of Beef</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Buckling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Bologna Sausage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Galantine of Capon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Pressed Ox Tongue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Head Cheese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Roast Mutton</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cheese—Cheddar, Swiss, MacLaren & Canadian

Fruit

Tea

Coffee

R. M. S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"  Thursday, 14th March 1918
dearest Beloved,

I meant to write full description of everything here but we are off to the boat this minute and there is no time. Shoot much better. We meals properly with the others today.

Enclose all of fare we had lunch on boat this noon.

Love

Adie
Dear Mother and Father,

An unexpected opportunity to write you another line. I'm so glad! And of course you are too, I know.

Let me see—where did I leave off? I felt so dumpyish that I would lie down a while, then get up and write a note to Miss Hunt—another nap—they the long delayed. Thank you note to the Nappies, and so on. I left your letter until last, and was so disappointed not to get it done at all! But we land at Victoria before midnight, and mail to be taken off from there.

Well, I didn't arrive until nearly four yesterday afternoon. The girls
came in to see me, I wrote a few notes and cards - Dr. Everham said I must eat, but I'd better not go outdoors. The others had found a very nice restaurant which was cheap - so they went there instead of staying at the hotel. I went down to dinner alone. I was very early - about quarter of seven and was almost the only one in the dining room.

Mr. Howard came and sat with me and we had a very nice conversation - all about his sweetheart, etc.

I retired very early - with another massage from Miss Parish. I was enough better this morning so that I got up in high spirits and went out with the others to breakfast.
I felt pretty fine, I tell you— with that nice little black hat and my nice winter suit, and a couple of those bright red carnations stuck in my belt—and who should I meet on the landing but Mr. Howard himself! Did a little shopping in the morning—bought some cold cream, hair nets, aspirin, garters to wear with low shoes—and then mailed my sweater to Mabel. Went down off the boat for luncheon, as you already know. Then back again to get a few last notes ready. Then down to the post office to mail my registered letter to you (🙂). Then on down to the boat—about a half hour ahead of time. Dinner down here about
seven. After which, we went into the ladies’ salon and deposited ourselves at various tables to write letters. I had about two words written when the two boys came along and chatted for nearly three quarters of an hour.

Everything on this boat is just wonderful to me. It is so grand that I don’t know how to act, truly. The food & service is way beyond me. It is quite painful to know which fork or other implement to use.

Tonight I had New York steak with lemon juice, roast beef with potato, cauliflower, rolls, apple’s nut salad, ice cream and fruit. (I ate more than I might have taken, of course.) Well—Dr. Everham and Mrs. Davish and I are so comfortably
settled here - it is going to be delightful - I didn't have time to write to heaps of people so I'm just enclosing a couple of potatoes for you to mail.

I can't believe that I'm actually on my way! Did I tell you that blessed brothers wrote letters in ten days out? And I received a letter from Aunt Bertha today.

I know there people are just dying to get to sleep.

In fact, Miss Parish is in bed already.

Well, goodnight, my dearest dears - I'm not going to say goodbye, because I don't feel
as though we need - I can't feel that I'm so very far from you - we didn't ever say goodbye to any body when the ship sailed out of Harbor - no waving of flags or anything. My steamer trunk is not yet unstrapped.

Perhaps you would like to know that the last two nights I have worn the blue voile - tonight with 3 pale pink carnations with love and they more. I -

Your own and only,

Daughters.
Dear Mother

When I started out from Vancouver, my mind was all made up to write you a little bit every day. But my cold had progressed so far that I was afraid if I didn’t go easy I would not only be cold, sick and headache, sick, but also sea sick — and that would never do for the daughter of Elisha Enderby, you know!

So my first two days on board this ship were spent exclusively in a supreme effort to get rid of my cold and ward off any qualmish feelings that might have been evilly lurking around the next corner. When breakfast time came around, I breakfasted in bed. They fearing that some foolish person might order smelly fish or pork brought out
the dining room. I stayed on deck with my two companions and the kind and gracious deck steward was at hand to do our lightest bedding at lunch time. At dinner I had braved the dining room every night.

Poor Mrs. Parish was deathly sick the first two days. Dr. Everham was somewhat so — but what with breakfast in bed, luncheon on deck, combined with all sorts of breathing exercises and use of various kinds and degrees of will power, I have managed to avoid the cursed thing — for which let us all be duly thankful!

The two boys, poor things, have been most woefully ill — It is hard indeed for them to admit it, and next to impossible for them to believe that I have not been sick —

But I'm not sure that the story is ended yet — my turn may come still! (Whisper it low) — The sea is pretty rough this morning — I had some grand good fried smoked livers and bacon yesterday morning — but after I had ordered the same thing this morning, I somehow
wished I had ordered chops instead. Moreover—this is a very pretty rose colored writing room in which I am doing this correspondence—but it is on an upper deck—almost in the extreme bow of the boat. And while I still maintain that I am a most excellent sailor—yet I am not beyond taking the utmost precautions.

I had the feeling when I boarded the ship on the 14th of March, that it would be the most absurd and impossible thing in the world for me to be seasick. I wouldn't commit myself to such a rash and bold form of statement now!

And while I'm still hoping that I'll never be seasick—I would never swear again that I felt sure such a thing were impossible for me. The boat—she rocked 3 feet higher just then—It is time for me
to strike for the deck and the open air!

Later —

Another victory recorded: I got to the deck just in time to save that lovely breakfast—how proud I am that I hadn't lost an atom or a molecule of food that has gone between my lips.

I had a splendid walk up and down the deck - sat on deck wrapped up in my nice clean, warm rug for a while — then came into the cabin for a little nap. Then went down to lunch. There are so many wonderful things on the menu every day — Isn't it wicked not to dare to eat too much rich food, for fear of consequences?

I wasn't supposed to read but one day of the Happy Letters. I've been good about it until today. But curiosity got ahead of patience this afternoon — and I opened all the rest. They were such cleverly done up—packages, anyhow, and
think - there was not only a letter from that beloved Charlotte, but one from Mr. Streeter - and even one from Mr. Frank (of Stamford, Ct.) The girls wrote splendid letters, especially Ruth Oatoven, who is a freshman at college this year. It was a genuine delight to read all about the dear old place - she put in some thing about everybody from Butty, and Judy Taylor - that blessed professor, Backcraft. But the three mentioned at the top of this page are the ones I enjoyed most. They were the most truly sympathetic, understanding, encouraging ones - I'm so grateful for all my steamer letters. I laughed until I almost cried over the story of the wedding as recounted by Mr. Pasto. It was so easy to see the whole thing, and to imagine the feelings inside the breast of the Pasto and the Mrs. Pasto, respectively.

Those letters from the Riches children are a joy, too. I think something funny in almost every one - as you may imagine,
I might be likely — Miss Bailey in travelling second class — I have seen her almost every day on deck — but I think now that they have restricted the 2nd class passengers from our deck. If that is the case I shall go down to see them —

Yesterday morning at 10.45 in the big dining room "Divine Service" was held — it was the Church of England service, of course — and we spent a good deal of our time and attention turning pages and finding our places in the prayer book — it is a beautiful service but I don't know it well enough to appreciate it thoroughly —

So when we found out that there was to be an informal service in the second class dining room in the evening, we were very glad to go down.

Mr. Bell, a Presbyterian missionary to Korea, led the service and I gave a splendid talk — there meetings will be held later —
Did I tell you the joke about the cough medicine? Some Japanese boys on the train had cough medicine which had a doctor's prescription label on the bottle, but which smelled suspiciously like brandy or some such thing—where it probably was—

The two boys going to Japan offered to cure us of our colds by giving us the cough medicine—and they have joked all the way along, through the dumpish time I had in Vancouver—about my taking cough medicine, and curing all my ills with it, etc—

They keep it up even now—until now I'm going to say the very next time I see them that I wish we might talk about something else than cough medicine!
you see I'm trying to think of everything rather than say or do anything that will not need me to keep guessing what else was said and done, etc.

They are rather foppish young men, at least Mr. Howard is until mental extremely good-hearted and pleasant company for a few moments now and then as we meet in the lounge or on deck or some other part of the ship. That's all.

(The next Sunday)

Every day since I write before has been filled with nice things mostly not wildly exciting, you know the mildly pleasant. I have taken to drinking after dinner tea once in a while, I will my knitting and there I have met the elite - so to speak. Time fails me to tell you of the beautiful young Russian lady with her startlingly pretty gown, the attractive, sweet, young bride who
appears to demure but she drops a fathome or two in your estimation as you happen to spy her, of an evening, sitting in an alcove with the men over their cigars and wine, gracefully and most nonchalantly twirling her own cigarette.

Then there is a sweet young girl with prematurely gray hair who goes to Japan I apparently to visit friends, but who has just told us today that she goes to be married—That is a secret.

I haven't told you yet about Dr. Churchill, the missionary doctor sent out by the Church of England, who is stationed at Tachow, and who 'summer resorts' at Kuling, a place where many of the Swatow missionaries go. Typical Englishman with the characteristic drawl and super-perfect manners—As I said to Dr. Everham about him:
"He seems very nice —"

"yes —"

"But I don't think I like Englishmen very well —"

Mr. F. laughs "N-no - N-but he's all right to talk to!"

Then there is also the English episcopal Padre of a mission in Burma —

Yesterday as we were having a game of deck golf with these two interesting men — who should appear but Mr. Howard, muffled up to the chin — whom we hadn't seen for three or four days — we were just beginning to get worried about them boys —

He has been quite seriously ill — with some sort of a fever — and his companion has been taking care of him — It is rather a
Shame for him & miss so much of this splendid trip — and very much too bad that he has been sick — we were afraid though that the boys were spending all their time — and money in the smoking room playing cards — I wish I knew exactly what sort they are — Courteous anyhow.

We didn’t have any service this morning — but plans are to have another in the 2nd class saloon this evening.

Do you know why Dr. Sanders is? He is travelling to many of the mission fields and is to meet a committee at some conference in Shanghai — Interdenominational, I think —
We expect to reach Yokohama early Tuesday morning—so I'm getting some important letters ready today. Tomorrow is the last day, I'm sure, before we land.

Something a bit different happened the day before yesterday. Just as we were finishing lunch, the steamers stopped. We all madly rushed on deck— to find that a poor Chinese steerage passenger who was insane had jumped overboard. They rescued the body, but the exciting part was the launching and the lowering of the lifeboat. The appalling thing to me was that not a soul on board really cared whether the man lived or died. The whole thing was a mere incident—forgotten as soon as past—just one poor life.
in the melodram of humanity snuffed out — and never a trace of its being missed — for a moment —
Ah me! As Phyllis St. Clair used so often to repeat — this is a funny world!

Very much love to you —
and Father —

Your affectionate Daughter,

Cecile.
Dear Mother,

Well, well! Of all thebundle of letters that I found awaiting me at the wharf—
I was just overwhelmed! And that picture of you— it is too good to be true— How it is finished up I like it ten times better than the other one— really! It is more sympathetic, more sympathetic to the voice— when I feel something real had. I'll just look at the first picture— and it will say those words— "Why, Abbi! Saunderson, you
knew better than that — And after all these years of
my telling you over and over — etc., etc.

Then when I'd do something
especially nice (maybe I will
once in a while — something
really hard, and worth while
you know —) I'd march proudly
up to that second one and
then you say "Why Abbie —
Sam I derser! Well, I always
knew you could if you'd try —
Keep right at it — good god —
So you see they are
both literally speaking
pictures of you —
I was so disappointed
not to have a real good
one of Father — Make
him have a good one taken
soon - and sent it to me -
please!

I have almost finished the
sweaters that was started
after I left Boston - I shall
mail it to Mabel tomorrow.
I forgot to balance my
account in Newton Center.
So I'm having them send the
check to you - which is a
matter of $6 dollars af
20 -

A big fat letter from Arthur
proved to be one for each of
the ten days in Yokohama.
Yours was like too - and
the 3 girls - A Big bunch
of fantastically done up
letters from the Happies.
one from Percy & Frances, and
L. Cushing - a regular fat
funny newspaper form. Here
Mr. Catty - but from Patty -
& funny bunch of them from
Mr. & Lutie - I owe the
outside - m.H.K.s writing -
"These are for the stream -
Lucy says! 'Sedatives - what's
a sedative?"

The others self found out
who wrote later -

Well - Sue thereat
continues - hate to admit it
but you made me promise
to tell - I've had my
breakfast and lunch in
my room today - woke -
This morning with a regular old napping headache in the back of my neck. But it was just stiffness and wore away quickly—I felt better after breakfast and thought I would get up soon—but my throat and head got stiff + sore again—and the last straw that overwhelmed me was as follows:

Rap at door—Miss Parish, visiting, admires bell hop with parcel, evidently flowers—Miss P. sotto voce—"I'll bet they are from that nice Mrs. Stephen (lady who goes to Manila)—your delightful daughter sent me!"—"I'll bet not!"—Parcel opened—reveals 2 do very
beautiful carnations—red, pink and white—also card—
Mr. Harry E. Howard!

Do you wonder I needed my
lunchbox in bed after that?
The next thing I'm worrying
about is that unless father
reads this it will give him
such aberrations of the heart
such aberrations of the heart,
that he will have to go to
bed in the garden. Let us hope
not, Deus volente!

Well—shortly after lunch I
arose—and during the
ablutions and 'ad potentiis'
a profuse nosebleed—both
nostrils—appeared—giving
immediate and considerable
relief—I am now dressed!
in my next best bib & tucker—i.e. blue robe—and I intend to attend dinner in the main dining room this evening. I am not in a gloomy state of mind just now—though you'd never guess from my letter, I suppose! I forgot to say that what struck me yesterday was trotting around the Chinese consul to the Japanese consul & to the immigration office—etc—etc—etc. So I went to bed before nine and had some bombardment which this Parish made for me—Dr. Eames—earl last night—I've nothing she...
found my temperature perfectly normal— my quinsy meningophaengeal headache better by this time. She says "I guess you'll live!"
So there really is no need to worry. I'm ashamed of myself for telling you— really.

A. G. Sanderson—
Swatow, China—
is all that is necessary as the foreign population of that city is only about 100 in all—

Love to you both—

P.S. Mail just arrived from Naples— Helen, Plunket Carlson, Geoth. Swatow, & E. F. Saturn— Aint that grand?
Dear Mother:

Can't explain just why I didn't have any mail to send from Shanghai. I thought I had plenty of time to write you a long letter, and I didn't, at all.

Well! I'd better begin back at Nagasaki. I guess, when we got there, early in the morning, it was as rainy a day as you might ever want to see. But we had made up our minds to go ashore, so, nothing daunted, we put on our winter togs, and paddled around in the rain.

He started out to getties — but Dr. Everham and I went to call on a Dr. Suganuma, a woman who has married a Japanese man. They had a beautiful home. Mr. Suganuma appears
to be a splendid Christian gentleman, well-to-do, prominent in business and social life, and employed in the government service. They seem to lead an ideal home life - and both seem perfectly satisfied. Dr. Suganuma made us stay for "tiffin" or lunch, and our whole visit was surely delightful! Mrs. Suganuma spoke English fluently, and was in a good many ways anglicised. It was an interesting thing in a good many ways, to visit such a home.

We had wanted to do a little shopping, but their lunch wasn't until about one, and the launch to take us to the Empress was leaving the pier at half past two - we each bought an enormous Japanese parasol - a sunproof and rainproof - for 50 cents (1 yen) - a little writing paper and they rushed down to their dock. We were pretty tired, I tell you, Nagaasaki is all hills. We expected that it was too early to see any cherry blossoms,
but were able to catch a glimpse of one or two hillsides in the distance, patched with the lovely pink blooms.

We had hoped to reach Shanghai by the next noon, but the tide was not right so we didn't get in until Sunday morning. Our little Mrs. Chew, whom we have grown to know and love very much in this short time, was met at the dock by her mother and a group of friends who were wildly excited when they caught sight of her.

Miss Florence Dick, Mr. Everhard's cousin who teaches in Shanghai Baptist College, was there, and several other missionaries in this Parish, Rev. E. J. I said goodbye to Mrs. Sweet and Miss Bailey and other missionaries getting off their train were taken in a Ford automobile the six miles out to the college grounds - I was at the White's for luncheon, and I said on my card, 'heard many..."
good reports about the Tatum's. I saw the house Cousin Alice lived in and the rosebushes that she planted with her own hands - I also found out that the last two years of her life were pitiful ones. They think the cause of her death was a clot on the brain. She had failed in mind terribly those years.

Everyone spoke of how lovely Mrs. Tatum is, and yet how cheerful she seems about it. Joy, according to all reports, is improving.

There wasn't a great deal of time after lunch - the ants took us in again, and we went to the Mission Home, where we found Jean Gates, a nurse who went out last fall - she was going through Shanghai and was there only a day or two. I knew her that week I visited N. H. and A. Everham had taught her how to etherize - so you may...
be sure we were delighted. She went down to the boat with us, and down there we met the mission treasurer, Mrs. Stafford.

Out at the college I found a Gordon girl, who knows a good many Newton Center people including Isaa Higginbotham and Chester Wood.

Our boat was anchored at Woosung at the mouth of the river, and we had to take a launch up the river to Shanghai - and back again, of course. The ride was about an hour and a half. We saw the college boat times - to sight near the bank.

I should hardly have known that I wasn't in an American city. There are so many high buildings, wide streets, trolleys - and so
many English people, that you could almost believe you were transplanted back to native soil —

Well — Manila next.

(April the second)

Yesterday I wore my sailor suit, and my big coat was very comfortable. Today I have worn peacock skirt, dotted muslin waist, white shoes and Panama hat all day long and have managed to keep bearably cool, but I'm afraid it's going to be tremendously hot tomorrow. We haven't done anything all day but hang around and wonder how we ever should manage to live if it got a great deal hotter. I think tomorrow night, lying in Manila harbor, will be the worst. But still I keep thinking what a grand, grand trip this has been and how really wonderful it is.
for such an advantage to come as poor, undeserving little me. I think I spoke to Mr. Saunders, the inter-denominational missionary secretary. He plays deck golf with sometimes as I sat on deck it came along and read me a clever little story. Wasn't that nice of him?

(Next day)

Well! I have surely started out my hot-weather living bravely! Both Mrs. Parish and Dr. Everhard have had severe shockingly severe headaches today from this sudden plunge into the heat and I have hardly been uncomfortable at all. It may be that my turn is coming later, but I surely have begun well. We landed in Manila Bay about 10 o'clock this morning and could have gone ashore directly after lunch. But with the two
headaches in the family, we weren't sure of getting along very well in the hot sun. So we waited until after four. At the pier we got a calacha (pron. Kalaysha), a small two-wheeled buggy drawn by a small pony and driven by a Filipino, costing 1 peso 20 or 60 cents American — 20 cents apiece for an hour drive around the city. He took us through the old walled city. I can't begin to tell you how fascinating the beautiful raised greenery is to me — and the quaint Spanish buildings — and the charming airy American cottages. We passed large Spanish Catholic buildings — an Episcopal and a Union Church, Y. M. C. A. and Christian Science reading rooms, a moving picture theater with the latest films advertised — and a great many municipal and other buildings.
Our ride was indeed worth the money - it was still sunny enough to be very beautiful, and late enough to be comparatively cool riding. I felt almost as though I had been mysteriously transported to some old Spanish villa!

But not so when we got down into the Escolta, or shopping district - I haven't bought anything yet, and am not sure that I shall.

Our first impression, voiced by Dr. Everham, was that the stores were chiefly places where American goods might be bought at a double or triple price. We haven't run up against...
any of the Filipinos embroideries yet.

Our plan was to take supper at some restaurant on shore, but the stores closed at six, and my two companions being very weary, we decided to come back to the boat. We must have come in just after the gong for dinner sounded — and went right down just as we were.

I wore my blue woole and panama hat, with white shoes — I don't know what a comfort this hat is. It is as exactly the right thing to wear with any sort of a light dress. I put it on before breakfast this morning, and as we came right up from dinner to the writing room, I still have it on, and have worn it all day.

We have been trying to get this
Topics today - pit, lined helmet - but we couldn't find any to fit in the short time we had. We are planning to go in early tomorrow morning to try again. I shan't worry though, if I can't get it, for I know that I can in Shanghai.

HongKong - They are funny ones, too, that they have here - have no strap under the chin - I'm not sure I want the kind you get here!

Tonight in our beds. May prove my undoing - especially if the electric fan won't work but we survived so beautifully thus far that I have hopes of continuing the same.

Very much love to you both.

Abbie
I'm clipping in a rough first draft which may interest you.

("Is it all right?")
Dear Mother,

My brain is in a whirl! The thing that troubles me most is that I'm dead sure I'll never be able to tell you a tenth of the wonderful things I saw yesterday. Japan for the first time is indeed beyond any words of mine to describe!

Where shall I begin? Our boat pulled into Yokohama day before yesterday in the morning. We had been through the rockiest night of our voyage owing to a typhoon which struck us less than a hundred miles from land. Of course we didn't know about it until it was all over— but for several hours during the night our boat made no progress, simply went around and around in a circle, and up and
down so that it was a regular circus performance to stay in your bunk, especially if it happened to be an upper one. We had seen outlines of land the day before, but about six o'clock we entered the bay of Tokyo, and not long afterwards grand old Fujigama appeared. We had a wonderfully clear day, and so a splendid view of the mountains from then until we landed, about one o'clock. In the meantime we had to go through all sorts of examinations. The third class passengers and steerage had to have pulses examined, but the Japanese doctors just looked at us and passed us. Then our passports were examined by the Japanese police officials (All of this on board ship) and we answered such questions as "Were your parents born in the United States?" "Your grandparents?" etc. etc. After all this, and much waiting, we were allowed to disembark just after lunch. A little Japanese girl, Kei Sato, whom Dr. Everham knew in New York, met us, and piloted us the whole..."
afternoon. We should be wandering around Yokohama now, I'm afraid, if she hadn't! We walked from the wharf to a station nearby and took a streetcar to the Yokohama R.R. Station. We engaged berths for the train down to Kobe, and Mrs. Sweet and Mrs. Bailey bought their tickets. (We were friends with the latter, being 1st class passengers.) Then we took a 10 minute streetcar ride to the Kanagawa station. From there we were taken in jinrikshas about two miles, I should say, to the girls' school. We found them getting ready for graduation - but everything in very good order all the same. Mrs. Haberk the music teacher, met us and began to tell us a little about the school, when Miss Munroe came in from the kindergarten graduation a little ways down the road. They showed us all over the buildings. It is perfectly wonderful - up on a high hill with the most entrancing view - Miss Munroe looks right out at Fuyzuma as she sits at her study desk - I was
simply fascinated by every single thing that we saw— from the beautiful Japanese girls with their sweet faces and delightful politeness, to the green bushes of flowers that smell like a cross between lemon verbena and heliotrope.

Mrs. Converse came in just before we left, and in the course of the conversation I happened to find out that Mrs. Sweet goes to Hangchow, and of course knows Ellen Peterson well. I thought she was going to Shanghai—since that is where she leaves this boat!

The wind had risen, but it was not cold as we rode back to the streetcar in the rikeshas. I wish you might have been with us as we went along the road, all five of us behind the other. One of the most beautiful moonlight rides I ever enjoyed.

Kei Seto saw us safely on our train, which left at seven o'clock. We were exceedingly hungry by the time we were able to find a place in the diner, but were
able to make a good meal of what was set before us. The only things that were different were the oranges, which are smaller and rarer, look skinless — and the chicken, which was not sufficiently cooked.

Well! Now comes the wildly exciting part — I suppose I ought not to write all of this, but really, it is too good to keep. An appetizer which helped us relish our dinner came in certain lights we saw on the way to dinner. As we passed through the narrow entrances of the cars (on either side of which are the toilet rooms, one of which is the toilet room), one of them was open — but the Japanese man who was using that particular compartment didn't seem to care in the least. This is one instance of what we saw several times on the trip — once in
enough to feel that sort of thing, I suppose! When we went back to our car after dinner, we found a man getting ready for bed. He was standing in the middle of the aisle, in his union suit. We had not been able to procure lower berths, so each one of us climbed into a tiny upper berth, very lightly curtained, and each of us over a Japanese man! Did I sleep? Well, intermittently—but the bed was hard—and if I sat up 10 inches, I bumped my head; if I turned over, there was imminent danger of falling over. There was no telling what minute someone might peep through one of the many cracks in the screening—yes, it would have died nearly to see me on my back in the morning, putting on shoes and stockings, and on my knees bent at the waist at an angle of 80°, struggling with corset snaps and garters. Some of the girls combed their hair and fully dressed in the
Berty, but for me, such a stunt was an impossibility — I must needs go to one of the wash rooms, which, by the way, are used indiscriminately by men and women — but fortunately there is room for but one person at a time.

Well — remember, our trip has hardly begun yet! We reached Kobe at nine o’clock. We managed to get a fairly good breakfast on the train for about 58 sen, or 29 cents — Our dinner that night before cost 110 sen, or 55 cents. It seemed something of a relief, after paying something like $1.25 for a breakfast of grapefruit and smelt at the Hotel Vancouver!

Arrived at Kobe, we took rikshas directly to Mrs. Thompson’s (Baptist mission) who told us what stores to patronize. The kindergarten had just had its commencement, so we couldn’t see that. We took our rikshas back to the stores again, paid them 70 sen apiece, or thirty-five cents, for the round trip — part of it in a good
sound hail storm - and part in the rain - and part in bright sunshine!

The rest of the day was a circus. I never had such fun in all my life, I believe. Of course I didn't plan to spend much money, and didn't spend very much. I did get a few little things which are to be used for Christmas presents - I have an idea I shall mail some to you from Manila. There will be no duty then, and we can decide later just how to use them - or you can use them as you wish. Time enough for that.

I also bought a set of dishes. Mrs. Sweet says that you cannot get such pretty ones in China - and she doesn't know that in Swatow or Hong Kong we can get anything anyway except the English ware. So I got my dishes which will be quite serviceable,
I hope. They are the bamboo pattern in green, on white background. I got the teapot, creamer and sugar. This doesn't give a very good idea of the shape, but you see they are fluted just a bit, and the plates and sauce dishes are fluted to match. I got a half dozen cups and saucers, half dozen breakfast plates, half dozen sauce dishes, one smaller plate, one larger one - and the bill was 6 yen 70 sen or $3.35.

Oh yes, there was a bowl, too, and a little long low dish something like a pickle dish. It is a standard pattern, and I can send for more like it at any time. The owner of the store is Mrs. Tanaguchi, and she is a member of the Baptist Church in Kobe. Doesn't that price
sound reasonable? The other thing
that I got for myself was a silk
veil or scarf — I’m glad now I didn’t
get it in America — I paid 2 yen 50
for it, or $1.25 — It is as long as I
wanted, and good & wide — about
2 1/2 yds by 1 1/2 yds I think — and is
shaded from a yellow which is
almost to champagne to white.
Dr. Everdae got a pink one.

There were some picture frames
that just suited me, any where
from 15 sen to 50 — or 7 1/2 cents &
25. I forget to say we got money
changed when we were at the hotel
in Yokohama — They gave us 1 yen 95 sen
for a 1 dollar bill — or nearly 2 for
the yen you see — They have the funniest
little 10, 20, and 5-8 sen bills — and then
the 1, 5, and five yen bills —

The thing that was so screaming
funny though, was the way the people
stared at me — you would see a
man look at me — run into a door of
a house or shop — and run out taggled
by half a dozen - all staring and having the best time seeing such a sight. I suppose they never saw such a tall woman before. The most of them, men too, are such tiny things!

We took some pictures - and if a certain one comes out good you'll be able to see what a crowd of boys and girls gathered around us in the short time it took to pose! Well, I only hope they enjoyed it as much as we did.

Mrs. Sweet, Miss Bailey and Miss Parish unfortunately didn't appreciate their luncheon as we did. The "Japanese taste" of things grieved them but Dr. Everham found her "chicken rice" and fruit very appetizing and my ham, beet salad and banana fritters were really quite tooth some. I would have been willing to have a Japanese supper but our dinner was waiting for us when we got on the boat.
at 7 P.M. They told us at the Canadian Pacific office that the boat would get in about 6. It hadn't come in when we got to the office — the others were tired enough to rest — but someone had told Dr. Everhard about a Shinto temple not more than 5 minutes walk from where we were. So we two went exploring. It was just getting dusk, and the bazaar outside the temple weren't very busy. We got there just in time to see an attendant or priest or somebody light with a taper two lamps in the temple, then bow down several times, clap his hands, and come out — the temple was open from the front so we could see all that might be inside — I had been itching all day to try some of the queer looking Japanese confection — So I got Tsen
worth of nut butterscotch, and 5 sen worth of nice crisp little cookies, hardly sweetened, with nuts, — the two biggest bags of cookies and candies I ever had for 5 cents — (10 sen)! They were good, too — we didn’t stay long—because all of us wanted to go aboard the ship as soon as possible.

Today we are in the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan — It is not as different from rowing in the Belgrade lake — truly beautiful islands with trees, little villages, etc — we escoude ourselves cosily in the very bow of the boat this morning soon after breakfast — right down on the deck — we were right up in the prow, so protected from the wind — we had to get out of the way once when we were going through a very narrow place, for
the first officers had to be on hand at some signal board or other, in case anything should happen to the steering gear — but we went along fairly smoothly — and so we settled down in the sun again.

I feel as though it were a week since the day before yesterday — so many different things have been seen. The very first impression of Japan, I think, was the great clattering of the funny stilted shoes — but I got pretty well used to that in the one day — Oh, dear! There is so much to tell — I've written just the smallest fragment of what I want to — I hope you'll forgive the shortness and incompleteness of this letter — but I really can't think of any one thing to write about — the quaint shops, narrow streets, "silly money" as Miss Bailey says, and the very frank, honest stares that met us everywhere, are all mixed together just now — It seems like
a charming, unreal dream — I have to pinch myself, almost, to believe that it truly happened.

One more funny thing — The tea looked so black yesterday noon that Mr. Everham said to the boy, "Is that tea?" "Yes, yes." (violent nodding) "Did it boil?" "Yes, yes." (violent nodding)

He thought that was just the proper thing, of course.

We saw a hearsey funeral procession too yesterday. The hearse was dressed in white and were preceded by men bearing banners of all colors beating queer drums.

(Next Day) Nagasaki —

I'm sure these postals along please letters first as they are or enclosed in a letter with a note of explanation saying that I wanted you to see them first —

Time for boat to leave — will tell you all about it in next letter.

Love & kisses — Robie
Dear Mother:

"If Mother could only see me now!"

"We have left our beloved Asia, the Empress, I mean, and have already decided that we shall never have such comfortable lodging and such wonderful service again until we return to America, five years hence!"

Everything is so very, very funny! Our boat landed at a big jetty on the opposite side of the bay from Hongkong. Cork's Launch took us and our baggage over to the city and we went directly to Cork's.
Office, where we found that a boat for Swatow was leaving the next day (today). But the office of that boat was closed, and no arrangements could be made. The next steamer leaves Tuesday, and we are very much hoping to go on that.

The influx of passengers from the Empress, and doubtless other circumspect, made it very hard for us to find rooms at all. Cook tried three or four places for us, and finally put us at the Peak Hotel, which I had been the only one Mr. Parish could get.

I don't wonder that it is unpopular. In less than fifty minutes we came from sea level to a height of 1500 feet. The tram cars that brought us the most of the way are tipped so that when you look out of the window buildings on another hillside or near by appear to be tipping right over backwards. The elevation coming so suddenly gave us rather a queer feeling in our ears, but I didn't mind it really as much as I did in the
Canadian Rockies. We were taken to the train station up a hilly road in a sedan chair. If you could imagine you were riding horseback, the sensation would be rather enjoyable—but to state the case plainly, it’s a very jolting matter! I suppose we’ll get used to it after a while.

This hotel Miss Parish says is probably as good as we are likely to find in the Orient. And I think that Americans ought to be doing a real missionary act by coming over and teaching these Chinese and English people, too, how to run...
a good hotel. 

Oh, it's all right - but things are so very old-fashioned and shabby for 7 dollar a day.

hotel I find you have to walk way up three or four flights of stairs - no elevators of any description. As E. and I have a room together, with one big bed and one a trifle smaller each with very high posts and a fine netting covering. The netting is about as fine as the coarsest that we use for window coverings - only it appears a bit heavier and therefore more durable.

There are two little cubby-hole rooms opening with wide curtained doors out of our room, which is large and airy - and very very damp. One of these tiny rooms is merely a pleasant little sitting room - cozy place for afternoon tea. From both these we get a splendid view of mountains, valleys, sea town - and the flowers and greenery filled roofs and courts of the hotel - I forget to say that the other little room
PEAK HOTEL
HONG KONG

The Peak Hotel is a lovely place to stay, with two floors for rooms. The Piano Bar, which is popular among visitors, offers a unique experience for relaxation.

To get there, a cable car takes you up the mountain. The trail is a bit steep, but it offers stunning views of the city.

The hotel is located at 100 Peak Road, Hong Kong. The cable car runs every 30 minutes, and it takes about 10 minutes to reach the top.
rest of the floor.

Let me say again - it's all so funny. This morning about 8 o'clock, or slightly thereafter, our room boy came in which we were still in bed, bringing crackers and tea, tangerines and oranges and bananas. We leisurely devoured them - and before we knew it a boy appeared in the doorway with two buckets (big wooden ones on a pole slung over his shoulder) wanting to know if we were ready for our baths - He fixed a very hot one - and I waited as long as I wanted to and then leisurely took a sponge bath standing in the hot hot water. He came again wanting to know if I should change the bath, I at least three times before the process was finished.

Miss Parish we knew was planning to go to church, and as I discovered this to be my off day, and as Dr. E. was very
tired from traveling around yesterday with a headache, we decided not to go Dr. Eo back asked me and Mrs. Parish is somewhat of an osteopath. I called her up in her room (connected by phone) and got her to come up. We lay around and talked and read our Bibles etc. and didn't hurry about getting dressed. About 10:30 I decided I to go down to breakfast, but found my clothes so damp that I had to go to bed and take my chemise, stockings and cap from under the --
So we didn't get down to breakfast at all. Tiffin was at one o'clock and we all went down together. (Mary is down on the first floor.)

This afternoon we have lounged in the reading room, reading dry old London papers, age three or four months, mostly sporting and theatrical news, mixed with jokes that are—well—terribly dense and stale.

At four they brought us afternoon tea, consisting of tea and a couple of little cakes apiece.

All day long we have enjoyed cloud-bursts and when it wasn't drizzling down rain we have been in a cloud—which means a fog or heavy mist that would soak you in two minutes if you went outdoors. (Skip to back of next p.)
After this break
I send them a little love
and wish them a little peace

PEACEFUL HONG KONG.
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.
We have been through slightly exciting times since I wrote to you last. In Manila the second day we met Miss Parish and she went back on the boat for lunch. We had to go ashore again and didn't get back ourselves until about two minutes before the boat left. We had surrendered our passports the day before, and had to get them again before we got aboard. Going up the gangplank just after the last whistle had sounded, we met Miss Parish coming off. She had forgotten all about her passport, and had to go off for it then. We were terribly afraid they weren't going to hold it for her, but they did. We didn't tell her until afterwards that we had to hurry ourselves, and she doesn't know even now what a very narrow escape we had.
I got back to the last place to change cars, I found there would be another car until "about three". The boat sailed at three. Not a vehicle in sight so I started to walk. Dr. Everham didn't leave the boat until after I did and she took a calasha. I had got about halfway there, when a whistle blew. Naturally, I wasn't in my very calmest state of mind just about then. I put down my parasol and began to run in that hot Manila sun.

I heard a shout behind me and
turning, my glad eyes beheld Dr. E. in her rig. She declared that I was moving my parasol wildly in an endeavor to get a hitch on a wagon or cart of some kind that I was ahead. I didn't know there was any cart there!

Well! I'd have had time to walk, I guess, but I was willing to climb in beside Marguerite, you may be sure!

And last night when we came up here, her suitcase and my little black bag couldn't be found. But mine came in the evening, and Dr. E.'s turned up this afternoon. Neither of us wanted to lose either bag or contents — and were somewhat relieved to find them.

It's now seven o'clock. Dr. E. + Miss Parish have to church, but for a combination of weather and physical reasons I am still here in the writing room.
epistolating to my dearly beloved. You know, of course, just about how much I have wondered about you and what you are doing. How you are thinking and feeling just now — and what you may be planning. I was thinking pretty hard about it this morning at ten and eleven o'clock —

I suppose by this time you have already received some of my letters. I mean by the time you get this you will have, and I suppose I will have received that first.
Letter that I'm longing so with all my heart to receive — I start to write every time I don't know how antions I have to hear — and then I think — "They do know — of course, why shouldn't they?"

Tomorrow we go to the police here, to get permission to leave the colony. We also buy our matting and netting. We bought our hats in Manila. Mint was 5.50 pesos = $2.25.

Gold.

Letters reached us here from Miss Fielden, Miss Cudley, Miss Stace, Mrs. Worley, Mr. Leach, and from Mrs. Hildreth of Chaochow. This last tells us that we go to live with them there for the first of our language. I do hope nothing will keep us from getting the Tuesday book.

Dearest Love —

Abbie
Dear Folks—

Our boat the "Har Iam" leaves for Swatow at noon today. I have just a minute now before breakfast until Dr. Everett finishes dressing. Many things I want to say but have very little time.

We have bought our mosquito netting $16.20 (Mex) a bed — but that terrible? for a 20 dollar bed you get $26.50 (Mex) and for American 20 dollars gold piece
Dear Hotel,

Sept 33. — It seems hardly fair to Dr. E. if they didn't tell her to bring gold—As it happened—every cent of my money was gone when I got here except the $10 gold wasn't that lucky? I think Dr. E. had all bills—Poor girl, I don't know just what she will do—

I'm on the boat now—It sails at one—the time is nearly 12 mid—Goodbye until next time.

Abbie—

I'm going to write much but far betwixt. Postage here is 10 cents Mex. which in ordinary times would be 50 gold 1 but now is about 75 c! Love to your neighbors.
Dear Mother:

Three or four scraps have been begun to you but I have decided to begin all over and write it out to you in a more decent, consecutive order. The first scrap was dated the 15th—

A week ago yesterday (Saturday) we went across the bay in a wee sampan boat, and although it was dull and dark when we started when we got to Simto we the sky had cleared so much that the glass was bad for the eyes. We ought to have worn our pith hats and dark glasses. I had a raging headache when I got home—which was cured only after a good sleep and an aspirin tablet. I wore my hat on all occasions since then and hope to be free from headaches—

Sunday morning at church we were introduced to a crowded chapel full of Chinese people and had to make brief speeches. Dr. Evermann was first. Dr. Johnson did the translating. I hardly knew what to say and forgot most of what I had planned, because I was so disturbed by being interrupted at the end of every sentence. The principal thing Dr. Evermann said was that she had wanted for a long time to be here and words failed her to tell how very happy she was to actually be here her first Sabbath in China. I had planned to say something like that and when the words were so taken...
out of my mouth I had a terrible time & knew what I would say. I can't remember anything now except that I said it was a joy to me to know that our father understands my prayers and their prayers, although we can't understand each other. I also said that often, though the words weren't understood, the spirit of the meeting had been felt — or something to that effect — and that I wanted to begin to get acquainted even before I could speak their language — I'm afraid it was rather mixed up — I don't know — I was terrible scared anyway.

After our speeches, the women of the women's school sang "Peace, perfect peace" in Chinese. I could seem to hear the English words right straight through. It was wonderfully touching, somehow, as the other things were all through the service. Their cordiality was so obvious, and so dead in earnest. I suppose after one gets into the routine of work, everything won't be so tremendously reminding of home all the time!

Did you know that everybody who comes to China to live has to have a Chinese name? I didn't until I got here. Mine is Sing Ang Mui. When I learn Chinese characters (!) I'll write them out to you — Sing fen-nie (コンベガ) is what they call me — that is my surname, and means courteous — or — descendant. The rest of it is for Abbie — Mui means beautiful, and Ang means peace. It is one of the regular Chinese names — quite suitable for an "honorable teacher"
of the missionaries here at Swatow. I had been told before that that was what people usually did (the latter) so I thought I'd say something different.

I said something at first about some people at home who wondered what else I would have to do except learn the language. Mr. Robinson had made some remark which had beautifully hit on such a beginning. I said that from my two days' experience I reckoned if they could try it a while for themselves they wouldn't wonder much longer about my leaving nothing to do.

Then I made the point that the mother and father at home who had sent, probably, in the same week—a month at least—the daughter to one end of the earth, and the son to the other, were working bravely in their place at home, and when they sent us out, they had high hopes of what might be accomplished by our going. Both of us were going to fight battles, different materially but with the same purpose. And I expressed the wish that the dreams of my father and mother might come true in my work at South China. Certainly, the beautiful surroundings, helpful and friendly companionship with the missionaries who had given so cordially a welcome, would aid in this.

And reports of the work here point out that the time is a most auspicious one for the working of great things for our Master. I finished by adding that I wanted to stay with Mr. E. that I was very happy and very glad and proud to be here.
and they tell me they Chinese like it.

Well: Conference began Tuesday evening. People had arrived during that day and the day before from the rest of the Naklopo district and from up in the Hakka district. I have been especially delighted to know Mr. Bousfield of Changning, who knows nearly everybody in Maine - from Dr. Whittamore, Dr. Moir, Dr. Owen, Mr. Charles Dunn and Eitel Merriam.

We had a regular picnic finding out new common acquaintances - Mr. Capez, who has been pastor in Ballybunion and Mr. Page, from Rockport, and of course the Tibetans, are with all people, whom I have enjoyed scraping up common interest. It is marvellous, how small the world is, after all.

(April 22) This conference, I suppose is no exception to the rule. I'm not going to write my impressions of all the discussions, arguments, disagreements. I'm going to read it at the Helping Hand. Dr. E. and I are appointed to report to that magazine our "first impressions" - an article, first thing!

Tuesday evening came the welcome to the new missionaries into the conference - Dr. Sibley was very kind in his remarks. In replying, Dr. E. made the point that she had begun already to realize that in order to appreciate the "intelligent ideals, originality etc. of the Chinese" one must really live among them. She had been amazed every day since she came to discover in them traits she had never dreamed. She also said some very nice complimentary things (all true).
well, I was glad to have my part in the conference over, we haven't even been studying this week but have attended Conference right along. The meetings have been irregular in the morning but always from 8 to 4 P.M. At 4 we have adjourned to some home for tea. After that we have played tennis every afternoon but once when I went to Swatow with Miss Leslie Withers, who is just now transferred to Changning. She has been at Canton. She is a nurse, and stayed here at Eastview with us. The girls have known her before. The ones who have played tennis at different times are Mrs. & Mrs. Waters, Mr. Bousfield, Miss Withers, Frank Foster, Dr. Readi, Dr. Mildred as they call her, Miss Aston, & Miss Northeast. Dr. F. does not play.

Yes, even a tennis court! I thought there would be. And instead of the rainy weather of the first week we were here, it has been delightfully springy and summery, but never yet so hot as Manila. And would you believe it? — once day for dinner we had mango ice cream and lemon ice cream! The ice, if you please, is manufactured — not simply in Swatow, but in our own little village of Ta-chieh — on this side of the bay. Isn't that grand?!! ?!!

Conference has met every evening, too, except Friday evening, when we had a Social at Miss Genie's. Frank Foster was Chairman of the Committee — and he and I were his helpers. The evening was pronounced
a grand success - Mrs Fielder & Mrs Withered made
a great hit with their song - dressed as Mrs Abraham Lincoln
Kinks and Miss Kornelia Korn Kinks - we had a few
games - a funny song by Miss Astor - and a reading
by Miss Traver - another song or two by Mr. Cogin -
They had put me down for a solo - I had protested - but
finally gave, without accompaniment - that little song of
Martha Mixers (announcing that I hoped that it wouldn't
bore them by its extreme length)

"Syz - sz - sz - the mosquito is singing, oh hate!"
But he likes to perform in the dark -
He has spectacles made for the night?
So he's able to see, where to bite!

Well remember it, don't you?
We had refreshments & guessing noses - but the
grand climax came with the playing of the game
that I was fearful of suggesting, because I didn't
know how serious-minded missionaries would take
that sort of thing - But the people who were in
the secret thought it would be all right - so we
went ahead - The game is "Barber Shop" - Even
play it? Girls in one room, men in another
All the women know the secret - Man (at a time) is
ushered in & seated in a chair near a "stage entrance"
or open porch door - Blindfolded - He has just time
to give his orders regarding hair cut etc - Girls with
shaves etc all standing around - When a beardless
youth concealed outside stage entrance slips in very
nicely and gives the victim a good sound smack on the lips - (Beardless youth - Frank Foster) - It was even more fun than when we played it with Horla with Charles Dunn determined to be sure he paid back - as fizzy every one there - nearly! Such a performance was not repeated here, but we had just barrels of fun - Mr. Rossfield and one or two others at first laid the blame on me (how could they?) until they saw the next man, The utter shocked-ness and embarrassment of some of them - and their chagrin and great amusement when they saw the trick, coupled with the complete mystification and curiosity of those who were still outside - was enough to make us scream with laughter - It was funniest of all the men when they had seen! Dr. Foster said the next morning that Mr. Foster had waked up laughing about it.

Mr. Whitman preached the conference sermon last night. Let me inform you that it was a very nice quartet that rendered a song just before the sermon - "This year shall be as scarlet -" Soprano - Min Fielder; Alto - Min Sanderson; Tenor Mr. Capen; Bass, Mr. T. Foster - Mr. Capen and I, of course, sang the duet parts - and were afterwards highly complimented (Debut, eh?)

This afternoon Dr. E., Mr. Beach and I have been invited to inspect the seminary - Tomorrow P.M. we are invited to tea at Mrs. M. White's, over in Swallow -
They are English Presbyterians - we have been invited to play tennis over there -

I went to walk with Miss Culley and the girls yesterday afternoon. The girls are such lovable ones and they were so delighted to be able to teach me a few words -

Wait till now - Love to you & Father -

I'm hungry for your letters!

Olive
Swanton - Monday, Apr. 27, 1918

Dear Mother:

Perhaps you think I didn't shout hallelujah Saturday morning when I got your letter? I have been making up my mind to some time not to expect a letter until I got one, but when Miss Fields got a letter last Friday that her sister in Mass. had mailed the 7th of March, I began to prick up my ears - and thinking I didn't mean to expect a letter at all - yet something way in the back of my head reckoned that since 7 + 7 = 14, and since you might be mailing a letter to me about the point esth - that perhaps, in a week or so! So you see I hadn't got to the prickly expectation point - although I was truly fast approaching it - yes, your letter was the first I read - and the first anyway except the Monkey Ward statements that my ideas had been received (which came at the same time as your letter), but didn't receive proper attention, I am afraid until some time later - Perhaps you have been able to read between the lines, so it were, less for to see that I am glad to get your letter.

I think some of the questions in your mind will be answered in my letters between then and now - but I can't be sure - and I'd better say it twice than to leave it out, I suppose.
I needed my heavy coat in Boston, New York & Bloomfield when I got to Washington. I didn't and Mr. Tatum said it would all afternoon, but by five o'clock I was very uncomfortable with it on, so I had a good little break and come up, and in the evening I was glad I have it. All the rest of the way I needed it, even at the last post in Japan - and I wouldn't have shivered so much if I had worn it in Shanghai. The pictures I am enclosing will show that I did not wear it in Manila.

The one of me standing in the stern of the boat by ladder, was taken probably the first week out. The other three were taken all in the same week between Nagasaki and Manila. These are of our own printing, and the brown ones have already begun to fade - little white spots - if they are too faded when you get them, let me know and I'll have some better ones printed. I want to send some of the Manila ones home. (I haven't yet got very good prints from the Kobe one.)

The roads the boshakas are carrying look as though we were moving our household goods about, don't they? And of course we simply appropriated them for the pictures!

My trunks and me got here safe - you should see my big trunk now, though - it has a good deal of iron over it, trimmings, etc., all of which are rather beautiful dark brown! They say I can have it painted, though - but if I have to buy one when I come home, it will be with brass finishings!
I did get steamer letters very nice ones from Helen P.,
Aunt Bertha, and Uncle Geo. (He confessed his mistake and
said he was very sorry about Henry Yeatons not seeing
me. Would it be proper to write a little note to him,
and enclose some interesting snapshot of me? Is he
any relation to me? Is his address just 475th month —
the Hon. or any such title? (title)

It makes me pant to hear you tell about melting
snow for wash water — Helen Fielden says she misses
the snow terribly — We just roared at your account
of the upset — Glad nobody even the empty jar was hurt.
I hope you will get away from Bridgewater without anybody
being killed by the ugly white beast! Tell pan the
next time he takes her out to give her a couple of
good hard whacks from me!

Just the day before your letter came, the March
number of Missions got here — I was very proud to see
your name among the prize winners — and pointed it
out to everybody who came in — and haven't read the
little book yet — it sounds very interesting — You'd better
find out, though, before you send me anything
whether you have to have an old expert license for it
or anything! Maybe you don't have a farm book
I didn't find out a bit more about. Rich Myles
told me all she knows — They think Chao, was
just bullied into it and with his real reason — It's
and thought it must be Mr. Stephenson had a
gun — and Chao was scared as promised —
That's hard to believe, but easier for me to believe than the other, of Chaos.
I told them I thought I shouldn't mention ancestry and I didn't.

This language is most dreadfully discouraging. You just begin to get the faintest glimmer of how a thing goes, then they tell you it's not like that, it means something else, maybe! I've needed more for this than you can imagine. It makes me rather chagrined to find I'm so stupid. You've no idea how positively furious I get with myself to think I can't remember the words. It is perfectly maddening to find you can do so little in the very place where you ought to sail along like a summer breeze.

Of course I hear you say, "you've only studied it two weeks!" Maybe I am too impatient. Well, the others got it somehow, and if I just have to bone it out stupidly, as Arthur would say—why, I suppose that is the thing to try, as only a part of my "pressing toward the mark."

(Tuesday, Apr. 30)

Sunday morning at church, Win Culley translated the sermon for me—word for word—in a whisper.
A fine sermon on prayer. Then the song that they sang was the "Glorious Song." I had heard the regular leader training the boys in school, and they flattered most heartrendingly as I was already to shut my ears as much as possible. But instead, Mr. Copew led the singing of that song and it went off beautifully. So there are two
very pleasant surprises that I had — I hadn't expected, of course, to understand a word of the talk — I congratulated Mr. Capes afterwards on the success of the song — and got him to tell the preacher that I was able to enjoy the sermon very much — by Miss Calley's translating it — He was delighted.

In the afternoon we went to walk with the girls and you may be sure I enjoyed it — He wandered over a big hillside for a while — then settled down on the grass and sang hymns — we in English and the girls in Chinese — It was so quiet and restful.

Yesterday I did my first whole day's work with the teachers — We are studying with her now from quarter of ten to quarter of twelve, from two to four — I was glad to get my little sleep from 1 to 2 — and also glad for the picnic supper we had on our place in the evening — The other foreigner's were invited, meaning Dr. F. Miss Noothcott, Miss Travers and Dr. Leach — also Frank Turner — Sandwiches, salads, ice cream, cake — and they old college songs & war songs —

(Later) Girls' prayer meeting again tonight — Helen Fielden and I stayed afterward, and the girls simply shouted to hear me pronounce some of the Chinese words. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys!
well, this letter should have been sent off Monday morning and won't get there until very much later than I wish, unless I finish it up tonight.

I announced to my family here tonight at dinner that my first name is "Abbie" - they are taking the hint beautifully and you may be sure I like it first rate.

Then after dinner I might hold to tell the house boy all myself (the others listening) "Kau-kau-ai-si-lek-teni" (at nine o'clock I wish both water) - One thing at a time - That is the way I have to learn - I see blessed绷ong boy won't a broad grin as I said it!

Love to you - and tell for that even through this letter is addressed to you - he needn't get jealous, for I love him just the same!

Dutiful Daughter

Abbie
### Travel Account

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Rec.</th>
<th>Exp.</th>
<th>Bal.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash for exp. to Vancouver</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tickets: Bridgewater &amp; Boston</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>11.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- New York to Chi. Pullman 1st.</td>
<td>13.34</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Pullman, Pitts. &amp; Newark</td>
<td>0.75</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Akron, Chicago 2.20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Chic. &amp; St. Paul 2.20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- St. Paul &amp; Vancouver 12.10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>42.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meals</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tips</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luggage, Baggage, Transfer, Excess</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>7.50</td>
<td>6.48</td>
<td>10.52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Cash for Exp. Vancouver to Swatow

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Rec.</th>
<th>Exp.</th>
<th>Bal.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vancouver:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>100.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Bus fares</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Meals</td>
<td>4.45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Tips</td>
<td>0.35</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Hotel</td>
<td>6.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>11.30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Hong Kong to Swatow

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Rec.</th>
<th>Exp.</th>
<th>Bal.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Trans., Hotel, etc</td>
<td>1.65</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hotel</td>
<td>2.195</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tips</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegraph</td>
<td>4.5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Launched</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trunk Storage</td>
<td>0.50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coast Steamer</td>
<td>20.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sampan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>49.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>60.38</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Bal. to return

Do you think this is clear - and full enough?
Mr. Wheeler gave me $75 to get to Vancouver, and $100 to get from Vancouver to Swatow - raised. I tell you what I'll do - I'll send you a copy of my account, as it went to Mr. Wheeler. Then of course my ocean ticket - over 200, and ticket from Chicago to Vancouver and Boston & New York were bought for me already. You'll notice the 11.81 on my bill - which of course father had given to me - but it was a part of the expense, and I'll keep that in mind as a part that I owe Pa. You will be interested to know that my $50 was all gone when I got here - also the 11.81. My ticket from Newark to Columbus, tickets, tips, etc. from Columbus up to Cleveland and out to Willard, where I bought my things west, came to $7.31 - I had to pay 7.10 for storage in Chicago, but it didn't take long to spend money when you buy things in Japan and a chair and bed net in Hong Kong. The chair was $8.10 and the net $16.50 mex - in my $20 gold piece I got $33 mex.reckon how much that means. Then I had a pair of white shoes in Columbus, etc., etc. My draft for $92.29 on outfit money will come in handy for summer vacation, I'm thinking. Our plans are all made for us - and it won't be very expensive. I have sent the draft to Mr. Stafford and am waiting to hear from him as to the money I have left over. $40 of it is in gold - and I shall have to send it by some person. Maybe he will take it out of the draft and let me keep it.