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Dear Mother -

It's cold - I'm huddled up close to the lamp on my desk. I have a fire in the grate and I'm too shivery (shiver, Fannie says!) to go over to open my typewriter for it is by the window and cold drafts blow in through the cracks. I want to start this letter to you - llahgh.

Will you put a copy of "Just Girls" in with the letter to Mr. Langton, if you have it? And tell me when my "rafts" of letters get to be too much of a burden - you see I'm taking it for granted that you'll be as glad to know I'm writing these letters as much the better of sending them off. The reading of them you can manage.

I'll be found!
Tonight I found a fat letter from Mabel Rosell waiting for me. It contained a Christmas present of two darling little silver buckles—lonely for shoes or girdle, or lots of things. Aren't people lovely? She says that her poor little sister Ada lost her baby son on his 4th day, after waiting and hoping for him for five years! It's a shame.

Last Friday night we had a candle party at our house. I got together all the candles and candle sticks in the house. And we decided to use red and rose— and we decided to use red and white ones since the Christmas decorations were still up. So we had candles and candle sticks on every where. The smallest ones burned out about the time the salad came on, and the candle lighted the candle so we then each lighted the candle— that was in front of his place— and the candle light all up and down the table— was so lonely!

Emily made little red paper baskets and Mabelle filled them with little ju-jube candies. She also furnished pretty little place cards on which Marjorie
wrote the names. Edna brought us some
red geraniums for decoration and
fourteen of us, including "Pauline"
(Paul Cressey had to be a fourth
along with the rest of us) sat down
at the big table. I'm keeping house
this month - and so the party was
really my responsibility. Thanks to
everybody's help - it was a grand
success. After the coffee we all
made little rhymes or sentences with
the letters of the word Candle. For
instance "Christian altruistic, no --, dear
literary, Edith." I can't remember it all.
The party was in honor of Edith Traynor
she just returned from America so we
made the rhymes about her - the best
about Christillas which she had to spend
in Hong Kong. It was a surprise when mine
was read. I felt it really sounded quite well:
"Charms she has many,
"Arts not a few
"Nobody wonders nor
"Doubt if that we too,
"Love her and cherish
"Edith, friend true."
Mr. Stafford has written to me about the boat. The one that appeals to me the most is the "Empress of Australia," but it leaves July 2nd from Shanghai, and our graduation here will probably be the last week of June; so I don't very much whether we can make it. I know, too, that Marguerite would much prefer to wait and go later in July—But I WOULDN'T! I want to get there as quick as I can. (Quit your raving! Ah—it won't get you there any quicker!)

Here is the seal or stamp, rather, that the Bakers gave me at Christmas, with the Chinese clock. It has all three of my Chinese characters carved on it—as you see—it is in the form of a little ivory locket which has two round pockets one for the stamp and one for the red stamp pad. It's a fascinating little thing.
Jan 14—

Everybody is good to me! Indeed I did receive Mr. Ackerman's $50— and the $45 draft later — and now yesterday along comes the $10— from Aunt Portia and Mr. Butterfield— I hope that long ago you received word about the first two accounts — I had thought at first, too, that Arthur's gift was $15— Then Arthur's letter came saying he was sending $50 — and I was overwhelmed. Then I thought that you had sent a part and were keeping a part there for me — Now your letter of Dec 11th seems to say the $50 from him is still waiting to be sent — I must write to him immediately — I'll never know how much it helps just now — But I feel much better than they were but I'm still in the...
I suppose until I get my returns from selling, etc. (Remember - this does not mean what I have sent to you.)

I sent Mr. & Mrs. Ackerson an acknowledgment and can't remember whether I sent it through you or not. It was sent, Oct 31.

What do you think? I guess my typhoon letter bore some fruit - The Don at Lytton missionary society sent me $28 gold - a Christmas present $X & me - because I probably never needed money any more in my life than now - it surely fills a great need. And then yesterday a check for $50 from Mrs. Albert Lawrence - from the Bridgewater Sunday school - for Typhoon Relief - I gave that and Aunt Margaret's $5 and Mrs. Butterfield's $5 & Mrs. Rollman's immediate relief work - the $45 I sent to Shanghai to be changed and then I know has made it. I will reckon out Mrs. Gammon's $7.5 and give that to
her too. I went down from Mrs. Janman's letter what she sent it for and you didn't say definitely about Aunt 2's and the mans - that I am going to be on the safe side and use it for temptation relief. The Houlton checked the gifts from you and Carter. I'm going to keep myself as I am sure that it was what you meant.

Alice Shaw has sent me a pretty green towel edged with blue gingham and embroidered. I have just sent her a letter but I'll send another note thanking her. For Stacy another note thanking her. Oni Stacey has sent me two beautiful handkerchiefs with drawn colored threads. A letter from Eva Sawtell says she is renewing my Atlantic again and Mrs. Rainsford wants to know what magazine I want and she'll subscribe & send for me. I haven't chosen yet.

And I'm happy because I have your letters just arrived yesterday. I'm always
rich when they come.

But my heart aches for you with your neuralgia— I'm glad that the teeth are gone but I'm so sorry for you with that hopeless ache that you can do absolutely nothing to relieve— I lost my nerve and went completely to pieces when I had it bad— I'm in pretty good condition now, too— so much better than I was a year ago— I do hope you won't have any more trouble after this finally stops. (Isn't that an insane sentence?!?) What I mean is, that I hope that now your teeth are gone, they are really and truly all gone— no pieces of bone left to work on— no wires, clamped up, quickly an jaw cracked on any other horrible horrible thing. And that the store ones will fit comfortably.

Love again— and some more thanks.

To you and Dad for the Christmas money.

Yours, Cathie
Swatow, China, Jan. 22, 1925

Dearest Ones;

We went over to Chao-ying again this week end. The Grosebecks are sailing in April and we were afraid we wouldn't get over to see them if we didn’t go at our earliest opportunity. We walked over from the launch landing when we went on Friday afternoon and back to it when we came back on Sunday afternoon. On Saturday we went shopping in the city. I spent twenty cents and got some gold flowers of the kind that they brought to us in Chao-ying for helping to save their lives (our boys were the ones who went out to rescue them, but they brought some gold flowers to us too.) We also climbed part way up the Chao-ying Pagoda and got the stiffeest knees you can imagine. My legs are all better now, but I think I should not have been able to walk at all if I had stopped as soon as I came down from the tower!

But the best part of it all was the coming home; for I found here two letters from you, cards from Aunt Bertha, Idella, Helen Pie-Iden, and letters from Ethel Peterson (with money for tatting) from Mrs. Sargent (also with the tatting money) from Miss MacVeigh commenting most favorably upon my typncon letter, and from Mrs. Myrtle Kimball; then there were 16 dolls from a class of girls in Massachusetts, and a guest towel from Eva Grant of Nuliten. That makes 24, more that I have come in for tatting — surely glad to see it come — I can't write a little more exactly now! I usually read your letters first of course but this time I decided to skim the other letters first and leave the best till last. It was the best of course, but it brought the sad news of Uncle Samuel's close. Your letter of last week told of Uncle Sam's death. I thought it was hard to write to Aunt Susie but it was harder to write to Uncle Samuel. I did it though, last night before I went to bed. It does not seem as though any of the other aunts or uncles would be as pitifully lonesome as he must be. I may be wrong, but doesn't it tear your heart out to think of him alone with those motherless little ones? Aunt Susie's grief will be very great, too, for she loved him as her life, I know, but she has not the babies dependent on her. Poor Uncle Samuel! I know the task ahead of him must seem hopeless enough.

So Clara sailed the 18th of Jan. and is well on her way to us now. I am so sorry that she won't bring my suitcases but of course I feel sure now that she did not have time to get my letter before she left. I shall be sorry not to have her bring it, for I shall need it. I wonder if you still have the letter I wrote to her about it. I think I said a black leather traveling bag 18 inches long, 9 inches wide, with my initials on one end. Emily says it could be sent parcels post and I guess it could; she got an ice cream freezer that way the other day! So if there is any of my money left by the time you get this, or if any moves come in from tatting or anything that you have not sent, I guess I'll ask you to get it and send it to me. That is, of course if Clara didn't get it.

I have just written to Mr. Stafford about reservations to come home. I cannot tell yet whether the sailing date will be June 29 for Vancouver on the Empress of Australia, or on July 9 for Seattle by the President Grant. The later is my choice for it will not marry me so ader the close of school, but as you have no second class arrangements and missionaries do not travel first class nowadays. As soon as I know just which date and which boat, I shall surely tell you, and I shall reckon what day I shall arrive in America and get all planned out the hour that I shall arrive in Sutton. Father dear, just as soon as you want to you may procure for me timetables necessary for travel between Montreal and Sutton and inform me with the utmost exactness of all necessary changes etc. and the best route to take. After Seattle, my first stop will be Sutton, I think. I doubt if I shall even get off at Chicago, in spite of the fact that the Rooms may be there then. I shall make as near a bee line as possible!

Your own and only,

[Signature]
Mother dear —

Jan 23.

I think I've changed my mind about that

cheer up in a coat, it had mine made up into a done coat and
skirt to match — and I don't doubt I shall wear it a lot
while I am at home next winter — but I am afraid it shows
by the way it wrinkles that it is only a cotton twilled
fabric —

I went once this afternoon and applied for my passport.

It cost $20! But that will go on my travel expenses.

I am sorry as I ought not to really worry — I guess — as I'm sure
for the Missy Society I have to lose so much money
in passports! Emily said tonight, "You must begin to be
as if you were going home."

I'm afraid I had not thought of going home — I should say a
few times I had thought of going home — I should have thought
myself unwise to travel first class — I should have thought myself

unfortunate to travel any other way — but now I have

found it would make little difference whether I had 2nd or
3rd class or not! Any way to get home — and you may be
sure it will be the quickest way that I can manage —

The Provost, Needlepoint's Alumnae came today — I'm always so

glad to have them — On one point I'm especially enlightened,
and that is to know that the Shan States are in China

where Helen Gates lives!

Now next time — Love,

Alice.
Dear [Name],

What an old peack you are, anyway! You ought to be spanked for sending me such a big Christmas gift - but instead, you'll get hugged when I see you.

You see, this winter don't up against it harder than I have ever been in my life - partly because of tatting and drawnwork that I have sent to people and sent to America by other folks - and for which they have not yet paid me - things that people have ordered and so on. And I've just been sitting on my teeth and wondering where the money I need is all coming from - for my salary has been sadly eaten up by tatting orders - I could have
cried for joy — think I did a little
when the letter of your check for me came — you have been so good to me ever since I came out here, too.
I don't deserve such treatment at all! So — since I'm really in desperate need of funds myself, I am going to use the most of it for personal needs — a little of it, however, has already been spent for a covering to some poor shivering back...
I think after you read the enclosed letter you will better understand how our hearts are torn when we see and fear of these people who have been bereft of everything.
Tonight I have been reading over some of your old letters and Mother in one of hers she says — "Arthur wants to know if you won't be letting us know sailing dates pretty soon." That was written several months ago — well, I can't exactly tell you sailing
date yet, because I am going to Seattle if I can get second class passage there. At present there is none, but the Admiral Steamship line is contemplating making arrangements for it. If that is possible, I shall sail from Hong Kong June 9 on the "President Grant," if not, on the "Empress of Australia," which leaves Hong Kong June 29. I can't tell you how thrilled I am to be making arrangements for getting home. It doesn't seem possible that I am actually coming home! I got my application for passport in the other day, so I hope it will come in time for me to travel home on it. There is just one thing I hate about coming home—it is not the ocean voyage—fr I like that and it's not even the contemplated visit in Seattle with Uncle Cyrus—but I do wish as soon as I leave Seattle that I might make up and find
myself in Sutton—or West Pawlet—or somewhere in that neighborhood. I'm not hankering for a long train ride in July or August—but don't think I'm grumbling! I'm glad enough for the chance to take it as soon as that.

So—it looks now as though I shall see my happy family before September—if nothing happens and I may hope to reach you early in August if it turns out that I can by the earliest, swiftest route. You may be sure I shall let you know as soon as I can the exact date of my leaving and arriving. I want letters from you along the way if possible.

Jin' sleepy! Mabel Bowell writes that they had a New Year's Watch meeting—and she told me she was off for stifled yawns on a string of beads she was wearing. Meaning this: 

"One yawn, two yawn, three yawn—four yawn with all my mouth and six I pass away."! That's the way I feel so I'd better say good night with love to you and all of yours—and many thanks—"Abbie".
Dear Gladys.

Many days ago I should have written to you about the package of ginseng which came in good condition. We did not understand why it was marked so high unless it was to protect it from loss. Was that it?

For the price it brought was only $3.00 Mexican, which is about $1.70 or $1.75—just now in gold. Mother has probably sent you the money before now. There was just a little over one ounce (of the twelveth-a-pound ounces) and $3. is a little more than the average price. For a pound you can usually not get more than $9 here—($9 gold).
Are your folks where they can get much of it? It'll be better to get buyers for any amount you want to send - but in sending again, the value should be marked lower, rather than higher what it actually is - for there is always the danger that we'll have to pay duty on it.

I am afraid your hopes were dashed to the ground when you got only $1.75 for what you sent.

I'm very sorry if it is disappointing but that is about most I could get for it - and probably more than I could get another time.

You don't know how anxious I get as the time goes by to see my new sister and those blessed babies - the pictures are so darling - I know I'm going to fall in love with you all on first sight!
It's always a treat to get letters from you, too. The last one was such a nice homely one -- I felt lots better acquainted with you than I ever had before, somehow! Well, it will not be very long now until I see you. Six months can pass very very quickly.

With much love,

Abbie
Dear belovedest ones:

A letter received today from Helen Hunt begins, "You behold in me a woman sunk in shame", because she had not written to me for such a long time. I feel the same way, exactly, for it is unpardonable in me to neglect you so long. We have been busy, though and have had more than one little excitement to "break the monotony of existence"(!?"*#?!)

Did I tell you that we had planned to go to Keying this Chinese New Year for a nice little vacation? But the political unrest has made it impossible to think of such a thing. The two factions that are opposing each other are preparing trenches and watch towers and all sorts of intricacies in the important centers and several warnings have come to us from the consulates about the inadvisability of traveling inland at this time. A notice came a few days ago stating that the matter would come to a head sometime within this week. It is now Friday P.M. and we've heard nothing further. But of course we were anxious about the school girls and wondered whether they could get home safely. So we hustled up our exams and that made it possible for the girls to go home early if their parents came to get them. That doesn't put it exactly right, either, for we should have let them go whether their exams were finished or not. The responsibility was too great for us to forbid their going earlier. We have been taking our time about getting the ranks counted up, because it was impossible for us to give them out before they went home anyway. We have hurried as fast as we could, tho, and are practically done now, in spite of the fact that we had a lot of extra copying to do this year. Now I am going to sort my things to take home and while of course I can't pack yet, I can begin to find out what I have and what I haven't, etc. NOW PA SANDERSON! I used not say that at all! And you needn't say "Just like her mother, packing her trunk a year ahead of time"! Moreover I think I shall be in somewhat of a rush at the last minute, for I have just received word that my booking and Marguerite's have actually been made and we are to sail from Hong Kong on the Empress of Australia on June 29. That is, unless they will not arrange to have graduation in time for me to get off on that date. It is up to Miss Sellman and Miss Culley to arrange and I shall think they are very mean if they don't so arrange it!

Well, the kids have all gone home and we thought we should get a little rest. But right out of a clear sky, our four boys struck and said they wouldn't work when we wouldn't give them soap to wash their clothes with. We never have provided soap for them to wash with (except the towels, dishes, etc.) and didn't see why we should begin, especially when they demanded it and were quite rude and insolent too. So they took a vacation yesterday. The U.S.S. gunboat "Asheville" is in port now, for protection to the Americans here, and of course we had invited some of the boys for last night supper. Fortunately the cook was not in on this and he felt terribly because the boys had acted so. He cooked a nice dinner and we helped him wait on the ten of us, and the strike was not such a bad thing after all. At least it made another topic of conversation. One of the men, Ben Dixon, is Chief Pharmacist Mate, and we liked him a lot. He is from Missouri and has friends who are preachers in Connecticut. After supper we played and sang some and then went up into Mabel's study and popped corn in a popper that clever Emily made out of a bamboo stick and a leftover piece of wire screening; we toasted marshmallows at the same time (somebody's Christmas box) and proceeded to get our hands and faces just about as smoky as they could get. We really had a good time and I think they did, though of course they would have to say so.

The house boys and coolie came back this morning and after much palaver we have succeeded in getting a measure of peace and harmony into the house again. We are invited out to the Hobarts tonight and two of the men from the boat are to be there. I don't know which two, but we'll be entertained, I know. I told you when the Hobarts came out didn't I? She was Waneta Deer and when he was at Newton she was at Hasseltine getting ready to come out here alone! His sister, Helen Hobart, takes Helen Crissman's place in the W.W.G.

I must stop now and curl my hair and change my clothes and powder my nose, or I'll be late and that would never ever do!

Lots of love,

Abbie
Swatow, China, Feb. 11, 1925

Dear Mother:

Last night I got a letter from Clara Leach written when she was within one day of Shanghai. I am so glad that my letter got there in time for her to bring me my bag. She says she enjoyed using it too, and that compensates me for having to ask her to bring it to me. I feel as though I can attempt to travel to America as long as I have one. The little one I had when I came out was just a cheap one you know but I don’t what I should have done without it. She says you sent lots of love by her too. I’m pretty glad to get that too! She is staying in Shanghai for a medical conference but will be down soon after the 20th of this month. I can hardly wait for her to get here. It will seem like a breath from home because she has seen you so recently.

She writes that she came on the Australia and the second class accommodations were very comfortable. I am anxious to hear all about it. I know it will be easier to go second class when I know just what I am to expect isn’t it grand that she comes on the same boat that I am going on!

Mary Ogg has come over here to live. Dr. Groesbeck is going home on furlough this spring, so Dr. Ashmore was elected Secretary of the reference committee. Since Mary attends to all the detail of that office it is important for her to be near the secretary. We are pretty glad to have her here on the compound. Everybody loves Mary. She lives at the Ashmore’s, has her breakfast there and her dinner and supper at Sherwin Bungalow, where Miss Sollman, Edna Smith and Fannie Northcott live. Today is Mabel’s birthday and we are having Mary, Edna and Fannie over for supper tonight. It is nearly time for them now.

This morning we went out to the U.S. gunboat “Asheville” for a service at which Mr. Hobart preached, and Grace Sweet and Mrs. Cowles sang a duet. Then we came back and went to English service, and this afternoon I went to listen to a S.S. class of old ladies which I have been asked to take at the beginning of Chinese New Year. I am rather diffident about attempting it, for they say that class is not at all easily satisfied with regard to the teacher. They have a Chinese woman now who is satisfactory to them, but she is wanted somewhere else. If they are not edited by my teaching, alas, what shall I do? I realize that while the girls understand pretty well what I try to say to them, yet they are used to me and these old ladies will have the double of listening to a foreigner’t halting speech and of being a little deaf themselves, too. (Double hindrance is what I started to say in that sentence?) Seriously, I am more than a little worried about it, for they are a critical bunch if there ever was one!

Tuesday morning

We are dissipating, I tell you! Yesterday noon Emily and I were invited to a luncheon at Mr. McLorn’s and he was rather disappointed that we wouldn’t go to walk and then come back to tea afterwards at his house. But Emily and I went to buy a new lining for her suit, and were tired enough when we got home as it was. Sunday afternoon just after I got home from Sunday school, Mr. Dixon from the ship and a Mr. Weid from Manchester N.H. and Pepperell, Mass, came to see us. They came obviously to get the books of pictures that Mr. D left here the other night, but they went around the corner of the hill to get a glimpse of our sleeping beauty rook, and then suddenly discovered that they must rush off to the ship without even going back to the house. I really think they were glad of an excuse to come again, for in the evening they came again and he brought three more books of pictures! So they have to come again now to get those!

I am hurrying to finish this letter for I have much business today. I am going upstairs right now to get some bedding and a few other things that I am going to pack in a box to stay here. I know it will be a long process so I am anxious to begin. Then at noon I am going to try my luck at dying an old silk jacket, to make a blouse.

Much love to you and Pa,

Yours affectionately,

[Signature]

Abbie
Dear Mother,

Your letter telling me of the money you are sending came yesterday. I am tremendously relieved to know that there is $137 of mine which is nearly here. It helps me to see the end of my troubles much nearer. But I'm going to ask you to send the $100 that you can and will "send, bless you! Though I am ashamed and much humiliated to let you do it, and have spent all day and much of last night deciding to ask you to.

I am ashamed now that I wasn't more definite in my letter to you. You sent the money immediately without a single question, as I knew you would - but I'm sure there was
a multitude of questions in your mind though never a hint of them in your letter.

Thanks to the $137 and what has been sent before, and what I have saved, my bank books will show the right amount that I ought to have; that is, I am clear except with Emily. The root of the whole thing was carelessness. I let the accounts go without a trial reckoning because they were so mixed up with two and sometimes three people handling them. There was a mistake about last year's tuition and I spent money which I thought was mine but wasn't. Emily declares she but wasn't. Emily declares she wasn't. She is clear about it and so insistent to share in paying up that it is very painful to me sometimes. She can't see why her money shouldn't go in as well as mine, just pool the whole thing and save as
Much as we can together. She is insisting on giving me (but I shall pay it of course) the living expenses for the last three months as well as loading me some to pay for taking money that has not yet come in.

The money that has come recently has almost all, except Arthur's-gone for typhoid relief or for tuition that I have promised to pay for needy girls. I have heard through Kate that Sue Bresser has written to me and that she sent my money to Mrs. Huntington—but she had not heard from her. I finally wrote to Mr. Huntington to inquire. She $150 no news at all has come from Mrs. Page. I have received from the Free Baptist Church a letter from Mrs. Stacy, from P. Lyman, from Mrs. Horton, from Mrs. Pierce, from Huntington W. P. A., from a friend of Marion's in Dover, from Chickasaw Falls, Mass., and some friends of people out here.
Some that I loaned to a Chinese teacher in distress last year is coming back now by $10 and $12 — and he still owes me $22.

Please don't worry if it is well in the way of being all fixed up. If you can send that $13 the burden will be sooner off — but if there arises some more urgent need for it before this letter reaches you, I can send it a little later. Only I know you can appreciate my waiting to get every cent settled before I leave this side of the world — and can understand that I can't owe money even to a close friend and be happy — even though she swears she would rather loan it to me than not.

You can perhaps imagine whether I am ashamed to have a thing like this happen. I cannot help thinking we shall find a blunder in the account somewhere but they seem to be perfectly straight. I have a feeling it won't happen again, though! Since Dec. 1st I have kept a balanced account of my personal
expenditures - Perhaps now that I have had a sound spanking I will really do what my father and mother taught me to do. From the time I was a baby! Emily is the only one who knows the least thing about the whole matter. You may be sure I'm very humbly thankful for that much.

My heart aches to think of you with these days and weeks of terrible neuralgia. I do hope it has all stopped now and I do hope it has all stopped now and that you are not only free from pain but can eat comfortably. I guess we had some toothaches together when the other didn't know about it.

Eileen & 30 have come and Kelly &

Sargent's $15 money order is in my drawer but I have waited several weeks for the order to come to the P.O. If it doesn't come soon I shall ask her to find out about it.

Today we went out to the "Asheville"

In a service again, Mary Egg &

I sang "Beneath the Cross of Jesus" (my alto)
her soprano), and Newton Carrman preached. Then we went to Swanton to English Church and heard a fine sermon by Mr. Hildreth. In the P.M. I went to sit in my old ladies S. S. class. Alas — I am to begin teaching myself next Sunday — and am dismayed at the very thought of it.

Tomorrow I must get at letter writing in earnest. It is true that I don't answer gifts and letters as promptly as I should — but it has seemed as though I couldn't drag myself to do it. I am physically all right — but can't seem to get done more than so many kinds of work at one time. The last week of school, I had an attack of nervous indigestion which was caused partly by being all upset over a quarrel by Emily and Eunice and at table one morning — and then rushing off late, and then rushing off late morning, and lost about three days' meals. The next night I ranking papers! I should but worked steadily until dinner when some one suggested that I was
expected to sing at a missionary meeting in the P.M. Some of us here in the house had been rather at sixes and sevens anyway and that was the last tidbit as the camel's back broke. The girls babied me in the P.M. and wouldn't let me work and I've been O.K. since. I'll be still better now that my mind is relieved on money matters and now that I've told you about it. That is a big relief and the only reason I didn't before was because I was just plain ashamed.

It is beginning to get a little warmer, but my hands are like ice and even the furniture and wooden floors are all misted over though you had just poured hot baths into the hot tubs in every room in the house and even things inside the  wardrobes get damp and when you crawl into bed at night you feel as though the bedclothes had been out in the dew - next spring I'll be at home, though!
Yours with a much lightened heart,

Abbie
Dear Ones;

We have been out all day doing New Year’s evangelistic visiting and when I came in all tired and worn, you can imagine what it meant to find a nice pile of home letters waiting for me. There was the one from Mother with only the two cent stamp; it had passed the eagle eye of the inspectors and luckily I did not have to pay anything. That would never happen if it were a notice of a Chi Omega which "will take place" about a month ago! I have had to pay extra often on things that I did not care very much about, so I don’t feel at all conscience stricken about letting this go.

I had a nice letter from Lucy Montgomery Newell, one from Helen Plumer Paulson, one from a Colby Y.W.C.A. girl, and the one from the Free Baptist in Maculon. The last one is rather odd. I sent her tatting to the amount of $30.60 Mex and marked its value $10 gold. She says she had to pay $9.32 duty and is sending me the balance. I was not alarmed when I first saw the check, for it is $51.38. But she goes on to say that it includes $25 from the church for typhoon relief work. That leaves me $6.33 gold for over $30 worth of tatting. Not so lucrative a business as it might be, oh! Well I shall take out the proper amount to pay for the tatting and give the rest for typhoon relief, and explain to her when I get home. I certainly should like to know what she sold that tatting for. If she had sold it as I marked there should still have been over $20 gold which would have made me square and brought in a little sum for somebody’s tuition. Ah me! How do you see where it would have paid me to mark it $25.30 Mex instead of $10. gold?

Emily has gone to Kityang with the property committee on business and also for a medical examination. I think it is the first time that I have been away from her for more than one day since last Chinese New Year’s when I went up to Chaoshawfu. It is fine to have a friend so close, but it does take up a certain amount of energy and time, which I don’t grudge in the least. But I have a feeling that I am going to do a good deal of concentrated work while she is gone, in the way of letter writing especially. Am I very awful, do you think, to feel that way when she has been so good to me and has been such a loyal friend? I don’t think she ever wants us to be separated, and she says she will be good for nothing after I am gone home. I don’t think so at all. I think she may find it harder in that she will think there is no one else who is quite as sympathetic, but she will give some of the others a chance to get closer to her after I am gone. She says she has decided now that she would rather stay and stick it out than to have to go home and perhaps not come back for a long while if ever. She thinks that if she can manage to stay the whole fave and a half years that there would be more chance of her getting back after a serious operation than if she went home ahead of time, and I presume she is not far off there.

I am so sorry to hear of Uncle Arthur’s accident. I shall follow up your letter with one to him saying that I shall anticipate getting to know him on that trip and afterwards. Is that the proper stunt?

We went to visit Cheng eng today. She is the little girl about whom I told you in that letter about the baptism. Her mother is dead and I shudder to think of the things that may come to her in the freedom and authority that she has in that big Chinese home of her father’s. I can’t stop to write more about her now. She gave us a wonderful feast.

Please don’t wear your tongue all out, Mother dear. Sitting cake, bread, pie and pudding. It would be the worst tragedy I can think of if you couldn’t talk when I got home! How soon are you going to get some store teeth?

All yours,

[Signature]
Dear Mother:

Clara Leach arrived Saturday morning and we went out to the boat to meet her. It surely is good to see her again. I think she looks five years younger, really. But I want to begin farther back than that to get everything in order.

Emily came back from Kityang Thursday, earlier than we really expected her. She got here just in time to go with me to a tea for the sailors over at Mrs. Ashmore's. It was just planned for a tennis tea, but it rained so we stayed in the house and played "spin the platter" and had the forfeits and a jolly good time generally. Mr. Jackson, who has been rather attentive to Edna while they have been in port, had to demonstrate a proposal of marriage to Emily. He declared he couldn't demonstrate with more than two around, but he managed to do the affair quite gracefully after much palaver of spreading his mandercher down to kneel on, etc. "Miss Miller," quoth he, "I am a man of few words; will you have me?" He had shortly remarked that he couldn't do it if she had the dog in her lap, so she replied "Love me, love my dog," thereby causing the whole company to shout. There were plenty of mirth-provoking stunts. I was told to go into a room and shut the door for two minutes. After the third successive slam the door was looked, so I went over and began to slam the other door! Then they sent in one of the boys to see that I kept out of mischief for the rest of the two and smile at the one he liked the best. Mrs. Copan was sitting at my right and Emily at my left so he began with Mrs. C. and did his little stunt all in a row. One lad who looks enough like Arthur to be his twin, had to push a penny across the floor with his nose.

After the tea was over Mr. Dixon and another man came to our house for supper. Then after supper he fixed several cameras for the girls and showed us some more of his pictures. He said he had some films for a vest pocket kodak to give away and wanted to know who had one. It turned out that I was the only one who had, so he said he would send them to me. Then we sang some old songs and the men went. But the next day when the films came there were seventeen of them and they didn't give out until next August, so if nothing happens I shall have some pictures of my homeward journey!

We were invited to a dinner over at Cowlee in Swatow city for some of the officers, on Friday night. On Thursday I fixed up some final snaps for my gorgeous rose colored dress and on Friday Emily and went to work to fix over a dress of hers. She used the same turquois satin slip that was under her embroidered dress before and with the help of another net waist and a piece of silver ribbon that she had, succeeded in making a creation. We finished it about 5.30, packed our swell suits in suitcases (it was raining) went over to Swatow and dressed for the party at 7.30. The Greenbocks from Choyang were there, and the Schneers and three officers and several of us girls. Faith and it was the grand time that we had! We dissipated for sure. When we left about 11.30 we couldn't all get rickshas immediately. Those who did started off slowly; my ricksha coolie had gone for others, so I was left without a "horse". Mr. Baldwin, who was my dinner partner, was taking a huge bouquet of roses out to someone who was sick, so he said 'hold those a minute!' Then he stopped between the shafts and began to run along beside the others. They all set up a shout of course, and on the meantime the man came back and ran right past his own ricksha without recognizing it at all. He had lost his ricksha and then it was he who set up a howl for his lost ricksha. They said things did certainly look suspicious, with the roses and the strange man running away with me in the middle of the night.

Clara's boat was due at daybreak, and even though we came over in the ship's launch, we were pretty late getting to bed, so we thought we'd better sleep in our clothes if we wanted to wake up in time! We didn't, though, and wonder of wonders, we were the first ones down to the jetty and up had to wait for the others. I went over some school affairs with Nellie and then in the afternoon I went to bed. We wanted to get up in time to wave goodbye to the Asheville. But she sailed at 4 instead of 5 and we were too late. As we sat at tea the boy came in and said that Nellie wanted to see Elsie in her bedroom.

When we got in there we found her in a stupor and not able to move, apparently
She said afterward she had been there for a long time and couldn't move nor speak. Word of her sister's death had come in an ordinary letter from the mission treasurer at Shanghai, and it was such a shock that she keeled over. She has had this sort of thing twice before in her life when she has had bad news, and I really think that it is a shock of a real shock. Several in her family have had them, and it is a thing that she dreads like the plague. Her hand was numb at first and she was afraid that something had happened to that. We were badly frightened, and I ran for the doctor. I got Miss Northcott first and she sent me on to get Marguerite. M. was not at home. Clara was coming to our house to supper, so I thought I would go and get her a little bit early. But she was not there either, so I came back. When I got here I found M. already here and Mabelle much better. She stayed in bed yesterday and is much better today. She has waited years fearing that every letter would bring the news of her sister's death. It was a great shock when it did come, but we are hoping that this will be one bit of tension that will be relieved, now that it has happened and she will not be waiting for it all the time. Poor girl!

Well! Clara came and after a while we asked Marguerite to stay too and we had a quiet little supper. She brought me a nice black bag. They did not put the initials on it but I have a notion that I may be able to get it done here after all. Then I opened the things that you sent — saw the blood on the box — that was the darkest thing of all. The money bag is fine. I thought at first that I wanted the same kind that I had when I came out, but Emily had been singing the praises of this kind much so that I am persuaded it is the kind I would rather have after all. Thank you very much, Daddy Dear! The address book is certainly just exactly what I want; I like it even better than the one I had before because there is more room in this one and because there are more S's than Z's, for instances. I am glad to know the address and the telephone numbers, and Father's life history I copied down first thing. The "genggam" deal was a good one for me, it seems. You thought that Clara would have nothing left to buy anything extra, so I got a lovely piece of Green and silver ribbon from you and she bought me a beautiful piece of henna and black about the same widths! She bought a couple of pieces of lingerie tape too, so I'll have enough to pay back some that I have borrowed as well as having what I need myself. She brought me a pair of manicure scissors, too, so if you have sent another pair I'll sell them. The shield, nets, and garters are exactly what I want too. And I got a letter when nobody else had any home mail too! It was a happy day for me, except that we were all so sorry and worried about Mabelle.

Yesterday I went to Chinese church as usual, but I'll confess that I had my Chinese Bible with me and I didn't hear much of the sermon because I was thinking about the ordeal I had in the P.M. But when afternoon came I got up and taught it outwardly as though I had been doing it a long time, I think. I did sweat some and I stopped a little before the last bell rang. The old ladies seem to understand me pretty well and gave grunts that I took to be approval when I had sat down. They said my words to were hard to understand and then I told them that I had not given my consent to teach this class at all. Since they were so much older than I they certainly knew far more about the doctrine than I did and it would be they who taught me instead of my teaching them. I think that pleased them and then they thanked me profusely. Then I invited them to come to my house to visit me. Up spoke one old lady immediately and said that she certainly should come right away; moreover she would bring something for me to buy! Well, I had a nice time with them and even if I was soaking wet when I got through I guess it was worth it. I don't believe I shall be quite as scared again. I want to invite them over here tom tea some time soon and play the victrola for them and entertain them generally.

Last night Pauline Senn was here to supper. She was in my study a little while and then after I read a little I went to bed. I got up dreadfully late this morning, but even so I was the only one left to havemorning worship with the boys. I don't believe many people in this house are crazy about leading prayers, and I am afraid most of us try to get out of it when we get the chance!

Well do you think that will be enough for this time? I haven't written as much as this for a long time.

Always with love, [Signature]
Dear Cousi:

This is examination day and I am sitting in the assembly room while two of the Chinese teachers give examinations in Arithmetic. If there were any applicants for the highest grade grammar I would be giving that exam myself but there are none as yet. I am helping to watch these who are being examined and I presume this will be a mixed up letter because there are interruptions every other minute or so.

Mother's letter with the check for $139.84 came on Saturday and I have sent it to the bank by registered letter today. I am surely relieved to get it, and shall be one happy girl the day I am square with the world.

I read Saturday of the Baptist World Alliance in Stockholm. Wouldn't I love to go home that way? I am sure...
there is not a chance in the world that I can go — but just for my own satisfaction I have written to Mr. Stafford to find out whether anyone is going from Shanghai, whether it is safe to cross Siberia now — and how much more it would cost to go that way than to cross the Pacific.

Please don’t think that I have set my heart on it. My present financial set my heart on it. My present financial difficulties make it impossible — and while I thought and talked a good bit about it yesterday — this morning I see with a little clearer vision that I must not think about it at all.

I have thought too of what you wrote to Uncle Arthur, and wondered whether you definitely made the plan for him to come home with me. If he gets better and should want to do that, I should not think of anything else — of course. I have not written to him yet, but I plan to soon.

So — I know I cannot go — but it is no harm to dream a little, is it?
There is one drawback — and that is that I should be nearly a month later getting home — and another, that I would not be able to make the visit in Seattle for another year and a half. By that time they might be tired of waiting for me — and I really do want to make that visit!

Emily was in bed yesterday — not sick enough to need me there — so after Chinese church I went over and had a good old time visit with Mrs. Olinmore. I found out many things. Found out that she thinks Emily doesn't like her — and thinks she makes fun of her — she doesn't understand how I could stand Emily's being such a drag on me — and I tremble to think of the things she may say to Emily herself some day about it, for Mrs. O. is not afraid to say anything. I told her some of the lovely things I could about E. and how generous she is — and how helpful in some ways — but I am quite sure I haven't changed her opinion
in the least! I also found out that she thinks she never gets a chance to see me alone, but that E. is always tagging. But I must admit—well I don’t need to talk about it now—and I didn’t admit it to her! I am sorry that E. is so in Mrs. A.’s bad graces—I hope she doesn’t find it out—and hope that she gets in right soon—and she wrote a welcome letter to Mrs. A. when Mrs. A. arrived in Hong Kong—which made Mrs. A. mad—and she could spank her all she needed to be spanked etc.—so though Mrs. A. was legislation of the mission, she says:

But there, what is the use of writing so much—? You wait till I get home and—talk about tongues wagging at both ends—well—if we don’t have to burn the midnight oil at both ends to let the tongues wag, all they want to—then I miss my guess. And I bet you there will be sometimes when even Pa won’t be chortling plaintively “Aren’t you two pills ever going to know enough to go to bed?” Reason? Because I’ll be busy being a “pill” too!

More love than I can tell you. Dottie.
Dear Arthur:

I am ashamed of the way I have neglected you — and I am going to write you a little line tonight even if it is only a little line. I have just about made up my mind that I will have to write a letter every day from now until the time I said, if I get my correspondence caught up. There are left only 115 days until I leave Hong Kong — and if I do only one letter a day I shall barely be caught up with myself. So I have resolved to write at least one letter every day and as many more as I can on those days when I can possibly get them in, or when I'm in a good letter writing mood. I know there will be many days when this good resolution will be smashed to Smithereens — but "Hit ye —
wagon to a star." You know—

This letter is going to you by way of letter—because the home letter isn't yet sealed this week—and I am sending several others with it, so yours gets in on that—and so gets there a little cheaper for me!

I have just received Mother's letter giving the directions for making Gladys's coat. I should be most happy to have it done and shall be very sorry if I can't. When I wrote about it the shops were full, more about it the shops were full. I didn't think about it being such a short winter out here—but the store where I got the material is all out and I don't know whether any other shops will have it or not. I'm very sorry—but will see what I can do and will hope for the best. Tell Gladys it is a shame to get her hopes all up and then have them dashed to the ground that way!
Yesterday we had examinations in school and today the girls have been coming in all day. They are not all here yet but the country is so upset that we cannot tell what is going to happen next. Robbers are as thick as flies - and travel in many directions as exceedingly difficult. One of the girls has just been married and did not dare to let the fact be known. She did not even have a sedan chair to ride to the grooms house for fear the excitement caused would stir up some kind of trouble.

How are those blessed babies? You can't imagine how anxious I am to see them. I'm positive Ruth's picture is right here on my desk all the time and Ralph's
is up on the bookcase, I can't realize that I'll find both of them very different from their pictures when I get home!

My love to Gladys and the baby and much to your own dear self.

[Signature]
Dear Ones;

This letter may not be very legible and yet it may be; the last one I wrote I had to make a carbon copy and send that, the top one was so faint. The ribbons you sent me are not all used yet but they have mildewed, in spite of care, and sometimes don't make any mark at all. I'll hope for the best, tho', and perhaps my new ribbon will get here soon. Just now I am right in the middle of the ribbon and it is working fairly well.

I am going to Shanghai for a vacation.

Spring is here today with a vengeance. As soon as I went out of doors I knew that I had too many clothes on and at noon I changed to thinner. I was pretty glad - old for in addition to teaching my class I had to play the big chapel organ at Sunday School. I surely did perspire some before I got through! I hope to visit some of my old ladies some time this week, but don't know just when I shall be able to get it in. The days are pretty full.

I planned to get all the sewing I needed to have done finished before the beginning of this term but I have not started in. Wouldn't it be dreadful if I had to come home in a couple of white dresses and my nighties? I planned to make up a pongee suit and one thing silk to travel in but I guess I won't make the suit until I get home after all. I have an old green mohair which has faded almost beyond use, but I think perhaps I can fix that to wear on the train and then I will fix up some linen things that I have and just get home somehow, then have a pretty pongee suit made when I get home. I just haven't any time to do anything.

I got a pigskin box in Swatow and yesterday finished making the things to pin the hats on to, and screwed them into the sides and bottom, and now I have a rather respectable hat trunk. I want to get a little flat suitcase (my two suitcases have been ruined by white ants and the dampness) in Swatow, and it with my new black bag, and the two trunks that I brought, and the hat trunk, will be my luggage, I think. I thought at first of getting a compass wood box and I may even yet. But if I don't need more room I went. That is, unless you would particularly like one some particular size to fit some certain piece. If so tell me what size and I'll see what I can do, for there will surely be time to get an answer to this letter before I go. I ought to be able to get a small shirt waist box like the one I took to Coburn for $10. Max. or less.

School has begun in good earnest. I am teaching 30 (thirty) periods a week this year, and all but two classes are in Chinese. I have additional to what I had last term, a class in Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare with the Senior High School girls and I am expecting to enjoy that very much. They are the girls with whom I had Proverbs last year.

I wonder how much I will have changed. You don't ever wonder that, do you? Let me warn you that I have lost about five sixths of my hair again since I came out here. The trouble on my head and body has tuned up again this winter and is about as bad now as it has ever been. I am beginning to give it a different treatment and am hoping for results soon, but you know I never can seem to find anything that does it very much good. It gets better and worse all by itself, mostly. I must hurry and get some more writing done.

Always with love,

[Signature]

Swatow, China, March 11, 1923
Dear Mother:

Ah me! I am sort o' weary and longing for the time when I shall be with you and can be quiet for perhaps a half hour at a stretch without a dozen interruptions. I do have such hours, cut here, I know, but I have got to the point where it doesn't seem as though I ever add! This minute I have about sixty letters that should go off on the next mail; this whole week I have had make-up examination papers hanging over from last Saturday still to be corrected; on Wednesday I taught nine half-hour periods and then I have studied for an hour; only we had a Union prayer meeting on this side of the bay and I had to dismiss the teacher in order to go to the meeting. Every other day but Wednesday I have been working for an hour after the regular school work is done on the translation of my course in child study for the girls.

I resolved last week sometime to write a letter every day and last night was the first one that I have touched since, I think! I am just awful, I really am. I don't seem to have gumption enough to get anything done no matter how many times I decide to do it! Maybe a furlough will do me some good. But I don't think I shall be absolutely done out when I get home unless something quite unforeseen should happen, (which I don't think it will, of course!) But dear me, there are so many things to do and I don't seem to be able to get them done. I was surely going to write another letter to my church on this Easter time, but I shiver to think about it, even!

Tomorrow I am going to see what I can do with an old green suit that I have almost worn out once. It is a most uncertain venture and I am exceedingly doubtful about the outcome. I hate to use up a lot of energy on a thing that brings disappointment and so I rather dread to tackle that job. Then tomorrow night at 6 is choir rehearsal and at the same time a teacher training class for the Sunday School which I really ought to attend. But I have got Miss Traver to take my class on Sunday because we are to go to Chaoyang (some of us) to the dedication of the new chapel. So I am going neither to the class nor to the prep. work. We shall go over Sunday morning and back in time for the evening service. Then first thing we know it will be Monday morning and a week's work right on us with not a time to breathe.

That sounds as though I didn't think you folks ever had to hurry, doesn't it? It isn't meant for sputtering, really, but I just felt as though I would bust if I didn't blow off a little bit of steam. See?

Isn't it nice that I get a $1000 salary and never knew it! I am very glad that my name is down for that deal, and I am sure that the benefit will be a great blessing to me some day. If only for the fact of knowing that you don't have to starve when you are old, the comfort of having it would pay a thousand fold for the small output. I am very grateful to you folks for attending to this first part of it for me, and so glad that you got it at the cheaper rate, too.

Yesterday I went to hear Clare Leach speak at the Woman's missionary meeting, and I am full of admiration for her. She spoke fluently and apparently with great ease, and her message was a splendid one. I am afraid I shall never be able to speak as well at home as she did, any where near, to say nothing of being able toorate in Chinese after I get back here! I get scared and more scared whenever I think about that speechifying at home I can tell you! Well, do you think I have grouchished enough for once?

With very much love to all of my dear ones,
Dearest Ones:

Over a week has gone by without my writing to you. A week ago Sunday we went to Chaoyang to the dedication of the new chapel (to take the place of the one that the typhoon knocked down). They have done a tremendous amount of work on the thing over there and have done it in such a short time. Sunday was a fearful day at the beginning. The waves on the bay were so high that the little boat we had ordered did not dare to come across the bay to get us. We were very doubtful about getting there at all. Some of the people did back out and we almost did too or three times. But we wanted to get to Chaoyang and so as soon as we could get a boat across the bay we went. We were fortunate and caught the very first launch that went, and just barely caught it, too. Ten of us were in the party counting two Chineses (one of them the preacher of the occasion). Just as we got to the landing the rain began to come down and we had some little difficulty getting chairs. We were very glad that we went and we ate our lunch in the dismantled living room of the Greenbecks, regaled by her delicious coffee.

They came over to Mackintosh the following Tuesday and this last Friday night they were here to our house for dinner. On Saturday they sailed for Shanghai where they will be for about two weeks before they leave for America. About two days ago I got your letter asking whether I would sail with them. Last night the Schnares were here for dinner. They are sailing this week. Mr. S. goes on a transport (signed up as the steward or something). He can get it much cheaper that way and they were expecting that she would go that way too but a new ruling does not allow women to travel on the transports. They have not known what to do about it, but now she is going on the Canada with the Greenbecks and Anna Foster and they are bound to have a grand time. The government does not pay a very big salary and pays no fares, though the consuls are expected to go back to America every three years or two and get in touch with things at Washington. So she is going second class with the missionaries and she certainly is lucky to get in with that bunch. She is a Pennsylvanian girl and we like her a lot.

Elin got a letter last week which scared her most to death. It was from her sister, telling her that her mother was very sick and that she had better come home at once. If she expected to see her alive, of course. Hinted at cancer of the stomach and other gruesome things. So she immediately wrote for passage and got a cable that she had passage with the others. But in the meantime she had had other letters and had decided that her sister only wanted to scare her and so she changed her mind about going. So she let Mrs. Schnare have her place and that is how it all happened.

I have had a letter from Mr. Stafford saying that none of the China Mission is sending a delegate to Stockholm and that it is not yet safe to travel that way. So I have put that out of my head completely. Now I want to write to Uncle Arthur. I wanted to before but I just couldn't make myself buckle down to the business of getting it done. I am hoping to get several letters done this P.M. if my ambition holds out a little longer.

There is another big fuss up about Marjorie Fleming. I can't remember whether I have written very much or not but she and her work have sort of in a sense, she has made very few friends in the mission and things seem to be getting harder and harder for her every day she stays. She has several times refused to meet committee when they have invited her to talk over things with them, and she said yesterday that she would not go to the reference committee today as she had been invited to do. We are all much relieved that she has changed her mind and has gone. I do hope there will be more benefit to all hands in her meeting with the reference committee, that is, that people try to talk things over with her. Of course I really ought to be writing about it to you for it is a very personal matter, but we are all pretty much up set by it. Some people think she ought to be sent home if she is so hard to work with and is not even willing to discuss things with her fellow workers and everybody is worried about her and what she will do for the the work here if she stays and what harm she will do it if she is allowed to go home just now. It is a most regrettable situation.

The gunboat is coming back today so I suppose we shall be seeing those sail or boys again! Always yours,

[Signature]
Happy Birthday to Mother
There's no one I would rather wish,
A happy birthday to,
In all this whole great big wide world,
Dear mother, than you!!
With dearest Love
from Abbie

Apr. 3, 1923
Swatow, China, April 9, 1923

Dear Ones,

What is to become of me if I get any worse than I am now? And I certainly show few signs of getting any better. It has been nearly two weeks since I wrote to you, and I have not written to anyone else in the meantime. The gunboat has come back and we have had more affairs as a result of that. But I think I have been to about all the parties and have invited here to the house about all the people I can stand for a while. I began to call a halt yesterday. They had service out on the ship but I did not go, and they had a sing in the evening at Miss Collman's and I did not go to that either. I slept only a little in the night and I suppose if I had gone I would be blaming my lack of sleep to that.

Well, things have been moving. We had word that a Philadelphia girl was coming to Hongkong and would get up here if she could, but she wanted Elise or Mabelle to come down there to see her in case she could get on board. Elise is not fit for a trip like that so Mabelle went. She started off on Tuesday afternoon to be there to meet the boat Wednesday, but the boat got into H.K. a day early and the next A.M. we saw the girl walking into our yard, and Miss Culley in Hongkong? They told her there was a boat down at four the next day but it went at 11 and then there was not another one in time for her to get her steamer. So she had to buy her ticket all over again and go to Shanghai. Mabelle thought that she would get there later and take another steamer from H.K. to meet her boat in Shanghai, and so waited for her down there. Then her steamer was delayed: the girl sails last Friday and Mabelle will get back here tomorrow if nothing prevents. And they did not see each other at all! Isn't that luck for you?

And while she was gone we had a monkey given to us by the boys of the Ashevile. We have found out that monkeys are extremely dirty and screechy little animals. Emid was peevish about it at first and would have nothing to do with the beast and I wanted to give it away immediately, before she changed her mind. It was out on my side veranda the first day and night and I could not stand it any longer. The dog got loose and kept me awake and then at a *night the monk began to chatter and I was ready to fly. Yesterday they took it out on the back veranda and the boys were sore as boils because they had to keep scrubbing up after it. And even then the veranda was a disgraceful sight all the time. This morning they took it out and tied it in one of the trees. It chowed its rope loose though and came into the dining room just as we finished prayers. It is an affectionate little thing and likes to cuddle up close to us now that she knows us, but we generally have to go and change afterwards. I must admit that it bothered me a lot at first and I worried about what Emid would think and how Mabelle would like it but I am not going to bother any more. We have now Jinx the dog (Emily's) And Blackie the cook's dog; Beauty and Cinderella, Mabelle's two cats, and Cindy's two pindling kittens; Mabelle's rabbit, Peter and Molly; The Big Un, Migan (short for Miguet or Nignon), Rougetail, and Palefin, four tiny fish that the schoolgirls gave us; they are in my green bowl so I suppose you'd call them mine; and now Georgia, the monk. And I tell you that is about enough for any mortal to stand. Well I shall have ten or eleven more Saturday days here anyway and then I embark on my big voyage.

I'm looking forward to it for some reasons than one! I forgot to say that yesterday Emid changed her mind and now she loves the monk and wants to keep him I think. Di tell you Emid got all scared and thought she must go home immediately. She has now decided that she does not really need to and she would like to stay if possible.

The shops are closing up again in Swatow and it looks as though we might have fighting. That means that the gunboat will probably not go out tomorrow as planned.

Always with love,

[Signature]

[Address]
Swatow, China, April 15, 1923

Dearest Ones:

It is about time for me to get another letter from home. I have not my little book right here with me so I don't know whether it is really four weeks since I have had a letter from you or not. I am sure it is three, and it seems like six! I guess I had better comfort myself with the thought that on my way home I shall have to wait longer than that for letters.

The monkey has gone and I have regained a little of my lost disposition if not yet all of it! I am getting very restless, though, and find myself wishing every day that I could have a week's vacation. Am I not the laziest thing you ever saw? And the very thought of studying while I am at home—well I can't bear to think of spending the time away from home, that is all. I don't know what is to become of me on the letterwriting score. I am so ashamed but still I can't seem to get the pesky things done at all. I am a little bit comforted by the thought that there have been other people in the world who at times found it next to impossible to write letters.

The Asheville went out last Tuesday morning and we have had a little rest on that score. I ought not to kick about wanting holidays, for last Thursday we had one right out of a clear sky. The night before it rained for the first time properly in several months, and everybody was so delighted to see the water that Mabelle gave them a half day to wash the school from top to bottom. It had not been done for a long time because there had been no water. So she got word back to us here at the house before we went over, that we did not need to come. So we had a glorious time here at home sewing and getting exam papers marked.

A rather dreadful thing happened at our last reference committee meeting. The report of it has not yet gone abroad but the facts of the case are that Miss Sollman was voted out of her school and Mrs. Worley was put in her place without consulting either one. Miss S. has been doing typhoon relief work, and in connection with that she was asked by the authorities in Swatow to take charge of a new orphanage. She asked the opinion of the Ref. com. about her helping to get this thing started only, and that is what they did. Mrs. Worley has for a long time wanted to be transferred to Shanghai where she could be with her son Edwin, but although it has been voted that she may go, there are some people who think that it is giving up her real missionary work and that she has no right to ask it. They thought that if she were given a job that she felt was worth staying here for, that she would not insist upon going. However, Miss Sollman is broken hearted, because she had no idea of giving up the women's school, and Miss Traver and Mrs. Worley both say that they will not accept matters as they are. And Miss Sollman says if it is left that way that she will resign. I don't know just where it is all coming out but it is in an awful mess just now and more than two people are just about at swords' point with each other. Ah me!

Always yours lovingly,

[Signature]
Dear Mother;

Swatow, China, April 25, 1923

Here it is Wednesday and my last Sunday's letter not yet written to you. If I don't write it on Saturday there is a good big chance that it will not get written until after the Wednesday P.M. sewing classes. My Sundays are as full as they can be and I am always rushing to get ready for the handwork class right up until the time of it Wed. P.M at 2. This week I have rushed more than ever because I am having a class of 23 make burlap handbags like one that Edna has, with drawn threads worked in bright colored wools. The burlap as Mabelle gave it to me was filthy and covered with black lettering. It is what they all use for morning, regular sackcloth, you know. I knew they would not be overjoyed to do it, so I dyed the bags brown, red, and green with some old dye soap I had. Mabelle gave me some yarn but it was not nearly enough. Monday night I discovered that there was not enough burlap either. So on Tuesday P.M. I went to Swatow and hunted for more burlap, more dye and more yarn. I got home about four o'clock and kept my poor woman until almost eight o'clock washing and dying the stuff, and this morning I borrowed Emily's washwoman to help iron it dry. At 7 A.M. P.M. I had it all ready, and although they think it very strange to work on such rough cloth, and some of them ask what we are going to do with these floor cloths, still they are "intrigued" by the bright colored yarns and really fascinated with something new to do.

Last Saturday was a happy day. For nearly four weeks we have had not a scrap of home mail, and I can tell you I was just about ready for some! Before breakfast I got one from you and during the morning two more, besides letters from our las. Page who is at home on furlough (she enclosed 50 gold towards the tattling so I am doubly thankful for hers), Pearl Mason, Maryland Garvin, Hattie Kilcoiffins, Gladys Peterson, Myrtle Percy, and Gladys and Arthur telling me about little Roy. And a birthday card from Riverside Farm. Do you wonder I felt rich?

I must hasten to assuage Father's fears about my traveling with many heavy trunks. My chief occupation on Saturday these days is concocting a dress with two sets of sleeves that will serve for a traveling dress one way and a court dress to go to meetin' or to dinner in Seattle, and will take up almost no room in my suitcase. Mrs. Asmore has made me a little steamer hat and one for dress-up which packs flat in my suitcase.

One other thing. Father says I must not plan to get into West Burke in the middle of the night but must get up and take the 8:25 train. Whaddy mean, middle of the night? And he says the summer trains may be one hour earlier than this! I say, are there any later trains? (None.)

I really am grateful for all the good advice, though, but I may not need the advice about Montreal after all. Mrs. Stafford, the wife of the Mission Treasurer in Shanghai, is very critically ill (they don't say, but I have heard there is mental trouble) and they have been ordered home. They are not able to take the children with them on account of her serious condition, and Mr. S. has asked me to take Mial, four year old boy (youngest of three) from Vancouver to the nearest point arrangeable to Rochester. I told him I would be willing to take the boy right to Rochester if someone could be found to meet me in Chicago, but that I dreaded to cross the city alone. Marguerite has promised to get the some one in Chicago, and I am waiting now to hear again from Mr. Stafford. Mrs. Hylbert will have Mial on the steamer and I hope to get some points about the care of four year old from her.

Yes indeed we can use the postcards that you sent. We should love Christ mas cards like that especially if one side at least were bright colored to the point of being gaudy. They would heep trim the tree as well as being pretties that the girls would afterwards hang on the wall.

Letter no. 406 you have doubtless received by this time. It was written or sent Feb. 19. These three of yours were written the 4th, the 22nd and the 16th of March. In case you did not get it I'll tell you that my sailing is on the Empress of Australia, leaving Hongkong June 29, and arriving (also leaving) Shanghai July 2nd; Kobe, Japan, July 5th; Yokohama July 8th; and Vancouver July 17 or 18.
My dear, wouldn’t it be wonderful to have I.K. and Gladys Paul there to visit us this summer? I just can’t wait to see them, and I certainly should love to have them there together. I hope you have invited Gladys, too!

Jan. 1st the postage was raised to 15¢ and we had to pay the higher rate for a few weeks only because there was such a kick that they changed back again.

Oh!! I almost forgot to say anything about the thing that made me the very happiest of all on Saturday. I looked in the pages of the Priscilla in fear and trembling lest their picture had fallen out or had got put somewhere else, but it didn’t and I am so glad to have you so near me here. I was showing several pictures of you to Mrs. Ashmore and she asked which of the two that were taken just before I came out looked most like you. So I told her that one of them was very seriously considering something I had done, bordering on the ashamed or reproachful, perhaps, or about deciding to give me a little good advice, and the other one was telling someone else something that I had done that was creditable or telling me truly I would “pass in a crowd” or something to that effect. Then she took up the new one and said, “What does this one say? Oh, I guess here she is just saying how glad she is if you are coming home.” Were you?

I am exceedingly glad to have those toothbrushes. Now I shall get safely home, I am sure. Partly on that account and partly because my passport reached me yesterday.

I have been trying to think of something that would be nice to send my latest nephew. Gladys said that the rompers I sent at Christmas fitted them both but this little fellow is almost too small for rompers. He’ll soon be big enough, I suppose! I am not crazy about the name Roy but that is because I have not known anyone that I particularly loved by that name. I can see how Gladys would want to give a boy her brother’s name, though. It is good to have him named after Father, too, and I don’t doubt Father is perfectly willing for it to be the middle name instead of the first one. Gladys’ letter was written Mar. 19, and she said she had had an easy time. I surely am glad for her.

It is almost time for prayer meeting — We went to a good meeting and I’m sleepy —

With love to both,

[Signature]
Dear Ones;

I am happy again, this time over many things. Last Sunday I spoke to a group of young converts. I had been told that the 29 26 women and girls who were baptized at our last decision day meeting were to be invited, and a few who were not. It was the last time, and possibly a few others. I anticipated a group of 40 or 50, but when I got there Sunday morning I found over 100 persons in attendance. The committee had been doing good work and rounded up a lot more, and consequently I was somewhat abashed at the thought of addressing so many. Of course I speak to more than that number at school chapel, but there were many of these people whom I did not know. I told them six things which a young Christian should remember. They were not all young in years but had recently decided to follow the way of the cross. At the close of the meeting we had the great pleasure of seeing six more come forward. Oh, there is nothing like it!

I am happy too because I have had three more letters, from you folks: Mar. 28, 26, and April 2. The check for $.68 arrived O.K. and I am truly grateful for it. I told Emily what you said and she was quite upset by the word "suffocating." "Better call it insatiable if you have an intimate," I should say," says she. As to the bars and the hangmen's rope—well I'll admit I think I know how Democritus felt with the sword hanging over his head. It has not been Emily nor anyone else who has been hanging it there, though, but just the thought of my carelessness that has chagrined and shamed me so and of course, wondering what the very quickest way to haul it down!

But I can't very well be blue when people are so good to me and when I yet splendid cheery letters like yours, parents mine! A letter from Uncle Arthur. He had not yet received my letter asking him if he is going to take the trip home with me, and he did not mention anything of the sort. Indeed he seems to be uncertain as to the possibility of his getting up to Seattle. He is still on crutches and though he does not complain yet I think it must be very hard for him. If he can't get up there I shall not know just what to do. I shan't want to miss seeing him, but it is quite a jaunt down to Salem. It would cost a little penny extra and I don't want to use the extra time. I could talk to him over the telephone I suppose, but I don't know.

By the way, do you folks have a telephone? I have often thought how nice it would be for you if you could have one but I don't know that you have ever told me in so many words that you had one. If you have, write to me some place along the way, at Vancouver or Seattle or some place and tell me the number. I don't know that I will have a good chance to call you up but I might. I do hope you have one.

Mr. Stafford is pitifully grateful to me for promising to take his little boy across country for him. It is settled that I am to go through Chicago but I don't know yet just what route from there on. It seems most probable that I shall go through Cleveland and Buffalo and Rochester and probably Allentown and Turner's Falls to Sutton.

In the last mail I had a letter from Helen Clark and she is to call this fall to do secretarial work in China, for the first year at least in East China helping Ellen Peterson. Isn't that great. She has been in the room for quite a while I think.

Another thing that makes me happy is that I have begun to pack my trunk. I have been afraid that the rainy weather would be too continuous for me to put anything into my trunk dry. But last week we had some sunny days and so I took the opportunity to get all my things runned. I also had the cook pack a few Chinese dishes. I am not bringing many, but I have a few things. Saturday night I was too tired to see straight but I had a goodly number of things stowed away in the bottom of my big trunk and had got them all listed.

Love love--5 weeks from tomorrow I leave Hongkong!
Swatow, Chins, May 6, 1923

Dear Ones:

This time I am getting a hump on myself and getting my Sunday letter to you written on Sunday instead of any time between then and the next Saturday night. I don't know that I'll get much written tonight but at least I have begun!

Today twenty-six were baptized, ten of them from our school. Isn't that fine?! I am almost ready for bed, though, for today has been rather strenuous. At eight thirty the church service began, and it lasted until quarter of ten, when we went directly down to the baptismal service. On the way home we stopped a minute to see Fannie Northcott, who has been sick with malaria. Then I came home and read a little and got ready some more for my Sunday school lesson. S.S. began at two today so that communion service could begin at three-thirty. At quarter past, I should say. That service lasted until after half past four (they always have a sermon with it). I played the big heavy organ at both these afternoon services and was ready to quit when the time came, I can assure you. I pereire almost to a grease-spot with either teaching my class or playing that big organ, and so when I have both, and an extra dose of the latter at that, I am ready to say as grandpa used to say, "Enough is as good as a feast". I forgot to say that in the few minutes between the P.M. services I ran up to the Ashmores to return a book which Dr. Ashmore had loaned me. So you see I kept at it all the time.

We had had a cup off tea and were resting at the tea table about five o'clock when the Hobartes came to make a little call. They stayed until just before supper and now it is "right after supper". I ought to write more than this one letter but I don't know whether I'll have the ambition or not. I don't have sense enough to do anything in the evening any more, unless it is to read, and then it has to be a pretty interesting book that will keep me awake for very long!

Word came yesterday that Mabehle's things, which she packed and sent on ahead of her when she came out the first time, nine years ago, have arrived in Swatow and she will get them tomorrow! That is, what is left of them. In those days things went around the other way very often. That was in 1914, and the shipment of eight boxes got as far as Hamburg when war was declared. She found out about it the week she sailed! Of course she gave up all hope and simply thought she need never think of them again. But other people lost things too, and she got a chance to file her claims, though she knew that the things had been broken open and noone knows how much was taken. But after sorting and repacking, enough was left to fill four boxes and so she is on tiptoe now to see what is left and whether any or all of it is really hers. It surely is exciting. I hope I may be spared an experience like that.

That week Wednesday is China's Humiliation Day and we are to have a holiday. I am hoping it will be sunny and I can get some more of my things packed. I may have to leave the very day after graduation so it won't be wise to leave too many things to do at the last second. I haven't any idea yet whether I can get all my things into the trunks I have or whether I shall have to get another! (Pd dear, if I have just one more you won't scold me too hard now will you?)

Mrs. Baker has begged us to come up to Chaochowfu once before I leave. Next Sunday being Mother's Day there will be no Sunday School lesson taught and no work to be arranged, so we are going up over next week end. I rather think that will be my last trip anywhere until I start for Hongkong.

With a heart full of love to you both,

Abbie
No 220

Pang Khee P. P. Station
1:30 P. M. May 14, 1923

Mother dear:

We came up to Cheochowfu on Friday and have had such a good week end with the Bakers. After we knew we were coming we had to refuse two nice invitations; one to Mrs. Hildreth's and lunch in Swatow with Mr. Atkins, Paul Cressey and Mr. Burke, the new young American consul. Then Mrs. Cowles had a party Friday afternoon and she begged us to stay with her overnight and go to the station from her house.

But A. M. E. did not want it at all—and I wasn't keen on it myself, so we decided not to change our plans. We were afraid if we waited another
week it might be too hot, or raining — and in any case I would feel much more rushed later than now. This is my last inland trip while I am here. We have been free from Sunday School duties.

Just at present we are surrounded by some Chaochowfeng school girls, cooks and others, who are goggling at us and also wearing their eyes out so they'll be sure I know who they see us again. Jimmy has retreated under the bench and is resting from his long hot walk into Pang Khoi and back. Emily had never seen the potteries and I wanted to go again. Since it meant missing only one class more — we decided to stop over today. The train is very late and hasn't even gone up to Chaochowfeng yet. We
have to wait until it goes up and back down again.

On our way up we had a few extra moments so went in & saw Mrs. Bates, the Seventh Day Adventist missionary for a moment. We then missed Marion Bobo, who came down on the train that we took. We were sorry in a way I miss her, but she came down to go to the things that we missed.

Any way, it was Mrs. Baker whom we visited and since we stayed in Mrs. Baker's room, I think it really was that much easier for Mrs. Baker.

Saturday morning we went into the city and while we bought almost nothing
yet we had a chance to look see, and I visit with Mrs. Baker at the same
time. In the afternoon Mrs. Lasher came up. We all went to church in the
morning and rested back in the afternoon. I was trying to read but got so sleepy I
had to take a half hour's nap in the middle of my story. I should have
written to you then but I was lazy and wanted to finish a book while
I was there.

Marion Box got some home mail yesterday so we are hoping to find some
for us when we get back there. I'm not as hopeful as Emily is for I had
three letters from you less than two weeks.
She hasn't had any for over three while
three weeks ago I had three more from you.
I shall miss them while I'm from
going from Japan to Vancouver — but it will be worth the wait to see you.

I am "frightfully thin" as Henrietta

Failing told me — which means not half

as bad as it sounds — but I'm hoping

to gain a lot while I'm at home.

The eczema on my head is pretty bad — and on my body quite a bit worse than

usual — I shall want to see a doctor

about it as soon as convenient. Marquiza

says I ought to see a specialist for

such a stubborn thing. I don't think

I'm in a particularly run down condition.

but a change and a rest from everything

and everyone here will be good for me,

I have no doubt. Sometimes I dread these
next few weeks ferociously - and then
sometimes I realize a little that I shall
miss the girls and my friends out here-
I have never felt once, however, that I
wanted to stay beyond my time.

Enid Johnson has passage for the
middle of June - but she is just hoping
and praying for word from her mother
that she may stay. Her mother has
been sick, and her sisters think Enid
ought to go home and take care of her -
Enid thinks it is a whim and that it
will mean years of drudgery at home
and giving up mission work for good
perhaps - I am sorry for her - but
I don't understand how she could be
out here if her mother needs her.
I guess her mother is different from
mine!
The train has gone up and will be down again pretty soon now. We have had a very cool spring—I think this is the hottest day so far, and yet that may be because I've been out in the sun walking. But the Clouds have come up and it may rain before we get home.

It's now quarter of three—and there comes the train! You see I have written this in a leisurely fashion indeed—

More next time—

Love

Abbie
P.S. It is now evening - and Emily is in bed - I'm going soon. But I'm not
going to sleep until I say thank you so pretty as I can for the beautiful
gloves - you shouldn't have sent me a single thing for my birthday this year.
Doing all you've done and then these too - I certainly didn't expect you to
send me any thing and I most certainly don't deserve these lovely things

Of course, you know they are exactly what I want and need most - and are
my preference in color and everything - If you had asked me which color - not
having seen this soft shade of green - and especially not having seen it
with the things I am planning to wear here, I might not have said
green - but once having seen - I
can't think of anything that would go more beautifully with everything than these two pairs of gloves. I'm almost stifled at the thought of kid gloves this weather, but I know I shall feel sadly out of it on the way home if I don't have them. I'm glad to have these books too. I may leave some for the girls to use after I'm gone, and I still may use some of the patterns at the last minute myself.

Emily went to bed peevish as soon as we got home this P.M. and wouldn't eat anything except a little ice cream. The reason is that she found no letter from her mother and she hasn't had one since.
Apr 29. On Apr. 28 I had three
from you — and on May first three
more (one of them enclosing the $88+ and
today two — one enclosing silk goods (I love the tucks and the way they button
ee-ee ! ! ) and the others enclosing the
$16.48 — Again I'm very grateful, though
you know it without my saying it.

I do feel rich — and I really didn't
expect any letters today — so they were doubly
welcome — E. wept and sulked for several
hours — grieved, I'd better say — well —
I'd be sorry if I didn't hear from you —
but I don't exactly think it would
make me doubt your love for me! I
hope I'd have clear enough vision, too
to see the beam in mine own eye &
to understand that a million things might
prevent you writing — Well — I've never
yet been at the place where I didn't want a letter from you—but neither have I ever worried for fear you were forgetting me! Never having come to such a pass—I don't know exactly what I should do if I felt in my heart a doubt that my mother or father didn't love me as much as I thought they ought to—but if such a thing could happen—which I know it can't—I think I'd want to die rather than let anyone know it—well—but I guess I'm not seeing mine own beam after all—as I'd better quit.

Had a letter from Uncle Cy, and so
from Helen Fielden - but cordially
anticipating visits from me.
The kiddies pictures are splendid.
I know I shall love Ruthie!

Always & forever —

[Signature]
Dearest Beloveds:

Thirty-two years ago today—? It is quite a long time, isn’t it? I’ll warrant you weren’t thinking ahead on that particular day to the time when you would have a thirty year old daughter in China and three grandchildren! It doesn’t seem possible to me that I really am almost thirty years old, either, and more than I suppose you can realize that you have been married thirty two of ’em. I am wishing you all happiness on this anniversary day.

Six weeks from today I shall be one day out of Hong Kong towards you. I am sure you laughed at me, Pa, when I wrote some time ago that I was already beginning to pack my trunk. Well, go on and laugh! I think I really deserve it. I have been busy ever since and I can’t seem to get any further than the first day. Four weeks from next Saturday is graduation and I suppose every minute from now until then will be filled. I shall leave Swatow either on the following Saturday or on the Tuesday after that, according to the schedule of the coast boats from here to H.A.

I have finished up my course in child study. It was getting to be a terrible nuisance because I had no material ready for them and had to hunt for odds and ends to give them, hand to mouth fashion. I was about at the end of my rope on material for them, too. They are the grammar graduates and we knew they would enjoy having the last few weeks free to get ready for graduation. I am still working on the handwork classes. It is really absurd for me to be teaching them handwork. It ought to be Chinese teachers teaching them to make their own clothes. But there is no one else to teach it, and so I am putting in a makeshift of a number of foolish little things samples of which you will doubtless be seeing not many weeks after this reaches you. (Just think of it! I shall really be jockeying into your own two blessed faces! I don’t believe it can possibly be nearly as wonderful for you as it is for me —)

Poor China is in a pretty bad way. I suppose you have read about the awful earthquakes up in Szechuan— not near our own mission stations, we hear, but we have had no details. And about the train hold-up on the railroad between Nanking and Peking. One Englishman was killed, and several American and British are held for ransom along with numbers of Chinese. A relative of John Rockefeller is one of these held. They say that they will not give them back even for ransom until they have had a promise that these foreign countries will not go to war with them about it. We have recently heard of two more others hold-ups, on boats this time, but we have not had details of those either.

A letter from Uncle Cyrus speaks of the hope that Uncle Arthur can be there as I go through Seattle, but he also expresses the doubt that he will be able to come. He mentions the plan of coming home east with me, but seems quite dubious about that too. But I am to have little Melva Davis Stafford with me any way.

Last letter I told you how much I liked my gloves, didn’t I? You could not have sent anything that I would appreciate more. Everybody raves about the style of the green ones. Marjorie Fleming said, "They are lovely," and they look just like you too."

I wrote you how disappointed Emily was because she didn’t hear from her mother. The next morning when she came back from Ungking she brought up a letter to me that had been there in Enid’s room all the time. The boy read a little English, just enough to sort the mail, and they made a mistake this time, and put it in Enid’s Room. Wasn’t that too bad?

Very much love to you both,

Abbie
Swatow, China, June 4, 1923

Dearest Queen,

The letter I wrote to you this morning almost went off to grow by itself — but (see why?) I'm glad it didn't. For I feel better now — and so does Emily — and we all love each other again! We have had a wonderful home mail — yours of May 7th — with the topics about missionary talks which I'm very glad to have — and of May 17th, including the check for $10 from Mr. Butterfield. Will you please thank them for me — and tell him that instead of writing a note, I shall hope to thank him in person here many weeks go by.

Had a letter from Gladys Latimer, one from Dr. Jackson, and one from Mr. Giberson — the best and most cordial he has ever written, enclosing $50 and insisting that I visit them this summer and go on a little outing to some lake — I shall hope to do that sometime — but I hate to think of leaving you folks to go anywhere at all this first summer — if you can go to — I'll go anywhere — otherwise I'm exceedingly jealous of how my time is spent! I can be very happy to have people come to see us or for us to go & see them — but I'm not as keen for me to go & see them — Well — we shall see what we shall see.

I'm dying to see you dear beloved — anyway! 

P.S. I'll try to bring something.

Love,

[Signature]

from Margaret Sanderson
Dear Mother -  

This is blue Monday -  

It's raining - and one of my music pupils has just informed me for the third week in succession that she was "mêô" (not at leisure) to take music lessons - since I'm slightly "mêô" myself, I am a bit "ribled" to have her be so careless about it when in over here and all ready to give it to her!

Well - I got a bill from the hospital this morning stating that six bottles of oil that I have had will come to $1.50 each instead of $1.75 that they promised me - and I'm seared - because I could have got it cheaper in Swatow.
Another grievance! Emily got up from breakfast in a huff and said she didn't intend to stay for prayers this A.M. She didn't feel like reading Revelation—Well—that made me mad—I didn't feel like it myself but I sort of think she would be better off if she would do a few things once in a while that she didn't "feel like" doing—

I know I'm an awful crab but I must have got on the wrong side of the bed this morning, and my disposition is not woefully cracked. I do wish that I could be calm on the inside as well as on the outside—Not that I am particularly calm outwardly—but this A.M. the worst thing I've done outwardly is to boil over to you in this scrawl.
Margaret Flattery says that you haven't yet got
real control of yourself until you are able
to let the petty annoyances pass right over
you without disturbing you at all—I do
wish I could manage not to be bothered so
much about other people's affairs—Emily is
all over her bad feelings by now, I suppose—
but it seems as though the day is spoiled
for me—and I blame her for it, you see,
when in reality hers was only a small
share. The hospital, and the music, and
and probably the underdone egg I had
for breakfast all had their share in
upsetting my equilibrium. Ain't I just
limit?

We had visitors last night, too—three
boys from the gunboat who have been
by—after six weeks for an invitation to come
by our house—and they said—they went home
before ten, but I was watching they
wouldn't come at all. They brought us
candy—which is acceptable—I come—
On Saturday I packed all day - or cluttered things up, rather - and then we entered the graduates of the grammar school for tea. Then went out to the boat to see movies - then back over a rough sea to Kakchik again - and to the British Consulate for a celebration of the King's birthday - we came home. Yesterday I went before twelve - besides Sunday school and then the boys came in the evening and it's getting to be too much of a good thing!

Well - less than three weeks more - or at most not more than three weeks more - I know I am awful to be so lazy and so anxious to get away - but I think I could sleep for a month if I had the chance.

Well, I get this much steam off in my half hour of writing - and I feel better. So don't worry seriously when you persuade this awful scrawl - it's just a safety valve! Love, Able.
Dear Mother -

I'm giving an arithmetic examination and the poor kids are having an awful time. I tried to make the exam as easy as easy - and still they are talking at the last one - which reads thus:

The sum of two numbers is 26. From the greater subtract twice the less and the remainder will be 8.

Can you do it?

Hooray - 'One of them has finished correctly already - and so I guess we may hope that others will get there too.'

Oh - I must tell you about the sailor lad who has suddenly developed a severe crush. He comes from Pepperell, Mass - and is 29 years old. Had a moustache but shaved...
it off when he heard me say I thought he would look better without it. Sent me a box of chocolates and invited me to go to walk—which I couldn't do alone of course—so Emily invited another boy and we took them to the top of the nearest hill then had to come back because it rained. So we sat on the porch until supper then sat there a little while after supper. In my answering note I said I should have scolded him severely for sending the chocolates—so he brought me two boxes this time!

They have liberty every other day and so he insists that I must come out to play volleyball on Tuesday go to walk Thursday to see movies Saturday etc. That will leave only the following: Wednesday & Friday before I go away forever! Sad—sad! But naturally I have not the
time even if I had the inclination to fall in with his elaborate plans—supposing it were a perfectly conventional thing out here. Some of the girls go out more or less but I think it pays to be careful—and haven't yet gone out alone with a man as some have—

My washerwoman informed me the other day that she wanted to come a little while to sit with me in the evening. When she came—what do you suppose she brought? A gold chain with an elaborate filigree in which are set two small green stones and two large mother of pearl hearts. It's very Chinee—

and rather good looking—but I felt like two cents to have her give it to me. Her salary—
Thursday just before the decision day I had my old ladies over for tea - I gave them cakes and cookies and tea - which they devoured - and then I brought on ice cream which most of them tasted and a few of them enjoyed. One old lady who is as stiff as a ramrod ate her dish and those of three of her neighbors! I played the Victrola which they liked immensely and showed them the pictures of my "venerable" father and mother which they liked even better.

We don't know what day we may have to close in a hurry and send the girls home without any graduation at all. There are very scary rumors afloat of various plots to attack our school here - and threats are heard night and left. Last night one of the girls went home because
they had threatened to kidnap her.

For Sinar, one of the three who has just decided

we do hope nothing will come of it. But you never can tell in these troublous times. I got three exams off today. Then tomorrow I shall start to pack in earnest and put away the things that I am leaving here.

On Saturday night Mr. Molon gave a farewell dinner for me—Emily, Eunice, Clara, Paul Chesser, Marion Bros., Mr. Burke the new consul, Mr. Atkinson and Mr. & Mrs. Wildsith and the other guests—We had a nice time—and now affair over with.

Love, love.

Abbie
Dear One,

I'm in under my net all ready to go to bed but I do want to share my happiness with you — for I think this is one of the happiest days of my life.

This afternoon we had a decision meeting and I have been especially praying for three girls in the graduating grammar class. They are girls who all come from heather homes — and I prayed that at least one of them might accept Christ before I went to America.

They are all three bright girls, leaders in the class, newcomers who have had...
A tutor in some Bible work with me outside of hours. Not long ago I asked them about becoming Christians. Sok-kiu said she had already decided to be a Christian partly because she had been stirred by something I said at the meeting for young Christians (she got in to the meeting somehow). Sui-siang said she would become a Christian when I came back from America — for by then her mother would surely give her consent.

Then Jin-kei, whom I love even more dearly than the others, promptly began to weep — and said that her dead father had never heard the gospel — and what good would it do her to be saved if her father...
was not saved?

Since then I've had a few little chances to talk with them. Jessie Swane got work from her mother that she was willing for her to become a Christian.

Just last night I had an irresistible impulse to go and have one more talk with Jim. She is engaged to an official, who is opposed to her becoming a Christian and she has been very heart heavy because she has felt for some time that it was the right thing—only she did not dare face the opposition. I went and found her busy.
being feted with her classmates by the teachers.
So I got hold of a friend of hers who had just decided and sent some little message by her. This morning word came through the friend that she had decided and would confess Him today.

Even then my faith was too small to believe that she really would. But she did! And besides my three precious ones were seen other of our girls—and other children and women to the number of 31. I wonder how God can possibly make any use of me when I trust Him less short a distance. I was so anxious for these
girls to come — yet I could not see past their difficulties. There are three more who are not Christians in that class. I wish they would come before I go!

Yesterday, June 6, I got your letter sent May 17th. Don’t that great! It’s the quickest yet! I have chosen a little girl who will write to Gladys Wesley before I go home. I think I’m sleepy. But very happy — With love — Abbie
June 11, 1923
No. 224
June 13, 1923

Swatara, Ohio

Mother and Father dear —

The time is drawing near — and I must say I am all going around in a whirl — just now I'm waiting for morning chapel to be over — so that I may give my last make-up examinations. Then I must go home and give the exams & at teachers & correct — while I go into the chaos in my bedroom and try once more to see whether all my things will go into my trunks or not.

I have my big trunk packed (and tabulated!) almost up to the tray — if I find things will not go in —
this P.M. I must go to Swarton to find out about getting a box—I must also see about boats for next Saturday—and get our reservation in—Marquette didn’t want to go so soon—but the longer she thinks about it the more she realizes that it would be unsafe to wait for the very last boat—that would take us down—If Mabella had taken us down in the last boat when she waited for the last boat when she went to America she would have missed her steamer—I don’t dare to wait longer—I can’t bear the thought of missing that steamer—Affairs are rushing these days—and the “last things” have already begun to come—And amidst it all, the sailor lads are ever present.
and we are at wits' ends to know how to manage about them.

We know for a fact that it often helps more than we dream if they are entertained of an evening by us instead of sitting loose in Swatow with nothing to do and no one to know or care a hang what they do.

On the other hand - we have to be most exceedingly discreet on account of the Chinese and they too - we are just about as busy as can be - and can't afford to spend much time with them. Two of them came over last night and we gave them the icecream that was left over
from supper - which of course made quite a hit with them. We had told them before hand that they must go early so they went before ten.

Saturday afternoon they have two baseball games and a volleyball game - then Miss Sollman has invited about ten of them and some of us to picnic supper on the Bangalow porch. From there we go out to the boat to see the movies. I expect to get there for the last end of the baseball game - then skip most of the volleyball game and appear again at the picnic supper.

The Pepperell lad - name of Clarence Weld (C. W. !!) says there are only three nights left
after Saturday. I haven't broken the sad news to him yet but I really fear Saturday will be the last. Monday Mr. Tollman has invited several of us to a sort of farewell party for me.

Tuesday night some of the other sailors invited us out to the boat to have Japanese dinner but we already have a big affair at school. The Student Body has invited Enid and me to a farewell party and I have been asked to say a few words to them.

We have prayer meeting on Wednesday and Thursday there will be a thousand and one things to do, I know—

I have my account almost ready to be audited, I have one—
box of bedding and things packed to leave here, and another partly packed - you don't know how glad I am to have those zinc lined boxes.

Yesterday morning was my last chapel talk. Beforehand I asked my dear little Jim then if she would be willing to lead in prayer. She didn't know whether she dared, so I told her to think about it. When the time came, I asked her and she said all right! It was a beautiful prayer, for blessing upon me whether my way led over the water or over the land - whatever my circumstances should be. She has never prayed before all the girls before - and I thought after the first
time it would be easier. I also thought she might be willing to do it if I asked her. I wanted to hear her. It was a good thing that her prayer came after my talk, as I could never have gone on in sure.

Yesterday afternoon was our last W.W.I. meeting. Mrs. Lim Ho & C. K. Ho go to America to study in the middle of July — was asked the speaker and they asked me to sing a solo — I sang "He will hold me fast" in Chinese. I hope it meant as much to them as it did to me to sing it.

The days don't all go smoothly but I don't need to write about the rough places now. Soon I can let off all the steam I want to and no harm done!
It will be no time at all now before I see you — Think of it!

Love

[Signature]
Mother dear - well you
buy some birdseye and stitch
up one or two before I get
home - I'm going to bring
only what I need - and follow
Pall's advice to travel as lightly as
possible! I need some new ones
yet the good one I have I might
as well leave here so to tote them
around the world.
Mother only
June 28, 1923

Dearest Ones:

Last Sunday I didn't get my letter written to you— but I want to scratch off a little scribble to you now. It will go on the same boat with me— but ought to go straight on to you, instead of stopping in Seattle—and thus reach you before I do.

I can't believe that I'm actually off. The other day I made out a list of our missionaries and you don't know what a queer feeling it gave me to write "Abbie J. Sanderson, on furlough." I had a letter from Emily last night and although it is going to be hard for her, yet I think she'll weather the gale somehow. When I get to you I'll tell you how relieved of strain etc. I have felt these few days in H. K. We were all under a big tension the last of it—and I know now that
my nerves were taut - though I didn't realize it as much then -
We've been doing all sorts of shopping. Almost everyone wanted something or other, and I've been buying everything from pills, hats & bathing suits, and much more. It's lots of fun, but I'm always sorry when I can't get what people want. Will have to finish up today, and perhaps get some of our things on board. We sail tomorrow.

They say the Australia is the biggest thing in the harbor - but she doesn't look so - because she is stubby and wide. She doesn't look as big as the Asia to me. Ahack! I'm just small enough & wish we were going first class - we have met some nice people here who are going 1st and it makes us a little envious - I don't really of course - for this is about as easy a way as any for the Board to save money.
Elise Kettilty came down to Hong Kong with us, and Marguerite took her straight to the Matilda Hospital. The hot weather just does her out and I really think it is exceedingly doubtful if she can stay out here in China. She needs rest—but she needs more than that. And if she can get the right kind of treatment here these two months at the hospital there may be some hope for her. She's in pretty bad condition now though.

Hooray! We had another trial of our sea legs coming down from Savatov—and I managed to keep my good record still. Marguerite and Elise both went under—and about 6 P.M. I felt rather squeezed up we had what the English would term a 'jolly rough sea.' But by seven I was ready for dinner and went out alone to get it. One more note! I'm always expecting that
I'll go under the next time through.

The girls were supposed to go home on Friday after graduation Thursday, but more than half of them stayed over to say goodbye to me. I got along all right all the way along— but the weather threatened heavily when our boat was leaving the shore and the girls began to sing my farewell song to the tune of "How can I leave thee?" It was almost too much!

A number of the teachers and nearly all the missionaries came out to the boat to say goodbye to us. I thought some of them would have to stay on board and come on to Hong Kong with us. The sea was so rough. They had a terrible time getting into the little boats. Emily was very brave and says she hasn't cried when anyone was looking at her.

Marguerite is appalled at the thought of leaving China. I'm not at all. I simply can't wait to see you. Love Abby.