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Swalow, Ohio  
Sept. 6, 1922

Mother dear,

Before seven in the morning and I am up and out at the breakfast table using the time until the others come to begin this letter to you. Here home again and it is good to be here.

We came yesterday morning, with a few suitcases - but the big things have not come yet. Mrs. Juesbeck had us over to breakfast as it was easier on us and easier on the boy to get things packed ahead of time. One boat went through the canal and all the way over right up to the door. The other one waited not far from the steam launch landing and we
took chance as far as that. We had a little fruit etc. on the way but were ready for Sui Kim's good dinner when we got here about one o'clock. The boat with the things got here last night but the tide was not right so that they could bring them up—so they had to wait until today. I fear we shall have to pay a bigger price on that account, for today is the big feast on the 15th of their 7th month—and every one of the boatmen wants to go home.

On Sunday I tried to get the rest of my typhoon letters ready to send but it was too hard work and I couldn't get it finished. I'm sending some of them though and pictures to go with them snappi
in with each letter. In Mrs. Clark's letter I have put three pictures and if you will keep one of the better ones and send her a bathing one and the blurred one of Jims and me I'll send you one of all later when I get them printed. I'm also sending you some new typhoon and vacation pictures.

Evening:

Haven't had a chance all day to write any more, so I'm going to write a little before I go to bed. I've done nothing all day but talk with Mabelle and Emily. Mabelle is on the verge of a nervous breakdown — and Emily is as
Sorry for her and is willing to do what she can to help that she is perfectly lovely to Mabelle. He tried this morning to get Mabelle to drop things and go with him to Kilauea for a few weeks. It she offered to pay her expenses with money her mother sent her (Emily) to get Ruling this summer. Of course Mabelle didn't accept that and she was quite overcome anyway. I knew as well as I realized that Mabelle would not go—because in spite of the fact that she knew we could do things alone—it would be harder all around to drop things now—and just when she is getting back into harness for Paris. She wants to
wait until school is opened and things moving, and then take a vacation of a week or so to Hong Kong where she doesn't know anybody, and won't have to talk about the typhoon and can go to bed and get up when she deems prudent. And I really think that will be the only thing that will satisfy her—and perhaps the thing that will do her the most good.

You see Elsie has not been at all well this summer, and has had to stop studying and has been in the Kuling Sanitarium for over a month. She is just beginning to get her strength back.
now — I've thought that if Mr. would go up there with her and stay until after school opened, that she could get a good rest. But she thinks Elsie would be too much worried about her to get her own strength back properly — and then (as we always be thinking of things that she had meant to do or have us do) I know exactly how she feels about it and I'm sure I would feel the same way. But we are taking some of the repair work oversight off her shoulders now a little, and she is glad to have us back — and we are glad to be here —
I wrote for that Elsie was appointed to Shanghai. The Reference Committee cabled home for the Board to reconsider the designation and then we found that the people in Shanghai did not want an ophthalmic after all, they wanted a doctor. So Elsie is to stay here and we are all too happy for it. Now there things to do to make her do less work—so she won't get herself all worn out as she did last spring.

One of the things that has now Mabelle out this summer, is the continual shrill barking of Goliath. Emil Johnson's dog—Goliath has
a bad habit of barking at the moon — and Mabelle and some of the others on the compound were driven almost crazy by it. The typhoons and falling boulders ever since — and a big thieves scare that they have had was enough to get them on tenterhooks; and then not to be able to sleep the few hours they did have was "one too many"! So Mabelle tried to get someone to take care of him, but he ran away back here in the middle of the night and barked again. So finally she could stand it no longer and wrote to Eunie that she would have to have him put out of the way if he didn't stop it.
Eunice ought to have taken the dog with her. The poor little thing was nearly blind and needed attention, and it was next to criminal to neglect him so. She wrote some terrible things to Mabel about it. In the meantime Mabel wrote again apologizing in the way she wrote the first time (scolding her for her neglect, etc.) and then Eunice wrote and apologized for what she had written and finally wrote again asking Fannie to chloroform the pup. She did that today and more than one person is relieved.
Terribly sorry for Emily but think she should have taken better care of him. Emily is not as constituted that she could be satisfied to leave Jinx in such uncertain conditions; as the same situation would not arise in connection with him. Jinx is a much cuter and a cleaner dog—and a cleverer one than Goliath. Jinx belonged here first, and the other was an interloper whom Jinx always resented, and fought on every possible occasion. Goliath had caused some trouble when Emily was here, because she wasn't careful about him—and let him travel through...
The chance— and it will relieve the situation to have him out of the way. On the other hand, Enid will be very lonely for him—and I'm afraid Jinx, being here will make her resentful about the whole matter. The Chinese knew that Marabelle intended to have him killed, and Soo Kim took him over to his own house and drowned him and got someone to feed him. They thought it was terrible to have him killed, then she was not here—and I must say that I myself would hesitate a long, long time before I killed another person's pet dog!
Then Mr. Kin's wife came in all heathless today & tell us that Miss Roosevelt had made away with the fever, we were very thankful to be able to tell her that it was done by Miss Johnson's own orders! It will make a much better feeling among the patients than as though Mabelle or Fannie had done it without Eudie knowing or without her consent.

Well! Have I said enough about that, I wonder? It is now ten o'clock, Mr. Cowles has just been here to tell us of a Red Cross meeting that is called at eight o'clock or soon after, at the American
Consul's over in Swatow. We are all requested to attend. The International Relief Committee granted $10,000 for Swatow vicinity - and the British minister telegraphed down to the Swatow British Consul to know where to place the funds. The cable went back to the Swatow British Chamber of Commerce. Whereupon the last named body having received the funds, proceeded to collect the English Presbyterian Church to help distribute the Americans are ignored, and wish to protest - since our work covers a larger field.
There there does — So, me have to get up early in the morning — In that case — I'd better say good night immediately! Love — Love

Corie
Swatow, China, Sept. 17, 1922

Dear Arthur,

You may be sure I was glad to get your letter yesterday, and to hear all about your peregrinations and so on. But I have two scoldings for you. Can you imagine what either of them is about?

In the first place your scared me stiff when your told me right off the bat that Mother had a "skin cancer on her face". But you did not tell me where on her face, nor how long she has had it, nor anything about the likelihood of its getting well soon. The word "cancer" has a horrid sound, and if you don't write immediately and tell me all the facts about it I shall go to sleep into the worrying business myself and I am not as far from that state myself as I might wish! I am not writing to Mother about it; I am taking it for granted that she doesn't want me to talk to her about it, since she has not told me about it. I must admit, the very fact that she has not told me anything about it makes me feel a good bit uneasy. Did she have that extra thing to worry about when they made the move to Sutton? If so, it must have been dreadfully hard; for even a cold sore is annoyingly disfiguring, and Mother would try not to be sensitive about a thing like that, but she would be, all the same. So, young man, you have your order, REMEMBER!! And don't you let grass grow under your feet while you are getting ready to tell me all you know about it. (This paragraph seems to be all about)

Scolding no. 2: I'll whisper in your ear, for it is a thing that might be a trifling embarrassment to a personage who is principal of a Junior High school who has any number of teachers under him and is teaching all the mathematics on the map! SII! You spelled recommend with two c's just as you often spell across, and of course your old maid sister is scandalized. Now will you do it again?

I am so glad to know of your advancement. It is a hard pull up, isn't it? But I never for a minute doubted that you would get there, and it certainly seems headed in the right direction. Was your course in manual training, or whatever it was, necessary for this particular position that you have been taking, or simply a bit of general training?

Still the reports come in from typhoon-devastated regions. The large village has enough survivors for only one family, so they have put water, and they had into the general stock of supplies and are helping one another to keep head and body together. When Miss Sollman visited them the other day, they were most grateful for the clothes that she took to them. They found another village where the people were all gathered together under one large tree. They had not a single house left and were begging for bamboo sails to keep the hot sun off their heads.

Awful are the tales of the way that old people and the sick perished in the sweeping waters; especially of the women who died in travel, only yesterday came the most breath-taking story of all. During the typhoon, a woman up in the Kityang region gave birth to a child. Almost immediately, the flood came, and she climbed with her meager strength up on top of a bed frame. After a little she thought, "My baby! I have crawled out of danger, but he will be drowned!" So down she got and fed her baby in the dark, and when she got him, she wrapped him all up tight in a sheet, or something, and climbed up again. Pretty soon she thought, "Why, must not wrap him up so tight as that or he will smother," and when she unrolled him, think of her dismay when she found that in her haste she had grabbed a tiny pig instead of her son! Trembling and sobbing, she stepped down from the water which had by that time risen high above the bedboards, she searched until she stumbled against him. She picked him up and climbed to safety once more. The unbelievable thing about that story is that the child lived, and now, of course, is over a month old.

We hear more stories every day, and I feel helpless, because there is so little that we can do. Among us we have three machines and they are in use all the time. Yesterday and the day before some of the high school girls came and they have finished twelve jackets. They wanted to do twelve more but had no time; so, although almost every one of them will find it a pinch, they have clubbed together and raised the money to hire twelve more sewed.

With much love to you and yours,

Cblr.
Sept 1922

Typhoon

aftermath
Swatow, China, Sept. 18, 1922

Mother dear!

I just sent off yesterday's letter but this morning I was ambitious and got ready to send to you the drawn work which I have been picking up in various places ever since I came back from Chaoyang. You will notice a big variation in the prices. Everything has gone up fearfully since the typhoon, and they have not had time to get together on their prices. The dearest ones, needless to say, are the ones that I bought first. To be sure, with very little exception, they are also the nicest, but some of them I know must seem rather steep.

I am taking the advice that came in your last letter and have marked the package at $50, which is the price in gold. The reason is that I have marked packages to some people in Mex is that usually the postmasters know Gold to be nearly double in value, and charge their duty accordingly; moreover, in spite of the fact that I try to explain always that if the exchange is right we are able to make a little profit, which goes to help some girl, still it is confusing to some to pay $25 for work and then have the package that comes marked only $12.50! I have always meant to mark the ones to you with the price in gold, to save you bother, but I must have forgotten on that one. But when I write the price on in Mex I always state it to be Mex, but when it is gold I don't need to say which.

Will you pick out the ones that you want to give to Gladys for the children, and then pick out two more for me to give her, and the others send on to Ethel Peterson. Ethel wanted six baby dresses, but the ones she knew about were $1.50 and that kind is hard to get now. I feel reasonably sure that you will think it wise to save out the one that is marked $2.00 for Ruth later on even though it may be too large now. I must confess I have an extremely vague idea about sizes. Maybe you could send me measurements for the size that you think the children will be in six months or a year's time! Could you? Of course I shall hope to bring a few little things for them when I come home next year and I would feel so much better about getting the things if I knew they were not all going to be miles too large or small. And again let me ask you to tell me if there is anything in the embroidery line that you would especially like for me to get if I can, and if there is anything that you think Father would like or that he thinks he would like!

I am a bit shaky about sending this amount all at once for I know there will be a big duty and I know that you may not be able to dispose of them immediately. A good many of the things are too valuable to be sent by parcel post and so I am sending them all together. I might have sent the handkerchiefs by parcel (All the time I have been saying parcel, I have meant samplex) sample post. But they would count up and cost a good bit, and then I am afraid you would never get them for it is a task to get them done up.

I am looking forward to getting my package with the shoes and things and will let you know as soon as I get it, of course.

Very much love,

Abbie
Sept 18, 1922

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Max.
Swatow, China
Sept 25, 1922

Dear Mother,

I shall try to begin my letters to you now, at any rate, but don't know just how long I can write, for I have been having fever and am sitting up today - the first in five days.

Let me begin by telling a little about Katherine Groesbeck's 18th birthday party. The Schnares, and nine of us, including all of the girls from Hityang, went over there last Thursday - a week ago today. We had a splendid time together.

I had a splendid time together.

Grand birthday supper of course - and then on Tuesday had another wonderful picnic to Cape Cod. But alas! before we had begun to have a good sized "foll" after dinner - the wind got fierce and skies looked black - we decided to go back again as soon as possible - got there O.K.

and while there was high wind all night, there was no rain - we were there any the next A.M.

We had planned to hire a little
motor launch to come home— but we hadn't been sure the day before that the typhoon (as it was the edge of one) would let us come— and A.M. we started out. And everybody had got in clothes when it started and behold— mine was missing! Mr. Schenare had not ordered any. I couldn't delay things very well— so I started out to walk too. The chairman always race along— and so did I— when I got a good way into the city I got a chair for the rest of the way—

When we got to the motor launch, it would not go— on account of the waves. And when we got to the old steam launch, it would not go— on account of dittos! So— could we walk home? Since Mr. and Mrs. Schenare were going with us— we decided we could— I was anxious to get back here, too.
Mabel was here alone and although I have no class most just—still I felt I ought to get here just as soon as I could.

We tried to get some chairs to take us parts of the way—but it is hard work to carry a chair in a strong wind—and not a single one would come.

So, we decided to walk! (About 10 miles)

Next was crossing the river.

Our boat was there—and usually we could have gone over for 4 each piece—but we had to pay 80¢ for the crowd—

Before I had walked very far I knew I should be very tired—but I plodded on—some of the "young fry" dashed on ahead and thought I was an awful laggard, I guess—but I couldn't help it. The wind blew so hard into my nostrils that I thought my head would burst—after what
seemed ages to me. They decided to sit down and have a little lunch. We had brought water, and got some fruit. I felt as though I could not creep a step farther. But after refreshment and a little rest I was good for a stretch longer.

The wind did not abate—and it took strength to walk against it. Going around one corner—on a high narrow path between a rice field and a ditch, one of the carry men blew right down into the ditch—the Schwartz things with him—right down into the muddy water—It is a wonder the poor man was not hurt—The things were not wet—except one little black traveling bag of mine. Is that were blue kimonas—which M. L. took out and carried
Having in the breeze & dry - it had left some of its dark blue on my newest white dress - and also on my gorgeous rose colored cashmere (which I dyed.) Emily had one piece of the dress - and Bird had one piece - I had the rose cash - and I guess I was a sight when I got home - blue linen dress - faith hat, tied on with a bathing handkerchief and that bright cash around my waist - I
I forgot to say that I had just started out when a heel came off - I had to open things and change. And when we were about three miles from home I dialed what I am prone to do and had been trying not to - shipped and sat down hard altogether too hard for comfort. That seemed to be the last straw and I was afraid at first that I just hadn't strength to go on. My nerves were pretty bad.
By that time too - Then it began to sprinkle - luckily it did not rain yet heavily - for we could not have carried our umbrellas against the wind - You never saw anyone so thankful to get home - I got off my things - and leaned over on the bed with pounding headache -
Two of the Dietary girls came to our house - and the Schmores went to Mrs. Forley's - (That was Wednesday)
Hot soup, and other good things made a big difference - but by six o'clock I felt sick and didn't want to get up and dress - I didn't - thought - just because I hated to have people tell me I was foolish to take such a trip etc - next morning and now I was still up though I was flat on my back every other minute. Right after dinner though, I had a severe chill and got to bed for sure. By tea time my temperature was 104°.
and it stayed down for 2 or 3 hours. The next afternoon, after much quinine and some sweets, it came down to 104° F. and has been hovering around there ever since.

And Fannie Hathcett says the trip did not cause my sickness at all—I think it was my blood test—something wrong with my blood test. I am probably having dengue fever too. Malaria has the chills recurring on every third day—I have missed that—but temp. has not gone to normal. I have had the worst backaches of my life, the last three nights (not last night) I am having aspirin when I need it for my back or head. Sometimes one is worst and sometimes...
the other. Of course memories of 9 years ago are somewhat dimmed, but it
seemed to me — bad as my headache and back were then — and miserable as I
was — that this went way beyond it.

But I am taking ginning all the time. Last night I had long
hours of refreshing sleep and I am leaps better this morning — Combed
my hair and braided it — after I had had my bath I did that
myself today too — was too sick yesterday.

Did I write to you on Monday that
the Aehmers had come? Both
were sick — had fever and couldn't
go to bed & get over it till they got
here. Mrs. A. was blue as a whalestone.
They just two old fools is try to come
out here again after we're seventy
years old!" says she trying her
best to keep the tears back. She
is better now — through and Dr.
Aehmer is coming along —

Love — love — Able.
P. S. Next day —

Yesterday P.M. my new beautiful shoes and stockings and things came. The shoes are a trifle easy for me but they look very well on my feet. I think and I know they don't pinch. This is an item, when I am going to "walk to America" in them, I am so proud of them that, as per usual, I shall want to put them right on this fall. But I have others that will still do and so I'm going to lock these away in the bottom of my gin-lined box until next spring. And those stockings are just swell! You were right in saying they were good enough for anybody I don't the dark room.

And right after I got the package my temperature was down to normal and I felt 100% better! And now today along comes your letter containing the one from the Ackermans — sent
it marvelous how God answers prayers? Sometimes I wonder whether how I can have the face to doubt his hearing and answering me — and I so often do doubt! I have lots less reason to doubt than most people, too —

Emily has been a dear — waiting on me by inches — married to death over me — doing everything that a nurse would do — and lots more.

I am up today with me clothes on — as if were. My hair is too lazy, though. Fannie said I must not try to go to the dining room to eat today. But I am preparing for that tomorrow. The next day my classes begin.

Ah me!

By the way, what do you think of Cuticura Powder? Did you ever use it? and do you like its fragrance? It is very healing and that is the principal reason...
I sent for it—

Love again—

Odie
Dear Ones:

School has begun in earnest and we are in full swing now. Miss Dulin, the new worker for Hope, came yesterday, and with her the Hobarts, who are to be the evangelistic workers on this field. Mrs. Hobart was Juanita Deer, and Edna Smith and Katherine Bohn knew her when she was at Hasseltine House where she met Mr. Hobart who was attending Newton. They told me all about the romance a long time ago. At that time we did not dream that there was a possibility of their being sent to Swatow. They may live in Chaoyang for the time being, but I guess the matter is not yet definitely settled.

The Ashmores are better than they were, but they are not young and it takes time for them to get on their feet again. I met Dr. A. riding over to see his house the other morning. It is not far, but he realizes that he must conserve every bit of strength that he has. It is pretty hard for them both to come back and find their house too far demolished to live in. The latest estimate was that it would take at least $4,000 to put it in shape for them to live in again. I don't know whether I told you that the Carmans' house can never be occupied again. At the time of the earthquake it was condemned, but the money was given for a new residence for the Waters, the new house was built and the old house was put into such repair that the Carmans could go in and live there. The Board thought that we had deceived them, I guess. Thyre thought that it was queer for a house to be discarded, and then for it to be fixed up for occupancy. But the typhoon showed what the house was really worth, and it is a wreck now. Mr. Page's first estimate of the loss sustained by our mission was $50,000. The Board has granted us $25,000 and we are relieved and grateful, because we are aware of the fact that the Board is in financial straits. But we still have these other repairs staring us in the face. At tomorrow's Reference Committee meeting I suppose it will be decided how much of the money will be available for each house and for each department of the work. I am dead sure it will not be enough.

I have begun my year's work and am teaching three classes every day in Chinese. I am to have a class in music too, and any number of organ pupils. I cannot tell you how I hate giving these music lessons. I don't know whether it is wholly because I know so little about it myself, or whether a part that I hate is the routine of it, but I would far rather teach arithmetic classes, even though I can not be as sure that the pupils know what I am talking about!

I am still taking 14 grains of quinine every day and I am getting used to it. The malaria is all gone and I feel as good as new. I think maybe I'll find time on Saturdays to make a new dress. I am green with envy of all these people just out from America with all their pretty new clothes and hats!

Always with Love,

Albie

P.S. When I get too envious I go and pull out my new shoes and gloat over them a while! No one has prettier ones.
Dear Ones:

This week has certainly been a full one. On Tuesday Mr. Lewis came back from Shanghai with his bride, who brought with her the two smallest girls, Rebecca and Martha. George, the youngest boy, had stayed down here and met them when they arrived here. Mr. Lewis is chairman of the Reference committee, so we thought it would be rather hard for Mrs. L. to begin alone over in Swatow when she didn't know the language and when everything was so new, too. We invited them all here to our house and they seemed most happy to accept our invitation. We put them down in Emily's room and the adjoining guest room.

I am sure I don't know what they thought of me for I was not very sociable the first part of their visit at least. On Monday I had been seized with the most terrible neuralgia. It was the same as just plain toothache, and you know how that affects me. I went to School but I could hardly talk in my classes. On Wednesday morning I had slept so much sleep that I pretty near lost my hold on myself. I was still weak from the malaria, and the pain always makes me limp as a rag anyway, you know, so I decided about half past six, after I had taken an aspirin tablet and was just a wee bit easier, that I simply could not get up just then, but would have to see if I could snatch a bit of sleep. I did, and then had my breakfast about 8:30, too late to get over to my first class. But I felt a little better by that time, and so that was the only class that I missed. But Wednesday night I had a pretty good sleep, and I have had unbroken rest every night since. I have looked a sight, with my face all plastered up with greasy old capsonin, and me smelling of all of cloves for a mile away, I suppose! Yesterday was the first day that I have been free from the ache all day long, and then last night again, right in the middle of the informal reception supper that we were having for the Lewisses, a jaw tooth on the other side of my face began to tune up. My heart sank into my boots again, but when I got to bed I went right to sleep, and this morning the ache was all gone. So today I am a happy woman, except for the fact that my food doesn't get as thoroughly chewed as it usually does, on account of a general soreness all over my mouth.

The neuralgia seemed to be in the region that the open abscess I had before I went to Kuliang was situated. This is the first I have heard from that tooth. It is the upper right incisor in the middle, and has been burning dark for some time. Oh it is not bad yet, but it is one of the first things that I shall want to have attended to as soon as I get home, for if it gets a great deal worse it will be very disfiguring. I don't know how they will manage to put a white tooth right in the front of my mouth without a lot of gold to hold it there, but I know it is done, so I suppose they can do mine. I am just hoping that it won't ache and that it won't get too terribly dark before next spring! The pain this time was not like the dying nerve, though. It lasted longer by spells, but was not as intense. It was something like my experience Freshman year at college, went up in the side of my head, and down my neck and shoulder. Bad enough, but I guess it is all gone now. The soreness will die down gradually. I am sure.

Emily took almost all of her last examination yesterday. She did not decide to do it until the night before about 6 o'clock, so she didn't have long to worry about it. She feels relieved to have it over with and I think she will feel freer and not so blue now. She has the kindergarten work off her mind now too, and that will be a relief. At first they wanted her to keep up her regular course of work and do it for a month or two until Grace Sweeteen get this dialect. But Emily's work was rudely interrupted, and it is her turn to get the rest of her studying off. Rana Smith and Margaret Winn are both here and none of us felt right about having Emily go on with the work that she has filled out on in the emergency, when there is someone else to do it and when there is so much that she could do right in the girls' school, so we planned to bring it up in the Woman's committee and in Ref. Com. if necessary, to have it fixed up. But the day they were going to do it, Miss Soliman sent Emily word that they would be able to release her. And then on the sudden she decided to have this part of her exam, and the rest of it will come soon so it is all working
out just splendidly.

We like Mrs. Lewis a lot and she seems very pleasant and unaffected. She does not act like a trudging bride, if you know what I mean, and she already manages the children beautifully. Strange to say, Martha looks enough like her to be her own child. And yet this Mrs. Lewis is very very different from the first Mrs. L.

The biggest thing under discussion at this session of the Reference Committee was typhoyn repairs, and the next and even more important in some respects, was the cuts in appropriations. It does seem that ever since our man's board has been connected with the Board of promotion, the debts have been growing bigger and bigger. It touched us last year, but this year I am sure I cannot ever see what we are to do. The amount that we are to receive this year will be just about three-eighths less than the amount that we asked for. It is about 52% less than the amount they promised us. That means with us, that instead of the $5000 that we asked for, we get less than $2450. That is for our school. My own amount for personal teacher and mission travel and so on is cut down from $150 to about $125.

But that does not matter as much as the maintenance of the school. One of the reasons is that Pauline Senn's salary, which has been right along guaranteed by Mrs. Gale, has not been coming out to us. We thought the salary was to be more, so wrote to the board about it. The answer came that Mrs. Gale would be very glad to have Mrs. Senn's salary raised and would be glad to do it all herself. Along with that word, or very soon, comes the word from the board that they could not give us Miss Senn's salary extra but that we should have to take it out of our gross appropriation for the mission for the year. We were to raise her salary but we were to take the whole thing from the funds that were sent to us for mission work. They sent us word now that we should have done it for last year, and that we must arrange the accounts to take it out of last year's reserve fund or something like that. And that we should plan to do it for this year too. We CANNOT UNDERSTAND A FEW THINGS LIKE THIS. It seems to us that IF MRS. GALE GAVE PAULINE SENN'S SALARY, which we know she did, that PAULINE'S SALARY SHOULD COME OUT DIRECTLY AND NOT BE SENT AS GENERAL FUNDS WHEREVER IT HAPPENS TO GO! The same thing was done with Mr. Huang who studied in America and then came out here to help in the work at the institutional church. His salary was guaranteed by some one in America. It was paid the first year, and then suddenly at the end of the second year, (he had been having his salary forward right along) Mr. Spicher got notice that the amount of Mr. Huang's salary was charged to his account and he would be held responsible for overdrawings to that amount! I might tell any number of cases where money has been sent to the board to be forwarded for some definite purpose and the money was never received at all. I know that when we used to hear these reports before I came out here we always used to pooh-pooh them and deny them. Of course we can't do otherwise now. I mean it would never do for you folks for instance to tell any of this that I am writing to you. Enough people have lost their faith in the board as it is and we certainly want to do all that we possibly can to foster their faith and trust and hope for a soon return of the times when everything will go straight. I myself have been fortunate. I have received both specie that were sent to me. One from the Houlton Free Baptist and one from a circle in Wyoming, Ohio. So I suppose I ought not to say anything. I would not, and I have not before now) if it were for this atrocious cut out that is coming this year. I know the denominational colleges are important, but certainly don't think they are as important as the work that is done out here where people will not hear the gospel if we don't bring it to them! And I know too that a good many missionaries who have been home on furlough recently were asked not to make any speeches about their work out here, but to make appeals for general work. That is about the most gallling thing to a foreign missionary, I think. And they tell us we are not to make special appeals for things because it will take money out of the regular channels. That is true, and I know they are in a fight as to where the money is coming from. BUT A GOOD MANY PEOPLE IN OUR MISSION ARE ABOUT AT THE POINT OF PROTESTING AND OF TELLING THE LORD THAT SPECIAL REQUESTS ARE GOING TO BE MADE. WE CAN'T SAY TO THEM YOU CAN'T GET THE MONEY FOR US SO WE ARE GOING TO GET IT OURSELVES. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Now this doesn't tell the whole story, I know, and of course this raising is for your ears alone, but we are desperate and don't know what to do. The Board is in favor of cutting out some of the work entirely and making no cut whatever on the more important work. It seems to us that all of our work is important and that it is unfair to cut one more than another - enough for now! Love - Lore - Cather
Dear One:

You have told me not to apologize for neglecting to write but I can't help saying that I am ashamed this time for a whole week has gone by since the time I should have written. I started to write to you last Sunday afternoon and was seized with excruciating neuralgia that I could not keep on. It got to the point where I could not lie down nor sit up nor do anything but wring my hands and grit my teeth. Finally a good dose of aspirin and a burning hot hot-water bottle helped to get me a little quieter so that by evening I was able to brush my hair back and go out to supper with the other folks. I had another spasm of the bad pain on Thursday, and the rest of the time I have never been free from it. Only it was so bad those two times that I just see how fortunate I am not to have it so bad all the time. And today I look like the Early Christian Fathers and feel even more so. My upper lip and the flesh around my nose is just enough swollen so that you have to look twice to see what is the matter. But when I laugh my mouth doesn't open as it should and that gives me a calm, cool, disapproving air.

I was not sure until last night that all the pain was not caused by a cold in the nerves. But last night I found a sensitive cavity in a wisdom tooth that has already been filled several times. So now I am quite sure that that is the source of the worst trouble. This front tooth business, though, is annoying. It doesn't ache as much now, but I don't know whether swelling means it is getting better or getting worse. I can't say I was exactly glad to find that cavity in the wisdom tooth, but it at least lets me know that there is a hope of mending it, and is not all due to bad nervous condition which I felt taking form to show itself. I feel somewhat relieved, and guess my nerves are not so bad after all. They are pretty good, other than this neuralgic trouble.

Elsie came back from Kuling two weeks ago last Saturday (yesterday) & I guess I forgot to say so in my letter. And ever since then, almost, we have been trying to get Matelle off to Hongkong. She wanted Elsie to go with her, and Elsie, having been quite seriously ill with a nervous breakdown in the summer is not fit to go with her and would dread the trip terribly. But Matelle could not seem to make up her mind to go though she is the one who planned it from the first. She kept putting it off from day to day, and said she had to get ready, she would go today, if not tomorrow, for there happened to be a boat around almost every day this week. She cried if we looked at her and she was getting into an awful state. So I did a little engineering on my own account. Marjorie Fleming had wanted to go too, and thought she could not because of her work here. So I told her that it would be a great help if she could change her mind and go with Matelle. Matelle needed someone steady and sensible and in good health upon whom she could lean if necessary, and someone who is not living in the house with her so that she could have a change that she so sorely needs, and a rest from even talking about the problems that we have here. So Marjorie changed her mind and yesterday they went. They may be gone two or three or four weeks. A worker is coming out from the Atlantic district and Matelle hopes to see her in Hongkong. She is on her way to Manila.

We hear that the families of the South China missionaries were informed by mail or wire that all the missionaries were safe. Did you receive such word, and is so when? I am taking it for granted that you haven't since your letters don't mention it. That means you hadn't heard by Sept. 5. Emily's mother knew Aug. 15, but she is the only one in this house whose family was notified and I wonder why. It can't be that they don't know your address because they send your checks to you. I am certainly going to find out if I can why they did not send word to you. Dr. Franklin wrote that the families of the missionaries were being notified.

I have been wondering why you thought that perhaps the Cunaneses were in Chachowfu at the time of the typhoon. They were in their home, the American consulate in Swatow.

Well, for these few weeks I shall be slightly busier than usual, with the school to look after, but it is a good deal easier I think now that Miss Pue is back from umpiring. She may go to America some day. I hope you will meet her. She is so fine, yet just a real girl.

With love and then more love,
Swatow, China, Oct. 30, 1922

Dear Mother:

I guess I am a backwoodsman all right. — I didn’t know until last week that the postal rates were going up, and — got a lot of Xmas cards ready to send, I mean I wrote on them but didn’t have the envelopes addressed and now I have had to hustle like the mischief to get them all done so they would go out before Nov. 1. After that date letters will cost 15¢ and post cards 6¢ so it behooves me to get them all out immediately. Sample post has also gone up to 6¢ minimum so I am getting off 11 packages to you, as follows:

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Of course you know better, but I thought I would give you an idea of what I am getting. I am not sure what will be the effect. The catch is that the edges on three of the cloths are not even. Anyway I will get along. I am sending you 4 buttons. One of them is for your hat, which is a bit worn, and I will send you a pair of long feathers which you can put into your cap or on your hat. I am sending you a sample of the silk that I am buying for the tops of your petticoat and the lining of the waist, as it is very fine and I think it is as good as the best. You can see the quality of this fabric by the sample I am enclosing. The Chinese jackets are usually cut smaller than the American sizes, but I have ordered them a bit larger than I think I need, in case they do not fit. The only thing I am not sure of is the size of the buttons. I have sent you a sample of the buttons I am sending. They are black, with a gold coating.

Yours with love,

[Signature]

P.S. I am enclosing the letter to Mr. & Mrs. Ackerman — will you please forward it to them?

I am ashamed to have waited so long.

[Signature]

[Postscript]
Dear Mother,

It is a terrible waste of time to write letters and then tear them up to rewrite them, isn't it? And it's a thing I seldom do it? And when I am writing to you - I got impatient this morning and lost my temper (inside of me but not out, thank goodness) and now Emily is still sick with the same thing that I had a few weeks ago. Her temperature is not as high as mine was - but she has had two chills each worse than my one - and - I am sorry I had mean thoughts this A.M.!! So sorry that I tore up what I had written & you about it. Marguerite has been here once and Emily wants to have her again - so I have said for her.

Then I feel better, too - because I got your letter telling about the Minister's letter - I was much interested - but had let the matter drop because the leaflets that only ordained ministers are allowed to distribute.
more accepted. I have wanted to join all along and shall
be most happy to find that I
can do so—

Tell Pa that I may be with
you all Sept 1924 as well as
Sept 1923 and June 1923—
for my furlough lasts from June
till January— a year and a
half away from the field—I
suppose— and unless my furlough
should be shortened because I leave
here in June instead of waiting over
the summer—which I think unlikely.
I shall not expect to leave America
before November 1924 anyway—I’ll
be very glad to have you
attend to the financial part of the
M. & M. 13th fund this year and
then I’ll settle with you later.

I expected to finish this morning
a sort of Christmas letter which I
have started to the Crookshock churches.
But we brought Emily home sick from
church and she has needed things
all the time— She is very nervous
and wants me here all the time
Poor girl! I know just how she aches all over— it seems so though you are going to die when the pain and throbbing are the most. Marguerite said she must stay in bed today and tomorrow any way—no matter how well she felt—but I guess she'll be only too glad to stay in bed. But my letter will be all right if it gets finished sometime this week—there is still time enough.

I'm sending fewer Christmas presents this year than before— but to different people. I sent sample post packages in each case (except Father, which was too heavy)—that avoids duty for the recipient and is much cheaper for me. I sent a Chinese lock to the uncle—and a few yards of tatting—crochet to the aunts—and cards to Percy, Frances—Marion Jarvis—Uncle Joe—of the relatives—Tattie & Cousin Harriet, too. By the way— I have just had a letter from a woman in Dover who
wants some talking, and she says that
"Marion's chances of recovery are——
very slim, but she is putting up
a plucky fight." Did you know
that she was sick? I didn't
at all, and don't know what the
Wright
in
Am.

I. Gladys. I sent a little food and
pin — to Arthur, a glass lock —
and to Ruth and Ralph each a
little romper with embroidered
pocket — made by little Phoebe —
younger sister of the girl who died two
years ago.

I'm enclosing a sample of
the goods for my new coat. It
cost $3.00 a yard, and is 54
inches wide — I bought 4½ yds. —
$13.50 Mexican. Do you think it is
the quality and kind that is not
too out of date to be worn in
America? Cloth for a coat for
Gladys would cost only about $7,00
Mex — and tailoring and here (perfect
all right in that sort of coat) it would cost no more than
$6. How about yourself —
Would you like such a thing
either in this color or in a
darker brown - almost black -
or perhaps gray? If so -
send along your measurement
and also 'Please' - and
I'll see what I can do. They'll not be dressy - but
inexpensive and pretty
good looking - especially
if you say what style
you want I send a picture.
How does it strike you -
If I bring it in these will
be as dusty. The coats
would be unlined - a seam
broom and would cost
from $8 to $10 gold. Of course the
material is not all wool and very
likely you won't care for it. It
is not soft - but rather harsh - and
if it doesn't appeal to you - just
say so. I may not be as
enthusiastic after I have worn it a while -
Made up - I have worn it a while -
It may be too much of a risk about the
fit of it too. But please say just what you think about it.

Sunday, Nov 12

A whole week gone by and my letter to you not done yet! I have had various duties this week—the bed various duties this week—the first two days Elsie helped to take care of Emily in the daytime—and then she wasn't able to do it any longer and she has been in bed herself almost half the daytime since. I was up often with Emily, Sunday and Monday nights—and on Tuesday I got no sleep at all. I was pretty flustered but slept some Wednesday morning—which is a lucky thing—for Elsie was down there and I had everything to do for Emily. She has not been dangerously ill at all—but she was very uncomfortable and it was some what of a strain & get and do everything that would help to ease her restlessness and the blues.
Little things for my comfort when I was sick. I am not as quick & observe as she and I'm afraid I didn't do very well at my job. By the time she had her breakfast, medicine, bath — bed & gown changed and more medicine or nostrum went, there wasn't much time left for teaching classes — and hot water for the bottles I had to be changed all the time. And she didn't want me out of her sight but more than out of her sight but more than once. Called me back if I had once called me back if I had once called me back. 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nearly as much as I did.

I had a lovely long letter from Aunt Bertha Friday, and she says that Marion is in a Sanitarium. I suppose she means F. B., but it a shame? And Donald, too?

Elise Kittelty is such a splendid girl! But I'm terribly afraid she can never stand work out here - can never stand work out here - Marguerite said the other day that she had more chance of being sent home than of staying - I do hope she won't have to go!

I did finish my church letter:

This week I am going to have more copies made, and I think I'll ask you and and I will see the mailing this year. It will cost a bit. Send them separately from here and if I send to Mrs. Shaw and I can't feel sure she'll be able to attend to getting them out.
Will you please get for me, when you have opportunity, 2 pairs of rattle small dress shields; 4 or 5 dark brown cap hair nets; 2 more prophylactic tooth brushes; one set (6?) of garters for my corset—Perhaps you can get "velvet grip"; I've seen them advertised— and also a money bag similar in style to the one I had when I came out—though it does not have to be as good as that one—It was as exactly what I wanted, but it has gone to pieces. It just occurred to me yesterday that Clara could bring me out a much needed traveling bag and as I'm asking you to send her $5, that she may have enough money to enclose my letter to you. To send me with the money unless she is not coming back this spring—

Love

Abbie
Nov. 16, 1922

Dearest Pa:

I am dividing the "honor" between you and Mother since I could not get them all into one envelope—I trust it will not be too much of a task for you to find envelopes and stamps and time to get these sent out. In some cases two letters will be sent to one person—in some cases one letter does for two or three churches. (If they are closely connected—or dying out—or if I don't know them very well!)
Miss Culley is still in Hong Kong resting—and I do hope she will have a good rest before she comes back.

We are thinking—I mean we are thinking all the time about next June and my work just the same but there is the undercurrent of anticipation in my heart all the time—What shall I do though—If you should happen not to be glad to see me when I get home? — alas! Of course I am terribly worried about it!

With love

Alice
No. 198. Swatow, China
Nov. 16, 1922

Dearest Mother:

These letters I have addressed on the outside just as I think the envelope may be addressed; to the church— not pastor or clerk— but simply in care of p.o.c. and then in case any letter died or gone away the letter will be received by someone else — you might add Maine to each one (!!!?|X|) (That's the book I got for that remark!)

Emily has moved up into Elsie's room and Elsie
has gone downstairs where she will be quieter and have more room to herself. She is not well and she will need all the help she can get in any way to make her strong again.

Mrs. Groesbeck has invited Emily and me over to Cheongang Christmas but I don't want to leave here the last Xmas before furlough with love

[Signature]
Dearest Mother mine:

Emilly is taking her bath first - and while I'm waiting I'll begin a letter to you. It's Saturday night, and half past eight - and I'm already getting sleepy. But before I go to bed I want to tell you how happy I am - I think I'll enclose my letter that came today from Mr. Waters who has been interesting in North China and had got as far as Nanking. I'd like to tell you what he said - but I want to have you see it all, as here it is - I'll keep the B. & D. map, thank's! I also had your letter of Oct. 21. Mailed the 23rd - isn't that splendid timing? And one from Aunt Bertha - which the 22nd - the second letter from her in two weeks - the first two (I think) since she's been in China - as I guess she did write once before. She must love me more since the typhoon, I guess!

And another from Miss Gilpatric - who think they could sell taffeta or embroidery but does not design to tell me to whom I should send it, because she doesn't think I ought to do it. I have too many other demands, and even things Colby campaigning so a hard pull - there must be others better able & more than I. 

Then she speaks of how supremely happy Harold
Moise and Celeste Phelps are — and how Katharine Brevoort is working hard and trying to be happy, but she cared too much. — Bliss about — and about some others. And others also say "But none of these people have overcome such difficulties as you and done such a service in the sake of a better world or better the Kingdom of God." Much of course is something she doesn't know about at all. — It would be gratifying if true; — but alas, she has far too high an opinion of me — then she sees me again she may be disappointed. Distance she sees me again she may see the Lewiston Daily Journal — and I wonder if she sent my letter to — the Independent — and I wonder if the Independent sent it to the Boston Post! Such publicity overwhelms me — you surely had a "thick" time with the teachers' convention, the Sandusky, and the S.S. — and you had just had Clara Leach. I'm hoping you are not all worn out. I wonder if it is Bertha — and Gertrude who are coming to see you — I shall be so anxious to hear — it was grand to have a big mail like that and so quickly. And I have not much more than seven months before I am leaving here — the next thing is Conference — then Christmas — then Chinese New Year — then exams — then getting ready all mixed in with school — seeing about passage, passports — etc — etc — Bertha's ready now!
Tuesday morning:

I haven't finished this letter yet. I have other circular letters in my typewriter as I can't use that.

I'm all upset just now because Mrs. Grinstead has written another letter pleading with us to go over there for Christmas. Emily wants to go, and I think very likely will make Mabelle feel badly if we do. I think we'll probably make her feel bad if we do, too. Christmas here in China before furlough and I almost don't want to miss the girls' festivities. Oh I so hate to be upset in my mind. And I hate to have the decision rest with me! Because Emily won't go if I don't, and yet if we don't go, she won't be happy. If I could make myself think it was all right to go and leave the burden of the school on Mabelle I'd love to go— for I'd rather be nowhere in China than with them. As it is, however, I'm really sure of some hard feelings whichever way I turn. It makes me just plain homesick. I don't want to be here, and don't want to be in China, but would give the roof over my head for a chance to be with you folks again. I do hope we'll make it a better Christmas spirit than this before the time comes! Aren't I the limit, though?

___

Sunday A.M. Nov. 26 —

Oh dear, I'm such a nut! I worry strings into mountains and when I come up to them they have disappeared, and there's not even a mole-hill.
left for me to stumble over! Mabelle came home from Hong Kong on Monday. She is much better and acquiesced beautifully to my suggestion that the girls' exercises be on Saturday. So we are to stay here for them, and for the Christmas service the Sunday morning. Then P. & I will run over to Chaoyang Sunday P. M., have all day Monday there, and come back Tuesday A. M. Everything is coming along gloriously and I am ashamed of the blues I had last week.

Last night Emily and I got busy and wrapped up all our Christmas presents. We are giving several things together, and I'm giving a little string of ivory beads and a hymnbook with Chinese characters written in Romanized while Emily and I are giving her, together, and a blue crocheted letter sack to match her lacquer set, and a breakfast set we are giving Mabelle. I must get Mabel Bonell's little piece of drawnwork off to her and then I will be all done with wrapping up presents. Did you ever know me to be so fore-handed? I really can't prevent from saying that I am. This is the first really cold day we have had. It began last night with a cold wind and the girls over at school were all afraid of another Typhoon.
This live in what is called the "New House" all moved over into the "Old House" where the teachers lived. I was not afraid of typhoon, but I was awfully cold all night long, and I'd double up as I would in winter blankets and my woolen comforter. I could not get warm. My black woolen dress to church this A.M. and my big coat and I was none too warm. And to think it is not down to the freezing point! What I shall ever do if I have to make a speaking tour in the winter time I don't know. The thought of undressing in these cold Roosevelt bedrooms just petrifies me. Emily says when I get home I get a little red blood back into my veins I'll be all right.

I must stop now and get some letters ready for you.

With love,

Alice

P.S. Can you get me a yard of white organdy that is stiff after it is washed? I can't get it out here - but would like some for collar, cuffs etc. Or did I ask you that before?
Mele, Maine
Oct 16, 1937

Miss Sanderson,

I haven't set foot in Crossdock
recently yet, but the place is within a hundred
miles of it, and that's nearer than I ever expected
to be. And I can't resist the impulse to send
you a line of greeting. I have been up here
in rather large here in Maine for ten days on an
itinerary of speaking, and have spoken fifteen
times during that time, including, Beverly,
Portland, Saco, Ellsworth, etc. Brother Adams
was here the week before I came and spoke at
Belfast, Waterville, Brunswick and other places.
So we have been putting South China on the map.

That isn't right either, for the typhoon did that
for me, and I find it Maine folks have been
speaking you letters in it. Leesington and the att
letters in Missions. The Baptist and Lutheran Ex-

Let's I folks have asked me, "Do you know Abbie
Sanderson?" and then I tell them we surely do
and how much everybody thinks of her and it. And
they are all happy. A school friend of yours a Mr.
Strickland. See Bella Longley this state. See Missy's
education and followed me on it program last
Thursday. She inquired after you very warmly.

I hope that made it. Mrs. Kennedy's church at Oakland
I believe he was pastor at Houlton when you went
to China.
Dear folks,

These Maine folks are warmly responsive to the China story and I hope they will do something to help meet the cost of typhoon damages. Mr. Whitham is a fine man to work with.

I expect Miss Bulley & Miss Miller heard of my speaking in Philadelphia - Nov. 21st - for I had a very happy visit that afternoon in Miss Miller and Miss Bulley's three sisters. That was a (shrek) that gave me a great deal of pleasure.

You folks certainly had a terrifying experience on Aug. 2-3 and you have all done effective publicity work in writing about it and sending the photos. I hope the money will come in to make good the damages. Congratulations you that Eastview. East Hill and Shen Bungalow were three of the buildings least damaged. I was particularly gratified to learn that East Hill most stood it so well.

Mrs. Beaney and Herbert are at Branville very comfortably located in our furlough home. She would send her love if she knew I was writing. Herbert & Henry are both happy in their school & college life. I expect to start for Branville again speaking here tomorrow.

Remember this to be careful - not to make you home sick but just to let you see Maine is still Maine.

Always do tell Miss Smith I had a very happy visit one day at it home with her father, but I did not get to Bloomfield.
Swatow, China, Dec. 3, 1922

Dear Mother:

I have been working on more copies of my Aroostook letters to send to different people instead of a long letter, and I find there is not much time left to write to you. Since you say for me to send them along, I am taking you at your word, and you surely will have another "raft" of letters to send on for me before I get through. I have had these copies type-written for several days but as Mul tsu wrote them they needed a lot of correction before I could use them.

How much money have you there in America to my account? I know that Mr. Giberson has sent you $50 twice but can't remember whether he has sent it three times or not. And is there any more that has come to you anywhere from tatting? I sent some to Mrs. Nellie Sargent and I have not heard from her since, though she had already sent the gift of five dollars. I haven't any idea how much you may have had to pay for the things that I have sent to you for, but I know there is some left of course. I had hoped to leave it all there until furlough, but there is a mix-up about school funds and there now appears to be some money missing. The accounts this year have gone through my hands and Emily's too this year and last, and things aren't all straightened out. Then a number of people have not paid me for tatting and drawwork I sent them and that leaves me short. I don't know yet how much it is and of course we may find out our mistakes and have it come out all right but it makes me uneasy, and I want to be sure that everything is straight before I come home in June. So I am going to ask you to send me a draft as soon as you can for all of mine that you have. I am very much disappointed to have to do this but I want to be sure. By money for tatting and drawwork I don't mean, of course, any that I sent to you. That was for you yourself and I wanted you to sell it or use it yourself or for Christmas presents or for anything you saw fit. I don't think now of anyone else but Mrs. Sargent who would have sent tatting money to you, but there are others who owe me. Mrs. Page took $150 worth home with her when she went. Ursula Dresser, in India, asked me to send her bolts of linen and I sent her $111 worth. I have never heard a word from her since then. When Henrietta Failing went through here on her way to India I asked her to get the money from Sue and get me a cashmere shawl. She got me the shawl, which cost quite a bit less than half that amount. But the last I heard was that Sue had not yet paid her for it, and I have never seen the rest of the money. I wish she would send it, for certainly would like to have it right now! I have written to her three or four times about it and to Henrietta and Kate Failing.

[Dec. 14 -]

Talk about you neglecting letter- you need never worry any more- for I've beat you a mile - Since I began this letter Conference has come and gone - and the best part was that any letter in the meantime I received and that the money is coming from last week I have received and that the money is coming from Sue Brewer - but that doesn't make a great deal of difference to me - I want you to go on doing as I said all my money out to me - I am enclosing a copy of my letter sent a few days ago -

With love -

[Signature]

[Address]
Swatow, China, Nov. 29, 1922

Dr. P. C. Wright,
273 Fifth Ave., New York City

My dear Dr. Wright;

A letter from my mother tells me that at Saxton’s River she and Father talked with you about the advisability of my joining the Ministers’ and Missionaries’ Benefit Board immediately. I understand that application may be made through you, and I would like to apply now for membership.

I was born May 27, 1893, at Greenville, N.H. My father, Elisha Sanderson, is now pastor of the Baptist church in Sutton, Vermont. In December, 1917, I was appointed a missionary of the A. B. F. M. S.; I arrived in Swatow in April, 1918 and have been stationed here ever since working in the girls’ school.

Will you please send the acceptance papers directly to my father, who will forward the first payment. If the matter can be settled before my 30th birthday, next May, it will mean less expense to me.

With a thank-you for your help, and a wish that many joyful blessings may be yours in the coming New Year,—from one who remembers the stirring sermons she heard as a little girl when Mr. Wright, whom she greatly admired, came down to Montville from Norwich to aid in special meetings!

Very sincerely yours,
No. 201

Dr. 17, 1922

Dearest Sue:

I'm over at Sunday School taking Emily's place at the organ - Intermediate Department. The classes are in session just now so I have a free moment.

So many things have happened in the last few weeks that I don't feel as though I could possibly tell you -

A great deal of that feeling is due to the fact that conference has rushed past and left us fairly breathless and part of it is the uncertainty of some people's plans.

Marjorie Fleming, on finding out that Miss Travers is coming back...

and that she might be left to...
I've for another year in the
house with Margaret Wise,
decided she couldn't stand
it and asked to come over
and live with us.

She has had a long string
of hard experiences since she
came out—and although a
part of them are her own
fault, yet she is at the point
now where if she doesn't have
a little sympathetic help she
may go crazy. So we invited
her as cordially as we knew how,
and she came. She didn't
go to any of the sessions of
conference, and she had some
tussles with the language
committee and the reference
committee—and finally asked
to have her work changed to
English work—as she feels
she can't do what the committee
expect of her in the Swaledale
Institutional church work. She has been at over 2 yrs, hasn't finished but one year's study. I can't tell you more about it. But she is feeling better since she has come over with us and I guess maybe she'll pull through, but the whole situation is a very delicate one and is somewhat of a strain on all concerned.

Marjorie is a dear girl, though and doesn't have the same trouble living with us that she did with Margaret Winn. But some people have suggested that Enid Johnson, who was to be released from English teaching, take her place in the Swallow work and Marjorie take her place in the girls school. Mabelle does not approve of that — I think she is afraid Marjorie will let too many things interfere with her work.
It really is a mess—and I don't know at all what things are to be done to settle it all up. Marjorie thinks Enid is not the woman for the place—and Enid thinks that Marjorie is trying to get her place in the girls' school away from her—and Enid thinks that Marjorie should be relieved of the Swatow work at once, while Marjorie has no intention of giving it up until next fall. The Specklers are now at home on furlough and should be consulted—you can't imagine what a network of complications there is! Oh! I am a fortunate girl in a good many respects—I realize it every once in a while. And most fortunate of all because I'm going to see my own dearly beloved before many moons! At the very latest, seven months from now I shall be as far as Hong Kong from Swatow on my way to you. But it be joy-ful, joy-ful! JOY = 7 IV I!

Heaps of love—

[Signature]
Dear People on Earth,

Dec 24, 1922

Changchun, China

Here it is the day before Christmas and here we are over at Changchun, and it's all just grand! It's the very best Christmas I've had in China - and I think the biggest reason is that I know next Christmas will be happier still.

Yesterday I had two letters from you - Dec 8 and Nov 12 - (Nov 28 had already arrived) - If you received my letter written a few days ago, you will know by this time without my telling you, that your gifts of money are an inspiration this year when I am so hard up! My heart just sang when I saw that draft from 1925 - I can't say thank you in the way I'd like to.
to, for I can't see you to say it. But you two and Arthur may have a chance to know how I can say thank you—at this time next year—that is, if I don't get all choked up about being back home and get all weepy because it is lovely to be home again! I am beginning to worry already to fear I shall disgrace myself and the family while I am at home—because I have to think hard about something else now whenever I think about getting home—I know it won't be long now—but it seems as though I can't wait—and I shudder to think of anything happening.
To spoil my plans — the Father is wonderfully good to us, though — and I believe He will continue to look after us —

Last night the girls had their Christmas celebration at school — they gave a Cantata into which they gave the story of the Other Wise Man. It was very good or the whole, and the music was very sweet. But the Shepherds would not wear turbans (ugly — is death!) and so we were convulsed when they appeared in boudoir cap effects made by tying ladle kerchiefs around Elsie's heads with ribbons — Elsie asked one of the girls what they were supposed to be, and she thought the girl told her
"Shipwrecks"—well—we howled some when she told us about it—for they were so far from looking like shepherds as you can imagine! Then we told Mrs. Moley. She said, "I suppose we may understand that they were shipwrecked in the middle of the night, with their nightgowns on!"

Well—then we were not. Each new girl in school was allowed to choose a doll—and the others had work bags or baskets. A grand scramble, I assure you! Each girl comes to you! Each girl chooses her own.

This morning we had an impressive service in the church.
Dr. Ashmore preached a stirring sermon on "The Meaning of Christmas" and the Boy's academy sang "Joy to the World" in English — and then the girls' primary school sang "Adeste Fideles" in Chinese.

Then we came home and had such a nice day before Christmas dinner! Marjorie has gone to Washington and Eunice to Hopkins — and Emily, Mabelle, Elsie and I had it together! Elsie's present to each of us was a gold lacquer box — beautiful little thing, and a pair of silver fingernail clamps and Mabelle's to each of us a Chinese cloisonné vase — mine blue and Emily's red. Then we had some other (jokes) Mabelle had soap for us in the form of different fruits — mine was a peach — then lots of little dabs of candy, etc.

About two in the afternoon we left for Chasyang and had a splendid trip over — there were two and only two chairs waiting for us at the
launch landing. They just happened to be there. We got there in plenty of time for a good long rest before supper. Mrs. and Paul Cressey arrived there before we did, and had the tree all chosen and cut and the trimming all on Sunday night after supper. We took the things that had already been collected at the Grousbecks and the two huge baskets of things that we took over and put them on the tree. It was lots of fun and the tree. Dr. Grosbeck told her that morning Dr. Grosbeck told her that morning they always sat about two hours and looked at the tree before they took off any presents. She was just struggling to begin! Emily and I gave her the little bride and groom dolls that came out in a
boy last year - and she had several chicks,
dolls too - She was supremely happy -
It was a very lovely Christmas -
we had a good dinner - with cranberry
sauce and green corn on the cob, as
well as string beans, tomato salad,
Jucker house rolls - plum pudding, etc.
Mrs. Groesbeck is famous for her-
candies and we had all we could
eat of them. In the afternoon the
others went to their churches, services
and Emily went in for a nap -
Paul and I talked for a couple of hours
discussing theological and other
subjects - He's a very nice boy -
Then several of us went for a walk and
met up for a buffet supper.

Then I went back to find little
around the Christmas tree there
and didn't want much, of course. And
that we began to realize that
Christmas was nearly over and
that a lovely spring of mistletoe
had been hanging right over
the center of the room. No attention had been paid to it and it was clamoring for notice. I had teased Paul beforehand about what he would do if he got under the mistletoe. "I won't do it," he said. I knew that he girl at home and I would have to lose face terribly if he was confronted with the opportunity of kissing a girl under the mistletoe; and felt that he must turn it down. "Well," Mrs. Grosebeck asked, "then Paul caught Tracy — and Katherine caught Howard — and the kisses began. Mr. Baker said he'd find me a pound of candy if Dad was Paul under the mistletoe. I told him he didn't know how easy that would be!
None of us had a chance to get a look at him. Paul had caught Mr. J. and Mrs. B. and Desiré— and we girls were steering clear of it ourselves! Then Paul tried to haul Tracy up under the sprig—and we seized the opportunity. Emily and I made the plunge both together. He was well right overwhelmed. The next was an unsuspecting victim: Mr. Baker stood with mouth agape when Mary Egg and I pounced on him—one on each side.

Then we played rook and toasted marshmallows and the excitement died down. Rooty I saw that Mr. & Mrs. J. wanted to go to bed—So I left
the game and went over to say
goodnight to her and to tell her
how lovely it was - I had just
wished them all goodnight
when I discovered that I was
under the mistletoe that Paul
had no intention of missing
a good opportunity like that
I had teased him too hard and
I didn't escape, I tell you! He
certainly got it back on me-

Well, we had a lovely time, anyway
and a little innocent fun was good
for us all, I'm sure - And Santa
took so good to us! So good to me -
I must tell you about some of the
things - A lovely blue and black
leather pocketbook with inside filling
to match and a dollar bill in
the purse - From Gladys. Paul-
A silver ever-sharp pencil from
Uncle Homer - a Golden Thoughts
Calendar and a small photo of herself from Cousin Harrett. A nice little package of things from Anna Cole, Fairy Toy, soap, hairpins, little beauty pins, a black and white leather belt, some beads, etc.

Then Emily gave me a pongee shirtwaist and the most beautiful white silk slip trimmed with lovely filet lace, and tucks, all hand made. I wear with my rose colored gown which is just now being made up. She didn't intend to give me both but when she got the slip half made she couldn't get the lace to finish it and so that she'd have to get ready something else—and did the waist. Then she found that I had the lace of the same pattern so she got Eric to buy it back from me. There was a grand joke about that.

A bead girdle, two bead chains—about a dozen handkerchiefs, two sets of
tatted lingeie claps, two lacquer boxes, two blue china cups - a pretty fan - a bead bag, some small brass sheep bells, Gladys Astor's photo, a fellow top, an organdy and net collar cuff's vest set, a lacquer pencil tray, a felt towel end, a silver book mark and letter opener, a glass paper weight - and many cards I came to make my Christmas a very happy one - There was also a big picture frame from the carpenter into which they big horn picture of Myrtle and her family just fits.

Well I must stop now and get this off or you'll never get it.

A big thank you and lots of love,

Abbie
Dear Mother,

Yesterday I had another Christmas package, this one from my sister Ruth Whitman, and what do you suppose was in it? Between two and three hundred sheets of typewriter paper like this I'm writing on, several balls of knitting cotton and two nickel shuttles, and two pair of lovely dark brown stockings, but personally reach me my shoes. On this last and the other silk. What I want to know is, how did she know that I had some new dark brown shoes? It almost seems as though a little bird had told her! I think it is pretty nice to have a sister like that, don't you?

I don't know whether I told you that Mrs. Miller sent me a box of candy. I must hurry up and get my thank you notes written. I have almost finished the ones for out here, but haven't begun on the home ones this year.

HeLEN Felden sent only cards this year, because she has gone to the hospital for treatment for fallen stomach, which she now thinks to be the cause of the most of her troubles in former years.

Right here Edna Smith came in and when she picked up Uncle Homer's silver pencil, first thing she spied the initiale "A. M. B." engraved on one side. I never saw them at all. I liked the pencil before, but I like it more now! I forgot to say, too, that Ruth W. sent me two little spoons of darning cotton to match the socks.

Miss Traver came on Thursday and we went out early in the morning to meet her boat. I got back just in time to snatch a bit to eat before I had to go to school to lend chapel. Last night we had a party at Stanwyck to welcome Miss Traver. No, it was Friday night that we had the party. We have a farewell party for the women next Monday night and then on Friday night we are planning to have a regular old fashioned old maid party for a get-together, mostly in honor of Miss Traver. There is so much to do all the time! I haven't sent off nearly all the copies of my Arcostock letters, and they will get so stale that they will smell musty if I don't look out!

I am very sorry that I never told you about my marking prices on the drapery work and stuff. I felt sure that you had told you! I generally leave the price mark just as it was when I bought it. That is, I pay $2.50 for a piece of taffeta, and I send it to you. You pay $1. duty or more, and I'll send it for $2 gold, take out the $.50 duty and send me the remaining $.50. If exchange is good, I get 2 dollars and a quarter for my one dollar gold, and am whole except for the postage. If you do not have any duty to pay, you send me the $2 gold which exchanges for from $3 to $4.50 for me and have a profit. Or, you may raise the price to $3 to cover the duty, send me the $.50 and I'll get some profit on it. If the price drops or goes down, I am the loser no matter how which way you go, unless you put the price more than double. I have always needed to get the amount in MEX which is on the price tag, but just how much gold it will take to bring that amount in MEX, we can never tell from one day to another. The price varies all the time. That is why I have stuck to the one plan, of making the charge in Gold the same as what it costs me in Mexico. Sometimes I have made good profit and sometimes have barely come out whole, but I have kept on doing it because since exchange has gone up, there have been some that would make some profit always. The duty is raised now, though, and I am embarrassed by having people delay to pay for the tattin. Is that any clearer now? Ever 1 get double the price, the profit is eaten partly by postage paper—a girl a word and because the tattin, etc.

Gladys E. sent me some ginseng a while ago and it was marked $5. Our cook got only over $2 MEX in the medicine shops for it, and I don't know what to do about it. It does sell for a good price, but nothing like what she said! She sent me a little over an ounce only! The highest price that people have paid was over here lately has been $2 gold a pound. I must write to her about it. (Letter I have received my expenses as well you take $1.75 gold from sale of tattin and send it to Gladys) 2 more next time. Love to you both and thank you again for the Christmas money. I am enclosing a certificate from Marguerite in case the M. and W. people ask for one.

Always yours,

[Signature]