Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Dear [Name],

Well, here I am—almost dazzled with having such a good time, seeing so many people—and getting so many letters—I am surely grateful to have you as thoughtful about remailing the letters here. They all gaped at the pile of letters that arrived in me! Don't Paul the limit? He says his family is to meet him in New York (with a third) and take a leisurely trip westward through New England (!) and the Berkshires to Lake George and thence to Ohio. He wonders if their wanderings would take them any where near Sutton. I'm sure the party would include Vermont! I'm sure the party would include Helen's father and mother—and perhaps Helen. Shall I tell him that "westward wanderings" such as he mentions would certainly lead them to Sutton if only their noses were pointed in the right direction? I wish you could meet him—and they wouldn't stay more than one night—How about it? I suppose it would be in August—but I'll find out about that too. He was grateful for my letter about the missionary work.

Well—I know you are crazy to hear all about my trip—and I don't know whether...
can get it all in or not.

"Aunt Alice's" car is a beauty & we had a fine ride up from New London — I told you that we called at the different places — Alice Gettell was overwhelmed — felt much honored to have me call — I know that I remembered her — Mrs. Furber recollected the time you called & borrowed Mark's truncheons for a pattern and there was a pouch of tobacco in the pockets — Mrs. Bart was so scandalized, she said, but Mother laughed it off and was very nice about it. Mrs. Austin died some time ago — I saw Mrs. Austin and he sent his best regards & you both.

Mrs. Church (I went up alone & see her) lives next house beyond P.M. S. I saw Tom who had "never enjoyed any company as I did yours" as mother & wish they would come back. I also came home from school early — a big tall girl who looks a lot like Grace. She wants to see you as bad she doesn't know what to do.

Grace and Charlie came down the next morning and called at Gladys to see me for about 20 minutes — they bought their little girl — about 2 — who is a darling — Mrs. Woman Allen gushed over me more than any one else did —

Was there a Frank Richards there
while we were there? We worked for Robertson
for a while? I saw him, I didn't know
who he was — Gladys thought he could not
have been there when we were there. He had
a familiar look — but the name means
nothing to me — I saw Fred Chapel on
the street — he reminds me more than ever
of Charles Rich — (Who is married, in
Washington, Myra writes me; and Mr.
Morgan takes his part & says she knows
he was barely slandered at the time of
his other marriage.)

Dan Allen I never knew, I guess — but
Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy
when Mrs. Everett Chapman were too busy

Oh yes — Susie and James are much
the same, but older — and Susie is
the same, but older — and Susie is
the same, but older — and Susie is
the same, but older — and Susie is
with Grace Hooper has not changed a
bit — Alice is dead — and Belle Chapman
too — Ed Phillips and George Smith.

They are all wild to see you mother,
and everyone speaks of father too.
Mrs. Woodmansee and Mr. Church were
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me
perhaps now pathetically glad to see me

Charles Chapman will go part or
all the way to meet us, if you can
come to Monticello — I'm sure he
means it, too - I told them I wanted you to go to Milwaukee with me - and I think he would take us a long way - truly! Grace is fat.

Gladys bought me back to New London in the car - and there on the station platform I knew him instantly - Gladys didn't remember him at all - she's exceedingly absent-minded about some things - and she said "Do you dare speak to him?" Of course I dared - and he remembered me, thought he did not recognize me, though I did not recognize him - I guess he is an inveterate smoker and I guess he doesn't know a great deal - but he was pleased, and sent his best regards - so did everybody who didn't send love!

Mr. Lyman is a business man who is burdened by the cares of the mill - and Gladys hardly dared to ask him, and Gladys hardly dared to ask him. He is nice to do anything, I guess - He is nice and good looking - I'm glad he is her husband and not mine! I did not feel very much at ease with him (as I did with Charles Chapman, for instance) and I guess I'm Episcopal - and will not go to the Baptist service - and I guess so...
I not very regular in her own church attendance.
The children go to Sunday school.
Elizabeth is very religious - a good bit self-conscious - and, a veritable little grandmother - she is as old - a very bright child. The other two are attractive.

Oh - I nearly forgot my visit with Mrs. Coen - I did enjoy it so - and I think she did too - she and Stella are living upstairs in the old Homestead - did you know that? She thinks Gladys pays too much attention to her children - but that the children are adorable - of course you certainly have a half - there in Montville, Mother - I shall not be able to write all the details - but I'm hoping I can tell you some more when I get home.

We got to talking - Martha met me at the station - took her co-worker, me to the Settlement house - Her co-worker, Miss Odell, a Baptist minister's daughter - Miss Chesebro, a sweet young thing - Miss Chesebro, a city worker, also lives here - Martha had a girls singing class in the P.M. and she got me to show pictures and sing in Chinese, etc. - In the evening there was an Italian prayer meeting - and although I nearly went to sleep during the talk - yet the singing was wonderful - it makes me wonder why I ever even
try to sing myself with my tiny voice. Talk about volume! They nearly brought down the roof—and they love to sing, all in Italian—One old blind man sang his very soul out—it seemed—it was thrilling just to watch him—

The next morning, Martha took me in to the rooms—and I went to see Mr. Hill first—and he made all the arrangements I have me go to New Rochelle for lunch and have a nice visit. It is three and a half miles from the station and Annie paid the taxi both ways ($1.50 each way, I think). (Her letter of welcome, telling me to have Mr. Hill letter of welcome, telling me to have Mr. Hill) Telephoned was at Martha's waiting for me. Telephoned from the rooms to Uncle Thomas (who had already called me up at 491 Henry St., Thursday night).

I saw Miss McVeigh and Mrs. Long—both of whom are very nice—but I think I ought not to do any speaking while I am studying. I almost got in a muddle when Mrs. McVeigh pierced me with her eagle eye and said, "Away for two weeks? What am I doing? Visiting?" I was afraid she thought I ought to be studying as I said "Well, I'm doing a little speaking" to. And then she informed me that to. "I ought not to be doing any speaking

!!! Just like that!!
But she was very nice — and I found out that they are not planning to detain anyone this fall if they can get money & send them back — I also found that the plan is to invite to Milwaukee all missionaries who are sailing this fall who haven’t been to N. B. C. this furlough.

Since I’ve never been, that’s all the more reason why they are glad to send me — I asked if they were expecting to have any refit allowance, and Miss McVeigh said they were not able to give any refit from the New England District — some particular person might be interested in giving screen in my studies and my new trunk and possibly, but not probably, my cot bed.

I spoke about meetings in Maine — and she thinks Mr. Whittemore should get in touch with the Board of Promotion since they really have first claim — since he is Director of Promotion that might not be very difficult. I should think.

Mrs. Hill wants the Board to communicate with me about teaching in summer assembly schools — possibly on my way back from Milwaukee — two weeks in Ohio and twosomewhere else etc — ! ! !

I also mentioned that and told her I knew if it proved possible for you to go that you would not enjoy it as much if you had to travel alone — she said they would take that into
consideration. And they would also wait and see how my health is and how much, and where my work would be in Maine—

I'm lazy—I hope I shan't have to!

Well, just as I was about to leave for Grand Central Station I discovered Mrs. Bingham.

When she found out that I didn't and when she insisted that she really needed to go down and buy her ticket—may be I told you!

Just after I got out to Annies. Ruth came from school and we three had lunch together. Billy was upstairs in bed with a little sore throat. Ruth had had to stay in bed with one the day before and he thought that was pretty nice. So the next day he had a sore throat. My mom had found that staying in bed was not such a lovely thing as he had thought. But I went upstairs twice to see him—and showed him my pictures. Annie and I had had such a good visit that she asked all about you, of course—and Ruth played on the cello—and then on the violin. She is only 15 and plays wonderfully—well, I think—I just loved it—and I know her mother is proud of her—justly.
The time passed all too quickly and the taxi came for me. Annie's home is lovely. Lovely! I think, than the one in Newton Center - everything is so precious and soft and you get a sense of space somehow - and the colors all blend so beautifully.

Mary Earling's is like that, too - as though she had things just the way she wanted them. I expected to find Gladys' the same, but somehow it wasn't. Things were nice - but not particularly orderly - though not noticeably otherwise.

Uncle Homer met me at the Grand Central Station and brought me out here. I was weary. Tuesday night my retiring hour was 2 A.M. (I sat up & wrote Crusader letters before I left.) Wednesday night at Gladys', about eleven, and Martha and I talked until one. Thursday night.

So last night I was pretty glad to get to bed early - and I had a good rest.

Today Mrs. Miller's letter giving directions about arriving in Philadelphia. She came at noon - just in time for me to let her know what train I was coming on. She will get my letters Monday morning.

I shall arrive there at 11 A.M.

It is good to be here. Homer is just as dear as ever and indeed she did remember me - you should have seen the jumping
and heard the squeaking when I arrived.

I am going to Mrs. Smith's for Sunday dinner — and though I'm prepared to find it won't really be so — Peggy Wellwood expects to be there too! Isn't that wonderful? I shouldn't send this letter, though, until I know whether she came or not. The suspense of not knowing whether she really comes or not won't be so bad for you as it is for me, maybe — but I'll try to tell you before this letter goes — I can't believe it.

Emily's letter tells wonderful things.

Dr. Riester and Mrs. Saxe and Homer Rodeheaver are on a trip around the world. Margaret discovered Miss Saxe in a drapery shop — then Emily and others went out and got the three and they talked to the students of different schools — Rodeheaver sang "Brighten the corner" for the girls in English — and then taught them to sing it in English — then he sang it for them in Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, Mandarin and Foochow — and then Hong Lou and Miss Pru sang it for him in Eswatini. E. says, "Needless to
6) say, everyone was interested. They were all delighted and the people gave me messages - and they in turn were delighted with the girls - and the other too, I suppose.

I didn't see Mr. Stafford and Mr. Wright at the office but maybe I can next Saturday. I'll try.

Sunday night.

Sunday dinner at the Smith's and Peggy was there - just her same pretty, dainty self. The Smith's are fine people. I think. Mother, Father, Sister - and we spent the afternoon there. It was soothing and then sent me back in a taxi. We spent a church to night.

I spoke in the main Sunday school and many people said cordial words. Afterwards I went with Mr. Smith's class of good women - so, I guess he made me talk again. I told about my old ladies again. I have had a beautiful time here.

Off in the morning for Philadelphia. Love, love - (I'm sleepy!)

Afie.
Albany  
Feb. 11, 8:45 P.M.

Dear Ones—

I've been having a "chami si" time with tickets. There is a very dapper young clerk here who simply will not sell me a ticket to San Francisco. Says it is never done, etc.—He would sell Chicago, but I'd have to pay the excess bag. So far, the only thing I could think of was to buy first to Buffalo, (had to pay $3.13 excess there!).

At Buffalo there is an office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. and I'm going to try again there—

I'll take the number of the tickets and shall write in to find out the "why" of this matter—

Don't think I'm down hearted—just mad because I don't know what I should or should not have done about it—

Idella is an old peach, isn't
she? She says I'm a good deal more practical than she thought I was when we were in college.

For instance — it was my sending the detailed schedule that bothered her. If I hadn't sent it she would probably have been too busy and worried with her many affairs. She looked it up herself — she wanted to come all the way to Albany and would have done so but for an exceptionally busy time this week.

She had a splendid lunch, ham sandwiches, two kinds of cookies, jelly doughnuts, pickles, stuffed olives, bananas, apples, coffee — I didn't open my bag at all. She left me enough for supper — and some almond bread which she said she remembered I used to like.
I squander my nickels on! Of course
the time wasn't half long enough—
I was happy to treat her to Ruth's
delicious maple fudge, too.

I'm wondering if you have yet
received the little "memo" from
Hollister's, Greenfield. Not much
from me, really, but you can simply
imagine the looks to Arthur owed to
me now—call part of it a gift
from father—"for if it hadn't been
for this he would have got
more "for cream" than the
small amount I deposited. Wonder
when he found that? By the way?

And—got it with the express
stipulation that you should return
it and get your money back if
it wasn't just what you wanted.
Not if you thought you ought not
I have it, but just if it didn't suit you - it may be too long, but it can be shortened - I'll be eager to hear what you think of it.

The reason I didn't say anything about my throat on the card is because I forgot it. It's O.K.; getting better all the time! And I feel fine - just "sorta" sleepy - I wanted to write when I write to her, but I'm afraid I shouldn't say what I want to when I write to her. There's not much time left now, anyway and no good place to finish - I, N. gave me a book "Strange Adventure of a Pebble" which I'm going to enjoy. I didn't say much this A.M. but what the use - you know how I feel - love love - Abbie
234 Bird Ave.  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Mother dear—

Ruth's father was George Whitman, and she is lovely. Her brother George, who lives with her in the same house, went downtown with her this a.m. and got tickets—$10.90. I'll have to pay excess, but it will be worth it, I think. (Sutton & Chicago) I see Ruth and Myrtle.

Called up Mrs. Fates this P.M. and had a nice talk with her. Also called Harold Plumer, who is coming tonight to take me to the station. He was very nice about it.

I invited me to dinner, but I didn't accept.

Edith Wilkes, Ruth's friend, who met me in her car this morning, is coming now to take me for a ride, so this will have to be.
short and sweet
Patti says to tell you she
thinks you have a pretty nice
daughter — !

Love to you both

Qbbie
Cleveland
Nov. 1st

Dearest Ones —

I'm all in a whirl - I've been doing so much visiting, etc. The hours have been late, as you know — and especially here I have had such a steady heart-to-heart talk — the kind when you can't possibly say all you want to — that it's hard to write - I find my head in a whirl now - so much to write I don't know what to say — for there isn't time to write much. However!

I'll try to tell more about Ruth - Whitman after I get on the steamer - my talk with Mrs. Foster was a nice one - Helen and John have gone back, and Frank wants to go next year - He is teaching in Hampden Inst. this year —
Ruth's brother, George is nice - and so is the brother's wife, whose wife and 12 yr. old daughter came out to dinner that night.

Harold P. came about 11, as he said he would. I was all ready then, but we sat talking a good "few minutes" and he appeared to enjoy meeting them. He was very nice - seemed to enjoy seeing me - and taking me down there to the station - carried my bag to the gate - then tipped a porter to carry them the rest of the way to the train, which I boarded about 3 min. of 12. He laughed at my worry about his being up so late on my account - said he'd been up as late as that once before! I like him thoroughly - and couldn't see
anything in him that wasn't. He sent his best regards to you, just fine. You'll like the Wilsons. You'll think so, I'm sure, when I say I live on Delaware Ave. (I found it in the phone book.) It's a swell part of the city, they seemed to like it. （Their apartment is a nice comfortable one — but not imposing.）

Everett met me yesterday morning at the train — and has been very nice — The little girls are lovely — and I am much impressed with "Auntie Madge" who works in a bank — is very attractive, yet dignified — intelligent etc. —

More later —

A Mrs. Keller, who has a son at Yale in China, took us to ride yesterday. I saw some very
lovely residences — but it rained, and the lake was hard to see —

Myrtle’s home is lovely, and she has wonderful things — I entertained them with Chinese first, and then they entertained me with their radios — which gets San Francisco & Boston & Fort Worth, Texas — as well as Cleveland —

My throat continues to get better and I don’t cough at all. I’m feeling fine —

Love — love —

Abbie

Messages to everybody!
Mabel sends much love

Mother dear -

It seems as though I haven't had a minute to write to you since I arrived here.

Mabel met me yesterday morning and it is so good to see her. As soon as we had had breakfast we went down town to see about rechecking baggage, buying tickets, etc. At last I have bought my ticket to San Francisco - and my trunks are checked all the way through - I had to pay $1.25 storage here - but I wasn't surprised because I've stopped...
seen at these various places. I shall have more to say when I get there doubtless!

It took about all morning to get tickets and rubber hells on my shoes (while I waited) — Then after lunch we saw Jane Cowl in "Romeo & Juliet" just as she had planned. We enjoyed that immensely, so I knew we should — Then had supper & came home —

This morning we went to church and then (we had had the telephone message earlier in the A.M.) to Missionary Training School. Mrs. Pinkham couldn't be there, but she left word for us to be invited over and shown over the school. The one who was hostess
in her stead was Dorothy Howell. She has been quite finally turned down for the Philippines and is Director of Field Activities here for a year—taking Miss Trocki's place partly. The two Carman girls were at our table too—(don't whisper it, but I had forgotten they were here!) and we had a lovely time.

Back here in a rush to meet Mr. Fai of Swatow (we had seen a glimpse of him at church). He is so fine—and I admire him more and more. He had a lot of messages for me to tell Swatow people—and I think it did him good to talk about some of his problems and his worries about
What he can do when he goes back—I was just delighted at the good talk we had and cake. Then we went to Mrs. Shikos for an hour—she wants to be remembered to my "sweet, sweet-faced mother," to whom she was greatly attracted at Milwaukee.

Then we had supper and came back and it's 9:30 already—yes, it has been a pretty full day, and M. and I still haven't had half time enough to talk.

I've been writing and trying to visit too—and this is a jumble.

So glad the heads are right—I do not intend to cable from Shanghai!

With love, Abbie
Beyond Chicago—
Mon. A.M. Nov. 17

Dear all —

Mabel got me up at 5:30 this morning, got me downtown and got breakfast into me — figs, toast & coffee — and got me off on this train at 8:15. We talked a lot last night — so I was sleepy after the train left. Then I took out Aunt Fannie's samples and have been pegging away at them.

It is now 10:30 — and we have stopped at a station which brought back memories and made me pick up my pad to scribble a note. Guess where — ? It's a red brick station, with a clock in its tower, and I can see park benches on the other side of it — and a jayhawk street corner where cars stop — 3rd street, I think! It is snowing quite hard — I hope I'll strike a blizzard in St. Paul again this time.

Now we are leaving noon, just caught a glimpse of the flag flying from...
The G. M. C. O. — where they hold receptions for missionaries or something. There's a church spire, too — I watched for a glimpse of the auditorium, but that is too far up-town, I guess. —

Goodbye, Milwaukee — hope I'll ever see you again.

Later —

What do you suppose she's been doing now? In Cleveland Myrle's sister Madge and I were looking over some crossword puzzles and she found out that I liked them, so she gave me a book — (fifty puzzles). Then I came away — I have been whiling away the time with that this afternoon — I have no dictionary, though, so I have some difficulty in solving
any whole puzzles so yet, I have five about half done, though I slept about an hour, too. I wonder if you will think I am sick when you try & decipher this scratch or whether you will realize that the C. M. & St. P. R. R. is going about 50 miles an hour and so writing, as a fine art, can scarcely be pursued with much ease.

My cold & my throat of my ear have continued to get better, but they got better more rapidly yesterday than they have before. My sin twister was good for me, I guess! I am really all right now, and all I need is a long night's rest, which I intend to get.

I meant to write to Ruth long before this, but I just couldn't
seem to do it. Perhaps I can on the train, but if not then I shan't do it until we get to San Francisco. It certainly has been a grand rush as far - still I wouldn't have missed one bit of it. It is not nearly as nice to travel alone as with someone! I have been "sorta" lonesome today. Almost wish I had Mabel Davis, or somebody!

I had a most extravagant dinner - but it cost more than I thought at my first look. I had pork chops, mashed potato, celery, coffee, and ice cream - and that without bread 'n' butter is anything, set me back $1.70 - I ate it all, and I'm not going to the store, and I'm not going to the dinner to-night - but nibble on my chocolate bars that J. K. gave me, and a piece of maple fudge, and a chocolate almond that Mabel gave me - and then go to sleep.
I wish I could see you, but since I can't, I'm going to read your two letters over again then go to bed. The postman has come now with the sheets, and although it's only six-thirty, I'm glad to be "setting the hay early." Don't know where I can mail this tomorrow anyway—so you'll have at least this little extra word between Chicago and Seattle.

Love, love, love to both.

Abbie

Greetings and love to folks who would like it.
Nov. 19 —
Rocky, Mrs.

Mother dear —
I've just scribbled

Ruth — It's an awful screw
but it is the best I could do.
See how much worse I can
do when I'm not trying quite
so hard!

If you think what I had
written sounds silly, don't
mutter — sounds silly. I'll write again.
I thought I'd better send through
you instead of directly through
the P.O. at Shetton — you might
put it in an envelope and
seal it if you want to —
She will understand —
gracious! We are now
Wobbling something fierce, so I guess I'll quit! I have written to Mabel and Myrtle, and Ruth Huffman, and I must send a card to F. R., and one to Aunt Mary—and one to Aunt Mary. Then I guess the rest can wait.

Much, much love.

Abbie.
Dear Mother:

I'm in Uncle Cyrus' room and he has provided all the paper, envelopes — and even stamps for me to write to you. They are all lovely to me even as they were before.

Lea met me at the station yesterday morning with "Rusty", the younger girlie. On the way we went to Kindergarten for Betty Jem and took me out to her house for lunch.

After that she put the babies to bed and took me down street to do an errand for her mother. This was the errand: to buy me a pair of gloves, a woolen scarf, or some woolen stockings. I told Lea I
should not choose the gloves, but it was hard to choose between woolen socks and the scarf. I knew the former would be useful — and I should very much like to have the latter. When we looked at the scarfs, though, I told her that I would risk my woolen stockings wearing a little longer — and let them go, for the sake of having such a beautiful soft blue flannel neck scarf with a rather big indistinct plaid faintly outlined in white, buff and orange — it's really lovely — and I'm so happy to have it — After that we came back and got the children and drove out to the park — and I saw kangaroos and polar bears for the first time in my life! They brought me to the boat, where Mr. Jaggan, Pierce, Ruttie, their children were waiting — in Mr.
R. F. D. No. 1 Port Blakely
WASHINGTON

Pazzani's ear -
Their cook is on a vacation (lulu's). I got to house when we got here - I had a good talk with Uncle Cyrus last evening - a nice lot bath - and to bed early - Ruth has been out here with her mother ever since Warren's death - and lulus says that keeping busy has been a great blessing to her -

This morn' I wasn't up until about 8.30 - and I've done washing of underwear, teddy, and 12 handkerchiefs & one pr. of stockings since I had breakfast - the things are drying in front of their big big open
and will be dry enough, probably to put into my suitcase this afternoon—when I go back to Leeds for the night—I leave at 8.15 tomorrow morning.

Lulu is wonderfully brave, and so are they all. The grief has sweetened Mr. J. as Lea says—and has brought him nearer to Lulu. The thing is doubly hard for them all because Mr. J. took Warren to his doctor—and serum was Warren to his doctor—and serum was given for infantile paralysis. They are not sure now that he had that trouble, and if not—the serum was of the same that could kill a person who did not have the disease—Mr. J. feels that Lulu must blame him for Wj's death—and Lulu says she doesn't dare to think
that is as - but yet she is torn to pieces just at the thought that it seems such an unnecessary death - All this, from Lula - she has talked very little - but so bravely - I wish she could see you - I can't help feeling that sympathy like yours could comfort her more than most people's - you could understand what such a loss would mean - and know, too - that so many things might be worse than such a grief - lovingly of you - Wouldn't it be fine if some of them were East when it's time for my next
furlough — and could bring you out here to meet me — ? I haven't suggested it, though!

Uncle Cyrus is as much interested in things as ever — he gave me five dollars this morning — and told me to say nothing to the folks here.

Goodbye until the next letter —

Much, much love to you both —

Abbie —

I enclose check. I'll be very grateful to have you send five to Huntington to have you send five to Houlton. Use the rest of the cash when you need it —
Dearest —

I have just written to Luke and Lela — and it is pretty dreadful to scrawl — it will be easier to write with pencil — and I know you won't mind — too much to say.

Where did I leave off? Oh yes, Friday afternoon out at Crystal Springs — after lunch we just sat and visited until 3 o'clock, then Lula took me in her car three miles to a garage — where a jitney took me the rest of the way over to the boat — very rough road to the boat — she has learned to drive and it she has learned a lot of courage on her part — but she can get about much more easily, of course — is more independent, I mean, about getting to town, etc. — Lela met me at the boat — with
the children. We took them home, then drove back to town to get Thacker. She had a lovely little dinner—yet very simple. After that the children were put to bed. (Lea has a young Russian girl to help her now) and then they took me out to ride—All three of us tucked easily into the front seat. It was a beautiful ride—wonderful starlight— and we rode all around the highest hill—with the rest of the city stretched out below us—a myriad of gorgeous lights—like a “diamond pincushion” as Lea said—I like Thacker so much— and feel that I know him so much better this time. The children are adorable—Punty is a ray of almost unearthly sunshine—she is so sweet. Thacker brought me a
little package from Pierce—I could tell it was a book—and Thacker said, with a twinkle at Lea, “I think it feels like a copy of ‘Science and Health’”—Lea said, “Why you nasty thing!” but she had to laugh—I said, “You mean, you think that is what Pierce would be likely to send to me?”—“Oh no,” he said, “Pierce and I are just messengers!”—Lea is a dear—and more or less I think that down deep we have a close kindred feeling (from Ruth & Pierce). They all took me to the train Saturday A.M. and Lea gave me a lunch—eleven sandwiches! I didn’t think I was hungry—but I ate six and a half at the first meal. They were rye bread with nuts & caraway in the bread and cheese between—and white ones
with strawberry jam — others with olives and cheese — Then she put in besides about a dozen olives and two or three dozen unshelled almonds — and two apples — I wrote to her that I knew what my honeymoon should send for her to pack the luncheon!

Ada and Bob and Bob, Jr. (the baby's dear) met me at the train and went to their home which is quite near by. We had been there only a few minutes when we heard a tap-tap on the veranda and Ada said, "There's your uncle." Sure enough it was. He had walked up to the station a half mile, to meet me. But he had been mistaken about
the time of the train and he was too late. He was dreadfully disappointed. He got a taxi then to bring him to Ada's to see her and I told him as soon as I saw him. He fished out a five dollar bill for me to pay expenses in Salem. (I didn't have use for any of it, of course!) Ada said and we had quite a joke about my board money.) Then he got back into the taxi and went home. Friends of Ada's took me down to his house Sunday morning about 10. He was just sweeping up - his house isn't clean, of course - and fearfully littered! But I don't know as it is a bit worse than a good many men would have
it living alone—Pa, for instance, or me if I were a man! He has no one helping him, and the one room I was in was piled high with books, papers, wood, and things of every description. On a table he had big dishes of oranges, apples, bananas, dates, and walnuts—which he kept pressing on me from time to time. I ate an apple, and some dates—and two pears which he had baked for me on the top of the stove—They were good, too. He had made up his mind that he wouldn't talk his theories to me, but poor dear soul, he couldn't help it.
I could agree pretty well with something and when I could, when I couldn't, I
overed mildly that I had never thought of it that way. From instance, he is cut all to
pieces to have had Warren, jr. cremated. He calls it nothing short of heathenish, and wrong.
He apologized all over himself for expounding his theories — and I told him that helped us get acquainted. He believes there is no heaven or hell, but only conditional immortality — and says the only verse in the Bible opposed to his theory is where the Devil said 'Etc., 'Thou shalt not surely die!' Now he does gloat over making a point!
A friend of Bob's, and also of Uncle Arthur's came for me about
One, and he and his wife were Ada's guests at dinner. They stayed until after four, then took me down to Uncle Arthur's again, and I visited him until church time. I sang in Chinese, and he said my pronunciation was bad! Then he got out one of my favorite songs, "Flee as a bird" and asked me to sing it because he thought it would suit my voice. I can't begin to tell all we said, but he was just dear and sweet every minute. I had one knockdown. He wishes Harold Plumer would marry Ethel Peterson! He thinks Harold...
a bright man, but that he
doesn't care so much for
society — I'm not so sure if
that myself —
I shall never see that four-
generation picture, with myself
the youngest, without seeing and
hearing the tears in his eyes
and voice as he said almost
reverently. "There are four
persons whom I am proud
to call my own." He is afraid
mother, that he expounded his
thoughts too freely to you
at Rollinsford — and was
quite overcome when I told
him you sent your love,
"Father, he wishes he might
meet you — and his namesake,"
He declined Adam's invitations in such a courteous note. Our talk was intimate, not a bit distant from the first minute. He deplores Cymo, and makes Uncle George into a more earnest Christian monk - but he worships them all. He is queer, but he is pure gold.

We went to the church in the white suit. The minister was very cordial. Uncle Arthur sat on the back seat, but I think he heard. He looked as though he was hearing! Afterwards a great many people came to speak to me. Uncle Arthur was almost overwhelmed as he told me afterwards that more people...
shook hands with him, then ever before at one time in the Baptist church, and "there were nothing but compliments—very high mes, in your address." He couldn't tell me very well that he himself thought—but I guess he wasn't badly disappointed. It was hard to say goodbye, he said, but he did it that night—wth many tender blessings and good wishes—and when I kissed him good-bye I didn't expect to see him again. He filled a paper bag with cordages, mints, dates and apples (I had to leave home at Adah—) and a twenty-dollar gold piece which he wished were more.

Wasn't that lovely?

At church I met friends of Louise Campbell and Edithрав, and Lucille Withers, and a class-mate of Mr. Waters. He hasn't seen
him since they graduated from Rochester — it was thrilling — and I was so glad I had mentioned the different names Oregon state families.

Ada took me home just at dinner had hot chocolate and nut bread and cottage cheese. Nothing ever tasted much better.

This morning, Uncle Arthur was at the train to see me off — walked up again! I was afraid he would —

I wish you could have heard Helen dook at that same fore-generation picture, naming over the various ones — say "and that is my cousin Clark!" — I'm not half grateful enough for belonging to such as these out here —

— and you, and father —

Well — I have no more paper but I guess I've told you about all I can —

Frisco next —

All love — Abbé
Hotel Ramona, Ellis St. near Powell, San Francisco.
Arrived safely but Ruth Sperry is not yet here. I shall get in touch with her as soon as I can.

An interesting trip down from Salem. Have already met a Chi Omega jewelry who recognized my pin, and a girl who knows Catherine Bohn. Love again.

Abbie
Saturday morning -

Dearest -

I'm very much ashamed to think all this time has gone by without my writing. But the days here have been busy -

Wednesday I didn't write because I was so disappointed that Ruth hadn't come - and then when the telegram came Thursday that she was delayed and couldn't get here until Fri. morning - I was more than ever down in the mouth. But Fannie came - and I had her as my guest for Thanksgiving dinner - I was pretty
thankful to have her - I shouldn't have liked to be here alone on Thanksgiving - I might have stayed a day longer in Salem - and Uncle Arthur wanted me so! But it is just as well, Jones. And since Anita came, we have been busy talking, shopping, etc.

It is now 10:30 - my trunks have gone - and we go in about a half hour - we are going to take a taxi - It will cost a little more - but with all the bags, etc. it will be much easier.

I forgot to say that the day I was here alone I rested most of the time - The visit to Salem was the climax of
a round of visiting and you can imagine how very weary I was. I was afraid at first that I was coming down with another cold. But the good daytime sleep I had dozed at all away and I felt fit as a fiddle.

That morning my phone rang and a girl asked me if I knew Katherine Bohn! She and her friend have been staying at this hotel and she saw the name Swatow. She was attracted by the name and called me up. She went to school with K.
They took me as their guest to the wonderful San Francisco Symphony Orchestra concert which delighted me, of course.

Then she asked if I'd be willing to take a package to R. I said I would. So she bought a 5 lb. box of chocolates for her and a 3 lb. one for me!

Yesterday morning Fannie and I spent at the Consulate, S. Office, etc. I saw a big pile of mail for me but I didn't get it.

It is lovely to see Beth and she has the clearest, brightest Margaret Mae — who appears
to love "Aunt Abbie" already.
Fannie seems delighted to go with me — said she was determined to go with me, fighting and no fighting — but didn't want to unless I went —

Time to go to the steamer.

Love love love love!!

Abbie
Mother dear,

We were anchored in San Francisco Harbor and I don't know whether there will be any chance to send mail ashore or not - I was so glad I have Ruth there to say goodbye to me - Miss Abell, Kay Bolles friend (and Miss Abell's friend) were down at the boat too and both left lovely flowers - Ruth violets and Miss Abell's huge yellow crysanthemums. There is a stack of mail which I have not touched yet, but upon which I begin to feast this afternoon - lots of
packages - a telegram from Mrs. Miller, etc. etc. Christmas box from Seattle - your box which I've opened - a nice new thimble thank you!

Your letters are to be the first.

Love - love, if I can't send it now - or it will have to wait until Honolulu if I can't.

Always your own

Abbie
Dearest,

We embarked Saturday noon. I was more weary than I had thought and although I went in to dinner that night, I was seasick before I went to bed. I kept the most of my dinner, but lost the carrots. **MORAL:** don't eat carrots first day on shipboard!

The next morning I got ready for breakfast but before I could get out to the dining room I lost my soup - I guess, left over from the night before. I went out to breakfast anyway, but was glad to
get up on my steamship chair on
deck as soon as possible -
I had luncheon there - and
crawled down to dinner at night.
Oh yes - I managed to get to the
church service in the morning - but
I don't know yet just how I did
it. Poor little Miss Thing was
moored to her deck chair - sick as
she could be.
Monday I got up to breakfast
but crawled back on my berth and
stayed there all day - I slept
suddenly most of the time - didn't
wake up until long after luncheon
time and the stewardess couldn't get
anything but sandwiches and tea
for me - Last night I had dinner
sent in to the cabin -

Alas for my reputation - ! I have
been feeling pretty well today.
and haven't lost any more meals since those first spams - I have had to fight squeamishness ever since. Isn't it funny that it had to strike me this time? Well, I always said that I didn't feel like boasting, for I was never sure that I was very far from it. I may count myself lucky that I haven't been dreadfully sick the way some people have. It has been a very rough voyage so far. I don't know as I wrote anything about meeting Miss Ching at the Western Pacific station in San Francisco. Oh, I guess I did tell about having her for my Thanksgiving dinner guest.
On Saturday Ruth and her dear little girl, and Katherine Bob's friend and her friend, came down to see me off. Ruth brought violets and the other girls a huge bouquet of beautiful big chrysanthemums, which are still lovely in our cabin.

I have not attempted to dress up until tonight, when I made a dive into my trunk after gray footgear and my little dark blue silk.

I cannot find anything in my bags and trunk. I cannot find my little fancy comb. I cannot find my curling iron.

Now the address of Floralyn Lackey, Alice Harrison's friend in Honolulu, or any summer underwear. I wonder if I let you pack the
Last mentioned in my big trunk— or whether I left them upstairs in a bureau drawer in Sutton—

The music has struck up and how I should love to "follow that impulse"— If it may be wrong to dance, but how can it be wrong to want to, when you were born that way? These gray shoes, too, fairly make my toes itch to be up and at it.

(P.S. Don't worry! — I shan't do it!)

By this time I had intended to have at least twenty letters written — and here I am — just
beginning my first one. I have
a suspicion, too, that this one
will not be prolonged very
much tonight.

My cabin mate is Miss Helen
Burton-a girl who has a gift
shop in Pekin. She was a
common working girl and has
made great strides in the business
lines. She has the most wonderful
yet simple—yours utilizing Chinese
embroideries and fabrics. She
seems a nice sort.

I haven't met many people
on account of my strange—shall
I say—introspective—ness? The last
two days—Mr. & Mrs. Taylor, know
Y.M.C.A. people going to Manila
know the Cowles—and Mrs.
Squires of Squires Bingham.
department ste in Shanghai, is on board—she knows all of our Swatos' children who studied at Shanghai American School, and she is the one who took Euginio's passport and mine from Japan to Shanghai for Peggy. I've met two missionaries of the Congregational Board—I think there are very few missionaries on the ship.

Miss Ching and I have a table by ourselves—and since she has not appeared until tonight—my few appearances in the dining room have been alone, in state, as it were.

I have finished all the steamer letters except the ones from the Ricker girls—and so there were not wildly exciting, I...
could manage to let them wait.

I haven't counted the others, but aside from yours, a Sadie's & Stella's there were letters from Mabel Bowell, Ruth Whitman, Julema, Mrs. Wilber. I from Emily, one from Janik, the girl who 'couldn't be baptized yet.' She still hasn't - but she hopes to "start a Christian household in the future and wants me to help tell her how." From Elsie Kittelty, Mrs. Butha Woodworth, Aunt Dusie, Frances (who hopes before very long to be Frances White.)

I have a notion to stop this for the present; and write to Uncle Arthur or Aunt Fannie - or M. Bowell or some other important one - I want
to get in some exercise tomorrow for I know I shall feel better if I do - but I want to write some letters too.

One thing more I must write about. In perhaps less than ten days you should receive some "finished goods" (and I hope they'll not be "damaged goods") from Novak, Photographer, 833 Market St., San Francisco. The larger one is for you and pa. And I must ask you to send the others - I wanted some mailed from the shop but they were afraid of a "mix up in the
Christmas rush - So I have made out my list as follow -

Arthur

Mabel Broadwell
(415 South 8th St.
Burlington, Iowa)

There is to be sent as from me.
The following is to be sent as gifts from you to the recipients.

Uncle Arthur
Uncle Cyrus
Uncle Geo.

Aunts Bertha & Gertie.-

Uncle Will

Aunt Susie

Uncle Samuel

Uncle Homer.

If you think it is not necessary to send to all of these, use your own judgement - I have
Lade two sent to Clarks for
Emily and Pearl Mason.

If you think that Marion Bass
and Cousin Harriet would appreciate
pictures too — use some of my
money and send to Norfolk for
two more. I don't know how
much they will be. These
pictures were $4.4 a dozen
but I got them for $2.2 and
the big one thrown in. If
you like the smaller better
than the larger and prefer
to send the larger to others —
that's all right — too. Any
way you think best.

Thursday P.M.

Feeling much better, thank you.
It got hot yesterday and right
after lunch I had to put on
my gray voile (black lace) to keep from
suffocating (à la Pa). This morning I got into my big trunk and hauled out my little black & white sport suit, my little dotted crepe (White) and the polka-dotted one - which I shall wear, I don't know - think I'll try the sport suit first.

To-morrow is Honolulu, though. So I'll put on the little voile one tomorrow. I've worn the dark blue silk today.

To-night they have a big dinner-dance. I shall put on the red silk - I don't dance, but I do "dinner", so I'll do it up brown.

I've played shuffleboard and ring toss today - and expect to be lame to-morrow.

I found the silk vest in the big trunk - and also the little comb. I can't find "Floraidno's" address, but I have thought of it. The curling iron has not turned up yet.

I've written to Mabel B. and no one else. But I've also scribbled 13 postcards to send from Honolulu.

I had 29 + 38 = 67 steamer letters today. The 38 were from Righter girls.

Love - Adie
Did I put handkerchief down for Helen Fielden, I Bond? I want to send her a nice one — and also N Elsie Kittles 2 700 South 8th Street — Philadelphia.

Isn't it queer that Elsie's Mabel's address are both South 8th?

I haven't said a word of appreciation of the letters from you folks — but you know how I feel —

The other little medicine dropper bottle contains medicine to take after milk — given me by Mrs. Mitchell's daughter — I don't think it ever helped me much —

We didn't have very good success with the pictures, did we?

Crude oil (for dandruff) is in the vanilla bottle — no its American oil in the vanilla bottle after all — The crude oil is in a bottle something
like a peroxide bottle - smells like kerosene.

The Citizen's Savings Bank slip + envelopes I have as many as I need.

I will surely write to Miss Milliken - don't send the money - better save it for an emergency! Mark up the things you send to Ethel according to your best judgment. Was there duty?
December 7, 1924

Dear Ones —

Nearly two whole days gone by since we left Honolulu and I haven't written a word to you about it yet. The days are such lazy ones!

Friday morning they got up very good and early. We had to be on the upper deck by 6:40 A.M. Of course there was a little delay, so there always is — then the doctor came on and we went through the form of quarantine inspection. Then
we went down to breakfast and just had plenty of time to get ready before the boat landed.

I went as soon as I could to the Seaside Hotel to find Miss Cadwell, Alice Harrison's friend, but she had just moved to the Granville, about two miles from there. I tried to call her up but found she was at school and would not be at liberty until noon.

It happens that the Seaside Hotel is down at the famous Waikiki Beach. It also happened that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor (Y.M.C.A. workers returning to Manila) had been to Honolulu two or three times and had "seen the sights" before. So they had planned...
to go with their six year old son down to Waikiki and play around on the beach all day. So we went with them as far as the beach.

When I found that I could not get hold of Miss Cadwell, Fannie and I decided to take an automobile ride to the Pali (where they say you get the most wonderful view in the world) then come back I have lunch with the Taylors and see Miss Cadwell on the way back to the city.

We took the ride. It cost six dollars, and we were gone about an hour, but it was worth it. I guess "they" are right about the view — I wouldn't have missed it for anything — to say
rotting of the lovely ride we had getting there — from the hot tropical sunlight, through cool mist and a splatter of rain into the cold breezes of the higher air — at the top powerful gusts of wind which threatened to blow even the motor ears off the cliff.

The view itself was wonderful and the varied blues and greens and yellows and purples of the sea were beyond description. We stood on a cliff that jutted out over the ledge of the hill with a sheer drop of I don’t know how many hundred — a thousand! — feet. Then the return ride back again through streets lined with
coconut and royal palm trees - guava, bread fruit, brilliant red crotons everywhere, and a bewildering number of unfamiliar shrubs and plants - all luxuriant in their foliage - "chain of love" - are what is the use of trying to remember them - ? It was like being in a dream -

We came back - and Mr. Taylor led the way to the Moana Hotel, which we found later is probably the finest one there. The dining
room overlooks the sands of Waikiki—and the brilliant blue ocean—we sat not far from a window—and we could see the surf riders sailing in towards the shore—balancing skillfully on their boards.

Mr. Taylor settled the bills and I still feel guilty because they refuse to let us pay—we had a wonderful dinner—though—and a delightful visit—Fannie and I went immediately to the Granville—where we easily found Miss Cadwall—She had no notion that I was coming—Alice had evidently not written to her—She is very busy teaching dramatics in the McKinley School there—and would have had no time.
Take it, to entertain me if I had found her in the morning. She liked Alice, she said—very much—and although she seemed somewhat embarrassed at my appearing so suddenly—was most cordial.—Her father and mother are going on a trip around the world and she expects to join them when they reach Honolulu. I invited her to come and get a glimpse of Swatow—and she said she hoped she might.

We didn't stay long—then went back to the center of the town and looked around in the shops until 2.30 when we rushed back to the boat. We were scheduled to sail at 3
but some hold up delayed us about an hour.

We had witnessed several flirtations between San Francisco and Honolulu — and the tear-taking were amusing in one or two instances — we didn't buy any of the wreaths of flowers that everybody had hanging around his neck — but somebody gave us each one before the boat sailed — they are so lovely! And the music, too — an inexpensive Hawaiian band welcomed us with "Aloha" and some others, and our own orchestra (Filipino I think), played as we left port — but I shall never think about leaving Honolulu without having a vivid memory of the diving boys. We saw them first
splashing around in the water when the boat was still at the dock — begging for money to dive for. Then suddenly, as the ship was steaming slowly out into the harbor — we looked up and there, on the highest rail of the topmost deck of the huge ocean liner — were perched about a dozen dusky-skinned youths with their wooly mops of hair. It was hard to believe that anyone would dare to dive from such a dizzy height — and we held our breath to watch. But after a minute we
stood erect - made a spring -
and went down straight as
a jackknife. The next turned
three summersaults in the
air, ending with a perfect nose
dive - The one after that
simply jumped and went down
first - with a terrific
splash - Another pretended
to sprawl all over himself and
we were almost sure he had fallen,
but he straightened out for the
prettiest dive just before he touched
the water - And so it went.

They are surely marvels -
we were pretty weary -
but glad to relax for some
very good funny movies
right after dinner - Then we
went to bed - yesterday I
lounged all day - read some, played deck golf a little, and spent the rest of my time indifferently. I wrote to you and then not doing it!

Not quite all of the time, though. Just before luncheon, my roommate produced an alligator pear which she had given her at 71/2, got the boys to get salad oil and vinegar, salt and pepper - and she treated me to my first taste of that fruit. I shall have to acquire a taste for it, I'm sure - but you know me - I ate it all. Then at lunch I had pork chops, fried potatoes, fried egg plant, and topped off with an apple - I began to feel badly.
and while I was not nauseated — still I knew things in my tummy weren't right — and I was getting an awful headache.

Moreover — we were to have a party last night — and I didn't want to miss it on account of a headache — So I decided to use Marguerite's method — I stuck my fingers in my throat and up came the alligator pear and the apple — which had apparently had a fight — I began to feel better immediately and continued to do so —

Then I got ready for the party — Mrs. Taylor loaned me an old white silk dress that came just below my knees — and I managed in my hat trunk — pulled out the
old black satin hat and the
plumes Flora gave me - my
black and red bead girdle, the
rest of the beads - and that
old piece of black maline. I
ripped the crown from the
hat - and I wonder if I
can possibly draw a picture
of it.

Made earrings of the red beads
and silver cord and crushed
the maline into a big butterfly

all this is Flora
effect at the belt & tied it with
pleats in middle of front-
borrowed my room mates' rouge
and lipstick - also a stick of
gum - and they said I looked fierce tough - I forget to
say that I pinned the plume
in place with the aid of the
unsell Christmas tree star -

Fannie wore my dark blue
silk (with the beads) and the
brim of the satin hat with
the black veil draped over
it for a crown and floating
off one side - She was
cute - the thing seemed to
fit her well enough but was
terrifically long - We had
a good time - sat with the
Taylor sat at their table - and joined in the grand march, but not in the dancing. It was a Hard Times party. And there were placards all over the dining room that we had no menu - funny - we had no menu cards - the worst old "brass" silverware - and tin and enamel plates to eat from - dull faded blue tablecloths - etc - Some wonderful costumes - notably a girl who dressed as a "newbo" (barefoot) and an Irish man with a bottle in his hip pocket that he sadly said people scorned as soon as they smelt it - There is to be another party.
Wednesday night and while I don't hope for first prize yet I'm going to give them something a little different from anything we saw the other night. Fannie says she has to laugh whenever she thinks of it - I may not be able to get all the paraphernalia - but I'll make a stab at it -

The tournament lists have been posted and I'm in for deck tennis, deck golf, deck quoits & shuffleboard. It is foolish, I know - but I need the exercise - and three weeks from now my shipmates will have forgotten what a rotten player I am!

There won't be room for more than this in one envelope so I'm going to seal it up & mail it. Love, Abbie
Dec. 11 -

Dear Mother,

Well, we have had our costume party and "a good time was had by all." I got together my old maid idea and the things I didn't have I borrowed. I carried my old music case and little red manicure case this time and I think they home added to the effect. I have found out one thing - those slipper buckles & bows that I fixed so carefully aren't right not to wear with that dress anyway. In order to have nice style you must mean.
either silver or black slippers. (Having no silver ones, I shall probably wear black.) I mean with my pink gown.

There were some excellent costumes and there were prizes offered as follows:

Most beautifully dressed lady (character carried out while in costume)

First and Second

Same (first + second) for men

Most original costume — one seldom seen

First + second for either men or women

Most clever costume — character carried out while in costume — one for ladies — 2 one for men

We went to dinner dressed in costume — and then we promenaded single file before the three judges. After we had marched around twice, we were to be given a piece
of paper if we were wanted
to keep on marching. Third
time around a different
colored paper was to be
given to those who were
best—and next time
still another—each round
time who didn't get the little
"chips" were to drop out.

I had hardly entered
the hall before I was given
a chip—and I got one the
next time and the next—so
it wouldn't have surprised me
if my name had been called
for any one of the prizes.
As it was—the old maid
got the last prize announced
but one—in the most clever
costume—and there was
more enthusiastic applause
than than at any other time.
Don't know yet what the prize
is to be. We have deck
sports of some sort every day. I got into semi-finals in deck quoits, deck tennis and shuffleboard - but got beaten the next round. I have been beaten in everything except chalking the pig's eye. By some mistake I got the mark exactly on the pig's eye - and some people were reported to have suspected me of cheating. Isn't that the limit? It's a blindfold game, you know!

Tonight we have had a concert and vaudeville show - we really have a number of talented people on the boat - I can't write about it now, though, because I am so-o sleepy!

Sunday morning -

To continue about costumes. The first prize for well-dressed lady was awarded to Mrs. Barker who was draped beautifully in a beautiful
Black and white fringed silk Chinese embroidered shawl. Silver slippers and a silver rose in her dark hair completed the effect. There were other scarfs, but her own beauty had an effect. Something is as lovely, but her own beauty had Second prize to Miss Roth who was dressed as a Hula hula girl.

The had her Hawaiian dancers. She had her short hair fluffed out straight all around her head — wore a boys bathing suit and a skirt of long grasses — bare legs and grass shoes.

First prize in original costume to little short fat Mrs. Fowler who danced and acted like a baby.

Second prize, milk bottle, rattle etc.
Mrs. Carmel of Manila was dressed in white towels on which dozens of spoons rattled and clicked. She carried a big spoon two thirds as tall as herself.

Best dressed gentleman — Mr. Robertson, a real Scotsman dressed in kilt. He had the kilt up all right. He had quite a lot to say to me too, and we had a grand time entertaining the folks near us — I heard them tell somebody else was advising him to get married that he was thinking about it. There was a lassie who'd lost her man, and so forth.

Second prize to Mrs. Fritz, who wore a sheik’s costume —

Most clever ladies costume —

Most clever maid — most clever man, a caveman — very realistic — Mr. Sim, a Standard Oil man going to Shanghai.
Last night we had the Sayonara or Goodbye to the Japanese passengers. A swell dinner, where some of them danced. Then the distribution of prizes. I received a bottle of perfume which they say costs eight dollars in America — Nonrigantes Quelques Fleurs — and I love it. Only one prize was given to any one person. That means if a person won in three or four things, he got a good prize, but only one. I think mine was as nice as any there was. One got an ivory plaque — another a string of beads — another tacket, etc. The girls got shaving sticks, pens, purses, etc.

The money was raised by subscription. I paid a dollar towards prizes and tips for the stewards, the orchestra — and a present for the captain. So I
ought to feel rather cheap about getting so much for so little.
We had $25 collected and that must have meant that some people gave $5 or more. I didn't feel that I could feel that I could
wear my pink gown for the first time last night and felt quite well — I wore black shoes — the new ones — and felt quite dressed up.
We have been having fearfully rough weather — dips and scoops of forty or fifty feet. You wouldn't like it very well — and I'm wondering what kind of a sailor Father would be in this kind of weather. I haven't been sick again.
I really can't say I care for so I forgot part of my story — we lounged around and talked and sang.
a while, then a little after ten we came way up to the tea room and had chop suey, tea and rice - I got along famously with my chopsticks - and ate the rice till up - in spite of my dinner at seven o'clock. "Jannie enjoyed it immensely.

I haven't time to tell you all about the rice - and the funny - and the many - people on the boat. There are some nice ones, and some funny ones - and some who are a little hard to decide about.

Mr. Steneck - missionary in Hawaii - is on his way to Manila for a vacation. It seems as though...
I must have seen him before, but I suppose not. He’s been out in Honolulu sometime.

I knew my Pekín roommate, Mrs. Burton (she was in Honolulu for a time) has a wife and four children.

I have enjoyed singing with him tremendously. He has a lot of Hawaiian songs — and they are perfectly beautiful.

Mr. Pfannenschmidt was my partner in shuffleboard, he hung around me a little and I felt sure would have done so more but for the dancing and the bridge.

Some people think he is fine and has high ideals and a brilliant mind. Others think he is a nut — and still others that he is a rake. He is exceedingly handsome — and I am inclined
To think a lot of his trouble is youthfulness! He goes to
Manila for a drug concern.
We are to have church again
this morning - this time
Mr. Schenck is to officiate.
The Taylors are as nice as ever.
We are getting jiggles &
jiggles! I shall have to
stop. This is mailed at
Yokohama -
With love to you, dears.

Ebbie
Dec 19 - Shanghai

Dear Ones -

The letter I wrote this P.M. I dated Dec 20! It is now 10 P.M. But they are loading and I can't sleep.

Helen Clark is in Huichow sick. She couldn't find anyone to travel with her any way and doesn't quite dare to travel alone yet. I am so disappointed!

I had letters here from her, from Pearl Mason, from Mabelle, and from Emily. The one from Emily brings news that I have feared, yet hoped. At Conference the I shouldn't hear. All votes for return after furlough were all unconditional "Yes" except for Emily. She had 31 "Yes" and one "Conditional". Mabelle voted that one and gave
to the Committee. Her reason was that Emily’s attitude towards the work at times wasn’t a right one. She admitted that this was probably influenced by E’s health, but would also say that her vote was conditional on health grounds. (When you vote conditional, it means you favor the person return to the work only on condition that certain attitudes or deficiencies be altered or corrected.)

Now E. is cut up about it—and of course I’m dreadfully sorry. Now don’t you think it’s just as well I took a later boat and missed that much of the fray? Marguerite get there in time for it, and I should have if I had gone just one boat earlier. It’s just what I felt in my bones was going to happen, and it seemed as though I just couldn’t endure being there to begin the term work that way. (To say nothing at all about the staying two or three weeks longer with you people!)

Well—I guess there will still be
enough "fray" to keep up the excitement between Christmas and when Emily goes home! It will do me good to know that you folks are helping me all the time.

I had a beautiful loving note from Mabelle today — Oh things will work out some how — they must.

And it looks now as though this boat will get into Hongkong in time to catch the Tuesday boat up to Swatow — Emily will be there and will have tickets all bought and everything — and if nothing happens well go through flying just barely making connections.

Fannie Ching's People met here here — her friends, I mean — and she is exceedingly happy to be in China again. She is a dear sweet girl — and so sensible and sane, yet with a burning desire and intention to help the people — the Mission's work. The treasurer, came aboard the boat tonight — changed some money for me.
Told me about some packages they want me to take to Swatow just Helene Clark and also arranged to take mine to send to her. I'm going up to the office in the morning and settle my accounts - I have them all made out to date, so I shall be able to get that fixed hunky day return the 98.43 I now have left of my $250 and get enough Mex to take me from Hong Kong to Swatow - that will leave very little adjustment to be attended to.

Oh - I'm sorry Helene couldn't come - I'm eager to see Emily - and sorry for her - and just more that I - but fearful of the situation in - much in Swatow - well - His grace cannot fail to be sufficient - if I trust - I know I am not faithful as I ought and want to be, though!

Much, much love

Abbie
Dec 20.

Dearest One,

Sure and it's ashamed that I am for not having written to you as I should! In any case I think there is a vast difference between the letters of my first trip and the ones you are getting from me now. I don't seem to have much ambition to write, somehow.

We arrived in Yokohama Monday night--too late, we thought, to go ashore. We did go ashore the next morning, however--it was a heart-ache to try to find one single land mark that was familiar--it is not recognizable.
I found one little shop that was there before - the one where I got my kimonos. But I didn't go in. Fannie and I just walked around and looked a little bit, and got back to the boat in plenty of time for her sailing - at 10 A.M. Saturday - we did no shopping there. We arrived in Kobe about 10 Wed. morning. I went directly to Tanaguchi's and got what dishes I wanted that he had in stock - and ordered a few more - I also purchased an afternoon tea set - Tea pot, sugar and creamer, and one dozen dainty cups with the elongated saucers for sandwiches. Have you seen them? These are almost black, with a delicate maple leaf pattern leaves hardly bigger than this just a spray or two against the black. I'm waiting to see how the girls will like them. I paid a little less than ten dollars for the set - I'm simply crazy about them - I also bought ten strings of pearls, prices varying from 40¢ to $2.50 - The most of them cheap ones
I'm going to hide all but one string in the bottom of my big trunk - I have for future use - and let us one know that I have them - I'm glad I got them - and I hope some of them will be left when I come home. Would you like a string? Now?

I'm getting a little ahead in the story. We came back to the boat in our rickshaw, had lunch, and then I started out alone. I rode all around through those narrow streets - bought some Japanese candy - the girls are very fond of it. I know. Bought a little box of pastel crayons - and about 20 dozen paper handkerchiefs like the enclosed. For these I paid 32 sen or about 13 cents. They're good for glasses, and a number of other things.

I bought a string of beads and a bracelet to match, of lacquer and inlaid mother of pearl - and got them for 3.20 gold - I've wanted some for years - 'N I guess that's all. We left Kobe Wed. 8 P.M.

Mrs. Pfannenschmidt - a young man on his way to Manila.
has been quite attentive to Mrs. Jacobs, a Congregational nurse, but she has had a few kind words.

We are tremendously disappointed in Japan — and I think I have a little of that feeling, too. Of course, the country had a terrible shock — in the quake and another shock in the exclusion bill — I believe many of them hate us —

Now we are pulling into Shanghai — Friday night.

It's about 4 p.m. now — I am going to the baggage room to get Helen Clark's things then have tea, and then get dressed.

I wonder whether Helen will be there — and whether I shall see anyone else. I know I'm getting quite excited already —

Goodbye until the next time —

Love — love —

[Signature]
MANAGING AGENTS
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD
S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT

PROGRAMME
OF
Entertainments and Deck Sports
Voyage No. 11-84 Outward
DECEMBER 1924.
Between San Francisco and Yokohama

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:O:

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**Sergeant at Arms**
Mr. J. G. Shuler
Program of Deck Games

Wednesday, Dec. 10th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Potato Race ........................................... Children
2. Nail Driving Contest ................................. Ladies
3. Sack Race ............................................. Men
4. Cracker Eating Contest .............................. Mixed
5. Peanut Race ........................................... Men
6. Egg and Spoon Race .................................... Ladies
7. Shoe Race ............................................. Mixed

Thursday, Dec. 11th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Egg and Spoon Race ................................... Children
2. Potato Race ............................................. Ladies
3. “Are you there, Casey?” ............................... Men
4. Chalking the Pig’s Eye ................................. Ladies
5. Suit Case Race ......................................... Mixed
6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single) ..................... Men
7. Elimination Drill “Kelly Says” ...................... Mixed

Friday, Dec. 12th 1924. 10.30 A. M.

1. Sack Race ............................................... Children
2. Wheelbarrow Race ...................................... Men
3. Powder Your Nose ..................................... Ladies
4. Needle and Thread Race ............................... Mixed
5. Obstacle Race ........................................... Men
6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single) ..................... Ladies
7. Affinity Race ........................................... Mixed
**Special Events**

Thur. Dec. 4th  Farewell Dinner Dance to our Honolulu Passengers

Fri. Dec. 5th  Motion Pictures and Dance

Sat. Dec. 6th  "Hard Times" Party in Dining Saloon at 7.00 P. M.

Sun. Dec. 7th  Divine Services - Social Hall - 11.00 A. M.

              Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.

Mon. Dec. 8th  Bridge Tournament in Tea Room - 8.15 P. M.

              Motion Pictures and Dance on Promenade Deck

Tues. Dec. 9th  No Have Got

Wed. Dec. 10th  Costume Dinner and Dance - Dining Saloon at 7.00 P. M.

              Grand March on Promenade Deck at 8.30 P. M.

Thur. Dec. 11th  Concert and Vaudeville in Social Hall at 8.30 P. M.

Fri. Dec. 12th  Mah-Jongg Tournament - Tea Room - 8.30 P. M.

              Motion Pictures and Dancing on Promenade Deck

Sat. Dec. 13th  Sayonara Dinner to our Japan Passengers

              Distribution of Prizes

              Dancing

              Oriental Supper in Tea Room - 10.15 P. M.

Sun. Dec. 14th  Divine Services in Social Hall at 11.00 A. M.

              Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.
If you send for more of my pictures be sure to send one Christmas Day!!

Mother, dear,

Isn't it wonderful that I really got here in plenty of time? And this has been such a happy day, too.

In Shanghai I went shopping with one of the women on the boat - and I saw a silk velvet hat that just matched my coat. It was trimmed with purply blue ribbon - so I got some blue and gold, and some purple and gold ribbon - and my time from Shanghai to Hong Kong was largely spent making some very pretty little flat Frenchy flowers to put on it. It is a great success and looks wonderful with my coat, and with my from and gray and blue dress - it's a good change from the black, too. I made some blue flowers and some orange, and some blue with little orange centers - I paid $10.50 Mex.
for it.

We arrived in Hong Kong about 16 hours ahead of our schedule. Emily had no way of knowing that and she was out shopping. We arrived a little before three. Just about meal time she went to the office to see what time she should go to meet the ship the next morning, and they told her the "Taft" had just come in. "Goodbye," she said over her shoulder and off she ported to the ferry. Of course I couldn't help being disappointed that to see her on the dock - I looked and looked and finally went down to my cabin to see about getting my baggage off. "Taft - tap tap tap. "Anybody home?" - and then she was. She is such a dear girl - she is very tired just now, though, and needs her furlough badly. This business about the votes has upset her - and she is pretty "edgy." But I'm amazed I find how many of the others are in the same condition and are to be sent to sleep.
wondering whether I was that way before I went home — I'm afraid I was sometimes — not only then, but after I got home — I think with shame and remorse of the various times when words of mine & yours had a sharp edge — and I shall never cease to be sorry for every one that ever came past my lips — Oh, I hope I may be kept from it out here! I do think that nine-tenths of the heartache would be avoided but how if people could keep sweet — some don't feel that way — and "feel better" after they have boiled over a little — but that's the way I feel about it — I believe Emily is willing to try hard to have things pleasant and I shall do my utmost — So E. and I had the night in Hong Kong — and went shopping the next day. I bought a new bed net and should have bought a pith hat —
I had been able to find one - Emily had a great many errands for various people and I had some. I saw Mr. Huaung - one of our find "educated in America" young men who had been through the tragedy of accidentally shooting another young man - his dear friend. The injured man lived only a few hours and now Mr. Huaung has had to go into hiding - it is dreadful.

Our boat sailed at 4 and we had a dreadfully rough trip - both of us trying hard to be sea sick. When we arrived here the waves were so big that most people didn't dare to come out to the boat - Mabelle, Clara, and Mrs. Hooley did come - a number of the others were busy with school exercises. The girls were on the jetty singing Chinese welcome songs and shooting off firecrackers. Mrs. Ashmore and Miss Tollman and Mrs. Page were down there too - and at the top of the hill Mrs.
Capen and Mrs. Bonsfield came out. The others have all come to see me since then—except Mr. Capen and Mr. Waters and they are both fearfully busy.

Emily has been pretty sick today and yesterday—"just my luck," she says—but she has done wonderfully well. I think—and everything has been peaceful.

The waves dashed so high that my nice coat got all spotted—and the salt made nice brown spots all over it—we were all soaked—I'm ratted it. We were all soaked—I hope something can pick about it but hope something can be done—Everybody has raved about it—and my gown dress.

Today and tonight I wore the red and gray shoes and Pearls (which I strung on the boat) and they have raved about that too.

Last night we went over to Eastview and filled our stockings—and this mom went there and opened them and had a
wonderful breakfast — with some of my beloved Satow oranges — Then I went around with one or two of the things — for Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Caffee — then back to Eastview for my things — lovely ones — though I must stop now to enumerate.

By the time I got back again it was just time to go to church. I went just the same and saw a good many Chinese friends, who were all very cordial — it was pretty fine!

Then we came over to the Domestic Science Bldg and the Chinese girls had their Christmas tree — The Greenville bays got here in time and were just lovely — they don't know what they would have done without them — I shall certainly write to them about it. Oh — I wish you both could see us with the girls out here!

At one-thirty we went to Sherman Bungalow for dinner — which was another wonder — plum-puddin' and all!
Sat around and talked until 1. 30 - then got ready to go over to school - a feast at 5. o'clock! I didn't suppose I could eat a thing, but I devoured a whole bowl of noodles and some fish balls and greens, and beef cutlets and young peas in the pods - a little Chinese shell fish, and and orange.

Emily was pretty sick by that time, so we came home with her, then I went with Margaret Winn and Clara Leach down to the Hobart for the rest house now - Then I came back and here I am!

Margaret Winn looks dreadfully lasy fearful neurites and is very much run down. She is to be sent home in February on account of her health. She will be missed on account of her teaching English - as Emily will I didn't mean to say what I did there - I'm half asleep already.
I meant that with two girls we shall have to hustle to find somebody to do their work - I'm sure I can't do even as much as Emily has been doing - because some of hers will be new to me and will require a great deal of preparation.

The Chinese girls are a joy - I'm having a queer time trying to remember Chinese words - they come pretty slowly sometimes - and I think I have forgotten a lot. In dead sure I shall have to buckle down to hard study.

In among all these affairs I have had callers - so I've been fairly busy. No trunks touched yet, have to take out the Christmas presents and my dress -

Greetings to my dear friends in Sutton!

Always with love,

Abbie
Dear One,

Christmas was surely a wonderful day. I guess I told you that Christmas night we were invited to the school to supper and although I was pretty full already yet I did manage to do some weaving of the chopsticks and enjoyed it too.

Friday morning the sun was shining (it had rained the day before), and we all had our cameras out as we climbed the hill for the laying of the corner stone in the new girls' high school building. About five minutes before we left the house Mabelle asked me if I would announce the program. I was scared to death and felt sure I couldn't do it decently, but I said I'd try. So I got hold of Miss One and frantically asked her how to say my few sentences.

The girls began with their new school song, which is lovely; and, as usual, my heart just filled right up at the familiar sound of their sweet voices. Then Mabelle explained about the sealed pewter box which was to be placed in a hole under the corner stone. It contained a copy of Dr. Ashmore's Translation of the Bible, the latest edition of the Chinese Bible magazine, some 1924 coins, a history of the school to the present time, and a paper with the names of all the girls and a picture of Miss One. The address of the morning was by Miss Ashmore, an explanation of the meaning of this latest gift to the girls' work from the women in China.
(It was just fine - she wants me to write up the laying
of cornerstone in send home - maybe I will.) Helen Pen-
translated for her, and then the poor girl had to get right
up herself and make the reply.
Then came the laying
of the stone. Mrs. Ashmore, our oldest present worker
among the girls, one who has always had that particular
work much on her heart - went on the first block of
stone (and various pictures were taken of her). Then
Mrs. Waters offered prayer, the girls sang two more songs
and we went home. It really was a beautiful service
and I'm so glad they waited for it until I got here.

We were all invited to the girls' school at 3:30
in the afternoon - I was warned beforehand that it was
a Christmas party, a welcome to me, and a goodbye
to Emily and Margaret, all rolled into one.

The Christmas play was a lovely little thing, showing
the Christmas spirit as revealed in the treatment of a
poor little orphan girl by a family who adopted her
and took her in. There were Christmas songs and
repeating the Christmas Scripture, then the girls
rose and sang a welcome song (composed in English
for the occasion). I made my bows and thanked them
in English; and thought that was the end of my post.
But then there was more: prayers about me, and my
dear little June-ken - the girl who couldn't be forgot.
It stood out and read a Chinese welcome poem,
yet, composed for the occasion. I must find out
whether she made it up herself - and what it means -
whether she made it up herself - and what it means -
I thought that was enough of a welcome - and when
the next number on the program - another playlet - was
announced as the "Diary of the Girls' School", I still had
The scene opened with Miss Roe teaching a class and then telling the girls it was time to go to say goodbye to the Sng Hon-mee who was going to America. Then there were tears because of her leaving and a general cry of regret—then a hustle and bustle—then standing in a double line while Miss Sanderson, Mr. C, Miss Miller, and Mr. Toddle arms around each other, marched and sang through the middle. "I never dreamed that any two of our little Chinese girls would look so tall and lanky, but they had borrowed white dresses and wore pink ribbons. The hair dressing was with our white dresses. The hair dressing was all done to perfection. I laughed and took it off. The next scene was a geometry class taught by Miss Roe. The girls were all expressing their regret at Miss S's leaving. "Miss Roe told them to cheer up—they could all write letters and send them by Miss Miller (at which everybody laughed again). The next was an English class taught by Miss Miller. The girls gave sentences such as "I am sorry Miss Sanderson went home." "I am glad Miss Sanderson will come back," etc. Then Miss Miller told of a letter she had just had from Mr. S—and
said that Miss S. was coming back and was to arrive the day before Christmas. Miss M. then said she was already tired of answering the questions that everybody asked her when they saw her (about me) and one of the girls said she'd better write the answers on a card and tie it around her neck to save herself trouble. One of the girls wrote for her, "I. I. save herself trouble."

"Spy Komie is coming back!" and the second was "I'm happy now." and the third was "I'm going to Hong Kong to meet her."

This actually happened, and the girl who took the part of Miss Miller was the one who wrote it and hung it around her neck. She sent the card to me and I got it in Shanghai. The next scene was where they went to meet me at the jetty - and they got to the wrong jetty and had to run around to the other one just as they did the other morning. Then they saw the welcome song, "Miss Miller," and had me come and had Emily & me come through the double line again, but didn't keep up together that time - had me come back through the double line again - and speak to the girls and teachers separately alone, and speak to the girls and teachers separately, with the "glad to see you," etc. - and then had me flying with an arm around "Miss One," and go off chatting. It was all such a good imitation that with her - it was all such a good imitation that with her - it was all such a good imitation that with her - it was all such a good imitation that with her. The girls were all "pleased to death." I was so glad that I had welcomed them just as I did - it showed how glad I was to see them! There was a lot more - this to well - wasn't that the nicest kind of a welcome home!

I'm just delighted. It warms my heart and makes me feel that it's not all flattery!
Yesterday, I unpacked the things I need and put them in the bureau drawers in the little room where Emily was before I went home. I'm going to be there until she goes; it will be much easier for her to pack, etc., after the 5th of February when all her things are now and she leaves the 16th. I'll have a busy day, and the vacation this year is from Jan 16 to Feb 10, so I'll have a lot of work. I had not realized that they were going so soon. I had it in my mind that they were going to be there until the last part of February. It seems very soon.

I got my trunks up attic yesterday and my room is as settled as I shall leave it until I move. Last night we went to the Bungalow for sukiaki and I were invited to the Bungalow for sukiaki. Emily and I were invited to the Bungalow for sukiaki. I don't know how it is spelled for Japanese. It was delicious and tasted so good. I am very fond of it. Mrs. Rowfield was there too. Afternoon, I went to Chinese church at 3:30, then to a Baptismal service where two of our girls, two women, were baptized. And a large number of Academy boys were baptized.

This morning, I went to see Mrs. Nashmore for about a half hour. After that, I went over to see Mrs. Nashmore for about a half hour. Then E. came after me and we went down to the English church. It was Episcopal service with a Rector. We were so glad to know the chants that we used to practice. If we had never known them, the English service would seem very flat, I fear.
They had communion afterwards and we didn't stay — I have a feeling they don't want any but church of England folks for that — so I didn't see (to speak of) many of the people I wanted to see. A number of the old ones are still here.

This afternoon I have been talking and writing letters, and entertaining callers. Tomorrow I must finish up getting ready any gifts for the Chinese teachers (30 or 40 or 50 strings of Japanese pearls) — then go to the American consulate to register. I'm to begin starting over some classwork this week. Poor Margaret is in pretty bad shape noticeably and Emily is pretty much on the ragged edge a good deal of the time. I shall be glad to help whatever I can.

Time to go to bed now.

With love,

P.S. Your n.l. letter arrived in time for Emily to take it to Hong Kong and I read it as soon as I handed it over. I know it's hard to believe, but the letter — you say a letter started Monday A.M. from Selmec should have arrived Saturday, but it didn't. I think the phraseology is correct but the meaning is twisted — the letter never did get started to be written until I was leaving Selmec on the train Monday morning. And it didn't get started in the P.O. until the next day after that; I think — or that afternoon, anyway.
Abbie G. Sanderson Papers
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Series: I. Correspondence
Subseries: Family correspondence
Box / folder: 3 / 16
Folder label: AGS to family, on furlough in U.S., en route back to China, arrival back in Swatow
Dates: 1924 Feb - Dec

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Dear [Name],

Well - here I am - almost dizzy with having such a good time, seeing so many people - and getting so many letters. I am surely grateful to have you so thoughtful about remailing the letters here. They all gasped at the pile of letters that arrived in me! Don't fail the limit? He says his plans is to meet him in New York (with a 1st) and take a leisurely trip westward through New England (!) + the Berkshires + Lake George + Thence to Ohio. He wonders if their wandering would take them anywhere near Sutton! I'm sure the party would include Vermont! I'm sure the party would include Sutton, if only their noses were pointed in the right direction? I wish you could meet him - and they wouldn't stay more than one night - How about it? I suppose it would be in August. But I'll find out about that too. He was grateful for my statement about missionary work.

Well - I know you are crazy to hear all about my trip - and I don't know whether...
can get it all in or not.

"Aunt Alice's" car is a beauty & we had a fine ride up from New London — I told you that we called at the different places — Alice Gillette was overwhelmed — felt much honored to have me call — I know that I remembered her — Mrs. Barber recollected the time you called & borrowed Mark's tomeros for a pattern, and there was a pouch of tobacco in the pockets — Mrs. Hirtz was so scandalized, she said, but Mother laughed it off and was very nice about it. Mrs. Austin died some time ago — I saw Mrs. Austin and she sent her best regards to you both.

Mrs. Church (I went up alone & see her) lives next house beyond P. M. S. I saw Tom who had "never enjoyed any couple as I did yours" & his mother and wish they would come back. He came home from school early — a big tall girl who looks a lot like Grace. She wants to see you as bad she doesn't know what to do.

Grace and Charlie came down the next morning and called at Glady's to see me for about 20 minutes — they bought their little girl — about 2 — who is a darling. Mrs. Wrenn Allen gushed over me more than any one else did.

Was there a Frank Richards there?
While we were there? We worked for Robertson for a while. I saw him, but didn’t know who he was. Gladys thought he could not have been there when we were there. He had a familiar look — but the name means nothing to me. I saw Fred Chapel on the street — he reminds me more than ever of Charles Rich — (who is married in Washington). Myra writes me; and Mrs. Money, takes his part & says she knows he was basely slandered at the time of his other marriage!

Now Allen I never knew, I guess — but who’s Mrs. Everett? Chapman were too busy when he came & spoke — I guess I mentioned all the others — I didn’t see the Smith’s & Phillips.

Oh yes — Suzie and Juine are much the same but older — and Suzie is taller — Grace Hooper has not changed a bit — Alice is dead — and Hattie Chapman too — & Ed Phillips — and George Smith.

They are all wild to see you. Mother and everyone speaks of father too.

Mrs. Woodruff — and Mrs. Church, were perhaps more pathetically glad to see me than anyone else — and they did as want to see you.

Charles Chapman will go part or all the way to meet us if you can come to Monticello. I’m sure he
means it, too— I told them I wanted you to go to Milwaukee with me—and I think he would take us & bring us home part way—truly—Grace is fat. Gladys bought me back to New London in the car—and there on the station platform I knew him instantly. Gladys didn’t remember him at all—she’s exceedingly absent-minded about some things—and she said “Do you dare speak to him?” Of course I dared—and she remembered. I guess he is an inveterate smoker and I guess he is an inveterate smoker and I guess he doesn’t know a great deal—but he was pleased, and sent his best regards—and everybody who didn’t send love!

Mr. Lyman is a business man who is burdened by the cares of the mill and Gladys hardly dare to ask him and Gladys hardly dare to ask him. He is nice to do anything, I guess—He is nice—and good looking—but I’m glad he is not her husband and not mine! I did not feel very much at ease with him (as I did with Charles Chapman, for instance) Nelles is Episcopal—and will not go to the Baptist service—and I guess P. O.
The children go to Sunday school. Elizabeth is very religious — a good bit self-conscious and a veritable little grandmother. She is as old as a very bright child. The other two are attractive.

Oh, I nearly forgot my visit with Mrs. Coen. I did enjoy it so — and I think upstairs in the old Homestead — did you know that? She thinks Gladys pays too much attention to her children. But that the children are adorable. Of course you certainly have a heart there in Montville, Mother, I shall not be able to write all the details but I'm hoping I can tell you some more when I get home.

We got talking. Martha met me at the station — took me to the Settlement house. Her co-worker, Miss Odell, a Baptist minister's daughter, is a sweet young thing. Miss Chesbrough, a city worker, also lives here. Martha had a girls' singing class in the P.M. and she got me to show pictures and sing in Chinese, etc. In the evening there was an Italian prayer-meeting — and although I nearly went to sleep during the talk, yet the singing was wonderful. It makes me wonder why I ever even
try to sing myself— with my tiny voice—
Talk about volume— They nearly brought down the roof— and they love to sing—
all in Italian— One old blind man—
sang his very sound at— it seemed— it was startling just I watched him—

The next morning Martha took me in to
the rooms — and I went to see Mr. Hill
first — and he made all the arrangements
I have me go to New Rochelle for lunch—
and have a nice visit— It is three
and have a nice visit— It is three
miles from the station and Annie paid the
ferry both ways (1.50 each way I think) (her
letter of welcome telling me to have Mr. Hill
telephone me at Martha's waiting for me)
I telephoned from the rooms to Uncle Henry
(who had already called me up at
491 Henry St. Thursday night)

I saw Miss McVeigh and Mrs. Long— both of
them are very nice— but think I ought not
do any speaking while I am studying—
I almost got in trouble for when Miss McVeigh
pierced me with her eagle eye and said
"Away for two weeks? What are you doing?"—
I was afraid she thought I ought not to be studying
as I said "Well, I'm doing a little speaking—"
And then she informed me that
"I ought not to be doing any speaking,
just like that!"
But she was very nice — and I found out that they were not planning to detain anyone this fall if they can get money & send them back — I also found that the plan is to invite to Milwaukee all missionaries who are sailing this fall who haven’t been to N. B. C. this furlough. Since I’ve never been, that’s all the more reason why they are glad to send me —

I asked if they were expecting to have any refit allowance, and Miss McVeigh said they were not able to give any refit from the New England District. Some particular person might be interested in giving someone in my studies and my new truck screens in my studies and my new truck, and possibly, but not probably, my cot bed —

I spoke about meetings in Maine and she thinks Mr. Whittemore should get in touch with the Board of Promotion since they really have first claim. Since he is Director of Promotion, that might not be very difficult. I should think. Mr. Hill wants the Board to communicate with me about teaching in summer assembly schools — possibly on my way back from Milwaukee — two weeks in Ohio and two more somewhere else etc — !!!!

I also mentioned that and told her I knew if it proved possible for you to go that you would not enjoy it as much if you had to travel alone. She said they would take that into
consideration. And they would also wait and see how my health is and how much money I have. Then, my work would be in Maine.

I'm lazy - I hope I shan't have to!

Well! Just as I was about to leave for Grand Central Station, I discovered Mrs. Brigham.

And when she found out that I didn't and when she insisted that she know the way she insisted that she really needed to get down and buy her ticket - maybe I told you!

Just after I got out to Annie's, Ruth came from school and we three had lunch together. Billy was upstairs in bed with a little sore throat. Ruth had had to stay in bed with one the day before and her thought that was pretty nice. So the next day he had a sore throat. My mother found that staying in bed was not such a lovely thing as she had thought. But I went upstairs twice to see him and showed him my pictures and I asked all about him. Of course, she asked all about you, of course. Then Ruth played on the cello and then on the violin. She is only 15 and play wonderfully well. I think - I just loved it - and I know the mother is proud of her — justly.
The time passed all too quickly and the taxi came for me. Anna's home is lovely, lovely! I think, than the one in Newton Center—everything is spic and span and you get a sense of space somehow—and the colors all blend so beautifully.

Mary Darling's is like that, too—though she had things just the way she wanted them. I expected to find Gladys' the same, but somehow it wasn't. Things were nice—but not particularly orderly—though not noticeably otherwise.

Uncle Homer met me at the Grand Central Station and brought me out here. I was weary. Tuesday night my retiring hour was 2 A.M. (I sat up & wrote Crusader letters before I left.) Wednesday night at Gladys' about eleven, and Martha and I talked until one. Thursday night. So last night I was pretty glad to get to bed early—and I had a good rest.

Today Mrs. Miller's letter giving directions about arriving in Philadelphia came at noon—just in time for me to let her know what train I was coming on. She will get my letters Monday morning—and I shall arrive there at 11 A.M.

It is good to be here. Homer is just as dear as ever and indeed she did remember me—you should have seen the jumping
and heard the squawking when I arrived.

I am going to Mrs. Smith's for Sunday dinner— and, though I'm prepared to find it won't really be so—Peggy Wellwood expects to be there too. Isn't that be wonderful? I shan't send this letter, though, until I know whether she came or not. The suspense of not knowing whether she really comes or not won't be so bad for you as it is for me, maybe—but I'll try to tell you before this letter goes—I can't believe it.

Eunice's letter tells wonderful things:

Dr. Biderwolf, Miss Saxe, and Horace Rodeheaver are on a trip around the world. Rodeheaver took an evangelistic tour. Margaret, him discovered Miss Saxe in a drama-work shop—then Eunice and others went out and got the three and they talked to the students of different schools—Rodeheaver sang, "Brighten the corner"—for the girls in English—and taught them to sing it in English, then he sang it for them in Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, Mandarin and Foochow—and then Hong Lan and Miss Pue sang it for him in Swatow. E. says. "Needless to
6) say, everyone was interested. They were all delighted and the people gave me messages—and they in return were delighted with the girl—and the other too, I suppose.

I didn’t see Mr. Stafford and Mr. Wright at the office but maybe I can next Saturday. I’ll try.

Sunday night.

Sunday dinner at the Smith’s and Peggy was there—just her same, pretty, dainty self. The Smith’s are fine people I think. Mother, father, sister—and we spent the afternoon there. It was raining and then went for a walk in a taxi—went again to church to night.

I spoke in the main Sunday school and many people said cordial words. Afterwards—then I went into Mr. Smith’s room of good women—50 I guess—and she made me talk again—I told about my old ladies again.

I have had a beautiful time here.

Off in the morning for Philadelphia.

Love, love. (I’m sleepy.)

Affie.
Albany
Feb. 11, 8:45 P.M.

Dear Ones—

I've been having a "cham'si" time with tickets. There is a very dapper young clerk here who simply will not sell me a ticket to San Francisco. Says it is never done, etc. He would sell me one for Chicago, but I'd have to pay the excess baggage. So I've done the only thing I could think of, and that is to buy one just to Buffalo, had to pay $3.13 excess there!)

At Buffalo there is an office of the Chicago, Milwaukee St. Paul R. R. and I'm going to try again there—

I've taken the number of the tickets and shall write in to find out the "why" of this matter—

Don't think I'm down hearted—just mad because I don't know what I should or should not have done about it—

Idella is an old peach, isn't
she? She says I'm a good deal more practical than she thought I was when we were in college.

For instance — it was my sending the detailed schedule that complicated it. If I hadn't sent it she would probably have been too busy and worried with her many affairs to have looked it up herself. She wanted to come all the way to Albany and would have done so but for an exceptionally busy time this week.

She had a splendid lunch, ham sandwiches, two kinds of cookies, jelly donuts, pickles, stuffed olives, bananas, apples, coffee — I didn't open my bag at all. She left me enough for supper — and some almond broth which she said she remembered I used to like.
squad her nickels on! Of course
time wasn't half long enough —
I was happy to treat her to Ruth's
delicious maple fudge too.

I'm wondering if you have yet
received the little "memo" from
Hollister's, Greenfield. Not much
from me, really, for you can simply
imagine the letters Arthur owed to
me now — Call part of it a gift
from father — for if it hadn't been
for this he would have got
more "for cream" than the
small amount I deposited. Wonder
when he found that? By the way?

And — I got it with the express
stipulation that you should return
it and get your money back if
it wasn't what you wanted.
Not if you thought you ought not
I have it, but just if it didn't suit you - it may be too long but it can be shortened - I'll be eager to hear what you think of it.

The reason I didn't say anything about my throat on the card is because I forgot it. It's O.K. getting better all the time! And I feel fine - just "sorta" sleepy. I wanted to write to Ruth here, but I'm afraid I shouldn't say what I want to when I write to her. There's not much time left now, anyway and no good place to write - I'll give her a book, "Strange Adventure of a Pebble" which I'm going to enjoy. I didn't say much this A.M. but what the use - you know how I feel - Love, love - Abe!
234 Bird Ave.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Mother dear—

Ruth's father was George Whitman, and she is lovely. Her brother George, who lives with her down in New York, went downtown with her this A.M. and got tickets—$10 40 for tickets. But it will be worth it to see Ruth and Uncle George. Called up Mrs. Fisk this P.M. and had a nice talk with her. Also called Harold Plumer, who is coming tonight to take me to the station. He was very nice about it. Invited me to dinner, but I didn't accept.

Edith Wilkes, Ruth's friend, who met me in her car this morning, is coming now to take me for a ride, so this will have to be—
short and sweet.

Patti says to tell you she
thinks you have a pretty nice
daughter — !

Love to you both.

Oddie
Dearest Ones —

I'm all in a whirl — I've been doing so much visiting, etc. — The hours have been late, as you know — and especially here I have had such a steady heart-to-heart talk — the kind when you can't possibly say all you want to — that it's hard to write — I find my head in a whirl now — as much to write I don't know what to say — for there isn't time to write much — However!

I'll try to tell more about Ruth — Whitman after I get on the steamer — May talk with Mrs. Foster was a nice one — Helen and John have gone back — and Frank wants to go next year — He is teaching in Hampden Inst. this year —
Ruth's brother George is nice - and so is the brother Homer, whose wife and 12 yr old daughter came out to dinner that night.

Harold P. came about 11, as he said he would - I was all ready then, but we sat talking a good "few minutes" and he appeared to enjoy meeting them. He was very nice - seemed to enjoy seeing me - and taking me down there to the station - carried my bag to the gate - then tipped a porter to carry them the rest of the way to the train, which I boarded about 5 min. of 12. He laughed at my worry about this being up so late on my account - said he'd been up as late as that once before! I like him thoroughly - and couldn't see
anything in him — that I thought he sent his best regards to you — just fine. — I told Missie Haleman you —

exclaimed when I said he lived on Delaware Ave. (I found it in the phone book.) It's a swell part of the city; they seemed to infer — Their apartment was a nice comfortable one — but not imposing.

Everett met me yesterday morning — and has been very nice — The little girls are lovely — and I am much impressed with "Auntie Madge" who works in a bank — is very attractive, yet dignified — intelligent etc —

More later —

A Mrs. Keller, who has a son at Yale-in-China took us to ride yesterday — I saw some very
lovely residences — but it rained, and the lake was hard to see. Myrl's home is lovely and she has wonderful things. I entertained them with Chinese first, and then they entertained me with their radios which gets San Francisco & Boston & Fort Worth, Texas — as well as Cleveland —

My throat continues to get better and I don't cough at all. I'm feeling fine —

Love — love

Allie

Messages to everybody!
Mother dear —

It seems as though I haven't had a minute to write to you since I arrived here.

Mabel met me yesterday morning and it is so good to see her. As soon as we had breakfast we went down town to see about rechecking baggage, buying tickets, etc. At last I have bought my ticket to San Francisco — and my trunks are checked all the way through — I had to pay $1.26 storage here — but I wasn't surprised — because I've stopped.
seen at these various places. I shall have more to pay when I get there; don't try!

It took about all morning to get tickets and rubber bands on my shoes (while I waited). Then after lunch we saw Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet" just as she had planned. He enjoyed that immensely, so I knew we should — then had supper and came home.

This morning we went to church and then (we had had the telephone message earlier in the AM.) to Missionary Training School. Mrs. Pinkham couldn't be there, but she left word for us to be invited over and shown over the school. The one who was hostess
in her stead was Dorothy Dowell. She has been quite finally turned down for the Philippines and is Director of Field Activities here for a year—taking Miss Troecki's place partly. The two Carman girls were at our table too—(don't whisper it, but I had forgotten they were here!) and we had a lovely time.

Back here in a rush to meet Mr. Tai of Swatow (we had seen a glimpse of him at church). He is so fine—and I admire him more and more. He had a lot of messages for me to tell Swatow people—and I think it did him good to talk about some of his problems and his worries about
What he can do when he goes back— I was just delighted at the good talk we had and cakes.

Then we went to Mrs. Shiker for an hour. She wants to be remembered to my "sweet, sweet-faced mother," to whom she was greatly attracted at Milwaukee.

Then we had supper and came back, and it's 9.30 already. Yes, it has been a pretty full day, and Mrs. and I still haven't had half time enough to talk.

I've been writing and trying to visit too—and this is a jumble.

So glad the ears are right. I do not intend to cable from Shanghai!
Dear -

Wabel got me up at 5.30 this morning, got me downtown and got breakfast into me — figs, toast & coffee — and got me off on this train at 8.10. I've talked a lot last night — so I was sleepy after the train left. Then I took out Aunt Fannie's samples and have been pegging away at them.

It is now 10.30 — and we have stopped at a station which brought back memories and made me pick up my pad & scribble a word - Guess where — ? It's a red brick station, with a clock in its tower, and I can see park benches on the other side of it — and a jamboree street corner where cars stop - 3rd street car, I think! It is snowing quite hard — I hope I'll strike a blizzard in St. Paul again this time.

Now we are leaving now, just caught a glimpse of the flag flying from
The G. M. C. D. - where they hold receptions for majoricaes or somethin'.
There's a church spire too - I watched
for a glimpse of the auditorium, but
that is too far up-town, I guess.
(End.)

Laters -

What do you suppose she've been
doing now? In Cleveland
Myrl's sister Madge and I were
looking over some cross word
puzzles and she found out that
I liked them, so she gave me
a book - (fifty puzzles) When
I came away - I have been
wasting away the time with
that this afternoon - I have
no dictionary though, so I
have some difficulty in solving
any whole puzzles so yet—
I have fine about half done,
though—I slept about an hour, too—
I wonder if you will think
I am sick when you try to decipher this scrawl—or whether you will realize that the C. M. & St. P. R. R. is going about 50 miles an hour and so writing as a fine art, can scarcely be pursued with much ease—

My cold & my throat & my ear have continued to get better, but they get better more rapidly yesterday than they have before.

My sin twister was good for me, I guess! I am really all right now and all I need is a long night's rest, which I intend to get.

I meant to write & Ruth long before this, but I just couldn't
seem to do it. Perhaps I can on the train but if not then I shan't do it until I get to San Francisco. It certainly has been a grand rush as far still I wouldn't have missed one bit of it. It is not nearly so nice to travel alone as with someone! I have been "sorta" lonesome today. Almost wish I had Mabel Darke, or somebody!

I had a most extravagant dinner - but it cost more than I thought at my first look. I had pork chops, mashed potato, celery, coffee and ice cream - and that, without bread or butter is anything, set me back $1.70 - I ate it all, set me back $1.70. And I'm not going to the theater, and I'm not going to the dinner tonight - but nibble on my chocolate bars that J.K. gave me, and a piece of maple fudge, and a chocolate almond that Mabel gave me - and then go to sleep.
Wish I could see you, but since I can't I'm going to read your two letters over again then go to bed. The postie has come now with the sheets, and although it's only six-thirty I'm glad to be "getting the hay early."  

Don't know where I can mail this to-morrow anyway - so you'll have at least this little extra word between Chicago and Seattle.

Love, love, love, to both -

Abbie

Greetings and love to folks who would like it.
Nov. 19 —
Rocky M. Mrs.

Mother dear —

I've just scribbled.

& Ruth — It's an awful scrawl,

but it is the best I could do.

See how much worse I can do when I'm not trying quite so hard!

If you think what I had written sounds silly, don't

worry — sounds silly, don't.

Tell me — give it to her — but tell me —

know and I'll write again.

I thought I'd better send through you instead of directly through the P.O. at Sutton — you might put it in an envelope and seal it if you want to.

She will understand —

gracious! We are now
Wobbling something twice, so I guess I'll quit.
I have written to Mabel and Myrtle, and Ruth Whiteman.
I must send a card to P. K.
I and one to Aunt Mary.
Then I guess the rest can wait.

Much, much. Ever

Abbie.
Dear Mother,

I'm in Uncle Cyrus' room and he has provided all the paper, envelopes — and even stamps for me to write to you — They are all lovely to me even as they were before.

Lea met me at the station yesterday morning with "Rusty", the younger girlie, then on the way we went to kindergarten for Betty Jean and took me out to her home for lunch.

After that she put the babies to bed and took me down street to do an errand for her mother. This was the errand: to buy me a pair of gloves, a woolen scarf, or some woolen stockings. I told Lea I
should not choose the gloves.  But it was hard to choose between woolen socks and the scarf.  I knew the former would be useful — and I should very much like to have the latter.  When we looked at the scarfs, though, I told her that I would risk my woolen stockings wearing a little longer — and let them go.  For the sake of having such a beautiful soft blue plaid flannel neck scarf, with a rather big indistinct plaid faintly outlined in white, buff and orange — it’s really lovely — and I’m so happy to have it — After that we came back and got the children and drove out to the park — and I saw kangaroos and polar bears for the first time in my life!  They brought me to the boat, where Mr. Jaggan, Pierce, Ruth, & their children were waiting — in Mr.
Gazzaro's car.

Their cook is on a vacation (Lulu's, I mean) so she had dinner nearly ready for us when we got here— I had a good talk with Uncle Cyrus last evening— a nice hot bath—and to bed early— Ruth has been out here with her mother ever since Warren's death—and Lulu says that keeping busy has been a great blessing to her—

This morning I wasn't up until about 8:30—and I've done washing of underwear, teddy, and 12 handkerchiefs & one pr. of stockings since I had breakfast— the things are drying in front of their big big open...
and will be dry enough, probably—to put into my suitcase this afternoon—then I go back to Laos for the night. I leave at 8.15 tomorrow morning.

Lulu is wonderfully brave, and so are they all. The grief has sweetened Mr. G. as Lee says—and has brought him nearer to Lulu. The things is doubly hard for them all because Mr. G. took Warren to his doctor—and serum was Warren to his doctor—and serum was given in infantile paralysis. They are not sure now that he had that trouble, and if not—the serum was of the and if not—the serum was of the and if not—The serum was of the in case that could kill a person who did not have the disease. Mr. G. feels that Lulu must blame him for Wis. death—and Lulu says she doesn't dare to think.
that is so — but yet she is torn to pieces just at the thought, that it seems such an unnecessary death.

All this, from Lea — Lulu has talked very little — but so bravely. I wish she could see you — I can't help feeling that sympathy like yours could comfort her more than most people's. You could understand what such a loss could mean — and know, too — that so many things might be worse than such a grief —

Lovingly of you —

Wouldn't it be fine if some of them were East when it's time for my next
furlough — and could bring you out here to meet me? I haven’t suggested it, though!

Uncle Cyrus is as much interested in things as ever — he gave me five dollars this morning — and told me to say nothing to the folks here.

Goodbye until the next letter.

Much, much love to you both —

Abbie —

I enclose check. I’ll be very grateful to have you send five to Houlton — use the rest of the cash when you need it —
Dearest,

I have just written to Luke and Helen and it is pretty dreadful to scrawling — it will be easier to write with pencil — and I know you won't mind — I'm much too say

Where did I leave off? Oh yes, Friday afternoon out at Crystal Springs — after lunch we just sat and visited until 3 o'clock then Lulu took me in her car three miles to a garage — when a jitney miles to a garage — when a jitney

She has learned to drive and it has taken a lot of courage on her part — but she can get about much easier, of course — is more independent, I mean, about getting to town, etc —

Lea met me at the boat with
the children. We took them home, then drove back to town to get Thacker. She had a lovely little dinner — yet very simple — after that the children were put to bed (Lea has a young Russian girl to help her now) and then they took me out for ride — all three of us tucked cosily into the front seat. It was a beautiful ride — wonderful starlight — and we rode all around the highest hill — with the rest of the city stretched out below us — a myriad of gorgeous lights — like a "diamond pincushion" as Lea said — I like Thacker so much — and feel that I know her so much — better this time. The children — are adorable — Pisty is a ray of almost unearthly sunshine — she is so sweet. Thacker brought me a
Little package from Pierce—I could tell it was a book—and Thacker said, with a twinkle at Lea, "I think it feels like a copy of 'Science and Health'—Lea said "Why you nasty thing!" But she had to laugh.—I said—"You mean would he likely to send it to me?"—"Oh no," he said—"Pierce and I are just messengers!"—Lea is a dear—and more—more—I think that down deep we have a close kindred feeling (of Edna Ferber's 'So Big').

They all took me to the train Saturday A.M. and Lea gave me a lunch—eleven sandwiches! I didn't think I was hungry—but I ate six and a half at the first meal. They were rye bread with nuts and caraway in the bread and cheese between—and white ones.
with strawberry jam + others
with olives + cheese — Then she
put in besides about a dozen
olives and two or three dozen
unshelled almonds — and the
apples — I wrote to her that
if I ever went on my honeymoon
I should send for her to pack
the luncheon!

Ada and Bob and Bob, jr.
(‘the baby’s dear’)
met me at the train and went
to their home which is quite
near by — we had been there only
a few minutes when we heard
a tap-tap on the veranda and
Ada said “There’s your uncle”
Sure enough it was. He had
walked up to the station a
full mile to meet me — But
he had been mistaken abou
the time of the train and he was too late. He was dreadfully disappointed. He got a taxi then to bring him to Ada's to see her. And I had him as soon as I saw him. He fished out a five dollar bill for me to pay expenses in Salem. (I didn't have see many of it, of course.) Ada said - and we had quite a joke about my board money. Then he got back into the taxi and went home. Friends of Ada's took me down to his house Sunday morning about 10. He was just sweeping up. His house isn't clean, of course - and fearfully littered. But I don't know as it is a bit worse than a good many men would have
it living alone. Pa, for instance, or me if I were a man! "He has no one helping him, and the one room I was in was jumbled high with books, papers, wood, and things of every description. On a table he had big dishes of oranges, apples, bananas, dates, and walnuts - which he kept pressing on me from time to time. I ate an apple, and some dates - and two pears which he had baked for me on the top of the stove. They were good, too. He had made up his mind that he wouldn't talk his theories to me, but poor dear soul, he couldn't help it.
I could agree pretty well with anything and when I could, when I couldn’t, I overruled mildly that I hadn’t never thought of it that way. For instance, he is cut all to pieces to have had Warren, J. P. cremated. He calls it nothing short of heathenish and wrong.

He apologized all over himself for expounding his theories and I told him that helped us get acquainted. He believes there is no heaven nor hell, but only conditional immortality and says the only verse in the Bible opposed to his theory is where the devil said, “Etc. Thou shalt not surely die!” Now he does gloat over making a point.

A friend of Bolt’s, and also of Uncle Arthur’s came for me about
One, and he and his wife were Ada’s guests at dinner. They stayed until after four, then took me down to Uncle Arthur’s again, and I visited him until church time. I sang in Chinese, and he said my pronunciation was bad! Then he got out one of my favorite songs, “Flee as a bird” and asked me to sing it because he thought it would suit my voice. I can’t begin to tell all we said, but he was just dear and sweet every minute. I had one knockdown. He wishes Harold Plumer would marry Ethel Peterson! He thinks Harold
a bright man, but that he doesn't care so much for society — I'm not so sure that myself — I shall never see that four-generation picture, with myself the youngest, without seeing and hearing the tears in his eyes and voice as he said almost reverently, "There are four persons whom I am proud to call my own." He is of his mother, that he expounded his theories too freely to you at Rollinsford — and was quite overcome when I told him you sent your love. Father, he wishes he might meet you — and his namesake,
He declined Ada's invitations in such a courteous note - Our talk was intimate, not a bit distant, from the first minute. He deprecates Cymo's and Lulus' beliefs, and makes Uncle George, here a more earnest Church man - but he worships them all. He is queer, but he is pure gold.

We went to the church in time for me to put on my little white suit. Mr. Shank's, the minister, was very cordial. Uncle Arthur sat on the back seat but I think he heard - he looked so though he was hearing! Afterwards a great many people came to speak to me - Uncle Arthur was almost overwhelmed as he told me afterwards that more people
shook hands with him that
ever before at one time in the
Baptist church - and "there were
nothing but compliments - very high
mes, in your address." He
couldn't tell me very well that
he himself thought - but I guess
he wasn't badly disappointed.
It was hard to say goodbye,
he said, but he did it that
night - with many tender blessing
and good wishes - and when
I bade him good-bye I
didn't expect to see him again.
He filled a paper bag with
oranges, nuts, dates and apples
(I had to leave home at Adah -)
and a twenty-dollar gold piece
which he wished were more -
 wasn't that lovely?
At church I met friends of
Louise Campbell and Edith Harris
and Lucille Willers, and a class-
mate of Mr. Waters who hasn't seen
him since they graduated from Rochester — it was thrilling — and I was so glad I had mentioned the different names Oregon state music. Ada took the new-looked-at train to see me off — walked up again! I was afraid he would —

I wish you could have heard of her, looked at that same four-generation picture, naming over the various ones — say — and that is my cousin Clark — I'm not half grateful enough for belonging to such as these out here — and you — and father! Well — I have no more paper — but I guess I've told you about all I can —

Frisco next!

All love — Abbé
Hotel Ramona, Ellis St. near Powell, San Francisco.
Arrived safely but Ruth Sperry is not yet here. I shall get in touch with her as soon as I can.

An interesting trip down from Salem. Have already met a Chi Omega Jeweler who recognized my pin, and a girl who knows Catherine Bohn. Love again,

Abbie
Saturday morning -

Dearest -

I'm very much ashamed to think all this time has gone by without my writing - But the days here have been busy -

Wednesday I didn't write because I was so disappointed that Aunt hadn't come - and then when the telegram came Thursday that she was delayed and couldn't get here until Fri. morning - I was more than ever down in the mouth - But Fannie came - and I had her as my guest for Thanksgiving dinner - I was pretty
thankful to have her - I shouldn't have liked to be here alone on Thanksgiving. I might have stayed a day longer in Salem - and Uncle Arthur wanted me so! But it is just as well, I guess. And since Arthur came, we have been busy talking, shopping, etc.

It is now 10:30 - my trunks have gone - and we go in about a half hour - we are going to take a taxi - it will cost a little more - but with all the bags, etc. it will be much easier.

I forgot to say that the day I was here alone I rested most of the time - The visit in Salem was the climax of
a round of visiting and you can imagine how very weary I was. I was afraid at first that I was coming down with another cold. But the good daytime sleep I had dozed at all away and I felt fit as a fiddle.

That morning my phone rang and a girl asked me if I knew Katherine Bohn! She and her friend have been staying at this hotel and she saw the name on the nameplate. She was attracted by the name and called me up. She went to school with K.
They took me as their guest to the wonderful San Francisco Symphony orchestra concert—which delighted me, of course.

Then she asked if I'd be willing to take a package to R. I said I would. So she bought a 5 lb box of chocolates for her and a 3 lb one for me.

Yesterday morning Fannie and I spent at the Consul, S. Office, etc.—I saw a big pile of mail for me but I didn't get it.

It is lovely to see Ruth, she has the clearest, brightest Margaret Mae—who appears
to love "Aunt Abbie" already.

Fannie seems delighted to go with me - said she was determined to go with me, fighting or no fighting - but didn't want to fight - unless I went -

Time to go to the steamer.

Love love love love !!!!

Abbie
Mother dear,

We are anchored in San Francisco Harbor and I don't know whether there will be any chance to send mail ashore or not - I was so glad to have Ruth there to say goodbye to me. Miss Abell, Kay Bohnes' friend (and Miss Abell's friend -) were down at the boat too and both left lovely flowers - Ruth's violets and Miss Abell's huge yellow chrysanthemums. There is a stack of mail which I have not touched yet, but upon which I begin to feast this afternoon - lots of
packages - a telegram from
Mrs. Miller, etc. etc. Christmas
box from Seattle - your box
which I've opened - a nice new
thimble thank you!
Your letters are to be the first.

Love - love, if I can't
send it now - or it will have
to wait until Honolulu if I

Always yours own

Abbie
Dearest,

We embarked Saturday noon. I was more weary than I had thought, and although I went in to dinner that night, I was seasick before I went to bed. I kept the most of my dinner, but lost the carrots. MORAL: don't eat carrots first day on shipboard!

The next morning I got ready for breakfast but, before I could get out to the dining room I lost my soup—I guess I felt over from the night before. I went out to breakfast anyway. But was glad to
get up on my steamer chair on
deck as soon as possible. I had
time to go there and
crawled down to dinner at night.
Oh yes - I managed to get to the
church service in the morning - but
I don't know just how I did
it. Poor little Miss thing was
moored to her deck chair - sick as
she could be.
Monday I got up to breakfast
but crawled back on my berth and
stayed there all day. I slept
suddenly most of the time - didn't
wake up until long after lunch time
and the stewardess couldn't get
anything but sandwiches and tea
for me. Last night I had dinner
sent in to the cabin -

Alas for my reputation! I have
been feeling pretty well today.
and haven't lost any more meals
since those first spams - I
have had to fight squeamishness
ever since. Isn't it funny that
it had to strike me this time?

Well - I always said that I
didn't feel like boasting - fn I
was never sure that I was very
far from it. I may count myself
lucky that I haven't been
dreadfully sick the way some
people have. It has been a
very rough voyage so far -
I don't know as I wrote
anything about meeting Min
Ching at the Western Pacific
station in San Francisco - oh
I guess I did tell about having
two of my Thanksgiving dinner
guests.
On Saturday Ruth and her dear little girl, and Katherine Bohm's friend and her friend, came down to see me off. Ruth brought violets and the other girls a huge bouquet of beautiful big chrysanthemums, which are still lovely in our cabin.

I have not attempted to dress up until tonight, when I made a dive into my trunk after gray footgear and my little dark blue silk.

I cannot find anything in my bags and trunk. I cannot find my little fancy comb. I cannot find my curling iron. Now the address of Florylyn Lauderly, Alice Harrison's friend in Honolulu, nor any summer underwear. I wonder if I let you pack the
last mentioned in my big trunk—or whether I left them upstairs in a bureau drawer in Sutton—

The music has struck up and how I should love to "follow that impulse"—! It may be wrong to dance, but how can it be wrong to want to. When you were born that way? These gray shoes, too, fairly make my tocs itch to be up and at it.

(P.S. Don't worry! — I shan't do it!)

By this time I had intended to have at least twenty letters written—and here I am—just
Beginning my first one. I have a suspicion, too, that this one will not be prolonged very much tonight.

My cabin mate is Miss Helen Burton - a girl who has a gift shop in Peking. She was a common working girl and has made great strides in the business lines. She has the most wonderful yet simple - grave - utilizing Chinese embroideries and fabrics. She seems a nice sort.

I haven't met many people on account of my strange - shall I say - introspectiveness? The last two days - Mr. & Mrs. Taylor, known by M.E.A. people going to Manila, know the Cowles' - and Mrs. Squires of Squires Bingham.
department store in Shanghai, is on board. She knows all of our Swatow children who studied at Shanghai American School and she is the one who took Peggy's passport and mine from Japan to Shanghai for Peggy.

I've met two missionaries of the Congregational Board — I think there are very few missionaries on the ship.

Miss Ching and I have a table by ourselves — and since she has not appeared until tonight — my few appearances in the dining room have been alone, in state, as it were —

I have finished all the steamer letters except the ones from the Ricker girls — and as there were not wildly exciting, I
could manage to let them wait.

I haven't counted the others, but aside from yours, a Sadie's & Stella's there were letters from Mabel Bowell, Ruth Whitman, Julie, Mrs. Webber, 4 from Emily, one from Jim kim, the girl who "couldn't be baptized yet." She still hasn't - but she hopes to "start a Christian household in the future and wants me to help tell her how."

- From Eloise Kittredge Naple,
- Bertha Woodworth, Aunt Duse, Frances (who hopes before very long to be Frances White)
- From Arthur & Gladys - by air mail - land the same route from Mrs. Clark.
- I can't begin to tell you who else -
- They are all down & fain -

I have a notion to stop this for the present - and write to Uncle Arthur or Aunt Fannie - or Mabel Bowell or some other important one - I want...
to get in some exercise tomorrow
for I know I shall feel better if I
do - but I want to write some
letters too -
One thing more I must write
about - In perhaps less than
ten days you should receive
some "finished goods" (and I
hope they'll not be damaged goods)
from Novak, Photographer, 833
Market St, San Francisco - The
larger one is for you and pa -
And I must ask you to send
the others - I wanted some mailed
from the shop but they were
afraid of a mix up in the
Christmas rush — So I have made out my list as follows —

Arthur

Mabel Bopelk

(415 South 8th St.
Burlington, Iowa)

There to be sent as from me.

The following to be sent as gifts from you to the recipients:

Uncle Arthur
Uncle Cyrus
Uncle Geo.

Aunts Bertha & Gertrude —

Uncle Wm.

Aunt Susie

Uncle Samuel
Uncle Homer

If you think it's not necessary
to send to all of these, use your own judgement — I have
Have two sent to Clara for Emily and Pearle Mason.

If you think that Marion and Cousin Hattie would appreciate pictures too - use some of my money and send to Novak for two more. I don't know how much they will be. These pictures were $4.50 a dozen, but I got them for $2.25 and the big one thrown in. If you like the smaller better than the larger and prefer to send the larger to Billie that's all right too. Any way you think best.

Thursday P.M.

Feeling much better, thank you. It got hot yesterday and right after lunch I had to put on my gray voile (black lace) to keep from...
suffocating (à la Pa). This morning I got into my big trunk and hauled out my little black and white sport suit, my little dotted crepe (white) and the polka-dotted one — which I shall wear — I don't know — think I'll try the sport suit first.

To-morrow is Honolulu, though.
So I'll put on the little voile one to-morrow.

So I'll put on the little voile one to-morrow.
I've worn the dark blue silk today.

To-night they have a big dinner-dance.
I shall put on the red silk — I don't dance, but I do 'dinner', so I'll do it up brown.

I've played shuffleboard and ring toss to-day — and expect to be come to-morrow.

I found the silk vests in the big trunk — and also the little comb.
I can't find "Floralyno" address, but I have thought of it — The curling iron has not turned up yet.

I've written to Mabel B. — and no one else — but I've sent scribbled 18 postcards to send from Honolulu — I had $9 + 38 = 47$ steamer letters — one.

Telegram (Mr. Miller): I finished them all today. The $38$ were from Rich girls. Love — Abbie.
Did I put handkerchief down for Helen Fielden, I Bond, Swampscott — I want to send her a nice one — and Alice X Elsie Kittlitz 2700 South 8th Street, Philadelphia.

Isn't it queer that Elsie's and Mabel's address are both South 8th? I haven't said a word of appreciation of the letters from you folks — but you know how I feel —

The other little medicine dropper bottle contains medicine to take after milk — given me by Mrs. Mitchell — I don't think it ever helped me much — we didn't have very good success with the pictures, did we?

Crude oil (for dandruff) is in the vanilla bottle — no its American oil in the vanilla bottle after all — the crude oil is in a bottle something
like a peroxide bottle - Smells like kerosene -

The Citizen's Savings Bank skip + envelopes I have as many as I need -

I will surely write to Miss Milliken - don't send the money -

Better save it for an emergency -

Mark up the things you send to Ethel according to your best judgment - Was there duty -
Dear Ones—

Nearly two whole days gone by since we left Honolulu and I haven't written a word to you about it yet. The days are such lazy ones!

Friday morning they roused us out good and early—we had to be on the upper deck by 6:40 A.M. Of course there was a little delay, so there always is—then the doctors came on and we went through the form of quarantine inspection. Then—
We went down to breakfast and just had plenty of time to get ready before the boat landed.

I went as soon as I could to the Seaside Hotel to find Mrs. Cadwell, Alice Harrisons friend, but she said she had just moved to the Granville, about two miles from there. I tried to call her up but found she was at school and would not be at liberty until noon.

It happens that the Seaside Hotel is down at the famous Waikiki Beach. It also happened that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor (Y. M. C. A. workers returning to Manila) had been to Honolulu two or three times and had "seen the sights" before. So they had planned...
to go with their six year old son down to Waikiki and play around on the beach all day. So we went with them as far as the beach.

When I found that I could not get hold of Miss Cadwell, Fannie and I decided to take an automobile ride to the Pali — (where they say you get the most wonderful view in the world) — then come back I have lunch with the Taylors and see Miss Cadwell on the way back to the city — we took the ride. It cost six dollars, and we were gone about an hour — but it was worth it. I guess they are right about the views — I wouldn't have minded it for anything — to say
nothing of the lovely ride we had getting there - from the hot tropical sunlight, through cool mist and a spatter of rain into the cobble breeze of the higher air - at the top powerful gusts of wind which threatened to blow even the motor cars off the cliff. The view itself was wonderful and its varied blues and greens and yellows and purples of the sea were beyond description. We stood on a cliff that jutted out over the ledge of the hill with a sheer drop of I don't know how many hundred - a thousand! - feet. Then the return ride back again through streets lined with...
coconut and royal palm trees — guava, breadfruit, brilliant red crotons everywhere, and a bewildering number of unfamiliar shrubs and plants — all luxuriant in their foliage — Alexander, "Chains of Love" — all what is the use of trying to remember them? It was like being in a dream —

We came back — and Mr. Taylor led the way to the Moana Hotel, which we found later is probably the finest one there. The dining
room overlooks the sands of Waikiki—and the brilliant blue ocean—we sat not far from a window—and we could see the surf riders sailing in towards the shore—balancing skillfully on their boards—Mr. Taylor settled the bills and I still feel guilty because they refuse to let us pay—we had a wonderful dinner though—and a delightful visit—Fannie and I went immediately to the Granville—where we easily found Miss Cadwell—She had no notion that I was coming—Alice had evidently not written to her—She is very busy teaching dramatics in the McKinley School there—and would have had no time—
Take it, to entertain me if I had found her in the morning. She liked Alice, she said—very much—and although she seemed somewhat embarrassed at my appearing so suddenly—was most cordial. Her father and mother are going on a trip around the world and she expects to join them when they reach Honolulu. I invited her to come and get a glimpse of Swatow—and she said she hoped she might—We didn't stay long—then went back to the center of the town and looked around in the shops until 2.30—when we rushed back to the boat. We were scheduled to sail at 3.
but some hold up delayed us about an hour.

We had witnessed several flirtations between San Francisco and Honolulu - and the tear-taking was amusing in one or two instances - I did not buy any of the wreaths of flowers that everybody had hanging around his neck - but somebody gave us each one before the boat sailed - They are so lovely!

And the music, too - an indispensable Hawaiian band welcomed us with "Aloha" and some others. Band and our own orchestra (Filipino I think), played as we left port.

But I shall never think about leaving Honolulu without having a vivid memory of the diving boys. We saw them first
spashing around on the water when the boat was still at the dock—begging for money to dive for. Then suddenly, as the ship was steaming slowly out into the harbor—we looked up and there, on the highest rail of the topmost deck of the huge ocean liner—we were perched about a dozen dusky-skinned youths with thick, woolly mops of hair. It was hard to believe that anyone would dare to dive from such a dizzy height—and we held our breaths to watch. But after a minute we
stood erect—made a spring—and went down straight as a jackknife. The next turned three summersaults in the air, ending with a perfect nose dive. The one after that simply jumped and went down feet first—with a terrific splash. Another pretended to sprawl all over himself and we were almost sure he had fallen, but he straightened out for the prettiest dive just before he touched the water. And so it went.

They are surely marvels—

We were pretty weary—but glad to relax for some very good funny movies right after dinner. Then we went to bed—yesterday I
lounged all day - read some, played deck golf a little, and
spent the rest of my time intently
I write to you and then - not doing it!

Not quite all of the time, though.
Just before luncheon, my roommate
produced an alligator pear
which she had given to her at
4, got the boys to get salad
oil and vinegar, salt and
pepper - and she treated me

To my first taste of that fruit,
I shall have to acquire a
taste for it, I'm sure - but
you know me - I ate it
all - Then at lunch I
had pork chops - fried
potatoes, fried eggplant
and topped off with an
apple - I began to feel badly.
and while I was not nauseated—still I knew there was something wrong—and I was getting an awful headache.

Moreover—we were to have a party last night—and I didn't want to miss it on account of a headache—so I decided to use Marguerites method—I stuck my finger in my throat, and up came the alligator pear, and the apple—which held apparently had a fight—I began to feel better immediately and continued to do so.

Then I got ready for the party—Mrs. Taylor loaned me an old white silk dress that came just below my knees—and I managed to pull out the
old black satin hat and the plume Flora gave me - my black and red bead girdle, the rest of the beads - and that old piece of black maline. I ripped the crown from the hat - and I wonder if I can possibly draw a picture of it.

Made earrings of the red beads and silver cord - and crushed the maline into a big butterfly.
effect at the belt & tied it with
girlie in middle of front-
borrowed my room mate's rouge
and lipstick - also a stick of
gum - and they said I
looked fierce tough - I forgot to
say that I pinned the plume
in place with the aid of the
insel Christmas tree star -

Fannie wore my dark blue
silk (with the beads) and the
rim of the satin hat with
the black veil draped over
it for a crown and floating
off one side - She was
cute - the thing seemed to
fit her well enough but was
terrifically long - We had
a good time - sat with the
Taylor at their table — and joined in the grand march, but not in the dancing. It was a Hard Times party and these were placards all over the dining room that we had no menu funny. We had no menu — the worst old cards — "brass" silverware — and tin and enamel plates to eat from — dull faded blue tablecloths — etc. Some wonderful costumes — notably a girl who dressed as a newspaper and an Irishman with a bottle in his hip pocket that he sadly said people scorned as soon as they smelt it.

There is to be another party
Wednesday night and while I don't hope for first prize yet I'm going to give them something a little different from anything we saw the other night.

Fannie says she has to laugh whenever she thinks of it — I may not be able to get all the paraphernalia — but I'll make a stab at it.

The tournament lists have been posted and in in: deck tennis, deck golf, deck quoits a shuffleboard. It is foolish, I know — but I need the exercise — and three weeks from now my shipmates will have forgotten what a rotten player I am!

There won't be roomy for more than this in one envelope to seal it up and mail it. Love, Addie.
Dec. 11 —

Dear Mother,

Well, we have had our costume party and "a good time was had by all." I got together my old maid idea — and the things I didn't have I borrowed. I carried my old music case and little red manicure case this time and I think they made added to the effect.

I have found out one thing — there slipper buckles & bows that I fixed so carefully aren't right. Not to wear with that dress anyway. In order to have and style you must wear...
either silver or black slippers. (Having no silver ones, I shall probably wear black.) I mean with my pink gown.

There were some excellent costumes and there were prizes offered as follows:

Most beautifully dressed lady (character, carried out while in costume)

First - and Second

Same (first + second) for men

Most original costume - we seldom see

First + Second - for either men or women

Most clever costume - character, carried out while in costume - one for ladies - one for men

we went to dinner dressed in costume - and then we promenaded single file before the three judges. After we had marched around twice, we were to be given a piece
of paper if we were wanted to keep on marching—Third time around a different colored paper was to be given to those who were best—and next time still another—each round those who didn't get the little "chips" were to drop out—

I had hardly entered the hall before I was given a chip—and I got one the next time and the next—so it wouldn't have surprised me if my name had been called in any one of the prizes—As it was—the old maid got the last prize announced (to last of course) for the most clever costume—and there was more enthusiastic applause than there at any other time. Don't know yet what the prize is to be.
sports of some sort every day - I got into semi finals in deck quoits, deck tennis and shuffleboard - but got beaten the next round. I have been beaten in everything except chalking the pigs eye. By some mistake I got the mark exactly on the pigs eye and some people were reported to have suspected me of cheating. Isn't that the limit? It's a blindfold game, you know!

Tonight we have had a concert and vaudeville show - we really have a number of talented people on the boat - I can't write about it now, though, because I am so-o sleepy!

Sunday morning - To continue about costume. The first prize for well dressed lady was awarded to Mrs. Barker who was draped beautifully in a beautiful
black and white fringed silk
Chinese embroidered shawl
Silver slippers, and a silver rose
in her dark hair completed the
in her dark hair completed the
effect. There were other scarfs just
effect. There were other scarfs just

Second
Second

Something to Miss Roth who was
prize to Miss Roth who was

prize to Miss Roth who was
dressed as a Hula-hula girl
dressed as a Hula-hula girl
dressed as a Hula-hula girl

First prize for original costume
First prize for original costume
First prize for original costume

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First prize for original costume
Mrs. Barman of Manila who was
dressed in white towels on which
dozens of spoons rattled and clicked.
She carried a big spoon two thirds
as tall as herself.

Best dressed gentleman — Mr. Robertson, a real Scotsman dressed
in kilts. He had the bogue all
right, he had quite a lot to say
of me to, and we had a
grand time entertaining the folks
near us — I heard them tell
somebody who was advising him
to get married that he was thinking
about it. There was a lassie who'd
lost her mon, and so forth.

Second prize to Mr. Fritz, who
wore a sheik's costume.

Most clever ladies costume —
Most clever maid — most clever man — a
caveman — very realistic — Mr. Sims,
a standard oil man going to Shanghai.
Last night we had the Sayonara or Goodbye to the Japanese passengers. A swell dinner, where some of them danced. Then the distribution of prizes. I received a bottle of perfume which they say costs eight dollars in America—Nonorgan's Quelques Fleurs—and I love it. Only one prize was given to any one person. That means if a person won in three or four things, he got a good prize, but only one. I think mine was as nice as any there was—one, got an ivory plaque—another a string of beads—another tobacco, etc. The girls got shaving sticks, pens, purses, etc.

The money was raised by subscription—I paid a dollar towards prizes and tips for the stewards, the orchestra, and a present for the captain. So I
ought to feel rather cheap about
getting so much for so little.
We had $2.50 collected and
that must have meant that some
people gave $5.00 or more—I didn't
feel that I could

I wore my pink gown for the
first time last night—and
felt quite swell—I wore black
shoes—the new ones—and felt
quite dressed up

We have been having fearfully
rough weather—dips and scoops of
forty or fifty feet—you wouldn't
like it very well—and I'm wondering
what kind of a sailor Father would
be in this kind of weather—I haven't
been sick again.

I really can't say I care for as
much motion. It is too much like
earthquakes for me—

I forgot part of my story—we
longed around and talked and sang
a while, then a little after ten we came way up to the tea room and had chop suey, tea and rice. I got along famously with my chopsticks - and ate the rice well up - in spite of my dinner at seven o'clock. Jannie enjoyed it immensely.

I haven't time to tell you all about the rice - and the funny - and the many - people on the boat. There are some nice ones, and some funny ones - and some who are a little hard to decide about. Mr. Spence, missionary in Hawaii, is on his way to Manila for a vacation. It seems as though...
I must have been him before, but I suppose not. He's been out in Honolulu some time. I knew my Pekin roommate Mrs. Buxton (she was in Honolulu for a time) has a wife and four children. I have enjoyed singing with him tremendously. He has a lot of Hawaiian songs — and they are perfectly beautiful. As Mr. Pfannenschmidt — Mr. Pfannenschmidt was my partner in shuffleboard. I've hung around me a little and I feel sure he would have done so more but for the dancing and the bridge. If I danced or played bridge some people think he is fine and has high ideals and a brilliant mind. Others think he is a nut — and still others that he is a rake. He is exceedingly handsome — and I am inclined
to think a lot of his troubles is youthful. He goes to Manila for a drug concern.
We are to have church again this morning - this time Mr. Schenck is to officiate.
The Taylors are as nice as ever.
We are getting jiggles & jiggles! I shall have to stop. This is mailed at Yokohama.
With love to you dear.

dad
Dec 19 - Shanghai

Dear One:

The letter I wrote this P.M. I dated Dec 20. It is now 10 P.M. but they are loading and I can't sleep.

Helen Clark is in Huahow sick. She couldn't find anyone to travel with her anyway and doesn't quite dare to travel alone yet. I am as disappointed!

I had letters here from her, from Pearl Mason, from Mabelle, and from Emily. The one from Emily brings news that I have feared, yet hoped. At conference the I shouldn't hear. At Conference the voters for return after furlough were all unconditional "yes" except for Emily. She had 31 "yes" and one "condition". Mabelle voted that one - and gave
to the Committee. Her reason is that Emily's attitude towards the work at times wasn't a right one. She admitted that this was probably influenced by E.'s health, but wouldn't say that her vote was conditional on health grounds. (When you vote conditional it means that you favor the person's return to the work only on condition that certain attitudes or deficiencies be altered or corrected.)

Now E. is cut up about it — and of course I'm dreadfully sorry. How don't you think it. I just as well I took a later boat and missed that much of the fray? Marguerite got there in time for it, and I should have if I had gone just one boat earlier — it's just what I felt in my bones was going to happen, and it seemed as though I just could not endure being there to begin the term's work that way. (To say nothing at all about my staying two or three weeks longer with you people! Well — I guess there will still be.
enough "fray" to keep up the excitement between Christmas and when Emily goes home! It will do me good to know that you folks are helping me all the time.

I had a beautiful loving note from Mabelle today—Oh—things will work out some how—they must.

And it looks now as though this boat will get into Hongkong in time to catch the Tuesday boat up to Swatow—Emily will be there and will have tickets all bought and everything—and if nothing happens well go through flying—just barely making connections.

Fannie Ching's People met her here—her friends—I mean—and she is exceedingly happy to be in China again. She is a dear sweet girl—and so sensible and sane yet with a burning desire and intention to help the people—Mr. J. D. Davies—the mission treasurer, came aboard the boat tonight—changed some money for me.
told me about some packages they want me to take to Swatow just Helen Clark and also arranged to take mine to send to her. I'm going up to the office in the morning and settle my accounts - I have them all made out to date, so I shall be able to get that fixed hunky dory return the 9th, 4 3 I now have left of my $250 - and get enough Mex to take me from Hongkong to Swatow. That will leave very little adjustment to be attended to.

Oh - I'm sorry Helen couldn't come. I'm eager to see Emily - and sorry for her - and just now that, well, but fearful of the situation in m. force in Swatow. Well - His grace cannot fail to be sufficient if I trust. I know I am not faithful as I ought and want to be, though!

Much, much love.

Abbie
Dec 28.

Hearing Shanghai,

Dear Miss Oceo,

Sure and it's ashamed that I am for not having written to you as I should! In my youth I think there is a vast difference between the letters of my first trip and the ones you are getting from me now - I don't seem to have much ambition to write anymore.

We arrived in Yokohama Monday night - too late, we thought, to go ashore. We did go ashore the next morning, however - it was a heart-achey business to try to find one single landmark that was familiar - it is not recognizable.

P.S. I hope you are having a good time.
I found one little shop that was there before - the one where I got my kimono. But I didn't go in - Fannie and I just walked around and looked a little bit, and got back to the boat in plenty of time for her sailing - at 10 A.M. Saturday.

We arrived in Kobe about 10 Wed. morning. I went directly to Tanaguchi's and got what dishes I wanted that he had in stock - and ordered a few more. I also purchased an afternoon tea set - Teapot, sugar and creamer, and one dozen dainty cups with the elongated saucer for sandwiches. Have you seen them? These are almost black, with a delicate maple leaf pattern. Leaves hardly bigger than this just a spray or two against the black. I'm waiting to see how the girls will like them. I paid a little less than ten dollars for the set. I'm simply crazy about them. I also bought ten strings of pearls, prices varying from 40¢ to $2.50 - the rest of them cheap ones -
I'm going to hide all but one string in the bottom of my big trunk - I have for future use - and let us one know that I have them - I'm glad I got them - and I hope some of them will be left when I come home - Would you like a string now?

I'm getting a little ahead of my story. We came back to the boat in our rickshaw, had lunch, and then I started out alone - I rode all around through those narrow streets - bought some Japanese candy - the girls are very fond of it, I know - bought a little box of pastel crayons - and about 20 dozen paper handkerchiefs like the enclosed - for these I paid 32 sen or about 13 cents. They're good for glasses, & a number of other things.

I bought a string of beads and a bracelet to match, of lacquer and inlaid mother of pearl - and got them for $3.25 gold - I've wanted some for years - 'N' I've wanted some for years - if we left Kobe Wed. 8 P.M. guess that's all! We left Kobe Wed. 8 P.M.

Mr. Pfeiffer - a young man on his way to Manila.
has been quite attentive to Mrs. Jacobs and Congregational nurse, but he has had a few kind words for me. He is tremendously disappointed in Japan and I think I have a little of that feeling too. Of course, the country had a terrible shock in the quake and another shock in the exclusion bill—I believe many of them late in

Now we are pulling into Shanghai—Friday night. It's about 4 P.M. now—I am going to the baggage room to get Helen Clarke's things—then have tea, and then get dressed. I wonder whether Helen will be there—and whether I shall see anyone else—I know—I'm getting quite excited already—

Goodbye until the next time

Love—love

[Signature]
PROGRAMME

OF

Entertainments and Deck Sports

Voyage No. 11-84 Outward

DECEMBER 1924.

Between San Francisco and Yokohama

Executive Committee

——:O:——

HONORARY CHAIRMAN............. Captain John G. Moreno
CHAIRMAN.......................... Mr. H. B. Fowler
SECRETARY.......................... Mr. D. C. Sims
TREASURER.......................... Mr. Joseph Huckins Jr.
DECK GAMES........................ Mr. Chester Fritz
ENTERTAINMENT................... Mr. W. L. Applegate
FINANCE AND PRIZES............... Mr. C. F. O'Neil
General Committee

Deck Games and Tournaments
Mr. Chester Fritz, Chairman

SHUFFLEBOARD............................ Mr. Henry Wagner
DECK TENNIS.............................. Mr. F. E. Pfannenschmidt
DECK QOITS............................... Mr. W. N. Allen
DECK GOLF............................... Mr. James Taylor
GOLF DRIVING............................ Mr. H. Krusi
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BRIDGE..................................... Mrs. P. D. Carman

Entertainments
Mr. W. L. Applegate, Chairman

Mrs. P. D. Carman Mr. F. E. Pfannenschmidt
Mr. B. Montieth Webb Mrs. A. M. Jordan
Mr. H. H. Solomon

Finance and Prizes
Mr. C. F. O'Neil, Chairman.

Mrs. R. W. Squires Mrs. Chas. H. Talbot

Judges of all Events
Mr. H. Krusi Mr. D. Mainzer Mr. C. A. Pooke

Sergeant at Arms
Mr. J. G. Shuler
Program of Deck Games

Wednesday, Dec. 10th 1924. 10:30 A. M.
1. Potato Race ........................................ Children
2. Nail Driving Contest ............................... Ladies
3. Sack Race ........................................... Men
4. Cracker Eating Contest ........................... Mixed
5. Peanut Race ......................................... Men
6. Egg and Spoon Race ............................... Ladies
7. Shoe Race ........................................... Mixed

Thursday, Dec. 11th 1924. 10:30 A. M.
1. Egg and Spoon Race ............................... Children
2. Potato Race ........................................ Ladies
3. "Are you there, Casey?" ............................. Men
4. Chalking the Pig's Eye ............................. Ladies
5. Suit Case Race ..................................... Mixed
6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single) ................. Men
7. Elimination Drill "Kelly Says" ................... Mixed

Friday, Dec. 12th 1924. 10:30 A. M.
1. Sack Race .......................................... Children
2. Wheelbarrow Race .................................. Men
3. Powder Your Nose .................................. Ladies
4. Needle and Thread Race ............................ Mixed
5. Obstacle Race ...................................... Men
6. Tug of War (Married vs. Single) ................. Ladies
7. Affinity Race ....................................... Mixed
SPECIAL EVENTS

Thur. Dec. 4th  Farewell Dinner Dance to our Honolulu Passengers
Fri. Dec. 5th  Motion Pictures and Dance
Sat. Dec. 6th  "Hard Times" Party in Dining Saloon at 7.00 P. M.
Sun. Dec. 7th  Divine Services - Social Hall - 11.00 A. M.
               Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.
Mon. Dec. 8th  Bridge Tournament in Tea Room - 8.15 P. M.
               Motion Pictures and Dance on Promenade Deck
Tues. Dec. 9th  No Have Got
Wed. Dec. 10th Costume Dinner and Dance - Dining Saloon at 7.00 P. M.
               Grand March on Promenade Deck at 8.30 P. M.
Thur. Dec. 11th Concert and Vaudeville in Social Hall at 8.30 P. M.
Fri. Dec. 12th Mah-Jongg Tournament - Tea Room - 8.30 P. M.
               Motion Pictures and Dancing on Promenade Deck
Sat. Dec. 13th Sayonara Dinner to our Japan Passengers
               Distribution of Prizes
               Dancing
               Oriental Supper in Tea Room - 10.15 P. M.
Sun. Dec. 14th Divine Services in Social Hall at 11.00 A. M.
               Motion Pictures at 8.15 P. M.
Mother, dear,

Isn't it wonderful that I really got here in plenty of time? And this has been such a happy day, too - in Shanghai I went shopping with one of the women on the boat - and I saw a silk velvet hat that just matched my coat - it was trimmed with purplish blue ribbon - so I got some blue and gold, and some orange and gold ribbon - and my time from Shanghai to Hong Kong was largely spent making some very pretty little flat Frenchy flowers to put on it. It is a great success and looks wonderful with my coat, and with my frock and gray and blue dresses - it's a good change from the black, too - I made some blue flowers and some orange, and some blue with little orange centers - I paid $1.00. 50.
for it. We arrived in Hongkong about 16 hours ahead of our schedule. Emily had no way of knowing that and she was out shopping. We arrived a little before three - just about dinner time. She went to the office to see what time she should go to meet the ship the next morning and they told her the "Taft" had just come in - "Goodbye" she said over her shoulder and off she ported to the ferry. Of course I couldn't help being disappointed that to see her on the dock - I looked and looked and finally went down to my cabin to see about getting my baggage off. "Taft - tap tap - Nobody home?" - and then she was. She is such a dear girl - she is very tired just now, though, and needs her furlough badly. This business about the votes has upset her - and she is pretty "edgy." But I'm amazed I find how many of the others are in the same condition and are to be sent to sleep.
wondering whether I was that way before I went home - I'm afraid I was sometimes - not only then, but after I got home - I think with shame and remorse of the various times when words of mine & yours had a sharp edge - and I shall never cease to be sorry for every one that ever came past my lips - Oh, I hope I may be kept from it out here! I do think that nine tenths of the heartache would be avoided but how if people could keep sweet - some don't feel that way - and "feel better" after they have boiled over a little - but that's the way I feel about it - I believe Emily is willing to try hard to have things pleasant and I shall do my utmost -

E. and I had the night in Hong Kong - and went shopping the next day. I bought a new bed net - and should have bought a pith hat -
I had been able to find one - Emily had a great many errands for various people and I had some. I saw Mr. Huang - one of our find "educated in America" young men, who has been through the tragedy of accidentally shooting another young man - his dear friend. The injured man lived only a few hours and now Mr. Huang had to go into hiding - it is dreadful. Our boat sailed at 4 - and we had a dreadfully rougue trip - both of us trying hard to be sea sick. When we arrived here the waves were so big that most people didn't dare to come out to the boat - Isabelle, Clara, and Mrs. Norley did come - a number of the others were busy with school exercises. The girls were on the jetty singing Chinese welcome songs and shooting off firecrackers. Mrs. Ashmore and Miss Fullman and Mrs. Page were down there too - and at the top of the hill Mrs.
The others have all come to see me since then - except Mr. Capeen and Mr. Waters and they are both fearfully busy.

Emily has been pretty sick today and yesterday - "just my luck," she says - but she has done wonderfully well, I think - and everything has been peaceful.

The waves dashed so high that my nice coat got all spotted - and the salt made nice brown spots all over it. We were all soaked - I'm nattier now.

We were all surprised about it but hope something can be done - ever body has raved about it.

Today and tonight I wore the red dress and my hat - and my green dress.

I wore the red and gray shoes and beads (which I string on the boat) and they have raved about that too.

Last night we went over to Eastview and filled our stockings - and this morning went there and opened them and had a
A wonderful breakfast—wth some of my beloved Swatow oranges. Then I went around with one or two of the things for Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Coffin, then back to Eastview for my things—lovely ones. Though I must stop now to enumerate.

By the time I got back again it was just time to go to church. I went just the same and saw a good many Chinese friends, who were all very cordial. It was pretty fine!

Then we came over to the Domestic Science Bldg. and the Chinese girls had their Christmas tree. The Greenville boys got here in time and were just lovely—they don't know what they would have done without them. I shall certainly write to them about it. Oh, I wish you both could see us with the girls out here!

At one-thirty we went to Sherman Bungalow for dinner, which was another wonder—plum-puddin' and all!
Sat around and talked until 4. 30 - then got ready to go over to school - a feast at 5 o'clock! I didn't suppose I could eat a thing, but I devoured a whole bowl of noodles and some fish balls and greens, and beef cutlets and young peas in the pods - a little Chinese shell fish, and and orange.

Emily was pretty sick by that time, so we came home with her. Then I went with Margaret Winn and Clara Leach down to the Hospital for a few minutes. They are living in the West House now. Then I came back and here I am!

Margaret Winn looks dreadfully tense and febrile. She has fearer neuritis and is very much run down. She is to be sent home in February on account of her health. She will be missed on account of her teaching English - as Emily will - I didn't mean to say what I did there. I'm half asleep already.
I meant that with the girls we shall have to hustle to find somebody to do their work. I'm sure I can't do even as much as Emily has been doing—because some of hers will be new to me and will require a great deal of preparation.

The Chinese girls are a joy. I'm having a queer time trying to remember Chinese words—they come pretty slowly sometimes—and I think I have forgotten a lot. In dead sure I shall have to buckle down to hard study.

In among all these affairs I have had callers—and I've been fairly busy. No trunks loaded yet, care to take out the Christmas presents and my dress—Greetings to my dear friends in Sutton!

Always with love,

Abbie
Dear Ones,

Christmas was surely a wonderful day. I guess I told you that Christmas night we were invited to the school to supper and although I was pretty full already, yet I did manage to do some weeding of the chopsticks and enjoyed it too.

Friday morning the sun was shining (it had rained the day before), and we all had our cameras out as we climbed the hill for the laying of the corner stone in the new girls' high school building. About five minutes before we left, Mabelle asked me if I would announce the program. I was scared to death and felt sure I couldn't do it decently, but I said I'd try.

So I got hold of Miss One and frantically asked her how to say my few sentences.

The girls began with their new school song, which is lovely, and, as usual, my heart just filled right up at the familiar sound of their sweet voices. Then Mabelle explained about the sealed pewter box which was to be placed in a hole under the corner stone. It contains a copy of Dr. Ashmore's Translation of The Bible, a Chinese Bible magazine, some 1724 coins, a history of the school to the present time and a paper with the names of all of its pupils and teachers, written each in her own handwriting. It think there were some other things too.

The address of the money was by Miss Ashmore, an explanation of the meaning of this latest gift to the girls' work from the women in America.
It was just fine. She wants me to write up the laying of cornerstone down home - maybe I will). Helen Roe translated for her, and then the poor girl had to get right up herself and make the reply. Then came the laying of the stone. Mrs. Ashmore, our oldest present worker among the girls, one who has always had that particular work much on her heart, went on the first column of mortar (and various pictures were taken of her) then Mrs. Waters offered prayer, the girls sang two more songs and we went home. It really was a beautiful service and I'm so glad they waited for it until I got there.

We were all invited to the girls' school at 3:30 in the afternoon. I was warned beforehand that it was a Christmas party, a welcome to me, and a goodbye to Emily and Margaret, all rolled into one.

The Christmas play was a lovely little thing, showing the Christmas spirit as revealed in the treatment of a poor little orphan girl by a family who adopted her and took her in. There were Christmas songs and repeating the Christmas Scripture, then the girls rose and sang a welcome song (composed in English for the occasion). I made my bow and thanked them in English; and thought that was the end of my visit. But then there was more galloping about and, and my dear little Jun-ken - the girl who couldn't be kept in, yet, stood out and read a Chinese welcome poem, also composed for the occasion - I must find out whether she made it up herself, and what it means. I thought that was enough of a welcome and when I thought that was enough of a welcome and when the next number on the program another laylet was announced as the "Diary of the Girls School," I still had...
The scene opened with Miss Sue teaching a class and then telling the girls it was time to go to say goodbye to the Ste Huang and the students who were going to America. Then there were tears because of her leaving, and a general cry of regret. Then a huddle and leaving and a general cry of regret, then a bundle and leaving, and a general cry of regret, then a bundle and leaving, and a general cry of regret.

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said that Miss J. was coming back and was to arrive the day before Christmas. "Miss J.," then said she was already tired of answering the questions that everybody asked her when they saw her — (about me) and, one of the girls said she'd better write the answers on a card and tie it around her neck to save herself trouble. One of the girls wrote for her I'm going to Hong Kong to meet her."

"Sure, " said the second was "Sure, Konnie is coming back!" — and the second was "Sure, I'm happy now!" — and then, I'm going to Hong Kong to meet her."

This actually happened, and the girl who took the part of Miss Miller was the one who wrote it and tied it around her neck. She sent the card to me and I got it in Shanghai.

The next scene was where they went to meet me at the wrong jetty and had to run around to the other one just as they did the other morning — had the firecrackers and had Emily and me come through the double line again, but didn't keep us together that time — had one come back through the line and speak to the girls and teachers separately and they had me fling down the "glad to see you!" with an arm around. I "Miss One" — and go off chatting

Then they sang the welcome song —

and we got back — and they had me fling down the "glad to see you!" with an arm around. I "Miss One" — and go off chatting

Well, wasn't that the nicest kind of a welcome home?"
The last part of the program was a speech in English by one of the girls, a farewell to Emily and Margaret with the presentation of each of them of a gorgeously embroidered red satin pillow top and a Chinese silk flag. It was altogether a very well carried out affair, and time was saved by putting three occasions into one.

Yesterday I unpacked the things I need and put them in the bureau drawers in the little room where Emily was before I went home. I'm going to be there until she goes; it will be much easier to pack, etc., after the 5th of February when all her things are new and she leaves the 16th. I'll have a lot of work to do this year. vacation this year is from Jan 10 to Feb 10. I will have a lot of work to do this year. The beginning of school is 8th. I had not realized she was going to go so soon. I had it in my mind that they would stay until the end of February. It seems very soon. I got my trunks up attic yesterday and my room is as settled as I shall leave it until I move. Last night Emily and I were invited to the Bungalow for Sukiaki. I don't know how it is spelled. It was delicious and tasted so good. Dinner was there too. Mrs. Boswell was there too. She told me to go to Chinese church at 9:30 on Sunday morning. I went to a baptismal service where two of our girls were baptized, and a large number of Academy boys were baptized. After that I went over to see Mrs. Ashmore for about a half hour. Then E. came after me and we went down to town. It was Episcopal service with a Rector and the English church. It was Episcopal service with a Rector and the English church. We were so glad to know the choirs that I heard in Hong Kong. We were so glad to know the choirs that we used to practice. If we had never known them the English service would seem very flat, I fear.
They had communion afterwards and we didn't stay - 
I do have a feeling - they don't want any but church of
England folks for that - so I didn't see (to speak of) many
of the people I wanted to see. A number of the old
ones are still here.

This afternoon I have been talking and writing letters,
and entertaining callers. Tomorrow I must finish up
getting ready any gifts for the Chinese teachers (mostly little
30 or 40 or 50 strings of Japanese pearls) - then go to
the American consulate's register - I'm to begin looking
over some classwork this week. Poor Margaret is in
pretty bad shape nervously - and Emily is pretty much
on the ragged edge a good deal of the time. I shall
be glad to help what I can.

Time to go to bed now.

With love,

P.S. Your 2d letter arrived in time for Emily to take it
in Hong Kong and I had it as soon as I landed. No. 3
(No. 3d to Dec 18 - not too bad!) came this P.M. While I was writing this letter - you say
a letter started Monday A.M. from Salem should have arrived Sat.
I remember your phraseology is correct but the meaning is twisted. - The letter
for phraseology is correct but - the meaning is twisted. - The letter

Albie