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May 1, 1922

Dearest On Earth:

'Tis May Day, and my heart is singing a happy, happy little song. One reason is that I've just had a letter (written Apr. 1) from my beloved mother, telling about her 'Fool's Day snowstorm.' She says nothing whatever about cracked ribs, and I'm hoping they are getting well rapidly. The letter also tells about those lovely birthday spoons, and that makes me happy too.

Today is May Day - and we had a May Basket. Paul Cressy was at a sing at our house last night, and Emily asked him if he was going to hang her a may basket. He asked about the proper time to hang a basket, and then Edith Smith said that if a girl guessed what man sent her a May basket, he must give her a silk dress. This morning before breakfast he thought of some lovely little May baskets around his own horses - with pretty flowers twined with red, white, and blue baby ribbons and a beautiful...
were about friendship. On the back of
the card he promised a silk dress
to whomever guessed the number. Some
of the girls went over and he sent
back word that after looking carefully
through Monkey Wards, the Baptist,
and the Ladies' Home Journal he had
decided that this was ample material
for a dress. He sent each a square
inch of crepe de chine or plaid, or
whatever she wanted! He is a clever
boy—and every nice kid brother to
have on the compound.

Yesterday was enough to make
anyone's heart sing. Out in the open
air, in the big court and on the banks
around the stone baptistry in one of
our little village streets to nine hundred
people, possibly half of them Christians,
were gathered to witness the solemn
rite of baptism. Potted flowers bloomed
around the edge of the basin, and the
picture was completed by the score or so of
baby faces which peered wonderingly into
the blossoms close to the rim of the
pool.

The childish treble of the little girls'
song fluttered afar, but was none the less
tolerable. The music which followed, however, was of the kind we are just beginning to enjoy out here. It is hard, but not impossible, to train Chinese voices; and those of us who know what that means felt our hearts bubbling over when a group of the boys and girls from the high schools sang Stainer's beautiful "Who Are These?" in Chinese. They sang it, bursting forth joyfully with the "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" then on more quietly. "These are they, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb," and softening to subdued tenderness in the closing refrain. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes... all tears... from their eyes... all tears... from their eyes."

After a short sermon by Mr. Waters on the subject of baptism, the candidates came forward; and we had the happiness of seeing fifty-nine young men and boys and women and girls confess before...
their determination to follow Christ as their Lord.

Only one or two of the fifty-nine have even reached middle age; the others have the best part of a lifetime to honor God here in the country that needs him so sorely.

Eight of the number are girls from our own school. One of them sits not three feet away from me as I write (I am giving her an examination in Old Testament History). Ever since she came to us three years ago from an absolutely heathen home we have watched her with the greatest interest and hope. About a month ago, when Dr. Potter was here holding special meetings, Cheng-Eng stood quietly in her place and signified her desire to become a Christian.

Her father is manager of theatrical performances which almost always are given in connection with idol worship, but he is willing it seems, for his motherless little girl to become a Christian. Oh, help us to pray that he
will come soon, in spite of the many difficulties. At the examination of candidates this was one of the questions:

"And you are willing, you dare, for the sake of Jesus, to give up all worldly pleasures such as theaters?"

Her answer rang bravely and clearly:

"I am willing; I dare!" And she will!

There are other reasons why I am happy: we are to have ice cream for supper tonight; Elsie Kittlitz, who was violently ill with indigestion yesterday, is much better; the sewing woman is coming tomorrow and may finish my blue linen dress; I've had my hair washed and it feels good and looks fairly decent. Moreover, I've just had a gift of $25 from the dear woman in Boston, and I'm just generally uplifted.

We have had a cable from home saying that the work on the jubilee buildings does not have to cease; but we may go
ahead, and won't have to be quite so crowded next year as we are now. Oh - I have enough real reasons for being happy as that everything I can think of seems like a reason to be happy.

I guess I'm happy, too, because in about a year and a month or two months at most - I'll be leaving for America. I just can't seem to wait properly and sedately for that time to come. When I catch sight of you, I am sure that I shall jump off the train steps, or turn a summersault or let out a whoop or something equally terrifying, - that will disgrace me forever in the eyes of those who are looking for an old maid missionary!

Enough for now? Well - it's all full of love - chock-a-block.

Yrs Afftei
Swatow, China, May 14, 1922

Dear Ones:

Two weeks again since I have written; what shall I do about it? I am as ashamed each time that I am late in writing as I was the time before but somehow I seem not to get over committing the misdemeanor. I guess I have been discouraged because a mail last week and one again today did not bring me any from you. The steamers are often capricious and probably tomorrow I'll be getting two or three from you. But even if I didn't write to you yesterday I did finish some other letters that I have been at for a long while; they are ones that I am very glad to have done, because they were on my conscience. One was to Cousin Harriet for the basket she sent me and the letter with an American one dollar bill; one was to Mrs. Nellie Sargent thanking her for the American $5 which came to me from the Sargentville C.S. I told her that I was going to use the gift they sent for a liam or bamboo curtain outside my study window to keep out the glare. They are most necessary here, and I am having to get all my own, because this year the Reference Committee did not deem it necessary to give the people who were just moving into a brand new house any house repair funds. Every other house has $75 or $100 and we have not a cent. But you know very well that a house that has never been lived in can often be more expensive than an old one. There are four of these heavy bamboo curtains that I must have at once and have already ordered; there are at least three more that would make my bedroom 200% more comfortable but I can't have them just now. I told them about the headache that I often have and that some of them are due partly to the terrific glare out here in this climate, and said that their gift was to get for me the curtain that is to hang outside my study window, and that Sargentville C.S. would be printed down in one corner of it just as a little reminder to me of their thoughtfulness. (These liams cost from $10 up, Mex., and the $5 will just about buy one. The other letter was to Martha Mixer thanking her for the beautiful Sunshine calendar that she gave me at Xmas, and telling her that I would most certainly be delighted to receive the scrap books she suggested having the little Italian kiddies make and send to me. All three should have been written at least three months ago.

These last weeks I have been trying to get some back papers corrected. I still have charge of recording ranks, and the second monthly exams have taken a good deal of time in spite of the fact that I have my teacher do most of the writing. The last three days of last week I was badly bothered by a headache. A picnic was planned for Saturday afternoon and evening—go to Double Island, have a grand swim and then supper picnic style and moonlight sail back home with a good deal of loitering sprinkled in. By Thursday night my head was so bad that I decided I would not go to the picnic if I could get out of it. I didn't say anything, however until Saturday morning early. By that time I had decided that I would not go anyhow, and I told Emily so too. But then the rain came up and we couldn't go at all. Everybody else had hoped to go and had prepared the food thinking that the rain might let up. We didn't and at 4 o'clock they came around and said that we would have the party on Cowles veranda. Mabelle and Elsie had not been invited and we don't think it was very nice. I suppose I was a piker not to go, but I just felt that if I did go, and then got sick or too tired to do my work, people would have a chance to blame me for going. And I felt too miserable to go, anyway. I think that Emily really knew it was wiser for me to stay at home, yet perhaps thought I was "sorta" mean not to go: I know that Mabelle and Elsie thought I did right. I am glad I stayed, anyhow. Elsie is just getting up fromma two weeks siege of indigestion.

It has fretted her terribly that she has had to miss her work. And now along comes word that she is wanted at Shanghai and Miss Prescott thinks it may be best for her to go there. She was sent here as a trial only, you know, but she understood as did we all, that if things worked out right, if she was happy here, and fitted into the work, and wanted to stay, that she would have the choice herself. She showed me last night the letter that she has written to Miss P. in which she says she is willing to go where the Lord wants her to go, even though it would be a wrench to leave here. I don't know whether I could be so obedient and submissive as that! I don't want her to go, of course!

My chief trouble at the present writing is that I have to lead the
missionary prayer meeting this Wednesday night and truly I haven't a thought in my head. This meeting is always much more of a trial to me than it ought to be. I haven't the proper spirit, I guess!

Well, I must quit and go to school.

Always with love,

[Signature]
For Mother Only
The shoes are size 8 1/2 AAA
No 173.

Swatow, China, May 19, 1922

Dear Ones:

What do you suppose has happened to me? I consider myself one fortunate mortal, I can tell you. Late last night Mrs. Worley sent over a pair of brand new pair of beautiful white buckskin pumps, no, not pumps but laced oxfords, with a perforated pattern on the toes and everything! When I saw what size they were I was quite positive they would not fit me at all, but when I tried them on the second time I decided to keep them until this morning to see whether they were not exactly what I wanted but could not get in Hong Kong. And sure enough, they are. They fit me almost perfectly. They are a wee trifle longer than I need in the toe, but they really look smaller than almost any others of my shoes. And best of all, the white silk lacing that Mother sent out looks just scrumptious in them. My other shoes were almost too shabby for lovely gorgeous silk lacings. And the price is $7.50 gold, which is not to be sneezed at, but still is not as dear as it might be considering the ordinary prices of ordinary shoes these days. And these shoes I consider to be above the ordinary in good looks, - as well as in one other point which I might mention here but think best not to do.

Now dearly beloved, there is one more thing which I have debated in my mind (we are still talking of my new shoes, you understand) and I would like to tell you both but am not sure that I dare be so courageous. You see there are some things which a man’s overgrown sense of humor (distorted sense of humor, perhaps) would better say, cannot discriminate between what makes for delicacy and what turns out to be nothing more than gross ribaldry. Therefore, Mother I have written this other fact on a separate piece of paper and sealed it carefully. So you have this bit of intelligence concerning my elegant new footwear entirely at your own disposal, to do with exactly as you see fit. If you decide to tell Father about it, I will understand that his powers of keeping his mouth shut in public places has developed rapidly in the (salacious—NO NO NO! that is NOT what I started to say!) salubrious circumstance of my absence from home, and that he may now be entrusted with the family’s darkest secrets! And of course I will always respect your judgment in the matter. (Now Father DEAR; here is your opportunity; see whether you really have any persuasive powers left or not. If you can succeed in warming this piece of knowledge away from Mother I will know that you still have some good stuff left in you. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to have the secret missile drop into your lap while mother all unconscious, continues her reading of this first letter; it may even be that you will read the letter first and will be wicked enough to snatch that part of it before she sees it. I am not banking at all on what you will do for I know that man is weak and is prone to fall under sore temptation. However, you must remember that in whatever mischief you cut up there is the dignity of your position to remember and under no circumstance should you make yourself or any member of your illustrious family open to ridicule. Do you SEE?)

Well, I did not get my letter finished last night after all and so as I write these words it is May 20, at nine o’clock in the morning. What were you doing 31 years ago now I wonder? Mother was busy buttoning up rows and rows of buttons, I’ll bet, and Father was racing through every room in the house with a scowl on a couple of inches deep (does that sound right?) searching for the only collar button in the place; that is unless perhaps he had busted the lacing of his brand new shoes; in that case I’m sure the situation was too serious for words, by far—too grave, even, for a scowl. A thing like that has to be endured with nothing short of the utmost fortitude, I know. I have been there myself. That is just the way I am sure I should feel if I were to be married and suddenly should break one of those new white silk lacings!

Well, I’ll not promise to write another letter tomorrow, but I hope I will get a chance to, just to prove to you that I can write sense. I am afraid this one is not quite suitable for MOMS.

With a heart full of love,

[Signature]

P.S. What I started to write this letter for was to ask you to get rubber to fit the shoes I asked for when you get them. And also to send me soon if you can, Feons of Cuticle, Valsun Powder and...
Three bars of Coles soap and three hard prophylactic toothbrushes - just get them whenever it is convenient.
Dearest Ones;

A year older! Emily had such a clever birthday card, but I know no one could truthfully send the sentiments to me! It said, "Another birthday? Well, cheer up—No one would ever guess,—ahem! That you had ever celebrated Moer than seventeen of them"!

I am very sorry not to be able to tell you that the spoons have come. But this morning at church the postman brought me a package slip so I am hoping that it is the one from you. My happiness will be complete, for I had a very happy birthday this year. Marguerite's came last Saturday and Emily and I rose early in the morning and went out on the hillside to catch wild gardenias. We filled one of the pretty baskets that we bought in Hongkong and sent it over to her. Emily's birthday comes on the 24th, and we had Marjorie over for dinner at noon. But on Saturday (yesterday) Emily was invited to take me out from four and not bring me back until 5. When we got back the house was full of people. Everybody on the compound had been invited to help us celebrate our two birthdays. The program of our house was slightly upset and when we went out there were two ice cream freezers going full blast, and Mabel's best china plates were arrayed in big piles on the pantry table. And it was all the more fun because we could not help knowing about it. Mr. Waters of all people told right out that he was coming over to our party, and at least two others that we met did the same. And everybody said such nice things. And we each had a beautiful birthday cake on the right day. I want you to share some of the nice things that some people wrote on their cards when they sent me their presents. I think I appreciate most of all Mabel's (though Emily must not see this) She gave me a copy of the outlines of teaching the Bible. I have used her copy, and her translated notes those last two years in teaching Old Testament History. She got this copy from home and had it interleaved out here. So now I shall write the notes right in the book and have the two all together without having to monopolize here that I have been using all this time. And in the front she wrote "To my dear co-worker Abbie. May this help bring the Neh.9,8 joy in your class."

I love Emily's gift too, but it is a little different. I saw some dark blue serge dress next winter for the girlie. But she advised me not to get them, said it would be extravagant or something. The next day she sent the cook over to buy them. A few days later we were in Swatow again and I looked again for the red beads. I said that if I could find them I would buy them but alas they were not to be seen. So while I was diligently searching in the window for them, Emily was inside telling the man that if he had any more not to sell them to me for she had bought the others for me. I was so disappointed then and so pleased when she gave me the beads that I hope it was a pleasure to her to get them for me. Then she braided them on a black silk cord and finished the string with two black tassels at each end. Mrs. Worley sent me a little silver cross pin, and Marjorie Fleming a half dozen tiny silver salt spoons. We had a regular joke about that as you can see by what she has written on her card. Marguerite sent me a turquoise matrix which will make a handsome little finger ring, and an ivory paper knife. Miss Eollman sent me a white jade pendant with silk cord for the color that is tied into her card. Elsie gave me a huge blue and white vase for flowers and isn't what she wrote perfectly lovely? I just wept when I read it, so I did! I had a handkerchief from Edna Smith, one from Mrs. Zwick, and one each from Lutie Montgomery and Gladys Paul. They are blue, green, rose and white. I had a trecloth from Eileen Beath and a doily from Emid Johnson. I had three yards of pretty white crossbarred damy from Margaret Winn and a little ball of lavender and white variegated tatting cotton. She gave the same to Emily except that hers was blue and white. She thought we would perhaps make muddy blouses just alike but we are going to combine with lavender and blue Chinese linen (dyed it ourselves) and make dresses just alike. Several of our gifts were just alike or nearly so,—jade pendant, handkerchiefs, silver pin, vase, tray and doily, salt spoons,—and we like it ever so much to have things alike too.

We took Mr. and Mrs. Waters and Paul Cressy (he helped take them, I should
say) over to dinner at the Japanese hotel one day last week. The man in
the place took our picture with Paul's Camera. If they come out good I want
to send you one. They seemed to enjoy it ever so much. As many years as
Mrs. Waters has lived here she has never before had Japanese eats. We
went in the middle of the day as Mrs. Waters is afraid to go at night across
the bay, and we all had a regular lark. They and Mrs. Page leave for America
tomorrow if the boat goes to Shanghai them. They go first to Herbert Waters'
graduation from the Shanghai American School. Katherine Groesbeck also
graduates. Then they get the children and go on home. The Waters will be
in Granville and Mrs. Page somewhere in New York, and they do not expect to
got to New England at all. Mr. Page stays on until the academy building is
finished. We shall have to stop work on our big administration building but
we cabled home and it is all right to go on with our W.W.G. dormitory and
we are making plans to do so. The board said that it would be all right to
go on with the big building but we cannot ask Mr. Page to stay on longer than
is absolutely necessary for his furlough is already long over due and he is
in great need of a rest. He will not have time to stay and finish a big
building in the few months that remain before he goes home but he can get
us well along on the smaller building and let the other one wait until he
comes back. The property committee voted the other day to have the finances
of this W.W.G. dormitory go through my hands entirely. I don't see what
they did that for as Miss Culley is more experienced and Emily is much better
at accounts than I ever could think of being. But that is what they did, any
way!

I am enclosing three snapshots of the baptism of which I told you two
or three weeks ago. It gives a little idea of how we looked. I have made
a number of copies of that description and shall send them with the pictures
as soon as I can get around to it.

With lots of love,

[Signature]
FRIENDSHIP'S
GARDEN

Within the garden
of my heart,
Where flowers of
friendship grow,
A sheltered spot
is set apart
For somebody I know;
There are blossoms
of remembrance,
Forget-me-nots so blue,
And purple velvet pansies
To tell my thoughts
of you,
And roses that will
always bloom,
Whatever be the
weather,
Whose fragrance
is the memory
Of days we've spent together.

May the loving Heavenly Father
bless you, dear Abbie, above all else
I can ask or think.
May 27, 1922.

Margaret.
Mrs. Clara H. Sanderson
Fairfax
Vermont
Best Wishes

In the old-fashioned manner,
With friendship true,
We wish much happiness
May come to you.
Dear Abbie:

You have been thought of since early morning and I am wishing you all good things today and for the coming year. May it be a year of health and happiness.

I am sorry not to have your gift made up but will send it over with the hope that you will let me make it for you. Much love to you and always from Melvita S.
For I, the Lord, thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Isa. 41:13

Many Happy Returns of your Birthday.

May this precious promise be to you A beacon bright your whole life through.
Dear dear Ada: It was a very happy day that brought Abbie Sanderson to this world. Those of us who are privileged to love her are thanking our Father again today for her. It is my wish that this day may be multiplied upon times for thus the joy of many will be multiplied.

Much, much love

Eliza
Mrs. R. E. Worley
With deepest love and delightful memories of a birthday at Eastview four years ago.
No 176

Sunday June 11 -

Dear roommate:

All these two weeks have gone by
without my writing you a simple
scribble. Last weekend Emily
and I went over to Chaoyang to
look at the house where we are to stay
this summer - we wanted to see how
many tables and chairs will have to
be taken and how many beds and cupboards
and washtubs; for the house is supposed
to be an empty one. He found two
food safes, two beds, a wardrobe, two
dish cupboards - and one clothes rack
which, with the addition of a kitchen
table and a dining table (the stoves are
all set in the kitchen) will make a very
good start. We are arranging to have
the house scrubbed and one of the
wells cleaned out before we get there.
School closes two weeks from last Friday and all of us will be glad. Mabelle hasn't been well at all and things worry her even more than they did before she went on furlough. I think.

Ellie has been sick and now they are wanting her to go to Shanghai but none of us want her to and she doesn't want to herself. I think E and I shall go to Chaoyang in less than two weeks after school closes. We'll wait and see when Helen Poe, the girl who graduates from Pinghing gets here and how many things need to be talked over with her.

A day before yesterday was Miss Solomon's birthday and we all went for a sail, swim and picnic supper to Double Island. It was just great.
Mrs. Cowles was managing the party and she asked several of the community men. Gladys Aston and Marion Brown were down for the party and so there were several couples. They stayed and came home later but our boat with the old maid missionaries came home first.

Then yesterday morning Emily and I were "shot" for the plague—that is, we were inoculated with serum as a preventive of plague, which is raging in many inland places. That is the reason that I am not writing on the typewriter today. My arm is as sore as the dickens and I don't want to joggle it any more than is necessary— I'm sore already from the first
Swim of the screen—and the "shot" made my headache. I had a wretched night—no sleep—and some fever. I've loafed all day and I'm going to do it some more now. This business of being "punched" is pretty much of a bore, I'll say—but then I'd much rather write briefly myself to tell you about this than to have some body else write that I had had the plague!

Yours with love

P.S. I never did get that Alumna so I don't know which letter of mine was printed—I searched this one for it. I was rewarded by two others—Gladys Paul Sanderson et al. I had already send me the picture of C.F. H
Dear Ones:

Such a long time since I have written to you! I have not been exactly idle in the meantime, though. On Thursday of last week we had graduation exercises in the chapel, and 50 girls and women received diplomas. We had the regular marching and address that accompanies any graduation, then beginning with the kindergarten and ending with the kindergarten normal class of the women's school, each graduating class received diplomas and then sang its graduating song. We went through in a remarkably short time and it is such a relief to have all of them out of the way at the same time. Misses Sollman, Culley and Miller, the principals of the different departments, sat on the platform and delivered the several charges to the graduates. Emily dreaded hers so just as I did the first year (second year too!) and she did beautifully too. (I don't mean that I did beautifully.)

I didn't have much to do with the graduating exercises this year. The graduating song of our girls class was from Handel's Largo, and I played the violin obbligato on the organ with one finger! Elsie played the real accompaniments all of them on the baby organ. I can't tell you what a relief it was not to go inside the chapel to see any rehearsing. I did take some of the other work off from Madelle's shoulders. The getting together of all the grades and the counting up of the averages has always been one of the hardest tasks at graduation time. Before Madelle went home I helped every term with that part of the work and while she was at home I introduced a new card system which I have found most helpful. So this June I continued with that part of the work and was able to get ever rank copied and every grade counted and every report card written (140 girls in school) without M.'s having to help a speck. Emily helped a good deal and Elia some. Then Emily has charge of taking in all the tuitions and so these two big items have been practically out of Madelle's way. In spite of that she is almost too tired to keep up, and has been sick once or twice during the term. I am hoping she will get a good rest this summer. She is planning to stay here all alone in the house and she can have things pretty much her own way.

Friday morning Emily and I started off about five o'clock in the morning, took our beds and food and went by a little boat and local steam launch to Phau Thai, where one of our graduated teaches a girls' school. We had my teacher Hui-pi Che and Sok Long, one of our high school girls along and we got the most of the examining of the little primary school done in the morning. Then they invited us to eat with them and they gave us about the most delicious Chinese food I have ever tasted in all my life. I ate a good deal more than I ought to, I know, but when a taste for their fish balls, mushrooms and shrimps, livers and gizzards, tripe, kidneys, chicken, duck, birds nest, shark fins, spicy vinegars and salty soy sauces has once been acquired, nothing else in the world tastes so good as the most of the things at a Chinese feast. They had some gray weird looking octopus affairs which I could not make myself try, but I suppose even they would have been good if I had had enough courage!

The boy was thankful that he didn't have to get our dinner, I guess, for he had made the very bad blunder of forgetting our bed poles and leaving them on the little steamer. He was most disconsolate all day. Of course he knew that they were worth a good bit of money, and besides he had to go out and cut bamboo poles to string our beds on. I spent a terrible night because my bed was so humped down in the middle and...
about a foot too short for me. When we came back on the steamer we found that the bed poles had been found by a friend of his and given to the captain, who is a relative of one of our teachers. So while we haven't actually got them back yet, we know they are safe and we don't have to hustle round and get new ones made before we go to Chaoyang next week.

Well, we finished our exam in the B.W. and then gave each child a tiny doll. Some of the dolls were broken but the kiddies were pleased with them and it was a treat to see the agony in their faces as some of them came up and couldn't make up their minds which to choose.

We ordered a boat to come for us the next morning at 6.30. It came at 7.30! So we had them take us to the steamer (steamer is what I tried to write!) and went on down to the next stop. There we found that there was no possibility of getting in to Nam leng (across the river and nearly two miles to walk) and back again in time for the afternoon launch to Swatow. But we got a small boat and were taken across the river (and downstream, a row off an hour and a half). It was the hottest day yet, and we got to Nam leng at 11 A.M., so you can imagine whether we felt very cool when we arrived! We asked them to boil some water for us to drink and they brought us cold tea which is supposed to be delicious. It tasted as though it were made out of incense and cascara and then I thought theyx would never bring us anything to take the taste of it out of our mouths. I'll bet we drank three bottles full between us. We got the examining done there and while we were eating rice and string beans a downpour of rain came. It was really our salvation for although it made the paths too muddy to be good walking, yet we walked back to the boat under a cloud. We left Chi kung, the landing place at 2 P.M. and arrived at home about 5.30. The girls had planned a trip to a double island for a swim, but we had had enough of little sail boats and were too tired almost to sit up and eat our suppers.

A few days ago the masseline house round Robin letter came and I want to tell you a paragraph from Mr. Henderson's letter. You will not wonder that she is an inspiration to every one with whom she comes in contact, and that when girls out in Burma get all run down they send her to Mrs. Henderson for a few weeks to get her on the right track again.

"We were talking of God's power to restore our souls just as He does our bodies through rest and refreshment, and about those times when we were cornered, as it were, absolutely thrown upon His mercy or guidance and when the stress was over and He had acted beyond even our highest hopes, we felt so refreshed and restored to greater courage and confidence in Him. Let us take that for our comfort this year--"He restoreth my soul." It will keep us expectant as we look to Him for the wisdom and victory over all that would hinder us in our determination to follow Him closely and keep us from getting nervous breakdowns, because the burden rests upon Him, after all, and He wants it to do so."

With a heart full of love to each of you,
June 1922

Country trips
Lost bed poles

Mrs. Henderson's letter
Dear Ones:

Such along time since I have written to you! I have not been exactly idle in the meantime, though. On Thursday of this last week we had graduation exercises in the chapel, and 50 girls and women received diplomas. We had the regular march and address that accompanies any graduation, then beginning with the kindergarten and ending with the kindergarten normal class of the women's school, each graduating class received diplomas and then sang its graduating song. We weren't through in a remarkably short time and it is such a relief to have all of them out of the way at the same time. Misses Solman, Culley and Miller, the principals of the different departments, sat on the platform and delivered the several charges to the graduates. Emily dreaded hers so—just as I did the first year (second year too!) and she did beautifully. (I don't mean that I did beautifully.)

I didn't have much to do with the graduating exercises this year. The graduating song of our girls class was from Handel's Largo, and I played the violin obbligato on the organ with one finger! Elsie played the real accompaniments all of them on the baby organ. I can't tell you what a relief it was not to go inside the chapel to see any rehearsing. I did take some of the other work off from Mabelle's shoulders. The getting together of all the grades and the counting up of the averages has always been one of the hardest tasks at graduation time. Before Mabelle went home I helped every term with that part of the work and while she was at home I introduced a new card system which I have found most helpful. So this June I continued with that part of the work and was able to get every rank copied and every grade counted and every report card written (150 girls in school) without M.'s having to help a speck. Emily helped a good deal and Elsie some. Then Emily has charge of taking in all the tuitions and so these two big items have been practically out of Mabelle's way. In spite of that she is almost too tired to keep up, and has been sick once or twice during the term. I am hoping she will get a good rest this summer. She is planning to stay here all alone in the house and she can have things pretty much her own way.

Friday morning Emily and I started off about five o'clock in the morning, took our beds and food and went by a little boat and local steam launch to Pnau Snaí, where one of our graduated teaches a girls' school. We had my teacher Hui-pi Che and two long, one of our high school girls along and we got the most of the examining of the little primary school done in the morning. Then they invited us to eat with them and they gave us about the most delicious Chinese food I ever tasted in all my life. I ate a good deal more than I ought to know, but when a taste for their fish balls, mushrooms and shrimps, livers and gizzards, tripe, kidneys, chicken, duck, birds nest, sharks fins, spicy vinegars and salty soi sauces has once been acquired, nothing else in the world tastes so good as the most of the things at a Chinese feast. They had some gray weird looking octopus affairs which I could not make myself try, but I suppose even they would have been good if I had had enough courage.

The boy was thankful that he didn't have to get our dinner, I guess, for he had made the very bad blunder of forgetting our bed poles and leaving them on the little steamer. He was most disconsolate all day. Of course he knew that they were worth a good bit of money, and besides he had to go out and cut bamboo poles to string our beds on. I spent a terrible night because my bed was so humped down in the middle and
about a foot too short for me. When we came back on the steamer we
found that the bed poles had been found by a friend of his and given to
the captain, who is a relative of one of our teachers. So while we haven't
actually got them back yet, we know they are safe and we don't have to
hustle round and get new ones made before we go to Chayyang next week.

Well, we finished our exam in the B.M. and then gave each child
a tiny doll. Some of the dolls were broken but the kiddies were pleased
with them and it was a treat to see the agony in their faces as some of
them came up and couldn't make up their minds which to choose.

We ordered a boat to come for us the next morning at 5.30. It came
at 7.30! So we had them take us to the steamboat (what I tried to
write!) and went on down to the next stop. There we found that
there was no possibility of getting in to Nam leng (across the river
and nearly two miles to walk) and back again in time for the afternoon
launch to Swatow. But we got a small boat and were taken across the
river, and downstream, a row of an hour and a half. It was the hottest
day yet, and we got to Nam leng at 11 A.M. so you can imagine whether
we felt very cool when we arrived! We asked them to boil some water
for us to drink and they brought us cold tea which is supposed to be
delicious. It tasted as though it were made out of incense and cascara
and then I thought they would never bring us anything to take the taste
of it out of our mouths. I'll bet we drank three kettles full between
us. We got the examining done there and while we were eating rice and
string beans a downpour of rain came. It was really our salvation
for although it made the paths too muddy to be good walking, yet we
walked back to the boat under a cloud. We left Chi kung, the landing
place at 2 P.M. and arrived at home about 5.30. The girls had planned
a trip to double island for a swim, but we had had enough of little
sailboats and were too tired almost to sit up and eat our supper.

A few days ago the Hasseiltine House Round Robin letter came and I
want to tell you a paragraph from Mrs. Henderson's letter. You will
not wonder that she is an inspiration to every one with whom she comes
in contact, and that when girls out in Burma get all run down they send
her to Mrs. Henderson for a few weeks to get her on the right track again.

"We were talking of God's power to restore our souls just as He
does our bodies through rest and refreshment, and about those times when
we were cornered, as it were, absolutely thrown upon His mercy for guid-
ance and when the stress was over and He had acted beyond even our
highest hopes, we felt so refreshed and restored to greater courage and
confidence in Him. Let us take that for our comfort this year- "He
restor eth my soul". It will keep us expectant as we look to Him for the
wisdom and victory over all that would hinder us, in our determination
to follow Him closely, and keep us from getting nervous breakdowns,
because the burden rests upon Him, after all, and He wants it to do so."

With a heart full of love to each of you,

[Signature]
No 177. Swatow China
Feb 7 July 2, 1922

Dear Quo-

Can you possibly tell me why in the world I started to write "Feb" instead of July? I think of one reason— and that is, that I'm not yet awake— for it is 6 o'clock in the morning.

We got our things started off to Chaoyang early tomorrow A.M. and most of my things are ready now. The boatmen were very anxious to come (Sunday) this P.M. to get the things but of course we vetoed that.

We take our pianos— sewing machine— 2 or three tables— 8 or 10 chairs— folding beds— typewriter (all tied up)

Then we take two steamer trunks— all kitchen utensils— maids— bath tub—
and eight or ten or more big baskets — clothes — letters — books —
all the things we want to use —
and the belongings of Hui pi chi
my teacher, Mai how the boy —
Mai chi his sister who washed for
Emily and, Boi mae chi who washed
for me. (These two women will do
the washing for Louise Campbell —
Miss Withcott as well as for
Emily and me.

Our "cow" goes over tomorrow —
driven over from here. We don't
hire it, but just take the milk.
The milk that is given — I'm
going to get fat!

We'll have a regular family where
we all get there. There will be
a cookie — and the cow boy — Miss
Withcott is planning to take a Tihian
her cook. The same who cooked for
the three of us up at Hulian. Until
the cows! In two weeks sure — we
may get some marvelous cooking.
don't care. Mai now of ours - I guess we'll stay along.
For mine she is taking her little boy for his health - and Mrs.
Northcot is taking a Woman school girl for the same reason.
It's lucky the house is a big one.
I'm thinking -
Now what I started to say is this - that for the various
unpaid belongings we are taking.
The moving is an item of expense.
Don't you think so? The boat
will take all one day and
perhaps part of two - and things
are carried at each end of the
trip - by these two or three boatmen.
The affair in entirety will cost
$5.00 Mex - which means that
if E. and I pay it all - it will
be 2.50 Mex apiece or about 1.50
gold! And Mrs. Chamberlain (did
I tell you about them?) threw up
her hands in holy horror at the
thought of taking a piano!!!
away on one's vacation! She and
her husband were here a few
weeks ago & she had heaped &
say about the extravagance of
missionaries, up at Kitang
where they are so crowded that
some of them have no rooms to
themselves she thought it was
"just fine" — and "why, some
folks preferred to sleep on the
porch!" — And she couldn't
see why the houses had to be
so huge — and the verandas
so wide! I wish she had
been here these last three nights.
We have had to walk the
verandas — fanning — to get
a breath of air — and there
has been precious little sleep
In any of us — This is perhaps the coolest hour on the compound, too —
we had omelet and cold meat, vegetables, salad, ice cream when they were here — and it was "such an elaborate supper!"
She "couldn't begin to think of eating it all!"
We had the omelet extra because Dr. Chamberlain had been having diarrhoea —
You see he is on the committee for field expenditures — and she is helping him to be and mail to pin everybody down on why he or she spends this or that —
The supper was not as simple as we often have — but they were guests and I should think anyone would want to give them guests a little better than
I couldn't help being hoppin' mad at the criticisms that were made — you see we think $1.50 was not a terrible terrible thing for summer vacation money. It would hardly cost less than that to leave the piano at home!

I was clearing up some things yesterday. I read an old clipping which said that Miss Dorothy Shaw & Rev. C. T. W. — were united in marriage by Rev. Carey W. Chamber of Beverly, Mass. ! (!) I didn't know that when they were here — I guess it's just as well.

And what do you think? She reminds me all the time of Mrs. Whittemore!
I can't tell you what I've done this week for it seems that I have accomplished so very little. I have been reckoning accounts—writing school records—gradually getting my things cleaned up and packed.

Yesterday we had a short trip to Double Island left here about 4.30—went down for a swim—right back—had supper in the moonlight on the boat as we sailed back. We got here just after 8.

Our boatload of things goes tomorrow but we shall probably wait until Tuesday A. M. Else and Miss Skillman go on Tuesday & Kulang I may be ready but this last week I sent you a dozen Chinese grasscloth tea napkins—
a dozen linen ones - and a runner - also 50 worth of
tailoring in 3 sample packages -
Duty goes up after the 1st
of July - I didn't know which
may would be more - I so wait
until I know where you are -
I be later on - and then send
or to send now - with hopes
of getting it to you before you
leave -

Lots of love

Oberie
Changchun -
Schant, China
July 9, 1922

Dearest:

You don't know how much of my
time nowadays is spent thinking about
you and wondering what you are doing and
how you are getting along and all. I am
wondering all along whether you are still
in Fairfax or whether you are in Sutton.
Of course I know that you will be in the
new place before you get this letter of
mine, but that doesn't help me about my
knowing where this very minute! And I
am hoping that the moving will not be as
hard as it sometimes is. I have one
comforting thought and that is that it
is easier to move in the warm weather than
in zero temperature. Am I right?

I just happened to think that I'd
perhaps better look again at the very
welcome letters I received from you but
which were read in a great hurry when they
came yesterday, because a messenger brought
them from Swatow and notes had to be writ
ten and sent back so he could catch the
next boat. So re-reading your letter
tells me the fact that I had overlooked
before, that you were to go to Sutton
the first of July, so I know that you are
doubtless already there. Don't I wish
I could peek in on you and see how things
are panning out?

Here is something not to be published
in Missions. If you are without a bath
room and have a "little house way out wods
send to Monkey Ward's and get an odorless
commode and then be independent of the
despised little house! The reason for
my advice if that Emily and I have the
loan of Elsie's aforesaid and are finding
it most satisfactory. The ones that we use in our bathrooms in Swatow are larger and a little more comfortable to sit on but they are not nearly as odorless. We are getting to like this one very much. (You see that in spite of the heading—which was done from habit—we are over here in Chaoyang and beginning to get well rested already.)

So you will not get the last things I sent—although you will not get them direct, so I am planning to sit down and wait until I hear that they have been re-mailed to you. I hope you will like the piece I sent for Ruby,—and if you have already sent her something else never mind but just keep it and use it for something else. Those occasions are always coming up. Or if you'd like send it along to her anyway.

I don't know just what Emily's operation is, but it has something to do with a growth in one of her ovaries. She says now that she is going to stick it out if she can and she thinks she can. I don't know about it except that she has a much better chance of sticking it out than as the she thought she could not! So she may stay on and not come home when I do next spring.

I suppose you have by now my letters saying that next year at this time I hope I may be within a few weeks of you. I think about it all the time and I am torn between anxiety to get home and the terror that comes to me when I think of the talks I'll be expected to make anywhere and everywhere at a minute's notice. And when I think of these or any other phases of my coming home I get so excited that I am no good for anything at all. Have you kept the most of my letters? I am beginning now to hope that you have for per-
happens I could cul from their voluminous pages some items for a speech that will be heard by people who have never heard the letter. Moreover, I suppose there are a good many things that I shall forget, or have forgotten. For although I have written down some things, there are a good many that I have not. Well, suppose it is small good to sit here now and worry about the speeches I shall have to make a year and a half from now! Don't count on me for too many sermons, Dad!

I had a letter yesterday from R.E.P. and I laughed when I saw what she had done and I can't blame her in the least. She enclosed a money order for the tatting I sent her in a white envelope, sealed it, but in another envelope and addressed it to me. Her last communication to me before this one was very brief, and said that she didn't have any heart to write long painstaking letters when she knew that there was slim likelihood of her getting any answer at all. You see I have sent the things that she asked for pretty well, but simply have not had time to write letters to her any more than I have had time to write to the eighty odd other people who are at the present time awaiting my replies to their letters! Well, I shall write to her as soon as I can possibly get time.

Last Monday morning at about 9 a.m. the boatman came to get our things. Not all the men in So. China are such little runts as the books would have you think. Since the house we have come to is empty we have had to bring everything that we want to use. Since we want to rest, we have brought as many comforts as we could. And since among my rest and good times I am planning to get a good bit of work done, I brought along two important helpers, sewing machine and typewriter. I think I told you last week that Emily brought her piano. Well! All of this
is a sort of introduction to the second sentence in this paragraph. Four men carried the piano down to the boat landing from our house, and over a mile at this end. And I wish you could have seen a young giant (The Young One, they call him) stride off with a pole across his shoulders, swinging my heavy "Noiseless! at one end and my "Singer" at the other for all the world as though they were a pair of down pillows!

We came ourselves the next day, and that rare boy of ours who can be depended upon pretty generally to make a mess of things has surprised us by cooking astonishingly good meals ever since we have been here. I have a good appetite and although I am rather thin I expect that I shall fill out pretty soon when we begin to have some more of those good picnics with the Groesbecks. I was weighed the day before we left. 117 isn't terribly obese for one of my stature is it? But I am not nearly as run down as I was two years ago when they packed me off to Kuliang. And I have not the responsibility to look forward to and dread that I had then. And in one year more I shall have a respite.

I want to get two more done today if I can, so by-by for now.

Always your loving daughter,

[Signature]
No 179

Chaoyang, China, July 19, 1922

Dearest Ones:

Over a week since I have written, and we are this much nearer the end of the summer. On Wednesday a big wind came up and in the night we were driven from our little corner when we had been sleeping on the veranda. The sweep of the wind took our net right out from under us and tossing off into space. Of course the ropes held it but we were soaking wet before we got it untied and taken into the house. Then we had to fix up our beds inside and it was some time before we got settled down again. The wind kept up and when we were at dinner the next day we suddenly felt the whole house shake with the fury of a specially strong gale. I looked out just in time to see the bamboo mat which we are using for a screen torn right off its moorings on the veranda beams and blown away. When the storm had passed we went out to see what had become of our screen. We looked some time before we discovered it, away over the fence in back of the house beyond the garden. So we stayed in the house to sleep again that night.

On Friday the girls, Louise Campbell and Fannie Northcott, arrived. Mrs. Groesbeck thought that Tracy and Katherine were coming that day too and was nearly frantic when they didn't get here. The Groesbecks went to Shanghai to E.'s graduation and the kids stopped at Foochow to visit some schoolmates on the way down. Mrs. told them they must be home by the 10th and then planned a big party to Cape Cod on the 22nd 15th, and invited the American Consul and his wife. Everybody got here but the children, even the Schnares (consul and wife) and still not a letter from them or a word of any kind. Mrs. Groesbeck was just about frantic, as you may imagine. But that night at supper a letter came from Katherine saying that she had been sick with a kind of mountain fever and would have to wait several more days before the doctors there would hear all to her leaving for home. Well I doubt if Mrs. Groesbeck realized even that it was a relief to hear, for of course she was worried to have E. sick and away from home. But I am sure it was a relief and the day of the party she was beautifully cheerful and we had a wonderful time. The consul is wild about "Cape Cod" and began to talk about the next time before we got home even. And we are to have another trip there next week I mean this Saturday, to celebrate Dr. Groesbeck's birthday which comes on Sunday. The Schnars will not be here this time so that means we'll have still another trip later on. Can't have too many to suit me.

The Groesbeck children came yesterday and everybody is happy now. Mrs. G. was pitifully anxious and worried before they got here, and just about at the end of her rope.

This house of ours is what you might call inhabited just now. We have 15 or 16 at morning worship every morning. Doesn't that sound like a retinue? But there are the two women who wash and sew, and a young girl whom Fannie is teaching to work for her, Groote, the teacher and her little boy, my woman's little boy; the cook, the cookie and the cookie's little boy who sometimes helps him. Then there is our houseboy and Louise's and one of the girls in the nurse's class who is resting here for two weeks. Then sometimes the old man (Methuselah, they call him) who tends the Groesbeck's cow, comes in and joins us instead of going over to the other house. And there are four of us. That makes 17, doesn't it?

It is pretty hot here in the middle of the day but there has been a breeze nearly every night which is refreshing enough to keep up our spirits. Oh, I do hope that by this time next year I shall be with you! I suppose I really can't hope to get home as soon as that but I would just love to. I haven't a map here in the house and I forgot to look up Sutton before I left Kachinch. When I am over at the G.'s some time I will look it up. I think considering the time of year that I shall take the northern route across Canada and that will get me home. I am not the cookie's little boy who sometimes helps him. Then there is our houseboy and Louise's and one of the girls in the nurse's class who is resting here for two weeks. Then sometimes the old man (Methuselah, they call him) who tends the Groesbeck's cow, comes in and joins us instead of going over to the other house. And there are four of us. That makes 17, doesn't it?

Emily asked her mother to send her two gingham dresses, and to send one to give us—Isn't she the limit? So she sent a blue and a pink and a green, the green—
fit me and needs simply a little changing at the
neck - he saw one just like it in the National
Catalogue for $4 but the tag on this one says
$8.50 - I'd have 7 6 + a $5 but I think they
are a bit more stylish - I couldn't wear either
of them this, on account of the low neck -
I'm spending some of my time studying, and
some writing - and some dressmaking - I am
enjoying that part of the summer's occupation very
very much. It is always a delight and a relaxation
for me to pore over dress patterns and figure out
ways of piecing together my material. The thing I
now occupied with just now is a gray silk -
I got three yards of checked silk some time ago
and decided to make a silk skirt. I have decided to keep
it to make a skirt - and decided not to frown on
it till next fall. I got some silk in Swanton I
this fall. I got a fine enough match it and if I can get some time and have
noodles I shall put the edge of tunic in the sleeve. I have around the
edge of tunic for the belt. I have
neck and string or tassels on the belt. I have
it cut out and the body + sleeves basted together.
I want to put this O.M. if I can get -
(underneath) this O.M. if I can get -
I have a hard
pretty gray hat which I bought some
Mrs. Page had had it given to her by Miss Morehead
time ago -
I paid $1.50 for it. And I think it may
and I think it may
go with it all right - I hope so -
if I got R. Grosebeck to get me some linen
at Soochow - $1.50 + 1/60 for ten yards (15 in wide)
shoof to a dress in each place. I got gray, brown
+ yellow - but I'll have more to say about that
later.

Love

Debbie
White blouse with collar, near a Jubilo button holes, sleeve binding, plain gregars.

Back of collar:

Blue & white shepherd plaid - patent leather belt - white pique collars.

Cuffs vest - button holes - black program - ribbon tied.

Collar & cuff bias binding of the plaid of the gingham. They are all very pretty.
gray silk

cost about 9.00 gold
gray silk

cost about $9.00 gold
Dear Ones:

Again the week has gone around before I have written my letter to you. I am certainly disgusted with myself to find that I don’t get any more done each day. I made up my mind this morning to write ten letters today. But alas it is 11 A.M. already and this is only the beginning of the fourth. Two of the other three were business letters and the third one a short note to one of the young school teachers. I am the limit when it comes to getting work done at any time, but especially in vacation time.

I am getting ready to teach a course in Child study this fall, and am trying to translate the outline of the course that I want to use. I have to translate about 56 pages and I have succeeded in finishing two-thirds of one page thus far! Don’t you think I am a whiz, really?!

And I really do not dare to think of the letters that I must write. Let me see, how many more days are there in July? But I can’t really count that way, for when a picnic is planned I am going to the picnic whether I get any studying done or not! I can’t go to “Cape Cod” every day in the year and when I do get a chance in vacation time I am not going to miss it. Last Saturday we had another one, and this time everybody was happy because the children were at home. Dr. Greenbeek’s birthday was on Sunday and we were invited over there for Sunday night dinner. Katheréne was suddenly taken sick again with mountain fever which appears to be a form of malaria, and of course we were a little sober at the party on account of that. Two days later we were all much concerned. Miss Northcott the nurse had been called back to attend someone in Swatow, and Katheréne was over here running a temperature of 105 and a half. But the fever broke that night about midnight and the next day she was all right. We were glad we had sent for Fannié, though, for there was no need for her to be called to Swatow, and she needed the rest over here.

Yesterday Emily and I took a vacation from studying and sewed on the dresses that Margaret Winn gave us for our birthdays. I guess I told you that I am making mine with lavender and E. is making hers with green. She had a green celluloid and silver novelty belt and then dyed some linen to match. I had no belt but got some purple mother of pearl buttons in Swatow and put nine in a row across the front of a very narrow lavender belt. I think it will do very well. We are making scallops for the hem of sleeves and dress and E. drew them, and they are very pretty. I am a little better at the sewing part of it than she is. The Chinese are so distressingly frank about some things that I was afraid they would make some remark about my sewing better than she did. Sure enough her woman said it this morning but fortunately E. did not hear and she took her woman aside & lectured her for speaking plainly enough to hurt peoples feelings! So the worst she did after that was to take out the neck binding which E. had done and do it over again. She did say the word careless yesterday but E. did not get it, and so I thought I had better be on the lookout.

I received the hymnbooks day before yesterday — and the
Priscillas & Alumnae; also the letter telling about the shoes.
Yes indeed the shoes you got before were fine. The only trouble
with them is that they are worn out! I got a pair of
shoes at the National for 3.98 that are punk. They
squeak and they don’t fit — and I hate ’em — I got
them because they were cheap but I never will try
it again — when I go to Swatow I’ll hunt for the baby
dresses — I got your letter with the check in it —
Many thanks. Don’t it splendid of
the Woodburn people & respond so willingly as soon. I hope I'll have spoken enough to write to them this afternoon - and also to Mr. Jefferson.

It is surely relieved to get his check even though it's 6 months late - & I'd be wrote a letter?

Love

Cathie
Had you liked em?
Dearest,

How happy I was this morning to get a letter from Fairfax just as I was starting out for church. There was one from Gladys Edimer too, and one from a friend of Ruth Sperry's who has bought a lot of taffeta from me, and a card from Ruth Page, who was just getting into San Francisco and also the Ricker Aquilo. I wanted to read them but refrained, leaving them all at home. I had a feast when I did get here though. Your letter told me by the postmark that you were still in F. I think that summer Christmas tree is the finest idea—and aren't the things splendid? I wonder how much you are to blame for it? Of course I know that the desire of the things was most wisely guided by your list. I am thrilled to think that such nice things are coming for me! It will certainly be a solution of our Christmas problem this year.

Your letter asked about the price of Ruby's present. I think it was about $4.60 less which means about $2.00 gold at the present rate of exchange.

Well! We have been enjoying a most exciting time this week end. Last Sunday was Dr. Grosebeck's birthday and this week it is Emily's. We are all invited there to dinner again tonight. So another "Cape Cod" party was planned for yesterday, and the Sohnare's and Mr. Atkin (who is one of the young men we got to know last summer—he is a builder) were invited for the week-end. Thursday and Friday the weather looked pretty bad and there were typhoon signals all the week but we hoped against hope. Mr. Lewis and his two boys were invited too! (I wrote you didn't I of Mrs. Lewis' tragic death, leaving him with seven children? He is back in Swatow, and his two boys are with him on vacation from the Shanghai American School) Friday night they all came in spite of threatening weather.

In the middle of the night Emily and I were awakened by a terrific gust of wind and rain which pretty well soaked us before we could get ourselves and our bedding in off the veranda. We got our army cots up from downstairs and were about to settle ourselves on them when the storm became a calm and we went back, beds and bedding to the veranda, where we were not disturbed again.

We rose at six and saw that there was no hope of the trip, so back we went to bed again. But about 7:30 Dr. Grosebeck shouted over to know whether we couldn't go after all. The sun was out and the sky almost clear. We hustled up to fix our salad and they went to call the boats. Finally when we were all ready, the man came back and said there was a contrary tide and wind and the boatman would not go. So we gave up in despair and went swimming in the lagoon. Such a muddy place you've never seen in your life,cosmically over my head in an extent of perhaps forty or fifty acres. But the water is salt and, although it is usually tepid enough to be enervating, yesterday morning an account of the wind and the rains was fairly cool. There were clouds in the sky so that we felt safe in wearing only our bathing caps. (Our heads! — we were quizzed on the rest of our bodies!)

It was nearly twelve when we got dressed from the swim. The air was clear and our lunch was all packed so we took it and went about three miles to the monastery where we had a picnic supper the night last fall when they sent me over here to recover my balance! Such a picnic dinner! Chicken, and rice with lots of chicken gravy; salad of mashed potatoes, peas, and hard boiled eggs with mayonnaise dressing; Parker House rolls made by Mrs. Grosebeck herself; pickles, olives, jam, coffee or lemonade and for dessert a fruit salad made of pomelo (something like grapefruit), pineapple, liches and bananas with mayonnaise or without. We ate and ate! Then after dinner we all sat and lay around and heard Mrs. Grosebeck read Joseph Lincoln's Reziah Cofin before we started home we had some delicious fudge which Mrs. Schanare brought. Once during the reading such a black cloud came that we all stopped to look at it; before we were on our feet almost, the shower came—a typical mountain downpour. We finished our reading in the room that we had used to cook the rice! Oh, I almost forgot the delicious mountain spring water that did not have to be boiled. There are so many cows and graves and rice fields in this part of the country that we never dare drink the water just as it comes from the wells.
We started home about 5, and had come two thirds or more of the way when the drops began to come. We had prepared for rain and so we didn't care how wet we got. That was fortunate, for shortly I had good reason to make the truthful if slightly irrelevant statement that I felt as though a baptism had been used on me! After I said I was afraid that Mr. Lewis would be shocked but I don't believe he was after all. Truly, I was just that scoping! Just all swishy and baptismal-roby-y! It is the only thing I could think of. I enjoyed it too, but was glad to get home and get the christening robes off.

This morning we went to Church and then we had the Schnares and Mr. Atkins here for luncheon. I am keeping house just now and this is what we gave them. Vegetable soup, Cold canned salmon, mashed potatoes, creamed onions, the salmon was garnished with ripe olives, a wee salad of a few lima beans on a saucer, with French dressing we made; for dessert chocolate pudding with meringue, molasses drop cakes, after dinner coffee. Do you think that sounds like a fit luncheon for the American consul and his wife? But truly I don't think of them as high mucky mucks any more. We have got to know them do much better on these two picnics over here that they seem just like plain folks. She is a Pennsylvania girl and taught in the Shanghai American school. His home in America is in Washington. They have been married three years, and she is thirty-two. We like them a lot, much better than the Meyers,- perhaps because we know them better.

Louise's boy is green as grass, and worse than our boy in some ways. He made a hit by serving Mrs. Schnare to bamboo shoots himself instead of letting her do it, and then he passed the onions to Emily on the tray from the end of the table right past Mrs. Schnare's nose instead of at the middle of the table where she was sitting. But we managed pretty well in spite of such little difficulties.

I resemble to think of how worn out you got with that packing. I know how hard it must be to get to a new place when you are too tired to think properly or act sensible! But even with all the turmoil I couldn't help thinking yesterday as Mrs. S. told about some of her experiences that you would think it harder still to have whole rooms full of packing boxes and a whole crew of Chinese packers who could be trusted to swipe everything they got a chance to than you would to do it all yourself! I hope you got some kind of a rest before you went to Sutton, Mother.

The Aquilo tells of the death of Mrs. Blaine Lincoln, nee Venus Niles but doesn't say the cause. It also speaks of the arrival of a son, Thaddeus Carroll, jr. to Millie Scott Berry and T. Carroll Berry. They are Blessed children, both of them and I think I'll have to send my best congratulations!

With a heart full of love,

[Signature]
Mother dear! 

I think it is the third of August and I am under the impression that I am still in Changyang but from my surroundings outlook and from the phone calls that have been made I would not dare be sure of anything! 

We have been since last night about 10 o'clock in the teeth of the worst typhoon that has been heard of for many years - That is stretching a little bit but the "teeth" were passed sometime this morning and we have been able to get out and look around a bit. 

The Goocheks have been here twenty-five years and they have never seen anything anywhere near this. 

Dr. Goochek went away Monday night for a trip up into the Umgung region. They have heard since that he missed his boat Tuesday 11 M. and had to travel overland. That news is a great comfort for any number of the coast launches have been smashed to bits; we have a part of a red cabin with time framed windows on it.
yard now — the Tuesday boat would not have reached Longboat Key before last night, probably.

To continue:

Last night about 9, we were around the pian and Mary Egg and I were having a fine time singing such things as "Libass from the sweet smelling East", "O Sole Mio", Dutch Lullaby, etc. There was a high wind then, and Mary and Tracey decided they had better not stay too late at home. Our beds were made in the living room, in typhon signals were set, and there was no chance of our being able to keep in our beds out on the verandas. We closed nearly all of the shutters and windows, and tried to close the rest of them as the storm got worse. Then we lay in bed and waited, while the house shook and trembled and stopped. Then started violently again, as though it were being torn from the foundation. I think it was not long after midnight that the storm shifted suddenly, and our west window flew in, with the crash and fall of glass and the most ghastly shriek of wind as it whistled into the
House. From the first had come sounds of leaves, beams, and tiles falling. We saw our two mats
swimming up earlier in the night. We took our bedding and went down stairs, to find that things would
soon be copping in the room; there,
dragging our cots out there onto the walkway, we fished them up and got the Chinese women and
children settled with us. We
thought the storm was abating and
that we might get a nap — but
another shift in the wind, and
we were up on our feet to close the front door which was at the
point of breaking open and giving the rain and wind free entrance.
The cook came to help us — and
we traced what door in our house
or so, until the water began to
rush in at the door cracks in
knee-high surrils. Emily said to me —
Abbie — that is the ocean — just
then one of the Chinese women was
stuck with the same idea apparently.
If she leaned over she tasted it, it was salt.
In the meantime, before the shift.
Jeanne, we had been getting our thanks, boxes, etc. out of our room into the hall. When the sea began to rush in upon us we got the things up as high on tables, etc. as we could, then rushed up stairs and into Jeanne's room. Sonice had long since been driven in there, her shutters had blown completely off, and her window broken in, and the ceiling was dropping a heavy rainfall all over the room.

The Chinese women were badly scared, as we all were — but they were very brave and helped each other and us theretically. One thing that puzzled and frightened us all was a rolling and rumbling of huge stepping balls rolling — we couldn't tell the direction of this sound, whether it was above or below or behind. We thought it must be another or our first earthquake, and the Chinese thought the earthquake had come. When we got upstairs we found Jeanne and Sonice practically holding their doors as we had held the one downstairs. It was a matter of some moment to keep the storm out of that room, for, with the exception of a tiny room under the kitchen, it was the only remaining room.
in this whole house where we could keep anything near dry. Even it leaked in spots! The cook came up and helped brace the door, we all took turns and were all degrees of being tired before we left. After we thought we could hold it no longer, a little respite world came, which generally preceded that a freer gale that the others was coming.

Straining every muscle to hold that door, one of the women pushed it by mistake on the glass and pushed and the blast came rushing into that was almost the limit— but Emily stuffed the first pillow she could find into the hole—and it held. We tried several ways, finally nailed the door shut in several places—that saved the day—and we all drooped down to get what rest we could the remaining two hours before dawn.

At five o'clock we were able to come into Louise's room and look out towards the front, never in my life can I forget that sight. The 8 or 10 foot compound wall was perfectly hidden, and the only thing visible was a wall of sea.
which appeared to be rolling into our front yard as fast as ever it could. Talk about surf — and breakers; there they were, on our front door step! I don’t believe you can imagine the thrill of horror and yet of fascination that gripped me as I stood watching that surge of water rushing towards us! In reality it was much lower than it had been in the night, but the impression was that of an irresistible onrush which could be devouring us at any moment.

As we looked, we saw one reason why the water had seemed so high. The well had blown down and the breakers’ waves broke upon it, and dashed the spray even up into our faces — the Proctor’s home had vanished, stripped of roofs and their tall date palms, custard apple trees and others, were bent over almost to the ground.

We went downstairs rather fearful of what we might find; but the water had not come much higher than when we left it evidently, and most of our things were high and dry.
my two hats were O.K., but Emily's
were both soaked - and my
shoes were all dripping. In the
night I had tramped around in
my moccasins (though how many years
day?) and they were still slippery.
I borrowed a pair from Fanny, and
have worn them until they are dripping.
We were very fortunate not to
have our kitchen and pantry disturbed
and we wanted to have the
Crocebecks over that as they said
afterwards they were "shy". They
came over at noon, and we
had a pretty good dinner - thanks
to the store we got a week or so
ago from Shanghai.

Ah! the Crocebecks had real
experiences: water waist, deep in
all of their lower floors; huge beauty
of a China closet cracked to the
floor and broke many of the dishes;
kitchen and servants quarters quite
demolished and not a thing left in
the pantry. No sugar, flour, eggs,
over charcoal. Their front
yard is a variety shop: typhoid fare,
sauce pans, masks of boats, jars of
I picked some of them unbroken. Bushels of figs, cherries, and almost everything you can think of or can't. Their rooms upstairs leaked a little but not anything in comparison with ours. We dared not sit in the dining room this morning for fear the cocked plastering mud fall on us so we ate in the pantry.

Our lower veranda is all gone; not a plank left and very few cross beams. And our upstairs veranda is ripped in some good many places. The veranda roof is entirely off that is except the frame and we have a large hole through it the sky in our living room.

Our back yard is piled high with the veranda blanks and beams which explains the pounding of the tents last night. The water simply tore the veranda loose and knocked it to pieces!

The chapel here which was used for a hospital has only a part of the walls standing. A huge fishing boat was washed
a shock and the shock of its prow split the whole building and
brought the roof down. At least two patients were buried under the
debis, but of course they were drowned before they had time to suffer. As
we walked along the shore
one man said to us: "A-ha! You
God didn't behave very well last
night did he?" The whole thing
is a sorry plight — and oh — how we
with Grosbeak would get back!

Early this morning our boat took
in
the sole survivor of six boatmen, and
later helped get ashore three men who
were clinging to planks. The
cook we have hired for the summer
had his family in a tiny house about
six feet square and six feet high
and of course that was blown
down. They went to the chapel, but
when disaster overtook them there
they went to the school. All of
them, they and six children escaped
but one little girl whose body
was found later.

We are most thankful that
our little family is all here and
we are very anxious to hear from Skatow.
The launches have been destroyed, and we have not yet had any authentic word.

Friday, Aug 5

...and comes from Mr. Page in Swatow that the Americans are all alive, but some Chinese have been killed in Swatow. City over a thousand have been killed, and that is probably not a complete report. The compound is a wreck, as far as roofs are concerned. We have sent word to Nable today, and shall wait most impatiently. Is how about our horse, the school, etc.

Enid Johnson and a visiting friend were at Double Island, and Mr. Page writes that they had a dreadful experience—buried under the house, from which they were dug out by Mrs. Atkins and others. A village just east from here was knocked flat.
Thoughts a bit before I can do this.

We are in the dirtiest mess I ever saw — and it is no use to clean up, because it keeps on raining by spells — and the rooms that are open to the sky are unprotected. He can't get the carpenter yet.

Fannie cannot get any chairs, so take her on a boat, and she is nearly wild about the hospital. She will probably go this P.M. even if she has a walk.

Of course we can't hear for some time about the people at the island stations and at Toshkent and Tashkent.

Aug. 7.

I'm enclosing a copy of a more careful account that I have "composed" with the help of this letter, to send to other folks. It tells some things that this letter omits — and in part, of course — love, love — and mine love.

Abbie
Changyang
Swatow, China, Aug. 16, 1922

Dearest Mother mine!

I have been back to Kakchieh at last, and I surely do feel better about staying here a while longer now. I am sending you a set of the pictures taken by the local photographer of our once lovely compound. Perhaps you can compare them with other pictures of Kakchieh that I have sent you. Our house is not shown because it was not as badly damaged as the others.

But the reason that I feel so much better satisfied is that I have seen Mabelle and talked with her, and I know that there is not anything I can do there to help just now. They have no lime and cannot yet tell when they will have any. Then if they have only a few workmen there will be no need of my going to help immediately, for it takes only one person to look after one set of workmen in one place. Emily and I went home on Monday, taking chairs part of the way and a small boat the rest of the way.

We found Mabelle very tired and I see no reason why she would not be tired. They all say that the first day after the typhoon she was a marvel of strength and endurance, but at daylight getting people dug out of their fallen houses and finding places for them to stay temporarily. We didn't have that sort of thing here, for the Chinese here are more independent and people were taken care of before we could safely get out of this house here.

But I think Mabelle is more tired now because she has been having other people around. Enid alone is enough to wear anyone's nerves to a frazzle, and since the typhoon she has been especially nervous herself, and she had had a guest who used to be her co-worker in San Francisco there visiting her. The visiting lady was very nice, Mabelle said, but Enid was not even the help that she might have been if she had tried. We found out too, that if Enid had not lost her head and been crazy frightened, she would not have had the terrible out of door experience in the storm at Double Island. They were nearly washed into the sea because she insisted on going to the next house when they had rooms in their house that were perfectly good and fairly dry!

Our things in wardrobes and bookcases, and zinc-lined boxes especially were not even damp. I had papers and new notebooks and baskets up attic, and those were soaked when the roof blew off. My mattress was wet but Mabelle had had it sunned and the only thing to be done was the sorting of a mass of papers that had been stored in my corner of the attic. The were mixed with broken tile and window boards and glass, but it was not a great task. Most of the things were Missions, Friscillas, old music that Peggy had left, and very little that was of great value. A few things I was able to save, but the
most were papers that I should have held on to as long as they were
good, but since they got so mussy, I am now almost glad to be rid of
them!

We told Mabelle that we would come back whenever she wanted us,
and she said that she would not send for us until she really needed us.
Emily was lovely about it all and I am just sure that it made Mabelle's
heart glad to have things so.

Enid is now planning to go to Thai long, and I do hope she will
go, for then Mabelle can get a little rest. I am afraid that if E.
stays with Mabelle, that M. will be a wreck by the time school begins.
We urged her to go! We found afterwards that she had thought it would
be nice if we would invite her over here, but that would never do in
the wide, wide world!

So Emily and I came back when we had planned to, the very next
day (yesterday) and I feel a lot rested already, in spite of the fact
that we walked all the way from the boat last night, because there
were no chairs to be had at that late date. I am relieved, because
I feel certain that Mabelle does not need us nor even want us just now.
She wants us to get rested. Then if it is necessary for her to take
a week or so out of the term to go somewhere, we will both be in better
condition to help out while she is gone.

I found your letters of July 12 and 16 here waiting for me when
I got back. I am glad to know that you are in the new place at last
and hope that things will work out better than they gave promise of
doing when you first arrived. Maybe it will be that Dad's reforms
in this church will not be the introduction of duplex envelopes or
making the church over into a "missionary church" but that he will
build sidewalks throughout the village and make a real town of it.
Who knows? I am exceedingly interested in the matter of the janitor.
You will have found out by now whether there are any sech critter or
not, and if not, I'll warrant that some pertinent suggestions have
already been "broadcasted" from the station of "minister's wife".

Of course you know by this time that I sent you two sets of tea
napkins, one on linen and the other on Chinese grass cloth. I haven't
my book here but I remember that each set was a little under $5.00.
If you haven't got them by now I bet the Fairfax Postmaster has snitched 'em!
I'll have to wait now for drawwork until I get back to Swatow.
Everything has doubled and tripled in price since the typhoon, and I
may have to pay much bigger prices now than formerly.

I had a letter from Martha Mixer yesterday. She had been appointed
a home missionary and though she loves the job (supervisor and teacher
in a settlement school) yet she hates the title "missionary". Can
you conceive of that? I know I am not worthy at all, but I am prouder
of that title "missionary" than I am of anything else except perhaps of
the fact that I am the daughter of a minister. How could she say such
a thing!

Always and always your own and only.
Dear Ones:

Seven o’clock of a Monday morning and on my vacation, too! Can you beat that, I would like to inquire? Moreover, I am all up and dressed, after a warm lather and a cold sponge, teeth cleaned and hair combed. I have also skimmed yesterday morning’s milk for breakfast. And the other two in this house are still loafing in bed. I went upstairs a minute ago to get my glasses and I found Emily asleep with the sun pouring in on her. She must have been cooked. After I had closed the shutter she winked a sleepy eye up at me in gratitude and went back to her slumbers.

I am sure you are wondering by this time how it is that I was able to beat these others to it this fair morning. I am not always so prompt. The cook went to Swatow to do some shopping early this morning. My earliest waking thought was that we are almost out of coffee and I had forgotten to tell him. I am reasonably sure that he will not know enough to get it unless he is told. So up got I and calling into my kimono on the way, went out to the kitchen only to find that he had been gone hours! So we shall have to go without coffee for a little. I am sure it will be good for us to go without. Of course this is vacation and it is hard, hard, to be robbed of one’s coffee or vacation! I don’t drink it except on special occasions, but if vacation is not a special occasion every day, then what is, may I ask?

Now this is but leading up to the main question. Having been sadly frustrated in one of my well meant little plans to begin this work-a-day week well, I thought I would try another, viz., writing a letter to you. Since I did not do that yesterday, I see no reason why writing a letter to you would not be an excellent way to begin the day. Hum!

On Friday we had another picnic to Cape Cod, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Groesbeck had sworn she would not go. She had quite all of the hateful old sea that she could possibly stand, and she did not intend to go picnicking to it, much less bathing in it, for a while yet. But when she found that the children wanted very much to go and that they were even willing to go with us and without her, she decided to try it, and we had a splendid time. It was dreadfully hot, though, and we were not good for much the next day.

I am willing for the heat to stop any time now. I am getting enough of it this year to last me next year and the year after it too. It is hotter this year than it has been since the first summer I was out here. That year was pretty bad, I thought, but I went to Thal long early in July and stayed until late in September. So this is worse than any heat I have known. We should not be able to stand it if I am sure if it were not for the breeze that comes up about twice a day. We sit and swelter as we write or read or try to study, and when we get almost to the giving-up point, perhaps the merest tinge of cool in the air will give us courage to keep on until there really is a little vestige of a breeze. As my recent letters testify, the breezes are sometimes worth more of the name wind. For two days after the typhoon, it was so comfortably cool that we didn’t once think whether it was hot or cool. But then the heat came back.

I wonder if those two are never going to get up. The breakfast bell rang some time ago and I am beginning to feel ‘kinder holler like’, Father. Oh, yes, here comes Emily now. And Jinx after her. That means I still have a goodly number of minutes in which to finish my letter. Maybe I can read a book, too. You see I am in an invulnerable position in my washed, combed dressed, up-early state, and feel that can be as sarcastic as I want to.

Yesterday I sent typhoon letters to Uncle George for him to pass around to Aunt Cassie, Uncle Homer, Ruth Peterson, Besale Pierce, and to E.B. Mower. The first and last of these was each a revised copy that I made with care on my Noiseless. The others were copies that W.U.T.SU made for me, and they had more mistakes than my own first copy. But they saved me a lot of time. I sent Dr. Mower a copy of the letter about the baptism, too, and told him frankly that some people were wondering why they did not hear from me in print, but said I was not at all sure that either of these letters were anything he could use in the Messenger, but they might be of interest to him and to Mrs. Mower. Could I have used any more modest method in putting myself forward, I wonder?
I must do another page of my Child study today, I want too to write a little note and send the typhoon letter to Uncle Arthur. I must write a letter of information to those in charge of the domestic science courses at Peking, and write about ten other letters. I should LIKE to write about eighty letters but Father would not approve of my doing so much in one day, I know. Have you to understand that is the sole reason why I don't do it.

This is what I must do. But doubtless when I get the Child Study done I shall be ready for a nap that will last until I am too hot to lie down any longer and so my list of "musts" won't have to be revised but will do all right for tomorrow. One thing. I certainly have got some nonsense out of my head into this letter. I shall be better off when it is sent, and I hope it won't have very serious effects on you when you receive it. It is merely the heat, that's all, so don't worry!

With more love than I can tell,

Your own

Abbie
Dear Mother,

I'm just going to begin this letter now. I'm getting ready to begin the letter you wrote me on the 27th of August, 1922. I was surprised to read that you were interested in my and that you were going to write a letter to me instead of a card. If you have not received a letter from Clara, I hope you will write to her. I have not heard from her lately. If you have not received a letter from Clara, I hope you will write to her. I have not heard from her lately.

With love,

[Signature]

Aug 27, 1922
like to read it. It surely will tell you some things about her and I said I knew you would not only enjoy reading it but would appreciate her letting you read it? Let it be read?

I'm also enclosing an extra copy about the lyphor. I would love to have Annie Cranska Hill see it - but I have a strange reserve about writing to any of the Cranaks - almost as though my writing to them would suggest their giving me something. Do you understand what I mean? Maybe you will feel the same way that I do - and if so, don't try to send it to her. But send it if you feel like it. It?

I wanted to tell Mrs. Clark that I was pleased and proud to read the name Abbie (not Miss Sanderson) four times in her letter to me; but I didn't quite have the nerve! I'd love to have her always call me that. I find I haven't such a "raft" of letters after all. I have decided that it will be a better letter if I wait and finish it when my mind is fresher. It is not an easy thing to do - and. I'm ready with trying.

Letters enclosed are as follows:

To Miss Florence M. Cooke, 615 Broad St., Meriden, Conn.

picture of girls singing (with "Just Give" if you have it)

Mrs. John Clark, 74 Front St., Exeter, N. H.

typhon letter, baptism letter, cash, 11 pictures

Mrs. Clara Bost, East Hardwick, Ct.

typhon letter, 1 picture, Emily's letter + 2 pictures (will send to you later)
Mrs. M. K. Gammon - Easton, Me.

Typhoon - 1 picture

Mrs. Ada A. Brigham, Bennington, VT.

Typhoon - 1 picture, enclosures to New Haven & Waterbury.

This isn't much of a letter to you, but you'll have enough to do without having to read a great lot from me.

We are planning one more grand old Cape Cod picnic next Saturday, then the following week we pack in home ourselves. Despite of the typhoon, we have had a splendid summer. I have had exceptionally few headaches, and feel a lot rested.

I wonder if you have sent me a plan of the new house yet? I haven't received any, and it always helps so much to get you placed in my mind's eye.

With a heart full of love to both of you,

Ebbie.
Swatow, China
Aug. 25, 1922

Dear Uncle Arthur:

Your letter this morning brought me a great deal of happiness. I have wanted to write to you for several weeks, and now I have an incentive to do it immediately.

I wonder if the papers have told you about the great Swatow typhoon? I have been resting this summer in Chaoyang, the nearest inland station to Swatow. This is why my account of the typhoon omits many of the ghastly, lurid details I am sending you.

It will take a long time and to pay for thousands of dollars.
our mission property alone.

We are still very much shaken up about it; but we foreigners are the fortunate ones. The heartache is in seeing the desolation of many Chinese who are homeless, motherless, fatherless, childless, or perhaps even friendless. Wealthy Chinese all over the country are generously sending relief. An epidemic of the deadly plague was feared because of the dreadful conditions in Swallow city. But we hope that may yet help come in time and this calamity will probably be averted. Of the expense of our own repairs we have not dared to think; this year the Mission Society is in such financial straits that extra drain will be very hard.

Most certainly I am planning to see you when I come home to
America. I wrote to Uncle Cyrus some time ago, saying that I hoped it would be possible for me to sail on a steamer direct to Seattle when I go home on furlough in June or July, 1923. I do want so much to see you!

Mother was terribly disappointed to be sick at the time of your reunion, but the visit with you all was worth a great deal to her. Perhaps one reason why you have a warm spot in my heart is that I know you have a high opinion of that blessed mother of mine, and that alone would be sufficient to give you a warm spot in my heart!

There are not many days more before school begins. I have been preparing some of my work in Chinese. I anticipate with no little dread – the teaching of a simplified course in Child Study, to be given to girls
many of whom will never have opportunity to study higher than grammar school. I am a novice in the Chinese language, and my training along this line is nil, but I am taking the plunge, anyway!

I am glad you heard Miss Withers speak, and wish you might have had a talk with her. She is a good friend of mine and I am sorry, indeed, that circumstances made it impossible for her to return to the field.

I am sending a few pictures with explanation written on the back of each.

Always with love,

Your affectionate niece.

Abbie P. Sanderson