Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Dear Beloved:

Dr. Everham and I have just returned from a week-end visit to Chas-chow-fun, where we were most hospitably entertained by the Hildreths. All the time we were away from here my fingers itched to be writing you about it all, but there was no time for that then. And if you don't get a complete account now, it will be because some of it strange, interesting sights, sounds and smells have been simply crowded out by the myriad other new sights, sounds.

Can I ever tell it all?

Friday night I sent my few necessary extras down to Dr. E's house to be put in the suitcase. We traveled with only the one. Among other things I was putting my raincoat in when I discovered that the rubberized inside part of it was something like the tar on sidewalks in a very hot sun. It scorched my hand at the touch. I don't know just what can be made from it, but at least it is no longer wearable. I borrowed Mrs. Worley's old one, which I have since bargained to buy. It is marvelous, is longer by two inches than my other, and the only objection to it is sleeves big at the top which I can very easily have altered.

Saturday morning at quarter of six, I was just finishing my breakfast, and was preparing...
to start out, in my blue plaid woof dress and white shoes — pith hat, when down came a patter of sudden rain. Black shoes, raincoat, rubber, etc., were in the suitcase, down at the Rest House (name of Dr. E's born). I borrowed a pair of rubbers from Mrs. Worley and managed to get down there between drops. Dr. E had put on white shoes too — and while she and Frank were breakfasting I changed shoes so got out my raincoat. She did likewise later. You see I later stays at the boys dormitory at night and has meals with the Captains. So be avoided bothering them by leaving his breakfast with Dr. E. I forgot to say that he went too, but he came home Sunday night thereby missing the exciting part, so I hardly think about his being there.

It rained most of the time we were on our way. In the little boat, crossing the bay, I read the clipping you sent about the Chinese language. A discussion followed which brought to light some very important points that were omitted by the Chinese gentleman. The gravest doubt lay in the matter of characters being learned without study. Perhaps he, being different from the rest of his kind, did not spend years upon years studying characters when he was a child — but we'd like for him to prove it. Chinese chiefs take the place, in a fashion, of gendarmes in certain
African dialects - where there are some eighteen or twenty genders instead of the English three - etc., etc. But the discussion wherever I have spoken of this clipping, or read it - has waxed warm, and the unanimous consensus of opinion is that the Chinese gentleman who wrote as fervently was able to speak only in the same sort as an American. For instance, one of us, were we expressing merely our feelings as regards the difficulty, from our own point of view, of the English Language as a means of communication. He is telling merely his side of the story, which is one side of that. You see what I mean this little matter kindles? In fact Mr. Hildreth asked me to write you for some extra copies of the Bangor Daily containing that clipping. Well!

We crossed the city in rickshas - in the rain - and left the “Head Station,” Swatow, about 7.30 A.M. Liu Hin - the Rest House House boy - went with us to see to the luggage, and to pay tickets to look out for us generally. T.T.'s boy was with him, too. The train journey took us by rice fields and orange groves, small villages and larger communities - with buffaloes plowing in the fields and men standing waist deep in a flooded field here and there - pulling the weeds and preparing to plant greens, probably - Everywhere mountains in the
distances, means and farther, gave variety to the scenery.

By the time we had reached Chao-Chow—about an hour and a half, it was raining again. Our baggage had to be inspected—which seemed somewhat of an outrage, and there we were taken through the streets of that old city in sedan chairs. I wish I could picture truly to you the newness and strangeness of it all!

Most of the streets we traveled were at the maximum twelve feet wide—and that includes space every under the shop tables, which extended into the street both sides. One might almost have taken a brass dipper or a rice basket from the counter as he went by! Even the food stands, with hot round griddles on which simmered huge smoking fish cakes—were almost in the middle of our path—; it's quite a wonder we didn't knock them over, I think.

Before we knew it, we found ourselves being carried from one part to another of a big bridge affair crossing a wide river. Enormously long whole stone slabs connected small square towers at regular intervals, like this:
Then on the instant, I was suddenly conscious that the men were taking me down some steep, steep stairs. Moreover, they were taking me at an angle of 45° more or less, and I was uncomfortably afraid I might tip out head foremost, at the foot

chairman's heels — the middle part of the bridge, it seems, is a floating affair — a raft like thing which lies flat on the water. I had held my breath as we went down the stairs — but that was not a circumstance to going up on the other side. Can you see me?

When they got me almost to the top — they got weary, and the thing toppled —

than this — I had the suitcase with me, which made the load somewhat heavier. For a moment and a half, when the port man staggered, I had weird dreams of chairman, sedan, suitcase, and foreign lady much frightened, all in a crumpled battered heap at the bottom of these terrible stone steps. But the servant came and pushed too — and the critical moment was over. We had a steep, rough hill and a milder pair of steps after that; before we climbed out at Hildreth's door.

We found Mrs. Hildreth a little sweet, sensitive, brave lady who was intensely glad to see us. She is a Miss Holyoke girl whose cousin, Ruth Sunderland
of Moscova - a class mate - Her name was Lottie Lane (65) She has lost two tiny babies - and will probably be dangerously ill this third time - She died the 23rd of June - or before.

In the afternoon - the sun came out - as Mr. Hildreth took us for a "tit-toi" (walk for pleasure) through the city. - We looked at some wonderful old embroideries, gazed at all the business in the stores on the street, and were gazed at and pointed at in turn by the interested passersby. We visited a big Buddhist temple - with its huge gilded idols, ugly-faced and grinning. I have often read of the depressed feeling missionaries have had in the heathen temples - but I never dreamed I should have the same experience. The absurdity of the thing is what has always struck me - the unreasonable ease in I cannot explain though the dreadful heaviness and dragging of the heart strings that came over me with the realization of what it actually meant. I could have wept for the the pity of it right then and there - these poor, blind, blind ones in their ignorance striving for they know not what! And I have seen nothing of it all yet - everyone tells me -

The stairs were much better to walk over than to ride. - we found - but Sunday morning we were taken across the river in a small boat
To the chapel where the service was held. The people there do not often see foreigners, except the few missionaries (the Hildretts are the only Baptists) so they were accordingly much more interested than in Swatow. But I was not as deeply touched at any time in the morning as I was in the afternoon at the little Sunday school down in the tiny village on the other side of the river. There were two classes of girls and one of boys. The smaller girls were from six to nine, I should judge, and next to these were two young heather women. One of them was a staid looking one, she had not been there before. The other one took her turn at reading with the little girls from the Chinese Bible and could answer as many questions about the lesson they had in Mark as any of them could. She had such a sweet bright shining face. Both of them were somewhat painted and very much powdered, and had the queerest kind of an shaped hairdress - I was amazed to see these grown women coming in with the little children. I shall not forget their faces for many a day.

We had not planned to stay until Tuesday but Monday was to be a gala day and we couldn't make up our minds to miss it. The Hildretts would have been very much hurt and disappointed if in 1914 Mr. Hildrett and some of the other missionaries in Chiao shoufu helped settle a war between some
Northernners and Southerners. In memory of this act a monument had just been erected in the heart of the city, and this was the day of celebration. Monday morning we all gathered roses and helped Mrs. Hildreth arrange them. Then we had an early luncheon and just in time too-we heard the band playing and the drums rolling. Mr. H. stood at the gate, though it was a drizzling rain to welcome them. We watched the procession from the veranda—as it wound in through the trees and around the hills up to the house. Bright banners hanging limply, the undaunted band—then the long line of sedans. Then we went into the living room upstairs just in time to welcome the honorable gentlemen as they came up. They were the important men of the city—scholars, board of trade—the head of the gentry—and in fact the city fathers. It was indeed an event.

Some of them were much interested in us—one gentleman asked Mrs. Hildreth who we were. Some doubted thought we were the other two wives! We bowed to each other—then the men passed out on the veranda where they sat down and were served to tea and fancy cakes. Oh, I forgot the great string of firecrackers that was set off just as the company entered.
Mr. H. is 6 ft 4 in. tall - and he made an imposing figure among all those Chinese men when he appeared in his long prince albert. Just before they went they presented him with a huge red satin banner, edged with lavender satin and red silk fringe spangled and lined with bright pink print such as one had for quilts in America. The satin was beautifully embroidered in big gold characters which meant something like "urgently coming to the rescue in time of distress". His name in Chinese was also embroidered upon it.

The procession seated the others in like manner - the English Presbyterian missionaries, a Chinese Red Cross doctor, and a French priest.

About a half hour after they left our house - we were taken across the river to the Presbyterian missionaries' houses, where sedans were waiting for us.

The ride from there to the monument in the temple square beggars description. The rain was pouring down steadily with the force of a heavy summer shower that often immediately follows a sharp shock of thunder - I was obliged to have a curtain up in front nearly all the way - as I couldn't tell whether I was being taken with the others or not. It's a rather panic feeling that is inspired by the thought that you might be left alone in the midst of a jabbering
Leather city, when you can'tsay enough Chinese
to tell your chairman to stop, even! Ah, me!

Upon arrival we were escorted to a room in
a temple (not where the idols were). There was a
semblance of a white cloth upon a large table in
the center. The men were seated around this
table — the missionaries and most important Chinese
men. We three Ladies were given seats near,
but in the background — after the men were seated.
It seemed so queer! And then we were served
a bowl of hot condensed milk, which we
eat with a white spoon shaped like the one
we've always had on the parlor table at home.
Then tea in the real Chinese cups, with the
little covers — and little sweet crackers.

Although it was still pouring, they wanted
to try a photograph. We didn't wish to be
included in this, so we wandered around on
the outside of the temple square & see what
went on from the opposite side. That taking
of the picture appeared to be the most important
thing of it all. The place was highly decorated
with all sorts of flags, including the English,
American and French, of course.

The ride home was nearly, but not quite
equal to the ride of Saturday, for we crossed
that bridge again! I had fully made up my
rushed to get out and walk, but no one was near enough for me to hail, and I couldn't say a thing to the Chinese, of course! Well, I was nearly as scared as the first time but managed to keep calm and composed until we reached the bottom of Hildreth's Hill; then I did get out and walk up. We were drenched, but quickly dried out. I had taken my little new white apron dress for a change – and that is what I wore to receive the gentlemen and also to take the ride.

The next morning we were taken across to the South Gate again (Presby. min.) and chairs were ready for us. The boat wouldn't go quite up to the shore, so the men brought the chairs out and set them on the boat while we got in. Mrs. Hildreth came alone pig back! He left us at the P. Min. since we had a good servant with us, and had plenty of time to catch our train. We were taken around the outside of the city, this time – Dr. Everham was ahead – and as we went along the narrow winding path, sometimes the top of her chair would completely disappear into a little valley, and I would see it next perhaps disappearing around the turn of a hill. We went through some small village outskirts of the city – It was entirely new
sensation to have curious dark faces peering directly into the chairs, some were toto shouting and pointing gleefully at us, everyone staring us out of countenance!

On the train we were supposed to have a car to ourselves, but about the middle of the journey they crowded our - and were excitedly interested in our knitting - I'd have given my old shoes to know what they said about us!

And when we had been taken in our rickshas around Swatow, and came at last out on the great wide Bund (street facing the water) I caught myself in the middle of a very deep sigh of relief! It was good to feel able to breathe again!

I'm glad to have the list of the boxes' contents. It's rather discouraging to think about their ever getting here, isn't it. I've had a letter since the first one, from Montgomery Ward, stating that they couldn't supply the bed, and spring, and mattress, until they got a new stock from the factory! The canned alcohol they cannot supply at all, but that doesn't matter, I can get alcohol out here.

Arthur's steamer letters were splendid - they included the pictures you spoke of - no, I haven't written to Ethel - I had planned to,
but don't feel that I can while she is going back and forth to Riverside Farm. If she goes away from there for good, I may — Can't tell.

I think I have already told you in some letter that I did arrange for the insurance in Boston, $10 monthly to be sent to you — I felt that was all I could dare to have sent to you for a while — until I get started.

I'm wondering just what kind of letters I did write from Vancouver and Yokohama — I hope none caused you to worry — Your letter seems to indicate that you won't worry, yet there's a hint that I might do something foolish — as any girl might, I suppose. But your fears have been allayed by this time, I hope!

Tell Harvey there is a terrible scarcity of men (single ones) out here — This is just a plain, simple statement "Nothing implied" (as Margaret signed in her letter to A, when she wrote "As 10 derly as B 4")! It must do your hearts good to have his voice in meetings —

Anyone to hear about Pa —

Love

Abbie
Swatow, China,
May 13, 1918

Dear folks,

This is an experiment. Miss Culley has just loaned me a piece of very thin carbon paper, to be used in writing duplicate letters. So Arthur will get exactly the same this time as the home "beloveds" do, and without it taking the ordinary amount of extra time to get the letter off.

I got two letters from home the day I had mailed my last one to Bridgewater; the one dated March 26th and April 1st. You see it took the last one just a little over five weeks to come. I presume that's about as soon as I can usually expect to get mail. But where do ye think I shall hear from that brother of mine?

Before I haven't said anything about the little earthquakes we have been having since I arrived, I don't know just why I didn't, except perhaps that I thought ye might worry. But now I'm sure there is no need of worry, because the shakes seem to be diminishing in force and size. The first one I experienced was when I had been there only a few days. We were at afternoon tea in our living room, and with a queer, rather loud, rumbling sound, one of the girls said, "There's a little
shake for you. I picked up my ears at that, of course, and immediately an appreciable shaking occurred— together with the most tremendous rattling of the doors, windows and shutters. If I had been mildly excited a minute before, you can imagine the sensations when I suddenly found myself half expecting the walls of the house to tumble about my very ears. Because you see, I didn’t know how bad it was going to be. I know it’s very foolish to be frightened the least little bit, for it’s only when you are in a house that you feel those little shocks, they say. But I have always happened to be lying down, or sitting around—in the tower! They have come every four or five days, sometimes often. This morning we had the smallest one I have felt. I didn’t know at first but it was one of the servants walking heavily downstairs. Maybe they are going to stop altogether very soon. Here’s hoping!

Well, well! What a surprise! Just this minute as I was looking over that last home letter, and wondering why no name was signed to it, happened to glance into the envelope, and there beside Harriet Cranick’s letter (which I was indeed glad to get) was another little piece that I
hadn't read. It's almost like getting a new letter, truly. And especially since it contains the reassurance that two of the very dear ones are praying for me every day - I knew they were, but it is comforting beyond words, to be told as in words. And I feel sure the third one does, too. I surely don't forget those three - any day of my life!

I can't believe that you didn't know about the earthquake before I started - I'm surely certain we talked about it the day before I left home - or was it in Newton Center? I can't help wondering what I have said or haven't said about the damage done. One of the two 'Girls' School' buildings was hurt so that it is not in use yet. Repairs are getting along beautifully - that is as well as could be expected when not enough help can be secured to do the work rapidly. Of course it is all too slow out here anyway. The house we are in suffered a few cracks in the wall, but is otherwise safe.

I'm going to put some of the carbon written sheets in each letter. Can you tell them apart?

Very lovingly yours,

Abbie

Mother did you intend to send your love to Miss Parish in this letter? I'm going to write to her, and I'll send it - to Burma!
May 16 —

Just a bit of a postscript, my dears, to tell you that I have led my first prayer meeting in China. It came to be my turn in the list of "inhabitants" alphabetically, and although they gave me the chance of refusing if I really wanted to — and although I did really want to refuse — and hadn't much of anything to say, and was pretty scared still, I'm glad I did it.

I happened to see a little motto on a calendar of Miss Culley's: "Human life is a mission, of which the aim is service, the law sacrifice, and the strength fellowship with God."

My new Bible was a great help in looking up references that show this worked out in the lives of Abraham, Moses, Paul — and also Christ — and some which point the direct way for us. Afraid it wasn't very clearly worked out — but if surely was good material to work on. I'd like to hear you preach a sermon on it.

Dr. Everham and I have mentors twice a week now — Dr. Ashmore Wednesday and Mrs. Waters Friday — to inspect our work, see how we are getting along in the language, criticism, etc. It is very helpful.

Love again —

Abbie
No. 6. this lack of
encore to read — I know he's
getting may have to adopt a wig-
hair to. And this on top and
I'm not the luckiest dog living.
then I don't know why is. Began to get letters from
home — before I had been here three weeks — and have
had them every straight week ever since — and one week
two! Now yesterday I had just made up my mind
that I couldn't get a letter every week this year — and
when the mail was distributed Saturday morning I
was quite resigned to wait another week — But more
mail came in the P.M. and with your letter a
splendid one from you. I must admit — it was
almost too much for me. I had braced myself too hard
in preparing not to get any letter — you never could
explain until you had actually been so far away
and so inaccessible — could you? — How terribly much
tletters mean — They are life — out here where I'm
not busy studying etc.

I forgot to say in my last letter that Dr. Clara
Leach had the news of father's being at Fairfierd as
a candidate before — or rather as soon as I did —
he said very little about it — I don't know what he
may or may not know of course.

I'm very much taken with the service stamp
on the back of your last two letters — Wherever
did you get them? I'veexpérience the last
eone, which happened to have no postmark.
on it, and am going to put it on my next letter to Arthur — and tell him about it. Then — if it sticks on his letter, it will have been halfway around the world — and three quarters of the way around back again, if he has sailed!

Your word concerning my "shares" is most encouraging — don't you think so? Indeed I am very much pleased to hear of Mr. & Mrs. Tenth's share in the work — isn't it a grand scheme — when they have been so prejudiced to just make them give because they get interested? Now pa — don't go and blab that I said that! I am tickled; and if I ever get time — I want to write to Anda — Have it even written to N. T. to Martha M. or Myra & Zn — since I got way to Swallow.

Nearly ten o'clock and I must get my sleep so that I'll be brilliant. I study tomorrow.

May 28 —

Many happy returns of the day —! Here's a big kiss and a pretty big hug for pa, and a medium sized kiss and a great big hug for ma — even if they don't get it until a month late — I realize that even this letter ought to be going to some place other than Bridgewater — but I'm hoping not many of them will have to be remailed.
Oh - I forgot to say that this morning I was much delighted to receive your Apr. 4th letter - I think it's a splendid thing to number the letters, and will try to number mine hereafter - as wish you would. This is the only way we can tell whether old arrive. This Apr. 4th one should be No. 6.

Keenly interested in all doings of pa & the church that you related - as to the Pullman you missed pa --- "Pa - where's your shirt?" --- You don't mind my sending back over the seas to you a very wicked, teasing little grin, do you? Because you must go to sleep in church, you know, and that sometimes applies to times out of church, too! Oh, pa! Were you dreaming of the Pullman "roof" in the berth, when you bump your head every time you sit up --- as you slept peacefully in that dear old Portland station - Put not thy trust in megaphones --- especially when you haven't seen Dr. Centerville Brown for some months - Oh, ym. pa!

Let me say before I forget it that if you haven't sent or tried to send that book on missions "The Why & How" - don't - because I mentioned it out here and Mrs. Worley produced it very soon --- and I have read the most of it this last week.

Weren't you rather shocked and horrified to have such a startling picture of yourself printed...
right in Zion's Advocate? Ole Mother-r-r! "It's lucky those people don't really know me!" I hear you say — isn't it queer that they should put such an one — with so many shortcomings and failings — on such a pedestal? (Pa — don't tell them on her — will you? Let 'em go on gassing as long as they can find anything to say about "Abbie Sanderson's mother." — I need to have my reputation strengthened through the county, you know. Then when I make some bad blunders out here — they won't be so much noticed if they know I'm in strong with the folks at home!"

A little reputation, you know —! Well, Mother dear — I do appreciate the clipping you sent — because I feel that it is just such words that express exactly your feeling — and as I have said before — it's a greater comfort than I can tell — to have things in words out here.

You don't know how I'm hoping that by some hook or crook you were able to get to that Portland meeting — I spoke not — but I know you would have so much enjoyed it — especially the part when your darling daughter was being rolled in taffy — fried in honey drippings — sprinkled with powdered sugar and set on high for the mouth watering audience to lick their chops over — My — must it have been...
"sweet"? If ym were able to go - I know ym heard a splendid program - for almost the whole list are women I know who have something worth while to say - But I suppose ym couldn't go

Letter from Ju says that she is saving money for me and that she expects to write again in about two weeks - She wants me to tell her all about everything - A letter from Eva S. today tells of Dot's letting things go that "we wouldn't have overlooked" or that "we didn't use to overlook" - She likes Dot and doesn't know what she would have done without her since I came away - but "she's not ym", she says.

"There is so much freedom allowed, it will be hard to get someone who will set things right again" - Well it's good to be told that you are missed, anyhow! And Eva says she's going to write again soon - so my pen will have to fly - Another letter from Mabel states that she may come by way of Hong Kong and will wave (!) to me as she goes by - I shall see her if possible - But - she adds says that Ethel Ross may be sent to South China - Alack and alas! Will it be my fate to live in the house or perhaps even room with that dear conscientious girl? Whatever will happen to me if that's the case? - Ah me - and
I won't have any Mabel to trouble over to write to. As E. is so very fond of Ethel, I suppose you received a letter from Mrs. Burlington. Her letter to me yesterday said that she was going to Boston to see me. She told further that if she had any money she would invite him to take her down when I went through. He said, "I'll do it without any money." And when Warren got home and heard about it, he said, "I'll take you down." (That is the way she wrote it.)

But you see my nice letter to Warren forestalled the pleasant meeting. Ah me!

Did I tell you that I wrote the letter I planned to Minnie Rich on the steamer, and mailed it from Yokohama? But as I think of it now, I'm afraid I shall never hear from her, for I spoke rather plainly, though as kindly as I could. That family's members all stick together pretty well—and she may think that I'm "endowed with the gift of sarcasm"! Ah me!

Mabel writes that she may sail any time between August and December—according to when any missionary family comes out to West China. I wonder what missionary family it might be? (Ah, me!)
I meant to add that Warren has enlisted, but has been rejected on account of his defective hearing. I wonder if I ever told you that he was deaf in one ear—always sat on the same side of the streetcar with me—etc. Mrs. B's letter is quaint, as usual—only a little longer, because she was so impressed by my actually coming out here, I suppose—

... You'd never in the wide world guess what I saw yesterday afternoon. An American gunboat was near here—and the sailors boys came ashore to have a game of basket ball with our Academy boys. The Chinese are light, and quicker—much smaller—but haven't great powers of endurance, and some of them got pretty well lagged. The sailors beat (and I couldn't for the life of me help being just a wee bit glad!) but the Chinese boys put up a good fight, and though they were ahead more than half the time, the Navy boys came out at the end with a score of 14—17. It was a close game—and I couldn't help thinking what if some of these were my brother boys? I felt like popping right into their faces and asking them if they knew Arthur Sanderson! But I didn't.

Please tell me how I'm going to write to forty people when it takes a week to write all respects of what I want to say to people.

Very much love—Abbie.
Dearest Folks:

Perhaps I don't wish you could have been here yesterday. A week ago was Mr. Swallow's birthday and while everybody was lovely to her and sent roses and some sweet little presents, I never thought that anything would happen this week—my birthday! But I had another think coming. One of the doctors—Mr. Swallow from the other house—came up about half past five to get me to go to walk with her! Like a greedy little fish I bit hard, and went. She kept saying when I was anxious to get back by six thirty that it was still early, and it was a pity to go in, and all—so it was seven o'clock when we finally got back. But they hadn't begun for some mysterious reason the dinner room door was shut. I noticed. I began to guess there that something was up—but didn't dream of the long table that met my gaze when I went in, with all the young women missionaries of the compound standing around—and a beautiful thing pink and white. May pole in the center. Across the end at the seat of honor was a miniature clothes line, with various...
sized packages strung on it. It said, "At
usual Monday's wash day, and be it wet or
fine, you may find somethings you'll fancy
hanging on this line."
I was almost
too excited to open the packages, but I did
manage somehow— I found a present
from each one—from a sandalwood
fan to a little image with my ji or
Chinese character (the one that they call
run out here), on the bottom, and some
red stamping stuff to use it with. Like this—
Dent that pretty grand? It is pronounced
Sing and the character means grandchild
or courteous.
A Maypole streamer led to each place
and at the end each found a funny
anecdote and some bright conundrum.
At some of the places were tracts—all very
complimentary to the guest of honor and
none too true, I fear—we had a splendid
supper—then went upstairs to listen to
the Victrola and to play games—
I forgot to say that all day long
huge bouquets of roses kept coming.
Beautiful pink and yellow ones—just
like hot house ones for all the world.
I had a wonderful day!
Mrs. Worley, who lives here in the same house with me, wrote this following—what do you think of it?

"May 27, 1918"

A stands for Abbie who has a birthday,
B is her Bonnet, new-fashioned and gay.
Next B is her Brother who's now in the fleet,
I marks his Intent for an admiral's seat.
E stands for the Earthquake news sent over the main,
But it could not our valiant Rou-ni* detain.
E stands for her surname, both Eastern and West,
She'll come when you call her—choose which you like best.
A stands for white Ants and all their Allied
That sometimes attack her and call forth loud cries.
N stands for the Novelty of a new tongue
That's Nasal, and (k) notty yet yields lots of fun.
T stands for the Dirty, Detectable mold
That covers her trunk straps and makes them look old.
E stands for Endeavor and Energy too (through
That through every emergency bears her right
R stands for the Rain which is always at hand
Whenever she goes for a visit inland.
S stands for the Streets with their Smells
Of which this young lady most graphically tells.
O stands for Oracle whispering fame.
From
When the Language examiners hard questions
N stands for her Nature that's happy and gay—
May she here in our midst pass full many a May!
(May 30.)

This is surely proving to be my week—what do you suppose?—Yesterday morning two of the schoolgirls came over with bright red envelopes for each of the three of us—Miss Culley, Miss Fielden and me—Perusal (with the help of my teacher) found the enclosed document to say—"Honorable Teacher"—this evening from 5 to 7—we have washed our cups clean—"we invite you—please"—and more—The graduating class had planned this feast as a surprise for us—I can hardly begin to tell you all the things we had. Taro—a vegetable like sweet potatoes, came first—on one dish in the middle of the table—we reached over and dipped out what we could with our chopsticks. They were very polite and said I got along beautifully with my chopsticks—But I wanted to laugh at myself for actually being able to do it! Then we had lotus seeds in a sweet soup—oysters in a gray gooeey elastic stuff—rice cooked with a sticky gelatine stuff—sweet cakes made of rice flour, gelatine and peanuts—a whole fish, and a whole chicken on the table each with head–feet–tail, wings, fins— and all—I know that sounds funny—but you can separate it for yourself—the fins & feet— I mean! Imagine my amazement (plus!) when I found that my fried egg had the yolk saturated with brown sugar. We had a little fruit, and one kind was hard green
May 27th. 1918.

A stands for Abbie, who has a birthday,
B is her Bonnet, new-fashioned and gay. Next
B is her Brother, who's now in the fleet,
I marks his Intent for an Admiral's seat.
E stands for the Earthquake news sent o'er the main,

But it could not our valiant Kon-nie detain.

S stands for her surname, both Eastern and West,
She'll come when you call her, choose wh. you like best.
A stands for white Ants and all their Allies
That sometimes attack her and call forth loud cries.
N Stands for the Novelty of a new tongue,
That's Nasal and (k)Notty, yet yields lots of fun.
D stands for the Dirty, Detestable mould
That covers her trunk straps and makes them look old.
E stands for Endeavor, and Energy, too,
That through every emergency bears her right through.
R stands for the Rain which is always at hand
Whenever she goes for a visit inland.
S stands for the Streets, with their Sights & their Smells,
Of which this young lady most graphically tells.
O stands for Oracle, whispering fame
When the language examiners hard questions frame.
N stands for her nature, that's happy and gay,
May she here in our midst pass full many a May.
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Dear Mother,

Forgive me for writing a very little letter to you this time. I decided that you'd be about as glad for once to read my letter to someone else as you would to get a long one yourself.

So I'm asking you to mail these two to Mrs. Speed and Mrs. Gammon. Enclose Chinese red cross stamps on them to put on the back of each. The snapshot of the six of us on shipboard is to you - and also one of the kids which I postcarded. If you choose the one with the most water showing, send the other one like it to Mrs. Speed. The primary children group of Eastview people, children of Eastview people, and the robe and chasbrook ribchow, and the robe and chasbrook ribchow postcards to Mrs. Gammon. The others to Mrs. Speed.

In answer to your next letter - from Fairfax, I presume. Much love to you and father.

Yours own daughter,

Celia