Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Shanghai, China
Sept. 3, 1925

Dear [Mother],

We have been in such a dizzy whirl of gadding, shopping, and seeing people that I have almost lost track of when I last wrote to you. A week ago Pearl Mason, with her friend Beta Scherich, arrived from their vacation in Pei-ta-khwa near Peking. My, but it was good to see her!

She and Beta—who seems a very fine girl—I guess they are as close as Emily & I (or closer—!)—were here to liven one day: the next day they took me to a Chinese restaurant where we had the most delicious things to eat. Saturday noon I went out to the Methodist compound and was with them over Sunday. I've seen them once again this week — when they called yesterday.
Paul and I are going shopping and lunch all by ourselves somewhere tomorrow. That will seem really like old times.

Helen Capen just came up from Pivatow to school — arrived to-night. She brings the news that the cable which should have said "All missionaries must not come out now" — read "must come out now" — so Elsie Stittley will be here on Sunday, probably! I shall be on the dock to meet her! It all seems too wonderful to be true — and too awful — for she ought not to be coming into this indelible of uncertainty, with the temperament and health and other things as they are. (That doesn't say what I mean — either — Elsie's disposition is to work herself to the limit and her health, while it appears to be good, still is untied) — I don't know how things will work out. I'm sure...
I've had a cable from Helen Clark who expects to arrive Tuesday from Foochow. So although I didn't get to Kuliang myself, I may yet see the people I planned to go there to see. I'm having a splendid change anyway. I have to go to the Dentist's tomorrow aren't you sorry for me? I've known right along that I must go but I've been putting it off. I dread having him tell me that I must have the tooth treated or maybe lose it. I've lost enough teeth already.

The heat is gone here in Shanghai we did mind it a few of the days, but even then it didn't compare with what it had been in Swatow. Now we sleep with blankets and I've worn my heavy blue linen dress all day. It's just delicious to have it so cool. I dread the heat that will be waiting for us in Swatow.
It seems like a different world up here. Your letter of July 20th just arrived yesterday—remailed from Swatow. Emily's sent from Sutton or soon after—and Southbroke Nanking may be has not arrived yet. So you did nicely to send it Swatow.

Oh—I'd like to see you! There are so many things I could talk over with you if I could see you—that I can't very well put on paper—little personalities about the people we see every day here—it's bargain we got in a piece of Szechuan linen and another of Szechuan silk from a woman here—I'll send you samples when I think of it etc...

Time for bath and bed so goodnight!—with much—much love,

Yr. Affl.
Dear Ones,

7.30 A.M. Monday and I'm down in the living room already, waiting for the last breakfast bell to ring - that is a rather unusual occurrence for me! The regular thing is to wait until the last minute before getting up, and then to rush down in a dreadful hurry when the people have already begun to go into the dining room. I hoped to get a look at the paper by coming down early today, but there was no bird. She was earlier than I!

Friday noon I started off with...
Helen Clark for Hangchow. She wanted me to go to Foochow, but I was afraid that would make me late getting back here, and we shall probably want to get back to Swatow now on the next boat. We planned to go before, but the reports of fighting in Swatow got the people up here so scared that they were unwilling to let us go. So we sent a telegram to Mrs. Page asking him if it was all right to come to Swatow now. We haven't yet heard what his answer was—I don't know how long it will take to get the reply—but if nothing more happens we may go on the next boat anyway.

Helen very much wanted me to stay in Hangchow until today—but another reason——
Had it that the students were to put on a big demonstration against the foreigners here in Shanghai today — so I thought it wise to be back here before anything should happen. They say now that it was all talk, and that nothing will happen. Moreover, the rain is just pouring down and such weather always takes the kick out of parades and mobs!

I'd like to have stayed with Helen, but in a way I'm another night, but in a way I'm glad to be back here — for me have been going at a pretty stiff rate and a little time for rest and writing a few letters! — is just what I need most.

Nanquhow is a beautiful place. It rained all the time I was there, so I couldn't go to the famous Lin-Yin temple nor on a picnic on the far-famed West Lake.
It was rather disappointing. I went to Hangchow when Ellen Peterson was not there. She has gone home on furlough—a year early on account of the Mission Conference in November. I hope I can see her again sometime.

I did manage to spend some money while I was there (did I hear you say "Trust her"?). Hangchow is the place for fans—and also for silk—I didn't buy any silk but I did buy a few fans, some paper umbrellas, and knives for birthday and Christmas presents. There is where you get the black and white silk pictures too.

Helen Clark and I have done some grand planning for Christmas presents. By giving together a little better present...
then we could afford to give separately - we have managed to cut down Christmas expense a little. I guess it was a lucky thing I didn't get a Nanking. To see all her beautiful cross-stitch things - I know I should have wanted a great many of them.

Did I tell you I have had my gray fall coat dyed dark blue? They didn't press it very well, but the color is all right I guess. It was woefully faded - I have a new dark blue silk for lining but I shall put back the old one and get a little more wear out of it. It is beginning to split, though.

Guess I'll get this mailed and then write more next time. I have been rather remiss about writing since I came here - much, much too.
Dear Mother,

We are stranded in Aung for several days - and I shan't get back to s'warow until after school begins - the 22nd - If we had gone right along we should have been there today.

I vow I'll never go anywhere with Mayjorie again - A fass last week (I mean a week ago last Friday) when I wanted to come back. Everybody up there advised us not to come there but my conscience kept telling me I ought to go. It was really against my better judgment I think that I gave in to M. and agreed to stay on. Then
this last week when word came
that this boat was to sail it was
almost the same fight all over
again - and I didn't know
until the day before we sailed
whether Mr. was coming too or
not - have I written all
this to you - I wonder?
We couldn't get a cabin,
so slept on deck the three
nights before we got here.
We have really been very
comfortable - perhaps more so
than we shall be from now
on down in the cabin -
But it is so annoying to be just
one night away from home -
your work time beginning -
and you held up two or three
days to unload cargo -
we may not get home until
the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth. If I had any ambition I'd get to work and write some letters, but I don't seem to be able to do anything on shipboard but eat & sleep.

Well! My pen is getting dry, and we are going ashore for a little while to mail letters, look around etc. So this little scribble will have to do for this time.

With much much love,

Abbie
Swatow, China
Sept 27, 1925

Dear Ones -

Back at the old stand again! Our boat was three days extra on the way, and we were in Amoy, where Mrs. Goodwin of the Standard Oil Co. (whom we used to live here) gave us a royal good time. We called on her and she wouldn't hear of our going back to the ship—had a lunch party for us—took us to a tea party—and shopping—gave us bathing suits for a swim in the ocean—and wonderful food all the time. We were there two weeks. The visit with her did me heaps of good—I was so upset about getting back late—and Mayonis had tried my patience almost to the breaking point and had worried me to pieces about other things—as that I
could scarcely be decent. It was
the little stay in Arroyo was
so different from anything we
had had — and it took our minds
off from each other — so that
when we got to Swatow we
were both in pretty good
spirits.

I was afraid Mabelle would
bepeeved at my getting back
so late — but she understands
I guess, that it is not my
fault and is lovely about it.

I'm pitching in to see if I
can make up for lost time.

Today I have been to five
meetings. The boys' academy
has its own church — so our whole
Sunday schedule is rearranged.

Today I had PS. at 8:30,
church at 9:45. W.W.J.
Committee at 11; then in the afternoon a devotional service from 3 & 4, and then church music committee until 5. Then I went over to see Edna — and when I came back sat down to answer the enclosed letter, which came this noon.

Wilhelmina Ralsbeck was our roommate the last week in Shanghai — and she left for home the night before we did — with her co-workers, the Huygens. She is in the Christian Reformed mission, which has only one station in China — Jukao — (pronounced Rungow!) and has not the most congenial co-workers. She sat at our table and Mrs. Goddard confirmed our opinion that she is a beautiful character. She is a dear sweet girl.

Mrs. Goddard had treated
us to some almond paste candies, and "Becky" was asking where to get them, so I got a wee bag-full and put them in her handbag just before she started off, when she wasn't looking. When I wasn't looking, she had put a box of sweets from the same shop in my bag! So you see we liked each other a little.

The day she left, when Marjorie was out of the room, she said she was rather glad she was going away from me, because she was afraid she would get too much of me so that it would hurt. I was astonished for she isn't the gushing kind at all. And I was surprised and rather pleased, you can understand—and get this letter
3) this noon — Whatever in the world can she see in me, thought — I should like to ask? That last week in Shanghai I knew I was snappy, and I had cranky and cross — had one rift with Marjorie had one rift with Marjorie and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard and was trying awfully hard. That's the reason I'm surprised! Isn't it nice, though? Don't you think? Full day tomorrow, from 8.30 to 4.30 — I must quit and wait until next time. 5 letters from you waiting for me when I got here — and 18 others — perhaps I didn't have a treat!

Heaps of love. Able (over)
P.S. It just occurs to me that you may be interested to know that the Reds have left Swatow and the other side is in power – now. The strike is gradually being lifted from the British and as for us – we are apparently unmolested. Our schools are all opening as usual. Our Chinese church members have had some more meetings – council, committee etc. and everything seems to be going better than we ever hoped. Cablegrams from the Home Board came today supporting the mission in the matter of giving the Chinese a free hand in mission affairs – and also congratulating the Chinese for their forward step.

All the same, we shall need all the tact, wisdom, and understanding, yes, and patience, that we can muster. Will you pray that I may have them?

Love, Abbie
Swatow, China
Oct 5, 1925

Dearest Ones on Earth —

More than another week gone by — a busy one, as usual — I'm going to enjoy my work immensely this year if it keeps on as it has begun — I have three fine promising High School English classes (45-min. periods) and my same old course in Old Testament history in the morning. We have chapel now usually from 10 to 10.30 — and with that I'm kept busy from 8.30 & 12 every day — I have another High School English class from
3 X 3.45 in the afternoon and then my teacher until quarter of
five. The rest of the afternoon time is taken up with music
lessons and some extra study that I'm trying to get in this
term.
Our Sunday schedule is all
changed over now, too, and I
think I'm going to like it better,
even though it means one more
meeting than before. We have
Sunday School at 8:30 and I'm
still in the intermediate department
with a group of girls whom I happen
not to have in classes this year.
I like that, too. Then we go right
over to the church service at
9:45, and that lets out about 11.
In the afternoon they are beginning
a devotional service - a sort of Christian Endeavor and for that they are trying hard to form a mixed choir. We rehearse on Sunday evening from 7 & 8 and then again Sunday morning at 11.15 just before the time we are to sing (in the P.M.)

The boys' Academy is having its own church service at the same time (9.45) so the services to me instead of two are cut down - I don't know just why they wanted to be separate - wanted to choose their own speakers, maybe -

We have had good sermons the last two Sundays - The speakers were both leaders in the new movement - and the first one, especially, showed hi
fearlessness of the foreigners by urging everybody that Christianity was good for them and that the sooner they took hold of Christian work with a will themselves the sooner they could be freed from the stigma of being the "running dogs" of the foreigners.

The one thing last Sunday said "a mouthful" as I speak. When he stated that the Chinese church might declare itself independent until it was blue in the face but it would not really be independent until Chinese Christians were able to take their full share of work and responsibility and use their own strength to lift. He said that what they need now is better educated Chinese Christians — but not only that —
they also need more deeply spiritual Chinese Christians. Rather one of these men minded matters at all— and while this new attitude is so different from the old one of extreme politeness (outwardly at least) that it often makes us cringe a bit— still at the root it is what we have been after— and we are hoping that things are going in the right direction.

The Reference Committee has had its September meeting and vote was formally carried through to pass over the funds, the Board work, etc., of the General Chinese Board work by cable from home. The Chinese have not thought it necessary to elect a Woman's
Committee, and none of us think the time is ripe to pass over our Romanos Board work to Chinese men. A cable from Miss McVeigh confirms that too. The Chinese are beginning to feel themselves that they are not yet ready for that, and I think they are not at all resentful about it now; still their original idea was to get it all at once.

Have I written telling you that the Reds have left Swanston? They were safely out of the way. The Anti-Reds-who had before the Anti-Reds-who had been given fair warning—got here. There is still some Bolshevist feeling—but some measures are continually being taken to subdue it. Some of the students
or other leaders thought the other day that the British were getting too much liberty again (British boats are now allowed to run) and so they decided it was time to have another demonstration - parade etc. on Monday. But parade etc. on Sunday, the former mayor on Sunday, the former mayor (Red) was shot; the parade didn't come off on Monday. Perhaps there is no connection between these incidents, but such are the facts anyway. This is the fourth Swatow. By the way, to be mayor in the last six months, shot in the job of mayor, I don't think the job of mayor in this city is really a very healthy one, do you?
The feeling certainly is different now from what it was then we went away. And the girls and teachers seem different. Perhaps we haven't as much of a chip on our shoulder as we had— but relations are friendly as can be right now. Let us hope!

The other tea cloth I sent you has come back, I don't believe it ever got to Sutton, and I can't make out how it got back here. It was readdressed & me from the Mission Rooms in N.Y. I'll put it by. I'll send it again.

Do you like these? I had kerchiefs I can get them for 10¢ but I should think they could be sold for 25— I have them in 2 or 3 different patterns. I leave them in for Emma for Christmas. I'll give one to Cam for any one else that you think I should. With much love, Abbie
Dear Mother,

I'm certainly ashamed to think I haven't written to you for two weeks—when I know how anxious you are for news.

Your letter telling of the conference and Clara's father's serious illness came in the early part of last week—and this last Friday the letter telling of his death. When your other letter came I wrote carefully to Clara expressing sympathy for her in her anxiety away out here—but she had already heard of his death.

I must write again.

This last letter of yours was written while the thunderstorm was still going on—and told about the one you had during the
missionary meeting - I hope Father gets home again before you had another one! But then I don't think he fully realized how dreadfully they frighten you - I have so often wondered how you ever kept us from knowing that you were frightened. When we were children - I never dreamed that you were, until long after I was out of college!

Well, I've been celebrating by falling down and cutting my knee when I was out at basket ball practice with the girls, with too narrow a skirt on! I didn't know they were going to play - but before I went in we would have that old made over white cross.
I barreled directly (from my apron, remember) I fell on a cement boundary line — split my dress, tore my stocking and scraped the skin off my knee — I saw the blood. I bit I didn't want to mind a little thing like that, so I went on playing. When I got home I found a round gaping hole half an inch deep, big enough to stick my youth. I got frightened so I looked at though a (but it wasn't) split in two. Tendon had been so I went to Marguerite, who fixed it all up. She didn't take stitches because the knee is so easily infected and she thought it would heal all right. That was Thursday, and it is all healing up all right, with never a sign of pus —
So that shows my flesh is in pretty good shape— I still hobble pretty badly but that is on account of the stiffness of the bandage and because I don't want it split it open and make it bleed again by bending my knee too much! Now wasn't that a silly thing to do? I hobble to Sunday School and church and a committee meeting this P.M. And I'm going to choir rehearsal tonight—but I didn't feel that I'd better go out this afternoon too—Marguerite said the easier I was on the knee the sooner it would heal—

You asked who Mabel Taylor is—she is the Mrs. Taylor whom I met on the
"President Taft" coming out. She lived in Manila and for
the nine dollars she sent me six Manila hats two of which
I've been wearing myself and the others sold by other folks
here. They are really very nice for the price. Mine are summer
one white made of organza and straw (I wore it all the time
in Shanghai almost) and the other Edna brought back from
Manila when she came - it's pink and tan - and will go
very well with my pongee suit
next spring - or even this fall.
That reminds me that you'll
be getting some more checks. So
I've sent a ten dollar order for
flower and vegetable seeds
& Micelli, Phila. and I'm
sending for some brushes for
school and some marshmallow
creme and some stockings etc
to Monkey Ward's - I can't do
much more than that for my account in the Bank is getting low—Maybe next year I can have a little more sent to you and have you deposit it in my checking account—I know you'd rather put it in the savings account!

Well, I've been to choir rehearsal since I wrote the above and we have had a grand time learning to sing "Diadem"—I certainly do enjoy singing together in English, if I can't in French.

We read in the papers about what is going on in the judicial inquiry but everything seems to be going on as usual and the anti-foreign spirit seems to be dying down—Tonight I didn't feel very much like a barbarian
in a strange land— with a former teacher in the girls' school sitting close on one side of me—
one of our present school girls and one of the teachers over beyond her,
two of the hospital nurses (my former pupils, one of them being Sincernie's
daughter) behind me, and two of the women's school teachers (kindergarten)
also my old pupils, on the other side of me, all clinging to me
and begging me to come every time for they could sing if they
listened to me, but otherwise they couldn't—Mrs. Capew praised
their for the singing and two of them said that they were
just the 'tail-end, or tip corner of Miss Sanderson's mouth.' And
then said some more about my being the principal under whom
they graduated! The two nurses brought me home—made
me lean on them all the way. They knew about my
knee, because they helped to
bandaged it at the hospital the
other day when I went in Marguerite to look at it. Oh, I guess I'm beginning to feel more like a fixture here again - in China. The money has come to leave our house s.creamed, and we think we shall be able to have it done for the money that we have - but we are not yet sure. The house has 32 outside doors, most of them double ones - and 14 windows, not counting the attic - so the screening of this house means something. I hope it means no more malaria. (It's really a tenement house, you see.)

Well - it's getting on to bed. With love to ym's dad and all other Sutton friends.

Yrs. Abby.
I was much interested about having Nannie come down we had planned to be there - What a dreadful thing! Mr. Gifford is a nice fellow for Christmas I'll send it then.

Mother dear:

I can't just remember about the pictures that I had you send the first time - I know I brought Emily's and Pearl Mason's out with me - or rather, had them sent here - and that leaves ten (besides the big one you had). My list that I made out in the first place had these names on it: Arthur, Uncle Cy, Uncle Arthur, Uncle Geo, Myrtle Clark, Malcol Bowell, Aunt S., & (1), Aunt Sue's, Uncle Homer, Uncle Will. That's ten, but I was of the impression that I didn't have you send one to Myrtle - Did you? I'm glad if you did, for I won't have to think about it for her now.
My list for this present day is as follows:

1. Sadie Hagg
2. Mission Rooms
3. Idella K. Farnum Andover 7. 14(?)
4. Gladys Paul 942 Prospect Ave. (Plainfield N. J.)
5. Juliana Stacy 389 E. North Broadway Columbus, O.

(My pen has gone dry)

I don't know what to do about Uncle Cyrus — I wish I could get him another big one — without his knowing that I know it I mean. But still — I don't know whether that would be wise or not — he might think it was spending a good deal of money. He got out of it as beautifully in his last letter — he said, "As I write, I seem to see..."
You looking straight down at me from a large picture, framed, just over my table — He evidently doesn't know that I know it is lost.

I thought the Mission Rooms ought to have a more recent picture of me than they have — so if you don't mind saying just that to Miss McVeigh when you send it, that will be all that is necessary.

I want to send one to Gladys Lyman but don't know whether to or not to — What do you think? I'd like to send one to Cousin Marion, but suppose that means one to Harriet and maybe to others. Use your judgment about them, too.
If you send all of these, that will make eight, not counting one
for Uncle Cyrus (and as I said
before, I don't know what to do
about that).

Eight from twelve leaves only
four - ! And I could use
about eight out here - so I
guess you'd better send the ones
you have left to me. If there
are only four, I can't give it
Mabel, Mrs. Ashmore, Edna S.,
Elsie, etc. I want to give one
to Helen Clark, and one to Clara
Leach anyway, and the others
I shall just have to toss up.

Well - that is attended to.

I'm enclosing some stickers that
you might put on the inside
mapping of the pictures.
Just I'll's and Gladys - go in Christmas presents and the others if you deem prudent.

If your letter of Sept. 24 came day before yesterday - pretty quick trip - the one before it, no #5, isn't here yet. I do hope you've had no more serious effects from the corn - and that you are having no more thunderstorms.

My knee, that I cut when I fell (playing basketball) a week ago Thursday, didn't progress so rapidly as it gave promise of doing - Friday, Saturday and Sunday I hobbed around to the various classes - out twice on Sunday. I tried to go as easy as I could without stopping up on the work I had to do - but apparently it needed more rest than that - for when it seemed...
worse and I showed it to Margaret she put me to bed and here I've been ever since - It had become infected, I don't know how - and has been very slow healing. Mildred and Margaret have both been after it and yesterday Velva came back from Baguenio and Margaret got her to examine it too. The nurses have just been over this morning and fixed it up. The drs. think it is started in the right direction at last.

So you see I'm a regular mischmash these days. Talk about trials 'n' hardships.
Don't you think a poor skinny woman bolstered up in bed and gazing sad-eyed over her spectacles at 17 & 25 young Chinese hopefuls, who, each clutching an English book, sit in a
shift squeezed in circle around the bed — would make as touching a picture as Missions ever printed? Just imagine it!

Well, they had the poor old pinion — that may not just fit, but Marjorie calls me the bird with the broken pinion — dozed up with a new medicine — that they call dibromine; then that got too strong for it and they put on some solution of tonic acid and oil. This morning they painted it a beautiful cherry red with mercuricum, or some such thing. So the chances are that the Chinese girls won't much longer be able to come and gaze at the pictures, furniture — and especially into the mirror — in my private apartments. I shall be trotting around by myself on a brand new cane that Mabelle got for me.
yesterday,

Today I’m missing my S.S. clan,
the church service for Chinese, an
American one for sailor boys, and an
union one for English & American.
We are supposed to sing a special
piece at the afternoon meeting
(the new Chinese (mostly) choir) — Edna
said it was "bad" without me the
other night, but I guess they'll
manage — all right! Then the
rehearsal comes every Sunday night,
so I'll miss that too.

I surely ought to get a lot done
with "nothing else to hinder" — but
you know how things go — Here it is
11:15 A.M. and I've had breakfast
had my room cleaned up. Mabelle &
Margorie were each in for a bit. The
nurses came to fix up my leg —
And still I have managed to get written to on one sheet letter to Emily and this one to you. I certainly am slow.

I got ready an order for Montgomery Ward for some things yesterday. Some ribbon (narrow) some marshmallow creme. They loved what I brought out with me. Some floor and window brushes for school - a pair of gray (gunmetal) stockings (extravagant?), a letter file that I intended to bring out when I came back from America - a bottle of Shampoo (mulsified coconut) some powdered lemon juice, some marshmallows, etc. Some of the things are for the house, some for school and some for me. That check is 22.50. I suppose you will be getting it soon - (return?)
I had such a nice letter from Alice Shaw yesterday - She wants a letter from me because she learns more about China that way than any other source! My - in that case I'll certainly have to write again soon! 

She says Ted and his family left at Montpelier, I, and intend to "drive over" & see you sometime.

I want to get some little gifts off to you in this mail - but I'm not sure I can -

Ask pa why he doesn't write to me - or if he's too busy gallivanting off to Sheffield!

With very much love to you both and to all "impressing friends" -

(I do hope to write to them soon, but you know how it is!)

Yours

Abbie
Dear Mother,

This is the collar I spoke of in my other letter - for Mrs. Campbell at Christmas. I don't dare to fill envelopes too full of things - especially these days - I'm not going to put but one page in this envelope, either.

Later - Monday morning - I'm sitting up at my table eating breakfast in my bedroom - and between the cereal and the egg looking opportunity I tell you that my knee I hurt playing basketball feels much better than it has at all before - I guess the mercury fixed it - I haven't looked at it this A.M.
but it doesn't feel as sure, and I'm more encouraged about it than I have been for a week —

My letters seem to tell more about bruised knees than they do about war-ridden China these days, don't they? Reports keep coming that the Reds are on their way back & Swatow; in fact, Weichow, a place that was surrendered in the summer, has been re-taken, and if progress is continued in the same direction, Swatow will be the next logical place to fall — we be unto us if the Reds do come back!

But, until they do, we'll keep on hoping!

Much love

Abbie
Swarlow, Olivia
Nov. 1, 1920

Father dear,

I feel like saying, as I used to when I was getting over typhoid—do you remember? When you used to come and peek in the door and laugh at me when I always repeated the same refrain “I’m hungry!” Do you remember? Well—just now I’m hungry for mail. Yes sir—I said “mail” not “male” too!

And I’m all the “hungrier” because I have been cooped up in my room for two weeks now. If I had been a certain man I know, I should have been whimpering (?) “I want to get my pants on!” for certainly that is just the feeling I have had. Just why this old knee should be so stubborn, I don’t know—didn’t inherit a streak of that particular vice from either of my parents, did I?

Well, the knee is getting better, but today is the first time that I have been outside of my rooms even to meals—today I got out to the dining room for dinner—and then was there to meet a committee of W. W. J. girls (I am their W. W. J. adviser) after that...
we had a meeting (which was held in our house upstairs, in order that I could be there) where Mr. Edmands (how do you spell it?) talked with us. He is making a rush trip (they all make informally, I think?) out here to get material for a new text-book. He has spent almost no time here in Kachchh, less three days here, but has been visiting country churches — That is fine, and no doubt he can get a lot of new material that we being here all the time, don't see. I do hate to have to write a book, however, on something that I had only seen about two minutes!

To return to my knee, which is my subject of thought, not merely for two minutes, but about every two minutes — no, not as bad as that! For about a week it did nothing but get worse; finally they told me to give it a sun bath of an hour or so a day. I did so, and consequently got the good skin on my knee burned almost to a blister! But the treatment has been good for the infection — There has been fully 100% improvement in the last three days. They now consider that too slow — and tomorrow are going to look for a sunken pus pocket — In the meantime, I'm to continue to stay put (I can go out to the dining-room, but that's all) and my classes will continue to come to my rooms for their classes.
I've been trying to get a few letters written while I'm in prison (?!). But this is the way I progress: Friday night I addressed 19 envelopes, and yesterday I wrote one letter - today, two! I have callers the most of the time when I am not studying, or else I am trying to get some things done that the other girls haven't time for. I've been trying to get some cushions made to fit the living room settle and chairs - I have the chairs brought up here one at a time to be measured and fitted.

I am keeping early hours, though - I go to bed by nine o'clock every night - I mean turn myself in and the lamp out by that time, even if I have been in bed reading or writing before that. For a week I didn't get dressed at all but now I have to get up a little earlier in the morning because I'm clumsy with a game knee & manage while I'm dressing.

In the meantime - wars and more wars continue. In Canton last week, in one of the schools where I visited three or four years ago,
there was a sudden alarm of fire called by some strangers who were passing the building. The students all got outside, and then — presto — about seventy-five of them were "kidnapped"! Can you beat it? That is more of the Red's work — and it's a pretty fair sample too.

Some folks are hopeful about the immediate future safety of Swallow; others think the Red will be back inside of a week. But none presumes to prophecy what is to come of all this welter and confusion. God alone can tell, I verily believe. If the Reds have rope enough, and time enough, they are likely to hang themselves, though, as far as the opinion of thinking people in this district is concerned. Well — that sounds like philosophizing and I'll admit I'm not much of a philosopher.

So goodnight, for this time —

With lots of love,

Abbie.

Will you send this on for Arthur to read, please —

(Dear dear — got your letter of Sept 28 yesterday)

Please accept this as a letter this time?

Love to you all,

Abbie.
Dear Mother —

I'm sending two packages to you. They contain some of the Christmas presents for Arthur's family as well as little mementos for you and Dad — I sent a string of Japanese pearls and a black Damascene (Jap.) tie-clip directly to Arthur in a package marked sample post — but I didn't dare to send so many of these other sample post — and the baby's sweaters I feared might require duty. Will you pay it and take it off my account please? (On both pkgs.)

One package contains two sweaters — for Ralph and Robert, I thought — do you believe that is right? The other contains two dozen handkerchiefs — 1 doz. of men's to be divided between Pa and Arthur — 1 doz. small ones for gifts to Arthur's kiddies — one to Emma — and use otherwise as you wish (Tell me whether you can use any more, like that). Two white silk neckties for the minister — if he can use them. (Please tell me whether they are too small and if so, what is the right size for four in hands — length, width, etc.) Two crocheted neckties which I'm afraid are too flimsy.
cattic, for Pa or for Arthur. Perhaps listing them would help some. Two collar sets from which you are to choose cuffs to match the ones you already have. (If yours don't match either of these, let me know and I'll try again.) The ones that are left after you choose, are yours to give away or do what you want. The lavender "veil" is a Christmas present for my mother, and I wish you would tell her that I expect her to use it more frequently than she has the gray embroidered shawl, even if she has to do housework with it wrapped around her head! (Will you let me know, kindly, whether this message reaches its destination safely? —) Yes — I got it in Shanghai. I'm also sending you two sample post packages containing yokes which are to be sent to Mrs. Alvin E. Gray, Brooklin, Maine — I'm sending some tatting for her a little later too. The yokes are to be $2.00 each, and the tatting. I'll tell you about when I send. I might have sent direct to her but I don't want to get in the habit of sending little needy packages to strangers just so they can avoid duty. And if I send this way you shall never know what the duty was — She as much as said she didn't want to have any duty pay. She ordered two four yokes, but the girl who packed
The Anti-Red soldiers have fled from Quinsow. The Reds are working this way: all the shops were closed yesterday and my Shanghai check for $50 was only with $45 as the cook didn't get it cashed. As a result, I had barely enough money to pay the teacher and my washwoman. I have one dollar left! Oh well—since these soldiers have run away before the others come, perhaps there will be no fighting for the present. Just what they will start when they get there is a matter for conjecture (not con-ju-zure, as I wrote in a letter recently. The worst of it is, I can't remember what letter it was in! It may have gone to Miss Giberen, or the women at West Burke or Montpelier or Nashua—or it may have been in the letter I wrote yesterday to Dad!). The West Burke women, by the way, sent me a fine box of bags, soap, washcloths, tablets, pictures, patchwork pieces, etc. If you see any of the ladies you might mention the can of Bubbling Powder which I'm enjoying (in anticipation). I didn't speak of that in my thank-you letter (written to Mrs. Bugbee). There was a bag crocheted by Mystrie Aldrich—of course I shall tell the girl who receives that about it. Do you remember whether I ever sent to you a
letter to be sent to Mrs. Carrie Barton, of Westfield(?) I remember writing it, but have no record of it. I'm almost certain I sent it.

Wednesday night - Mabelle has gone to bed and I don't know whether Maynie has gone to prayer meeting or not but I'm out at my study desk - I'm going to write a little more to you, then I'm going to correct examination papers - of which I have a big, big pile.

My knee is much much better - yesterday Margnae injected mercurochrome (I mis-spelled that word in a former letter.) and the two remaining open spots have shrunken amazingly since then. She thinks she will not have to do it again - I've been out to the dining room for all my meals ever since Sunday, but I still have the girls come here, and I'm not to go downstairs until the spot is all healed - I fell three weeks ago to morrow, I'm now ready to have it get well just as quickly as it wishes to! The nurses still come from the hospital every day to dress it.

I sent Mrs. Grays letter to you this morning -

One piece 12y @ .10 = 1.20 and the other 12y @ .16 = 1.92 - That makes a total of 3.12 for her - I'll try to get the other two yokes for her later.

Now for that pile of papers!

Love, love, love - Abbie
P.S. And I'm apparently in the good graces of my housemates! Nov. 11, 1935

Dear Ones,

Happy news at last about the knee! In the last three or four days I have waited from day to day, hoping that the next day I could tell you that the thing was all healed and there was no more pain, etc. Yesterday I really could have told you that, only that I feared something might irritate it and have it start up again. But today it is unquestionably healed and the only thing to do now is to wait until the scab comes off, and practice walking a little farther each day until I don't think I'm going headlong every time I start down a flight of steps! (That's just the result of inactivity).
My little nurse has been so nice. She has come everyday and seems to enjoy it rather than feeling it an extra burden. Yesterday she came for the last time.

On Saturday I went down stairs for the first time, to give an organ lesson. On Sunday I went down and walked out on the porch a bit. We had Chinese guests and callers all day long and I was weary when bed time came—but that is another story.

On Monday I felt big enough, I can tell you—to be going to school again—I had to have one of my morning classes here (to wait until the nurse had come before I went to school that saved my going twice). Then in the afternoon I've still had the girls...
come here. Today we have a girls' school missionary meeting and I'm going over to the further school for the first time to that. I shall go there again tomorrow morning for it is my turn to lead Chapel.

So I'm getting along first rate and by another week shall have forgotten I ever had any trouble. It's about time I be getting out, though, for weeks to-morrow!

This last week the girls have had any number of W. W. G. committee meetings - new Committee had to be appointed - Program arranged, Constitution and by-laws drawn up - etc.

We have been working up a program with the "Folded Hand"
Society that came out in the July Missions as the basis — and I'm very eager to see it this P.M. They have had a fetching poster drawn too — but I'll write more fully about the meeting after it has come off.

On Sunday — I went downstairs after the others had gone to church, thinking that I would walk out in the garden to see if there were any roses. At the door I met one of our teachers, Miss Lee, with a former student who had come to call on me. While they were still here Nena Sumner came — She has been away for a long time — so I was particularly glad to see her.

She was still here when Miss Sue came, and we talked until noon — Then Mabelle urged them to stay &
dinner — and since we knew there was to be a chicken (we had half-way prepared for having the Burkes stop live on their way to America) — I joined in too — and insisted on their staying. It was very nice to have them, really.

Before Miss One had gone, my old wash woman, Soi Vi ne c'hé, and two friends, came to call on me. They stayed until Church time — then I rested a bit and sunned my knee (you ought to see the wide brown stripe around it!)

At four, the W. W. J. committee came. Since I am their adviser — they always ask me to their meetings and ask my advice about lots of things — I do enjoy it immensely, and hope there will be no squabbles — ! The twenty of them
pretty well filled my study and I wish you could have heard the lively discussions about this or That by-law, etc. They discussed, and made motions and elected committees for almost three solid hours. Well, some people say that talking Chinese is easier than talking English—but to me there is a great strain—and when they finally departed, I was about ready to drop.

Two or three of the foreigners came intending to see me, but I was in the meeting. Educa Smith got me outside for a minute and asked, "Is there ever a time when you are not "tsu-ship" meeting?"

To add to the interest (?) of everything, we have had a division in our family.
This month was Marjorie's turn to keep house. She didn't get ready for the Burekets as Mabelle thought she ought—so Mabelle told her so—called the boy to fix the rooms—Marjorie didn't relish that—told the boy he needn't fix the room yet—and then didn't come up to supper. The upshot is that she had delivered her ultimatum to Mabelle (a copy of which she gave me) in which she tells her about what she thinks of her bossiness, says she will not fuss nor be fussed at her last week in China—so she is withdrawing and will keep house in her room by herself, and Min. C. can run things here.

This sweet way—or words is that effect! Well—Mabelle was writing mad, of course—and wanted me to join her in telling Marjorie if she was going to act that way she could get out of the house—and go to the Best House—I said I didn't feel I could tell her that.
"Well," said she, "let's call a meeting of the Women's Committee and have them tell her to get out." Then I told her frankly that I thought the best thing would be to ignore it and not make any fuss. It would be harder on Mayjoie than on us, at all events--with Conference guests coming and all. I said too, that I did not approve of asking her to get out of the house. I wanted no one ever to have a chance to say that I drove them out of their house in China--(and I a missionary, etc.)

Well, she thought that is what Mayjoie deserved--but I didn't change my mind--so apparently that is the last of that, except that it is rather awkward to live in a house with two people not on very good terms. Enough said--All I'm telling Emily is that Mayjoie has pulled out and is eating by herself. She'd think it queer if I didn't mention it at all. Much love--(pray for us!)"
My beloved Ones —

I am wondering how it is with you — if you are still in Sutton or have turned your faces elsewhere. The signs seemed to point towards a change of scenery — in some of your letters, I mean — and I am dreading what the tearing up of roots will be — especially if it is in the winter time.

Well — I've been thinking — meditating, as you would say, B. If you people are in a different place from Sutton when I come home on my next furlough — it will give me a chance to begin all over —
I'll sing in the choir the first time they ask me to, and I'll be very discreet about riding around when there might be people to criticize and I wouldn't keep Mother tied at home so much but would go out calling with her more — and try much harder to be useful in other ways than just helping get up missionary meetings and Easter programs — I don't know whether you folks were disappointed in me or not but I have been disappointed in myself whenever I've thought about it — disappointed that I didn't do more real missionary work while I was in Sutton — I'll try harder next time, I hope —
My knee is all well--and I am hopping around like a frisky butterfly. I didn't seem to get caught up with my letters at all while I was kept in the house--but on the contrary it seems as though I have more work piled up than usual.

School accounts are my first problem today, after I get this letter off to you--whether or not I can get anything else done if I stick to that, is hard to tell. My desk looks as if a blizzard had struck it, in spite of the fact that two days ago it was as clean as a whistle.

The reason that I'm to have a chance to do anything at all today is that there is a big student and labor
demonstration in Swatow today - and all the schools are closed - It seems so good to have a holiday - and yet a week ago I thought I should never want one again! Aren't we queer mortals, anyway.

Conference has been postponed until February. Because the Board wants us to get the report of the Missions Conference direct from the Board - from the lips of Dr. Groesbeck, when he comes out. Reference Committee meets next week, however - and Clara is coming down to stay with me then - She said she would come if she could be on my side of the house with me - Wasn't that nice? I'm so glad we know each other better now than we used to - Love, Ohlin
Dear Ones-

It is not right, I know, for me to let two whole weeks go by without sending you word of any kind. But somehow when the work piles up it is hard to get the things done that ought to be done -- or even the things that I want to do.

This last week we had Reference Committee meetings -- with its attendant Sub-Committee meetings. I'm on the Women's Committee and we had a lot of work to do -- we met the Chinese and they were very cordial and agreed to some things that we really know they had set their hearts against but gave in when they found it seemed the best thing to do. We did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do -- we did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do -- we did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do -- we did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do -- we did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do -- we did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do. We did some giving in ourselves, too -- thing to do.

The General Board passed over the handling of funds etc. -- so that it went into effect this fall -- ours goes into effect next April.

Well, we had a lot of figuring to be done -- separately the personal funds from the general work funds. For instance, the two items that I have been getting recently were for personal teacher and for house repairs. That goes as it is -- and is not passed over -- but some
of the missionaries have funds for literature and printing - for Bible Women - for various things - and there were other complications this year - well it happens that the brunt of this figuring has somehow fallen to me - my last session was with Mr. Page last night and the thing has finally been finished and passed over to the Chinese. I think this is the last time that we shall have this particular kind of spasm! Clara and I sat up one night last week until one o'clock and just as we were crawling into bed thought of another item which made all our figures wrong - ! Clara stayed here, and I was so glad she did - I think she has been having a hard struggle to keep all these troubles to herself - and it was a relief to talk to me about it. She broke down miserably twice while here - once at the Thanksgiving meeting when Mr. Capen read "Over the hills to Grandmother's house - and referred to "some New England home to which she went - and referred to "some New England home to which she went - and wondered if she would ever return. No wonder she was "homesick" as she said - ! This is dear, and I surely am glad I know her better - we were talking this time of the possibility of going home together - by way of Europe - I'd go a year earlier - and she would stay a year longer - Of course it may -
I just be possible at all, but it is nice to think about, anyway. We prefer to see about the same places, it happens - so we would be happy going together, I'm sure. But that can't be decided yet.

Our schools are surely being persecuted. There is a decided movement among the Reds, who are in power here now, to get the Bible out of all the schools. Delegations have come around to inspect the curricula of the schools and we are being forced to cut down our number of hours of Bible lessons. Mr. Speicher has taken on advance step; he has passed over all his schools into the hands of the government - but he is not allowing them to be held in the Institute. The Church if they can't teach Bible - we are very much worried about it, I must admit. Poor Helen One is having the heaviest burden of many of the problems which come to our school - and at times it seems to her as though she cannot stand all the pressure. I really don't know whether we shall be able to keep her as principal another year or not.

In the recent meeting, the Chinese elected a woman's committee - and also a Board of Trustees to pick our school. How much we shall depend upon them and how much authority they will care to assume,
and whether they will be able to do things that we have not been able to do — all remain to be seen.

Well — are my girls for a class — as I must quit — I'm enclosing back piano letter to Gladys Wooters. Don't you think it is a pretty good one?

With love,

Cathie

P.S. Will you please get and send to me at your first opportunity, 2 250 packages of Parker Davis Medicated Throat Disks — and a $1,00 pck of the laxative tablets called Rexall Ordered? I need them.
Mothers dear,

If you were near enough, wouldn't you speak to me, truly? Your letter, that has just come, says, "I have requested for your letters to be read at meetings" - and then hints broadly, "one page - the last one of your last letter, was good for that purpose." Alas - I know it - but I don't ever seem to get up steam enough to write anything but personal - We do so much talking, and so much chewing the rag about our "situation." That there's little time left to write about them, actually!

I hope Mrs. Hughes has my letter by this time.

I wish you could see the Chrysanthemums we bought this morning for 3 dimes each - huge yellow and white ones - and dark red ones - We got two pots of asparagus fern too - and two crotons - all for the price - It's such a joy to have them in December. They'll be gone by Christmas, I suppose, but they will have poinsettias some of them - two feet across - gorgeous things -

Today is Edna Smith's birthday and I didn't realize it until we were at the Breakfast Table - I went over last night and stayed at Aunt Mary's (Mrs. Waters) with Edna - it until we were at the Breakfast Table - I didn't realize it until we were at Aunt Mary's (Mrs. Waters) with Edna - I went over last night and stayed at Aunt Mary's (Mrs. Waters) with Edna -
I'm because when I got home I found an invitation waiting for me! Isn't it nice? Only I don't like to leave Maabelle as much. Marjorie, as I have told you, is not eating with us—and that leaves Marabelle all alone.

Wotther, thou art wise! I think myself that Becky has a crush—also that it's nice—and I think you would think you had a wise child if you could have seen the letter I wrote to Emily about her. How hard a position she was in. Her best friend gone to America—the members of her mission not very nice. America—the members of her mission not very nice. America—Emily—Emily—all the members of her mission not very nice America. The members of her mission not very nice. America—Emily—Emily—all the members of her mission not very nice. America—Emily—Emily—all the members of her mission not very nice.

Emily writes that she expects to arrive on the 11th. If that case I shall meet her in Shanghai about Sept 11. Oh, that case I shall meet her! She is but if she writes a letter, I'm not going to raise her. Suppose she comes later? It is easy to arrange for her to come to the school again.

This week I sent a letter to Ruth Turnbull and one to Mrs. H.D. Chapman. I thought they would come from her signed as above. I thought they would come from her signed as above. I thought they would come from her signed as above. I thought they would come from her signed as above. I thought they would come from her signed as above.

Yrs. Abbie.
Dec. 13, 1934

Dear One,

This life is too complicated for me—really there’s not proper time for anything—I can’t remember when I wrote to Emily last. I’m pretty sure she will think it is as long a time anyway! I ought to scribble a note to her today.

This week has been one grand series of committee meetings or some other kind of meetings—Some of them have been rather disappointing. Wednesday afternoon we had our girls’ missionary meeting and the speaker who had been invited—Mr. Lo Siah Ku, the chairman of the Chinese executive committee, did not come—The girls were up a tree—but finally managed to get through—they read the 12th chapter of Hebrews—and then read the New Constitution of the W. W. F. which
has not really been put into action yet. But it was a disappointment.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Ang and I were out from three until six visiting in the village homes and telling the leaders of the personal workers groups about a special meeting this day. A good many of them came, and there didn't.

Of the way heathen people deceive the Christians; for instance, a man wants to get a daughter-in-law cheap and so he goes to church and worships devoutly for several months, then gets a Christian man.

To consent to marrying off his daughter (where he wouldn't need to pay a big fee as the heathen do) the church—"religious trump"—who goes from chapel to chapel and says "Peace, peace—greeting!" and then steals the chapel clock! Well that was
another disappointment, I don't know whether this joining with the men is going to be such a great success, after all.

Today he went to the chairman of the men's evangelistic committee and asked whether we should have a decision meeting. He said each school had its own, and there weren't many families—did not need to have one just on their account. Well! Here Christian teaching has been in this village for 60 years and yet it is a hot bed of vice and wickedness. I guess if they would get busy and try to do a little personal work, that they would get somewhere.

I have invited the personal workers group leaders to my house next Friday afternoon to explain again and more fully the real meaning of...
the personal workers groups - I don't know whether they will understand it any better after this, or whether giving them a cup of tea and a cookie to eat together will help or not, but I'm going to try it.

Friday night Edna and I were invited over to Becky Corliss's house - we had a Japanese supper - we had a really hilarious time, forgot our troubles and laughed a lot. Mr. Smith of the E. P. mission was my partner and was his best self. He is excellent company when he once gets started - we (Edna and I) stayed all night and did a little shopping the next day.

Elbie arrives in Hong Kong tomorrow. Isn't it great? Only dim worried in fear we are going to have a fight over who shall have her for Christmas dinner!

With love - love and some, Abbie
Dec. 30, 1925

Dear [Name],

No 54 (is this right at last?)

Every day for a week I have thought not only that I meant to write to you but that I must write that very day! And still the days have gone by.

We had a very happy Christmas this year—At school, Miss [Name] was very anxious that the girls should have the best Christmas they ever had, because things are so uncertain and we don’t know at all whether we’ll ever be together another Christmas—Well I guess they had a good time all night. They had their play, which was “Birds’ Christmas Carol” this year—
on Christmas eve. It was followed by some lively games and conundrums, and the tree. Then on Christmas Day—as Mme. Prie says—the girls were just bubbling all day long—from 4.30 in the morning—

Elsie came last Tuesday—a week ago yesterday)—and of course we had a grand time welcoming her. She stayed at our house until the day after Christmas— and then went on to live with Edna—

Later:

Here it is the second of January, nineteen twenty-six— and your letter not finished yet— I feel, too, though I haven't looked it up to see that...
your last letter was written about three weeks ago! (I mean yours mine & you.) —

To proceed: One Christmas eve, after the affairs at school, I went up to Eden's house to stay all night with her — I got there just quarter past twelve, after having done up the last of my Christmas presents — We went to bed immediately, but that doesn't mean that we had a very long time to sleep — At four o'clock the firecrackers began — Usually it is the boys, and we jaws about it & our hearts' content; but this time we discovered it was the girls' school — Well, the girls
school is right under the eaves of the bungalow, so you may imagine there was no more sleep for us with that continuous crackity-bang-pounding in our ears. I got up & looked out the door. Then after I got back in bed I said to Edna: I wish I had sung out a Christmas carol at them. Edna said: "He might get up & go around & the houses & sing carols." The girls have done this some years, but foreigners had never done it. So I said: "Sure" and in less than ten minutes we were out — just the two of us. We went to
all the houses on the compound—and Mrs. Lima's house & the Woman's School & the girls' School—it was just heaps of fun, singing "It came upon the Midnight clear", "Oh little Town of Bethlehem", "Joy to the World", and "Hark the Herald Angels"—out there in the early morning starlight—It was heaps better than staying in bed and groaning because we couldn't go to sleep again!

It was almost light when we got back—we had chocolate & marshmallows that Eduard's sister had sent out to her—we talked a little more, I conked.
my hair properly — and then we went over to Eastview & opened our stockings — we had to hurry breakfast (then at Eastview) as we always do at Christmas — in order to get to the morning service at the church.

After church, it was hurry, hurry home to finish up getting the table ready for our twelve Christmas dinner guests — We invited the Woman’s Board — people the Ashmore’s & the Speckes. Mrs. Ashmore & Emie were sick, Marjorie was busy entertaining guests at her own house — and Marjorie didn’t choose to come — so we had only ten people in all — But we had a
good time – I had a cotton snowball for a centerpiece, bedecked with holly (cut out from postcards) – Around the ball was a little wall-like mounded ring of "snow" from under which led three green silk strings to each one's place. At the end of the strings were concealed jokes of various kinds that we pulled out—Each person also had a square of Vermont Maple sugar (bought by Elsie) tied up in white paper and bedecked with sprigs of pine needles. The place cards were nut-cups (the holly ones I got from G. P. Brown) Around the snowball
were about 15 candles—green ones, set in little pewter wine cups—

you see we were mostly green & white—Our salad was a green jelly—made of olives, cheese, and pineapple (try it sometime) and we had little green pencils to write our few little games with afterwards.

After dinner I took Mrs. Ashmore's nut basket and jokes open to her—and by the time I got back, it was nearly the hour we were due for Christmas supper over at the Girls' School. We couldn't help feeling heart-heavy
about Warjone. She wouldn't join in any festivities at all - but aside from that, on Christmas was a very happy one -

I felt rich, having three letters from you in Christmas week and the package with the books just the day before Christmas. I'm certainly glad to have them - do you think I giggled to myself a little when I found that your present to me was to be a silk scarf? "Great minds" etc. - I can certainly think of nothing I'd like better - but can't decide about the color. So I don't believe I'll make it more definite than to say, anything
But green; I don't mean that it must have as green in it - but not green predominant - I think it would be lovely to have a silk scarf, - in fact, sometimes things I send to my dear ones are things I like pretty much myself!

Ruth Whitman's silk stockings have arrived, a pair of dark & a pair of light brown - and thread to match. Helen Fielden has sent a book of David Grayson's for all of us - and as did Miss Holtman - Mrs. Miller sent me a huge fruit cake which we are all enjoying. Emily is sending "something that I'm in need of" at home - but it hasn't come yet - I can't stop to tell you all the things I had. But I had a very
pretty little embossed notebook from Alice Shaw — and Elsie brought me a beautiful picture, which she is going to have framed for me. (Snoqualmie Falls, Washington) She gave me a fine picture of herself. (By the way — my pictures have come — and I've already given away some of them. Most people like them — but Mrs. Ashmore flatteringly says it doesn't look as good as the original!) Mabelle and I gave each other furniture covers, etc., for the living room downstairs, instead of Christmas presents. Everybody likes the room — and it has given us a lot of satisfaction too. Just after I had written "everybody," your letter of Dec 2 arrived — with the
box of soap & stockings, which are very nice and just what I need these cold days — I am very partial to this kind of stockings. Hope I can get my letter to Ruth written tomorrow.

There was also in this mail — letters from Ethel Peterson, Becky Kalbach, who is sending me a book —, Ruth Sperry, who is sending a gift —, Mrs. Stacy, who is sending ten dollars —, Mabelle Bowell, — and also two beautiful handkerchiefs from Zu — and a notice that Ruth Whitman is sending me the American Magazine, and a very fine photo of Martha Moxer —.

I got a splendid letter from Sadie and a beautiful Christmas card from Frank last week too —, and a card from Gladys Latimer arrived on Christmas day. Emily wants to come back this February —.

I have the happy task of writing to explain to her why we shall not cable for her to come with much love, Cathie