Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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P.S. I know the fur coat is shorter than you like— but— Swats had a lovely pair. Look at your fashion books; you shouldn't wear your dresses so "peaky" long. Jan. 10, 1926

Dear One— [Mrs. Wood & Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith]

I have over 30 thank you letters to write! The five gold arrived last night and I've been baking in its light ever since. Since I wrote my last letter I've been rather rebuking myself for letting you use money to buy a scarf and have been wishing I had told you to send it out— something because there are so many things we need out here— there's a chance to get a fine second hand piano for $17.50 and I had the $20 gold from the Rockland church— $37.50 doesn't seem like a very big starter, but Elsie says she can give us some and then if I can't see any other way I'll raise this five and eleven which came last night from Sargentsville—

If there is any other way to get the piano money, I shall save
mine for tuitions— I have just sent $80 to one of the girls in Peking—and I'm needing more for some girls right here— So— I shall feel better about using this five for something that is needed, then I would if I had had you buy a scarf—I had so many pretty things at Christmas— far more than I dreamed of having—a desert— and I really don't think you— should have sent this five—

Mother! I'm going to scold you now, good and hard— so get ready! Of course I'm glad if you can get anything out of that old blue coat of mine— but what about the muskrat? Don't you know that I saved my. And if all the good that nice warm coat is doing any body is just hanging and hugging itself in a bag suspended
from a rafter up in the shed—what in the world, I ask you, shall I ever do to my conscience?

Answer me that—please. Now—
I shall be downright mad if you won't wear that coat. Anybody who had anything to do with helping me get it (except, perhaps, yourself!) would agree with me that it was bad business for you to let it go unworn.

So you just be good, and don't you answer back (unless I give you permission, as per above!) and hurry up and wear that muskrat coat; if possible, before you write your next letter—(Only don't delay the letter just because you happen not to wear the coat—because I'm pretty eager for letters from you these days—!

I want to know exactly how that overworked tummy is
acting (It sounds so much as if it had been written about you, but I dread to have it cut up any more pranks — do you suppose it would do any good to get away from the cold — go to Florida, say, to live? Or don't you have any desire to go to Florida to live? I shouldn't want you to go there and get malaria, certainly.)

To return to the coat — Pa — you make her wear it — (that is — if she will — of course it would never do to let her think you were making her do something she didn't want to do.) But you just use some of your sweet persuasive powers — and swing 'er 'round — she may think the coat, but I know she can. It may not fit her as well as hers — and may not be as warm — but — neither is it as heavy on the shoulders as hers, nor as hard —
A walk in — 3

Mozzer de-ar — won't ye
please? just to suit yer darlin'
darter? Just think — a fur coat
like that unskrat one may be all
cut 'o' style by the time I come
home six years from now — and
then wouldn't I be sorry you
had wasted it? Moreover, I may
get sick n' die before then, and
then, wouldn't you be sorry — you
had wasted it?!

Further than this, I know not how

To proceed, so I'll just let the matter
rest here for the next two months
hoping to hear by that time that
you have begun to wear off one
of the buttons, and that the right
sleeve in one spot and the seat
in two spots are beginning to show
the skin through.

Well! I can hope that, can't I,
when I know that they hope can't
come true? And — well — nuff said!
I've just finished this letter to Ruth. Of course she doesn't need to know that you've seen it, so give it to her sealed.

I intended to write about the Anti-Christian agitation — but dear me — I have been so taken up with the "Fur Coat Agitation" that I can't do it today.

The little needle cases I sent a week or so ago I thought you might deem prudent to give for me to Mrs. York, Ruth, Flora, Mrs. Chapman, perhaps someone else — in lieu of a Christmas present — since I sent one to Stella — nobody else — I have a half hope that you either didn't give it to her yet or else found something else to give for me to the others. Yet there is no reason why I should expect you to, since I didn't say so — The cards I sent last week were to go with the gifts — or for you to use in any way you yourself see fit —

What clap now — with love,

— more'll come can tell — your affectionately,
Mother dear,

I've just been waiting for the letter that would tell about getting the scarf! Yes, I have one with green in it, as you may guess — and it is very pretty too. I really don't need another, though of course you know my propensity for wanting all the pretty things that are coming my way. But now I have still another reason for being glad that you sent the gold piece instead; Hyrie Clarkes present to me has just come — the sheerest silk and most scarf that you ever saw — it's shell pink, with a bit of baby blue in the border — and it's as soft as cider down — a lovely thing — Gladys Paul has sent me a
pair of solid gold cuff links—a thing I haven't a thing to wear them in, but one or two of the materials I got in Shanghai will make up beautifully into tailored dresses and I just hope I shan't lose them. I wish you were here to make the button holes! I have a piece of white Szechuan linen that is good, and I got a bargain of lavender linen off the remnant counter—that I can make tailored if I put white work sleeves in it.

About the collar and cuff sets, they are worth about $1.80, more if you have to pay duty. The collars alone sell for 90 c. or 1.00.

We've celebrated Mrs. Ashmore's
74th Birthday. She told people not to do a thing but of course it pleases her. So we gave her a black shined satin pillow with a tapestry inset. For the entertainment we gave a little sketch of the girls and the Chummes going to Saginaw, P. I last summer. Edith, Velva, and Edith. took their own pants, and Mabelle and I took off Mrs. and Mr. Oehmoe. I wore Dr. As long overcoat over Mabelle's pajamas! and his hat, my own pongee waist buttoned up to my chin and the beard I made by fitting a piece of organdy to my face and sticking white cotton on it and fastening on my ears with wire hairpins. I didn't know how it would strike Mrs. A. to have me take off "Her Will" but it happened.
strike right and she still laughs about it whenever I see her. I wish for a higher compliment for my acting than the one she gave me. She thought for several minutes that I really was Dr. A! As for Dr. A himself, his comment was "Did I keep my hat on all the time?"

People said it was really funny how much I walked and looked like him. I'm satisfied.

And never guess who has written me a nice long letter now! Two pages, nearly typewritten, from Fred W. Mann, M. D. I must send it to you when I've answered it. I thought he was an atheist, or something like that, you know— but I guess he wasn't at all— pm this. He doesn't mention having received the Meaning of Prayer — so I'm not going to letter — maybe I wasn't
surprised! It sounds exactly like him.

Your last letter wonders whether Mr. Giberson is going to come again this year. Well, I should smile. Yesterday I got his letter - as the usual $50 he had added $5 for a Shooing Christmas package and also $10 extra for a special Christmas present for me! Now, what do you think? Guess he has forgiven me all right for not going to see him, don't you?

Went to Phän that for examination again on Saturday. It was as cold as blazes - and poor little Min for didn't wear enough. She got sick, poor child. The wind blew in my eyes until they were all puffy. But I'm as right as soon again this morning.

Stayed at home yesterday afternoon to finish scribbling the draft of my
Jan 15 (?) letter to Miss McLennan - I must typewrite it this afternoon if I can in between exams - I have had my annual physical exam - and they think I will probably live several months longer - since I gained ten pounds! I was 126 last December, and now I'm 136.

I've been rubbing my eyes so carelessly and have developed just a touch of the granulated eyelids - or trachoma, that is so prevalent out here. I use medicine in them every day and by the way the stuff smarting I guess I'll be cured in a week or two - I have a few malarial germs again but I got rid of them before, and I guess I can do it again. Some folks just can't get rid of them. But I'm really in excellent condition. Let me assure you, that there is nothing wrong with my knee - it is every whit as good as it ever was - and in addition has a beautiful decoration, reddish around the edges with purple or wine colored center.
About the size here—indicated—really quite ravishing. Elsie says the latest at home is fancy gartered stockings with bare knees and a dainty butterfly painted on the most conspicuous part. Skirts always slip up to show the knees when one sits down, she says—! How my problem is this: whether to let mine go as it is, instead of the butterfly, or to use it as the foundation for further decoration—(I don’t mean more of the same kind!)—im going to have Helen Clark send you the package from Mr. Giberon and let you pay the duty—because he has sent the whole #5 for me. He should have sent it to New York—the things there have the duty all
paid on them— I don't know how much I'll have to pay Helen, but there'll be enough left of the $3 to keep with me, for you to pay duty with there in Snellville. Do you get me?

Much love to my dear—

[Signature]

Add & Mother
Swatow, China, Jan. 30, 1926

Dear My Own Ones:

Sunday night at eight o'clock, and you folks are just beginning the day there. I wonder just what you are doing right this minute, anyway? Getting your breakfasts swallowed in time so that you won't be late for church, or what?

This has been a pretty full day for me, and a happy one too. I'd better begin with yesterday,--no,--before that, even. All this last week has been a mixture of third monthly examinations, reviews getting ready for the final exams, and even one or two final exams (of girls who had to have their exams early on account of going home with some relative who happened to be going earlier. Some parts of the country are so infested with robbers that the parents have to be especially careful about providing proper escort for their girls.) I still have a whole bunch of papers that have to be corrected to-morrow morning. And to-morrow morning I have my Old Testament examinations, while in the afternoon I have all of my English examinations at the same time! The girls go home on Wednesday, for the Chinese New Year vacation.

This term I rather thought that I shouldn't be needed to help with the examination of the country schools, partly because I went to all the places that were examined last June; but although Mabelle planned to go to at least one of the places this term, she was needed here to help with making out the schedule for next term and filling out blanks that go with the new government regulations for registration of all schools. So I went to Phau-thai last Saturday and this Saturday,--yesterday, to Tat-hau-pau. We went in a little boat this time,--the three of us; Mui-hong, Chhihhui, and I (they are Gou Sin-se and Lau Sin-se now). The moon was shining when we started out at 4:30 in the morning, and we got back here at six at night. It really was a very good trip; the Tat-pou school is the best one of our country schools, the two teachers were both on a high horse and we had a lot of fun both going and coming. It was not cold the way it was last week and we didn't have to be in jostling dirty crowd that we should have met on the launch.

About midnight last night I awoke with a start to find the wind fairly whistling through my bedroom. At first I thought another typhoon was upon us. I didn't go to sleep again for some time, and consequently I didn't open my eyes until eight o'clock! And I have a Sunday School class at eight-thirty! Well, I jumped. I was a trifle late,--Mrs. Worley had taken my place at the organ and they were singing the first hymn when I got there, puffing. That was my first meeting for the day. After that came the church service, at which the old Elder Tang, the Chiang-lau, held forth for a good forty minutes. After that was a committee meeting,--the personal workers' committee. I was chairman last year and I made up my mind some time ago that I would not accept the position again. Therefore connected with it various arrangements which make it much easier for a Chinese than for a foreigner, and anyway, with so many capable Chinese women here, there is no reason why the foreigner should be the one to take first responsibility in the matter. I made rather a fool of myself and shed some stupid tears before I was able to make my point clear to them. I assured them that I was willing to help to the best of my ability, but that I didn't feel I ought to be chairman again.
They were finally very nice about it, and our Miss Tang is the chairman and I am the vice-chairman. And when I got home at 10.30 I was ready for my dinner; very much so, since I just swallowed a couple of mouthfuls and ran in the morning.

At 3 came the Sunday B.M. prayermeeting, and after that the meeting which has made my day a happy one. This Two weeks ago, in my S.S. class of eight girls we were talking about becoming Christians and being baptized. There is only one of the eight who is not a baptized professing Christian. So at the end of the lesson I said that there was something I thought we could do together and I would tell them about it when there was more time. But afterwards I thought that the girls were such carefree irresponsible youngsters that it wouldn't do much good to try to make a personal worker's group of them, so the next Sunday I simply let it drop and didn't say anything about it. Today however, they asked me what it was that they could do together; they had been waiting for me to say. So I invited them to come over to my house at four this afternoon to talk it over. They still didn't know what I was driving at. Well I felt a good bit fearful about it because I was anxious to have it more than just a piece of advice which came from a foreign teacher.

One of them was sick today, but the other seven came, including the one who is not a Christian yet. We talked over what it means to be a Christian, and where we are lacking in being soul-winning Christians, and why we are lacking, and what we can do to remedy that lack. Then I asked each one of them in turn about the brothers and sisters that they have who are not yet Christians, and then whether they didn't all hope in their hearts that these brothers and sisters would all be Christians and whether they wouldn't be glad to help them along. The next question was whether they wouldn't each like to help some friend or schoolmate to become a Christian, and the next, whether they would like to pledge themselves to try to do this work together, and see if we couldn't be more than just a class that studied about some Bible character a half hour on Sunday morning. The Christian girls all answered to these questions, and then I told them I hoped that they would each consider themselves my representative and help to win some one whom I would like to help but couldn't, either because I don't know them, or because I don't know them well enough, or because I'm a foreigner and can't possibly reach them. I said I would pray before they went home, and if any of them wanted to, they could follow me. You can imagine how glad I was to have all six, one after another, follow with their half whispered little prayers. I said I would pray about this work of theirs,—of ours, every day, and I hoped when they came back from vacation they would have something to tell. I'm going to write their names out because I know you will be willing to help me pray for them. You won't have to pronounce their names, but you can look at them, anyway. There are It-cheng and It-sun, two daughters of Dr. Tang, the doctor at the Boy's Academy, Hui-lang, the daughter of Dr. Tie at Chaoyang, Hua-hui, the daughter of Mr. Lin Hock-chho who is now studying at Newton and Harvard, Bak-iong, the daughter of a woman who used to be a helper at our school, and Tshun-aih, from another Christian family. Kui-juak, the one who was sick today, is the daughter of Tang Sengli, our Baptist Swatow banker. The name of the one who is not yet a Christian is Tsu-nai. These girls ought to accomplish something really worth-while, and I believe they will.

I must write about the Anti-Christian agitation at Christmas but that passes beside the news of the affable fighting up north—

with love — Abbie
Chaoshoufu, China
Feb. 12, 1926

Dear Ones,

My first visit to Chaoshoufu since quite a while before I went on furlough.

That's as far as I got and now it's Feb. 16 and I'm back in Swatow again — and mighty glad to be here too — Elsie and I went up Thursday and I really got a lot of rest the first two days. But then John Hildreth (7 yrs) and Kenneth Carman (who was visiting there too) (about 5 yrs) got some kind of stomach trouble and were sick for two days —
On our way to church Sunday A.M. Elsie sprained her ankle so that she couldn't step on it - Mrs. Hindley got such a headache that Monday morning she couldn't get up at all. Miss Wetherby, Mrs. H's aunt, who is visiting them until furlough, has heart attacks, and while she didn't have one, one day she looked so dreadfully that we all thought she was going to be sick.

To cap the climax, I woke up Mr. D. M. with doggles in front of my eyes - and so translated that I couldn't eat anything - I didn't know how I'd manage, with a doubtful quantity, and
Elsie not able to hobble - and me own tummey wobbly to the bargain. But Mr. Hildreth came down on the train with us, and Mildred met up at the station - and we managed beautifully. Kenneth was splendid - as good as Mal Davis - and my own tummey improved rapidly as I neared home. I'm thankful to be at home again. Tomorrow I go to Mrs. Rahune's for a week - but I shall be home mornings and afternoons. She told them that I must write letters and I mean to stick to it -
It's scandalous not to have written for two weeks! Last week I parted with my upper right second molar - to which was attached a huge abscess - it hadn't given me trouble recently but the abscess was growing - and that in the direction of the sinus - and therefore I'm most thankful to be rid of it -

Ever since school was out I have been planning Mabel's birthday party. This year she is 30 - and while we are not mentioning that fact, of course, still everybody knows it - I planned to go away with Eliza on the 11th, so we had the party the night before. Most of
the girls had gone away someplace for Chinese New Year vacation, so we had only Enid, Elsie and Velva here. We invited the Capers too, to make a good sized party.

The "piece de resistance" of the occasion was a February pie, made from an old hat box. Velva decorated the top and it looked exactly like a tough old specimen from the bakers. I made paper blackbirds which peeped out of the top—all with their mouths wide open and wings flapping. The pie was encased in a white crepe paper frill and had doors at the sides which pulled out to let each person have a piece
of the pie. I made up a jingle to go with it - a copy of which I'll enclose - we opened the pie during dessert and the last piece I ate opened was Mabel's, with its toast whereupon we drank a toast to her very good health. Then we went to prayerfully. She was completely surprised. Then she said that she wouldn't have been surprised had it been the next morning. We laughed up our sleeves. In the girls sneaked back to our house and were there for a real birthday breakfast the next morning. I think M. liked it a lot and we all enjoyed it when I got back yesterday.
the dress was waiting for me—I've been so eager to hear! As regards duty—I've forgotten whether I valued it $8.00 gold or $8.00 mex—whether I simply wrote $8. As a matter of fact the sick for it cost $2.10 mex—but of course don't tell anybody—so you see I undervalued it myself—knowing that you'd have to pay duty. If the customs people thought I had marked it $8.00 mex—they may have counted it $6.00 gold—which was higher than my valuation. I marked it wholesale of course—so glad, glad, that you see! I'm so glad, glad, that it's workable and that you will not be sick any more—but will be able to enjoy the dress this spring—summer—
By the way, has Dr. Burke suggested an X-Ray of yourself to find out more definitely what the trouble is? You know Elsie Tillotson was X-Rayed from the neck down and if they had X-Rayed her head too, they would have found the trouble very quickly. I wish you would ask him about it. I have had a great notion to write to him myself. But I guess it would be just as well for you to suggest it yourself. It may cost something - but then your stomach is worth a few dollars, you know!

I heard they still have a big White Fox that has come for May. I think this damaged paper can't be used for Xmas presents, as I'm using it up. Much love to you - Ablee
FEBRUARY PIE

Sing a song of birthdays, - we have 'em till we die,
Eight and twenty black-birds baked in a pie.

When the pie is opened, the birds begin to sing,
They'll sing of Fame and Fortune that February brings.

G. W. was the little boy who never told a lie,
And now he has the lion's share in February's pie. (open flags)

Abe Lincoln was a lanky man, and grand as he was tall,
His sympathy, his love, his wit endear him to us all.
(excerpts from speeches and stories)

Cupid is a dangerous man, he shoots such fiery darts,
But when St. Valentine comes round, then quake for fair maids' hearts! (valentines)

Leap Year don't come every year, as all the lassies know;
But February two years hence will bring it, sure though slow.
(dice to try luck, charm, guiding star, etc.)

February's the time for sales; can you resist the lure?
Buy all your goods at Monkey Ward's; our guarantee is sure.
(bargains marked with sale prices, miniature dresses, hats, etc.)

Chinese New Year comes this month, or else some time right near;
Fairies blooming on that morn bring joy for one whole year.
(this piece contained an unopened water-fairy(lily) bud with the instructions to give it to the boy, who brought in two plants heavy-headed with blooms, the first we have had this year)

Lincoln, Leap Year, Monkey Ward, - a motley congregation,
Anna, Enid, Edith too, all swell the convocation;
And yet there's one still on the list,
Mabelle, - CONGRATULATION!
(a piece of toast for Mabelle, whereupon we all drank grape-juice to her very good health, etc.)
Swatow, China
Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Ones,

This must be a scramble for me - a million letters - more or less - to write and only part of one week to do it in. This P.M. I feel the "urge" a little stronger than usual - and I'm going to try to get some typing and some circular letters done.

Mabel went to Kituyang on Wednesday and she has been visiting at Mrs. Ashmead's ever since. Selva was the one who thought of inviting me and Friday she had to make a stop off to Kituyang for a medical consultation. She was sorry, and so
was I yet secretly I’m a little relieved, for she had more time to visit Mrs. Archmede, and Mrs. Q. wouldn’t understand if I didn’t spend most of my time with her. I’ve tried to write letters over there, but you can imagine that’s not very easy. This P.M. I’ve come over home instead of going to church. It’s after 3.30 and I’m going at it as hard as I can until dark.

I’ve really been having a very nice time over there, only of course, I spend the evenings doing Cross-word puzzles with Mrs. Q. and playing Halma with her, and consequently most of my Christmas letters are still unwritten & say nothing
of the Indiana churches from
from the Big White Cross Box
came to Mayone Fleming
I must get a hustle on - that's
sure.

School begins a week from
Wednesday - and I don't know
where vacation has gone.
Miss One got away for a little
while - I hope she gets a real
rest - Marguerite went away
but she's been sick ever since
she got back. Elsie sprained
her ankle - (She has been staying
at Caper's ever since she got back,
Edna is out in the country).
Mrs. Hohler and Edith Traver have
gone to Shanghai.

The Council is giving a tea
Washington's Birthday
TOMORROW 7:00 P.M. I shall have


go'd to uphold the honor and dignity of the missionary young ladies. There's nobody else here! However, if the bay is rough, I shall not go.

I'd like to write more, but I guess I'll quit this time and get to work.

Love to you both.

Abbie
No 61
Do this right at least?

Swarow, Clarin
Feb 25, 1926

Dear Ones,

I feel as though my vacation were all over in one way, though school doesn’t begin until next Wednesday. The reason for this feeling is that if I hustle my head off I can’t get my letters written.

I came back home yesterday from Mrs.xba9no99ma’s where I have been visiting a week. Poor dear lady, I never realized how lonely she does get sometimes until I went there this time. I took two dresses over there one day and she helped me & decide how I have them made, then I went downstairs to cut them out.

I met down stairs to cut them out. She said “I won’t come down to help you, because you’ll be able to do it better alone.” But in a few minutes she did come...
with her book and sat there reading. She said she was cold, and came down to be near the fire, but I'm sure that was just an excuse and that she really wanted the company.

I've played Halma a lot and she enjoyed that too - so did she. We made up my mind I'm going over there a lot more in the future if I can. But then I made that resolution before yesterday morning before I came away. Mr. Ashmore came out of his study on purpose to tell me how much they had enjoyed my being there - how much he appreciated my coming - for the good it did Mrs. A. I was very much pleased. I fear - but told him that it made my pleasure doubled to have him.
I say that — as indeed it did — Dr. A. is charming, but you have to know him pretty well, or he has to know you pretty well, and trust you. I think before he will let down the bars of his reserve, at all — But all of the week, he joked with me and with Mrs. Ashmore and we really had a delightful time together — I seem to be in their good graces and of course it's very nice —

Mabelle was due to come home yesterday P.M. Elsie invited me to her house (the Bungalow) for dinner and Velva went back from the Ashmores where she has been staying while Edna and Elsie were away. She lives at Ashmores but eats with the girls regularly). Then I came right home and got the cooie
busy keeping me open the house -
we washed some windows, built
two fires, took out some old lilies
that had out-bloomed themselves and
cut some other flowers to make
the place look a bit homelike - I
was glad to get home, and Mabel
was glad too -
I tell you - this business of
Mothers-in-law - or the eternal
triangle - or any other similar
problem, is easy to explain - it
isn't simply because it's one man
and two women, or two men and
one woman that makes trouble,
in a house or in a situation, it's
three people, men or women,
that make the rumpus - Two
may not be able to live cheaper
than one, but two certainly
can live more peacefully than
three, I believe - At least that
has been my experience a number of times — with a number of different people.

Had a letter last night from Diana Wall — now Mrs. Pitts, of New Orleans. She lived in Rockport, you know, and knew the Pages. A schoolmate of hers, Bert Spear, is on an oil steamer which makes the trip from New Orleans to China, and she says that when he spoke of a "tall good-looking Miss Sanderson who played tennis," then I knew that your college dreams had been realized — "etc. etc.

I'm glad to hear, of course, but it's another letter to answer.

Elsie has given me the letter that you wrote to her Mother just before she came out. All I have to say is these two
things, I liked it pretty much.

2) what with my father a preacher and my mother a person who can write letters like that. I, being the offspring, certainly ought to be able & ought to good advantage with either pen or tongue, and shame to me if I can't.

I'm so sorry to hear that Mr. Chapman has been ill and hope that nothing may prevent his rapid and complete recovery. Will you give him my good wishes please?

Tell Mrs. Frank, I mean good.

Tell Mrs. Frank, I mean to answer her letter soon the time just flies by and I don't write nearly as much letters I want. I believe I'll have to ask you
4) To send on the $21 from Mrs. Knox—(did you know she is Bessie Pierce's sister?) I need it to pay up some tuition for girls I am helping—(And did you know that Bessie P. is married to Mr. John Donovan—and they are living in Braintree near the Knoxes and are very happy!)

I like the sound of your new blue coat very much—and think you were fortunate to get the lining at that price. I'm wondering if you've yet received my letter about my fur coat!!!!!

Later—l've just finished a pile of letters—26 of them! Thank you for boxes sent to Marjorie Fleming. When she left she instructed me to use the things that came with her in the work as I saw fit. Now along comes a letter, saying
she found out in Shanghai that there were more things on the way and she hoped I would be willing to unpack them for me, and then take some of the things to myself - in the trouble of unpacking and then put the rest away for her until she comes. (!!!)

Or gives further instruction - nobody thinks that people will vote for her. So come back, for one thing - and for another - she told me to use the things - and I have used some of them - some for the country school and some in other ways. I think of me hard when I'm writing the letter to placate her! For we need these pencils & dolls and handkerchiefs for the school.

Christmas - and Oh - I hope we may have them - I've written my thank-yous to the people, anyway! 

Example for now, with my love, Abbie
Miss Sanderson's study was magnificent which was on the upstairs. When we came upstairs the staircase is large and light, then walked on the parlor we opened a door, this door is Miss Sanderson's study's door. When enter this study looked floor there are spread a mat on the floor, on the right hand side on the wall hung a thermometer and a barometer, in the corner had a window and a fine couch there had four pillows on top of it, then had a calne and chair near it, on the wall had Miss Miller's picture, but all the study had many beautiful pictures on the wall, next had a door, look from this door had see many large or high hill and many trees, stone, next (in the other corner) had a window and a other window near it, in the corner had a little desk, there had a type writer and
two books on top of it, next this desk had a book case that was very large there were many books in there, and many on the top of it, and had a interested clock on top of it, this clock's engine can't walk every day we came to this study the short hand point the six, clock and tow picture on top of it, I think there was miss Sanderson's friend's picture, next had a door look from this door there are Miss Sanderson's bed room, next had a reed, there had a beautiful lamp a little door and a small book on top of it, then had a door this door always shut, then had a small table there had many magazine in there, Near the small table had a fire place, had many, many interested thing on it, had four little porodies a picture, the a small chair near it, in the middle had a desk, it was a very good desk, it is miss
No. 6 of.

Swelope, China.  
Mar 3, 1926

Dear Mother,

Your letter of Jan 31. has just arrived, and although I know it is going to be dinner time in a minute, I’ll take that minute to sit down and tell you how thankful I am to hear you are a little better — I do hope you’ll keep on being as —

Your letter is full of questions most of which are answered in the letters I have already written. I didn’t write much about Anti-Xin demonstration here because there wasn’t much, though everyone feared it and the air was tense.

Mr. Lippkind’s article surely is thrilling, but not all true —
In instance, he praises Chao-yang. By the skies when as a matter of fact they are in an awful mess over there—preacher, doctor at sword's points, just waiting till Dr. Groesbeck gets back to see which one's head will get cut off and whoever gets his head off will then, according to threats, stuff and chop the other one, and the church is pieces. Head deacon, a rascal and a thief. However, this is not for mission. However, Dr. G. will doubtless be and Dr. G. will doubtless be the only one who can straighten any of the men. We don't see him his job. He & Mrs. G. are in Shanghai today, probably.
2) In regard to my fur coat - I guess by this time you have had something to tell Flora about my being willing to have it used. Please tell her that in one thing, I should think myself a pretty poor missionary to have a good fur coat packed away when my next door neighbor needed it on a cold Vermont drive especially when that next door neighbor is such a good friend as she; and in the second place, it is hard to think of very many people whom I'd rather have wear it than she! I'm surely glad she was willing to wear it - and hope she will again if the occasion comes.

School begins to-morrow and
then - it will be June before I know it. This morning I went over to Mrs. Rehmues for one more game of Halma with her - I had played seven games and she had always beaten me - not so badly as she did at first - This eighth game I beat her, and beat her pretty badly - Then we played and she beat me - though not badly - I told her I never expected to do it and don't expect to do it again. Shall have a chance to play much more now - I'm going to get a start for myself but I don't know how far I'll get - get these letters at least ready to send off every day - This is my first today - though I sent some packages this morning - One contained some vegetable matter.
from which the chlorophyll has pretty well faded, but I hope the flavor hasn't. That won't reach
pa on his birthday, but it will help to cheer him on his way to the next one. The other package
is for you. Let me see; that was originally vegetable matter too — and there never was any chlorophyll
in it, I guess. I certainly hope none will get in before it reaches you — though I hope the flowers
will reach you intact. (Don't worry; I'm just trying to get the above long word into my vocabulary. Yesterday I wanted
to use a word that had this meaning — and somebody said "chloral" — I said "no, that's a
drug," but I couldn't be sure that chlorophyll was right until I had looked it up. There, now

that I have written the word chlorophyll four times — it ought to be sunk quite deep into brain furrows, so I'll let it stay there for a while.) I certainly hope this letter reaches you before the things do! Yours is for your birthday too.

My knee is all right — and if it isn't, I'll say so — I'm not sure but it's even better than the other one!

I'll stop now, or I won't get the other two letters written. With much love to you both.

Abbie.
Swatow, China
March 6, 1926

Dearest Pa,

The years speed along, don't they? I wonder if by this time the little birthday remembrance has reached you? Hope it's to your liking; if you don't like it, tell me frankly, and I'll send you another brand next time. Please be assured that I'm wishing you happiness and satisfaction in your work, and many other blessings during the coming year, and for a good many years to come. To quote old Rip Van W. — "May ye live long and prosper."

School has begun, and things somehow seem different this term from what they have any other...
term. I had a good vacation, for one thing. That is, I didn't do a lot of things to get myself all tired out. For another thing, we are still wondering how our Bible Classes are coming out, and there is an element of interest in that. The Bible work is all to be voluntary this term. Some of the class leaders met with the teachers this afternoon to discuss ways and means of getting the largest possible number of girls to keep up their Bible study. A few girls thought that Sunday school and chapel every day and church Sunday morning would give them enough Bible to last them! Or something to that effect. Others thought that they wished to choose a teacher for the Bible themselves. But a number were willing and glad to do all they can to get their
classmates to keep up regular Bible study. The class president of the first year Junior High said, "Why, most in our class are Christians; I can't see why there will be any question raised in our class." This

One asked her how often she thought they would be willing to study if she said, "Why, once a day." After the girls had gone the teacher

Take over the whole matter and take over the whole matter and arrange it I was wholly agreed; in fact we had rather thought that was the best way to do it. What I hadn't thought about was the fact that I am the W.W.J. leader and therefore expected to take the lead in this matter. I had been rather resting on my ears.
waiting to see what someone else would do about this matter. Then all I expected to be able to do was to follow along, and help teach if any girl chose the subject I'm going to teach. And here this lady [pers. workers' leader] and I are left to talk over the matter with the W.W.G. leaders, and arrange the whole thing! We meet with them tomorrow morning after church — (which, by the way, means a full morning for me, since I'm beginning with S.S. at 8:30!) Another reason why I'm sort of on tiptoe not knowing just what is coming next is that out of a clear sky I am to have a course in elementary domestic science. There is a splendid little text-book here, and I'm sure I'm going to like it, but it will mean extra preparation — for, although the course is with Senior High girls, and I'm giving it in English, yet I shall need to know the Chinese technical names
for many things - yesterday in the first lesson I gave them thirteen questions to answer. "What is food? Why do we need food? What is the difference between physical and chemical change? "Name a substance which contains oxygen" - (carbon, hydrogen, etc) contains oxygen. "Make a list of organic and inorganic substances. They will have to look up some words in the dictionary; and their answers may have to be corrected some what, but I think they can do it. Three days ago (I think) I decided I must write at least three letters every day if I was ever to get caught up with my correspondence. So far, I have written my "stint" every day. I have written five letters and last night I wrote five. Since this is my first one today, and it is already 10 P.M., two of last night's letters may have to count today! But I shall write
Two more short ones tonight if I can keep awake to do so -
The box of coughs laxative tablets came this morning - thanks very much. The bottle, however, was splintered.

I guess glass & nothing on one side. I guess glass will not carry unless it is packed deep in cotton or excelsior - I was very glad to have the things - I'm very glad to have the things - I'm all out of soda. The little package of Mentholatum will be nice to take traveling - or I may give it away for a wedding or some kind of a gift!

With much love to you both

Abbie

Happy Birthday!
Mother dear—

I'm a very wicked soul and I know it, but what shall I do about it? Mrs. Barnes' letter has aroused these 'heathen' emotions in my heart— I ought to be charitable, I know— when she is so good as I want to send something. But I can't help feeling that if she can't afford to send me good housekeeping it is because she doesn't want to do so. Consequently I'd rather she wouldn't, you didn't tell me whether often told her anything or not—

For another thing, this year I'm rich, with the Atlantic, the American, the Pictorial, and Ladies' Home Journal (which letter Arthur is sending—) and I feel almost as though I ought not to let anybody send me anything more— I miss the Record of Christian Work however—and if in the
future years some one should ask you what to send me — you might tell them that. Now this does not mean for you & send it to me — I don't want you to — The Baptist is a good reminder that you love me, even if I hadn't a thousand other reminders! (Just here I had to stop to drive inside all my clothes after a flea. They don't bite me hard but I'm not crazy to have 'em crawl around on me skin!)

Charlie Hagg's letter was a great surprise. I never dreamed that Gay Jatun was the kind of a person that she appears to be. What a pity about Charles Warre — ! Charlie Hagg has expressed in that letter the fact that he, though thousands of miles from China understanding the meaning of the uproar out here as well as though he had lived
I'm not here and knew the inside of things - He has hit the very heart of the whole matter when he says that for us there is more anxiety than danger - and that all we can do is to hope the better element will come into power - the foreign powers do nothing to give the unruly, discontented an opportunity to undo what has been done - He has seen the thing very clearly -

Re. Arthur - I certainly hope be can get to college but I realize that spirits of ambition don't always carry one to the place that is aimed at - Perhaps he'll get there sometime No. I don't know any thing about babies - I don't get told any more than I don't do! I've wondered how much longer it would be - but have no clues.

How do you like the needle case?
and other things? They cost me 30¢
per each; the sewing cases 20¢, and
the napkin rings 25¢. These latter
would cost more again, because
they are charging almost ten per
cent duty on things new.
They are from Saskatchewan (Helen Clark).
If I have more things sent from here
I'll have them sent direct
because there is no need of paying
duty twice.

We are hard at it into the school
work again— I had my first class
in Bible this morning and think I
shall like it a lot— I'm teaching
Jesus, the Man of Galilee, from the
book we had in college— and I
feel sure I shall enjoy it more
than teaching O. T. History, though
there was much in those classes
at times—

Sleepy— must say goodnight
for this time— Love— Abbie
No 65—

Swatow, China, Mar 21, 1926

Dear Ones:

During vacation I started to write my letter to the home churches; I wrote one set (I copies this time) of the enclosed letter and I haven’t sent it to the churches at all—just one or two where I felt the letter would surely be understood. I’m afraid it sounds rather pessimistic in parts, but then a good many times lately we have felt pessimistic ourselves!

If you read the letter to Sutton friends (and I should be glad to have you convey this to them as a message from me), I hope you’ll tell them of what I’m going to write now—so did I write it before?

We have been rather down-hearted about having to make our Bible study an extra in school, rather than a regular study as it always has been. We feared that if the girls were allowed to choose, many of them would not choose Bible study. The W. W. J. girls got busy and prepared the list of courses from which to choose, and prepared the list of courses from which to choose, and prepared a list of Bible courses. We take 117 out of 130 chose elected a Bible course. We took it from 8:30 to 9:00 every morning. I’m having a class from “Jesus, the Man of Galilee” the book I used when in college, and I’m enjoying it as I was a Senior in college—and I’m enjoying it as far more than I ever enjoyed teaching Old Testament History (I have written this to you before, haven’t I?) Please note if I have.

We are having our first rain of the season. The crops and the wells have been crying for it, and it seems now to have begun in real spring fashion. It’s a cold rain, though, and I’m by no means “sweltering in the thinnest of linens” as Odelle used to
Imagine me always to be! I have on at present a knee-length undersuit, teddy, corsets, stockings, shoes, garters, yellow sweater, petticoat; over that my blue serge dress & over that my light weight coat. And I'm just comfortable sitting in my study beside my big lamp. I've just come in from choir rehearsal, to which I virtuously tramped in spite of the rain. We had a good sing, but it is quarter past nine now and classes begin at eight-thirty to morning S. M.!

I'm sleepy.

My love to Sutton friends — and much to you —

Your dear selves

Abbie
Dear Friends:

I wish I might write and tell you that everything is going along beautifully and that we have reason for encouragement in every phase of the work. The country is anything but peaceful, as you must surely know from your newspapers. Here in our mission the Chinese have taken a forward step. They have declared independence of the foreigners and have actually taken over a great deal of the responsibility. This truly is a forward step, if they get, or keep, a real vision of service. But the work is bound to change, for some things that seem important to us are trivial in their eyes. I have to say to myself over and over again, "God can work his own purposes here in this land. The work is his and He will not let it fail." My faith is so small!

The Christian schools in this district are having a harder time than those in many parts of China. Edicts have gone out over the country saying that no religion shall be taught in any school, public or private, and that no school shall have for its aim the propagation of religion. Every school must register with the government and by doing so subscribe to the above and many other such rules. Elsewhere Christian schools are often able to ignore these demands and carry on as usual. Here in Kwangtung, however, where the anti-Christians are very active and the Communist faction is so persistent in spreading anti-foreign propaganda, they intend to enforce the new rules, and we see little hope of escape.

When the various inspectors come to our school, we foreigners find it wise to keep in the background as much as possible. They, of course, would like to see us in Timbuctoo or any place far from China. Our Chinese principal (in the girls' school) is finding her position a most difficult one. She is having to meet all sorts of criticism, but she is doing it bravely and splendidly. She says she never realized before what a great burden the foreigners have had all these years. The burden is a heavy one for her, and there is grave question about her health. Small wonder that she is discouraged. I want so much to help her, yet I can do so little.

The other day I heard the opinion expressed that if all the missionaries should leave China now Christianity would soon slump to nothing here. I don't believe that for one moment, but I do think a rough awakening must come to some of them before there can be spiritual progress. Perhaps the foreigners will have to leave China when the crash comes!

I realize there is great danger of criticizing them for lack of vision when it is really we who are short-sighted and cannot fathom the workings of the Chinese mind. Because we cannot live in a ten-in-one-room, monotonous-rice-and-fish-diet fashion to which many Chinese are accustomed, they think we have wealth unlimited and spend it altogether too much on ourselves. If they, on the other hand, show signs of wanting to emulate foreign style
of living and ask for larger salaries on which to do it, we think
them materialistic and unspiritual. What ever shall we do to
understand each other?

The English people here are being shamefully treated; schools
Closed, missionaries driven out of their houses; no servants allowed
them, houses used for barracks after the auction of the furniture and
the destruction of the books and papers, and a wholesale boycott
continued all these long months. Of course, it is true that injustices
have been done to the Chinese by the English; but England is not the
only one who has at times thought and wrought unjustly. The ones who
are suffering now, moreover, are as innocent as we are, and to see
them receive such treatment does make one's blood boil. The Standard Oil
people have just been boycotted; we may come next!

The subject which is at present an all-absorbing one for
us is that of the precarious situation of our Girls' School here
in Kakochek. It looks as though we shall be obliged to leave the
Bible out of our curriculum if we are to keep the school open at
all. We just can't bear to close the doors and send these girls
home, and lose all contact with them whatever. We may be allowed
voluntary Bible classes, but if not, we shall have to try all
the harder with our personal workers' groups and Sunday school
classes. And there will still be the E.E.S. Wouldn't you like
to hear our girls sing "Follow the Gleam" in Chinese?

I wish you might have gone with me on my latest trip to
examine country schools. The Chinese teachers and I started out
at four-thirty in the morning—pitch dark—across the bay in a
sampan to the river launch. The launch was crowded to the edges,
both coming and going—no seats but the bare, dirty deck, and not
much room there! In the morning we had to climb over baskets
and baskets of bak-tau, slippery, slippery gray fish that get their
name from the quantities of black "ink" (bak) inside them. When
we reached Phau-thai, the twenty-one little girls and their teacher
were lined up outside the chapel waiting for us. After the exam-
ination we gave each one a doll, and they were delighted. One of
them was so engrossed with the business of choosing quickly the
very prettiest one that she forgot to say thank-you. When she was
half-way to her seat she remembered and came back again!

In the afternoon coming back a big wind blew up, a
contrary one at that, and it turned than it had been before this
winter. We found one little place up in the front of the boat where
all five of us (two of them had been examining another school) snuggled
together under one steamer rug an' my raincape. We sang and laughed
and talked nonsense to keep from thinking about the cold. When we
had about decided we couldn't stand it much longer, my bottle of
drinking water tipped over and started across the deck towards where
we were sitting. Can you see the scrambling? We were nearly to
Swayto by that time, so we didn't get much colder from standing us
huddled together than we'd been before. One of the little teachers
was really almost overcome with the cold, but she was a good sport.
And in spite of the crowd and the fish and the dirt and the cold,
we all had a good time.
A few weeks ago I invited the leaders of the village personal workers' groups to come to my house to "sit". That meant tea and cakes, of course. After the refreshments Miss Ang, my right-hand man on the committee, spoke informally, urging them to be faithful about holding their meetings and trying to win others. The other members of the committee followed up her talk, each speaking to the ones who were sitting nearest her. One by one they began to tell of some friend, or neighbor or relative whom they were trying to win. Then one of them said, "Let's ask Si Sin-se-nie to pray for us all, right now." Another said, "Well, if you are going to pray, please pray for my son and his family. I have prayed for him for years, but I am getting old now, and the time is growing short." And there were several other requests. So we asked the Sin-se-nie to lead us and any others who wanted to, to follow, and our social turned into a prayer-meeting. We have been greatly disheartened by the coldness and indifference in the Christians here, but this was a real encouragement.

Dear friends,—I know that my own spiritual life is far from what it ought to be; and I have no desire,—even less right,—to say anything to you which sounds like preaching. If you should ask me how it is that our weak human prayers can possibly do any good, or why it is that God will listen to us and will answer prayer, I couldn't explain it; I simply know that it is true. I have had some very definite and wonderful lessons in this line during the past few months. And I wonder how many of you will be willing— it means real effort, I know—to take a few moments each day to pray for poor, topsy-turvy China; to pray not only that wars may cease and peace may come and justice prevail, but also that the weak and fearful of the Chinese Christians may be strengthened, the strong ones kept strong, and that Chinese and foreigners alike may see anew the vision of Christ crucified. That is what we need. I wonder how many of you are willing to pray definitely, every day, for this your work out here, and so share with us the burdens that well-nigh overwhelm us?

As he lived and worked among men,

Sincerely yours,

Abbie F. Saunders
Mother dear,

I couldn't read this stirring appeal without doing my bit, so I've sent my $10 on to Miss Curston - that leaves my balance in St. Johnsbury.

$6 - $7.91 - I have a little in Lyndonville too.

When I read in your letter that you had had an accident I held my breath wondering how many ribs you had broken this time or how many apples or corn you had eaten and may have spilled it out upon the kitchen stove or parlor sofa - and then glass rings! Yes sir, I really...
I think you can use the racket without the rings all right.
I am much interested in the letters that come along now, to see what more each one will have to say about the fur coat. It's highly entertaining. I hope you don't think I'm worrying about worn spots all up and down the front. Tell pa to come down a bit. He said I'd need $225 in a new one maybe? That's a little high. Then here's another possibility. Maybe on my next furlough I won't have such extravagant tastes! Maybe I'll be a model of thrift and economy, and will even wear stockings darned at the knees — in spite of the style for short skirts. Don't you hope so?

Well — Arthur is really thinking college again — good for him.
I hope he makes it — I wish I could help him out by sending him drawn work. But I don't see how I could give him the drawn work and then I don't know whether he would keep it carefully enough to be able to offer it for sale always in ship-span condition — the only way to make good sales. And then if I sent it direct to him, he would have duty to pay — and he might not always have it! And I don't want to make any suggestion which would seem to make it feasible for Gladys to need to go to Waterville too — I really think there would be a sale on drawn work in Waterville if it were rightly advertised — Have you
any ideas on the subject - and
if so - what are they?
Your often asked about
sending things sample post.
Sample Post things are really
not supposed to be merchandise,
but given away - goods for
sale are dutiable - and a
fine is risk of avoidance of
the law if you get caught at
it.
Miss Solomon has made thousands
I suppose. In the school, by drawnwork
I would feel justified in sending
off the drawnwork to America
& make money for school - or,
in this case not to make any
money myself - Is that clear?
But - I should send it as dutiable
goods.

Love, Abbie
Swatow, China, Mar. 28, 1926

Dear Ones;

I’m sitting in my study by the fire (it is a damp cold day) and Mabelle has just put the "Palm" on the Victrola. It doesn’t seem a bit like Palm Sunday really. We didn’t have a bit of special music in church this morning. I stayed home from the Christian Endeavor meeting this afternoon just so that I’d be sure to get my letters written to my beloveds and it’s 4:30 now when I’m beginning!

Well if we didn’t have a real Palm Sunday to-day we surely did have a real wedding last Wednesday. Mr. Tang Theng, brother of Ju Gek’s husband, is teaching in the Academy this year. While he was in Shanghai he met the lady of his choice and a few weeks ago he went to Shanghai to bring her down. Well, maybe the church wasn’t packed! They had the shutters all closed, and at the proper time an attendant turned on two flashlights so that folks could see the "principals". The flashlights were hidden in a very pretty arch of bamboos. The bride was beautiful, in white crepe de chine which dripped all over with silver lined crystal beads, and a dream of a tulle veil with orange blossoms in tiara effect. Tilde Chen was the bridesmaid, and she wore pale pink flowered silk damask and carried roses to match. The groom wore Newton’s dress suit and really looked stunning. The best man was Chiuahli, A-khong hia’s second son, who used to hike to come to see Ruth Sperry. Ema Smith played the wedding marches and they did the whole thing up in regular foreign style. The groom and best man came in and waited near the organ for the bridesmaid and bride and the various flower girls and pages. Mr. Capen performed the ceremony and Elsie Kittlitz sang “O Perfect Love” and Dr. Ashmore offered the closing prayer.

That was at 4 P.M. At 6 the wedding feast was held over in the old Academy building. About seventy-five people sat down, with an average of eight at each table. I couldn’t begin to tell you all the good things that they had, from the shark’s fin to the noodles and rice at the end of the feast, but I think they had all the delicacies that I ever heard of and about ten extra kinds that I never had heard of. Various ones of the young married men then proceeded to do the thing that is proper at a Chinese wedding, and that is, to tease the bride. They demanded a speech from her, and when she got up and tried to make it they hissed and wouldn’t hear him. Bill Chen wanted to ask her to tell about her experiences that day. Then Kan Chin wanted her to tell her experiences ever since the day when she first met Tang Theng. Then somebody called on Newton to aid in persuading the bride to make a speech. He said that in his capacity as the president of the U-bou-hue, or fear-your-wife-society, about which this clique of young men has had a good deal of fun, he would suggest that Tang Theng be elected a member of that society. All in favor manifest by clapping. They went wild over that, of course. After a time the bride responded by a very nice little speech in which she thanked us all for coming.

Since the feast was set at six, we thought sure we should be out in time for prayer meeting, but we didn’t get home until nine-thirty. So we didn’t have any meeting this week!

I enclose the invitation card, both to the wedding and the supper - and the thank-you (the proper Chinese way) in my gift, which was a picture "Sunset Glow" from the Picture Review (framed) - Love, Abbie
婚禮

陳鴻鵠

許鳳

家教

我們的 wedding ceremony.

Meeting and enjoying each other's company in the Netherlands.

Please join us on the fourth day of the month of May, year 2005.
Many thanks for your lovely wedding gift.
where he was born
光臨

應設置中會食室

懇不再邀

陳許鳳鞠躬

即晚六時謹治喜筵恭請
No 68

Swatow, China

Apr 5, 1926

Mother dear—

you'll think me a

piggie to let your birthday pass

without even scribbling you a

word— but I really have

been busy—

We just finished our Easter

gave an Easter

oratorio "The Dawn" in English,

and gave it its on new

building—the first time

that it has been really

used for any special affair.

It was a beautiful thing.

Mabelle and I had several

duets—and each of us several

solos, and the various groups of
girls had the splendid climax -
The air "O grave where is thy victory" is sure I shall remember as long as I live - it was just thrilling.
Well we have been working up to this as a sort of climax for about two weeks and now that it is done I'm tired and sleepy - and don't know whether I can settle down to proper work tomorrow or not?
Our Thursday evangelistic meetings are beginning and also our postponed conference as we shall have more breaks in our work -
Yesterday we had special music all day long - and then in the afternoon we went to sip the
Resurrection songs at His Beld's grave, as we did every year—
Then my little Sunday school group came in & talked over
what they might do in the way of personal work in these
coming meetings—They are somewhat discouraged—because
they 'havent the talent' for talking
its girls about being Christians
and they are afraid it won't be
any use—etc—They are earnest
little girls though—
I must stop & go to bed

Love, love, love,

-Alice
No 69  

Swatow, China

Apr. 15, 1926

Dear Sirs,

We are in the midst of a Conference and I have never felt so much absorbed by the affairs that must be done.

We have had some very difficult questions to talk over. Among them are the questions of the return to the field of Majorie Flannery, Emily Miller, and Miss Rollman. All of them had some doubtful or conditional votes and some of them definite negative votes.

Majorie is not to come back. Miss Rollman is invited back, after much talk pro and con, and Emily is to be invited back.
with certain conditions stated—
I have neither heart nor time
to go into details now—But I
am just heart-sick over having
to have such discussions—People
have been lovely about it, and
have shown great sympathy with
me and with Emily in talking
discussing this delicate and
painful subject. Some people
though they love Emily think
she is temperamentally unfitted
for mission work out here especially
just now—and I know they
are conscious in that opinion.
I'm not going to tell E. that
I've told you anything about this.
I was on the entertainment
committee so that I had to help
arrange for people to be entertained
at this conference; I was put on
the Social and Music Committee, so
that I have had to help arrange for the accommodants in each session, special music for each day, the serving of tea at 4.15 each day and the program of the social evening last night. (I didn't have to do it all, of course!)

I have been on the Woman's Committee, so I have had to meet at all sorts of odd hours — and that is where a great deal of this aforementioned painful discussion has taken place.

I have also been appointed on a Resolutions and Findings Committee in this city, and we have had a good bit of work to do already. I have spent at least 3 solid hours on that alone.

Yesterday at the election of the new Reference Committee, I was dismayed to find that I was elected as the Woman's representative.
from this district - Anna Foster is the one from the Hakkas - Mabelle has never been on the Reference Committee, and it is therefore very awkward for me. But she is related lovely about it - I suppose, but I'm not. And it rains and rains. I mustn't stop for more now.

Love, love.

Abbie.
Swatow, China
Apr. 16, 1926

Mother dear,

I don't usually write a letter in class, but my class this morning is an examination, and the two girls who are taking it are sitting right here under my nose—I have some English papers which I might correct, but my head is too thick and heavy for that; for Conference closed about 10.30 last night, after a solid seven days of strenuous and nerve-wracking work. One of two afternoons we did not meet for Conference, because the Reference Com. had to meet to work off surplus business.
I have never been so actively connected with Conference work—so I am getting a taste of what it really means.

In the first place—the matter of Emily’s return has been a grievous heart-rending thing. In view of a number of unfavorable votes in Conference, and the Women’s Committee to whom the matter was referred, made inquiries in the Girls’ School to ascertain whether or not the Chinese thought she should be invited back. The first reading of the teachers was that there were too many flaws in her past behavior; treatment of them,
3) attitude toward her work, etc. - but when they found that as other foreign teachers would take her place they decided that she should be asked to return.

In view of that, the Romanic Com. voted to recommend that E. be asked to return to the Girls' School as a short-term worker (the idea being to put her on probation). It was also stipulated that a very frank letter be written to her when that was brought up in Cof. after having been passed by the Reference Committee. Mrs. Hildreth of Chaschowfa got up and said that the dissatisfaction about E. was
a great surprise to her, and if there was a chance for its being granted, she would like to have it sent up there.

Well! It was referred to the Woman's Comm. again — and then Mabelle threw her bomb. She stated that if E. was asked to come back to the Girls' School she would leave — that is, take an early furlough — and probably have it extended for the length of time that E. was out here — 3 years.

Well — the folks wouldn't stand for that, for W. is needed here — and I really think
5) I should not care for the job myself of trying & keeping together a school with E. and a bunch of Chinese teachers who do not approve of her but are merely willing to try her for the good of the work!

I said frankly, however, when they asked me, that I thought she was not as well fitted for the work in China as she was in the school work down here. However, Mabel's statement was a monkey wrench thrown into the machinery and so this matter went...
through. Miss McVeigh is asked to take up the matter of E's designation to Claremont with E. and with the Bakers, who are now at home on furlough. Whether Emily will have her pride, or shall I say, her spirit so stung by this awful load of criticism that she will determine to come back and make good, is a question. If I were she, I should want to crawl into a hole and die, and I think I should temporarily. On the other hand, there were
6) many expressions of love for her and of what a pity that she hadn't made the best use of her opportunities out here.

She may be so hurt and disgusted and insulted that she will never look at any of us again - or she may rise to the occasion and prove to everyone what a wonderful girl she can be -

The Committee finally decided that a frank letter should be written to the Board.
as well as to her. It is my private opinion that whether or not Emily decides that she can stand it to make the try once more, the Board will never allow it after the "frank letter" reaches them, unless there is a marvelous change somewhere! By the way, the word "frank" was stricken from the minutes that are to be printed, so it won't look quite so bad. I feel like a rag now and then I was dressing this A.M.
8, and received a tender loving little note from our little teacher Min Jôh, it put me out of condition to take breakfast with the family!

I'm sure you'll get the impression I fear, that this matter of Es's return was the biggest thing in the Conference.

Anna Foster had been here only a day or two when word came that a mob had attacked Haying Academy. Takey possession of the buildings and blood shed such as
1) "human eye could not bear to see" - Modified versions of this have come since, but the situation up there is considered so serious that our Consul has ordered all the staving people to leave and come down to the port. That means closing the girls' School, where there is no danger whatever - she says, and she is furious. But there seems to be no help for it; in spite of her
almost pitiful pleading. She doesn't know now whether she will be allowed to go back even to help close the school—and she is in a woeful state indeed. We all hope that that's matter is a temporary hindrance only, but it is a big one. It would appear that I am in demand for committees and such these days. I have been elected to the Reference Committee, the Woman’s
11) Committee, the Publicity Committee, and then to cap the climax, when the nomination was made for the third member of the Executive Com. of the Ref. Com. The name was mine and I was elected!

This is a new committee to act when an emergency arises and business must be talked over and decided with the Chinese and there is not time to call the whole Reference Committee.
12. together. The Chairman of the Ref. Com. (who this year is Dr. Groosbeck) and the Secretary of same (Mr. Page) are members ex-officio. It seemed wise though not necessary to elect as Women's Board member, and (from the Ref. Com.) and I am the one. Edith Travis should be, but her health is poor — so it falls to me. What shall I ever
do with all these honors?

It was a complete surprise to me (this last bit) and I
made a little speech in which I said that it
ought to be some one who
had been on Ref. Com. before
and some one who had
better judgement, good sense
etc. They promptly elected
me!

Well - I feel now as though
I had been drawn through
a knot-hole - I have the
14) Business before me now of writing to Emily—I don't anticipate this task with a great deal of pleasure!

Pray for Emily—

Love.

P.S. Kind has come that Anna is allowed to go up to close the School, but not to stay—
Dear Mother and Father,

In the rush of Conference, and getting off to you news of the immediate burdens on my mind, I have failed to answer some questions that came in your last letter. I'm glad that I had already suggested helping with drawn work before father's letter came asking me to help Arthur. I presume in my letter about drawn work I didn't sound very generous, but it has been in my mind that if I did anything about the drawn work - I would send just as much as I had money to buy, every time I sent - I had far rather skimp out here and get along in order to help Arthur, than to touch the first rational. But I think you know without my saying it that I would give my last cent from there if that was what was needed to help Arthur along. and if that necessity comes, be assured you may depend on me to do it. In the meantime, I shall be glad of any suggestions about the drawn work.

Do you think Arthur could handle some in Waterville, or what?

When I had my picture taken in San Francisco I had done my hair up in curls the night before - I
dressed it all myself - and the reason it looks different, I think, is that I fixed it just before I sat for the picture, and left my hair set as the photographer told me. Do you like the picture? I believe I like it better or worse as time goes by? I have never had my less than I did - but I'm not sure - hair dressed by a professional but once - that was in Worcester, some 15 years ago!

So, I did not send for your writing paper - though I think it's a very good idea, and I'll remember it maybe, sometime in future. Too bad it was all wrong!

You need not worry about my becoming a modernist. I presume some of the Pre-Millennialists out here would consider any me a modernist who did not interpret or literal every word of Scripture. I cannot bring myself to agree with them, though there have been times when I have conscientiously tried to see their point of view. I cannot agree with a good deal that R. S. says - but I do admire him as a man, and some of his thoughts have been very helpful to me. What I want is to be able to hold myself open-minded, so that I can see how to choose the right, no matter where it comes, and not simply stick to a thing because it is or and not simply stick to a thing because it is or because it is liberal and I wish above all things or because it is liberal! I think I shall say some of this (not to be liberal) in the letter which I have not yet written to you both.

Mann. - Much love to you both.

Abbie.
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P.S. I know the fur coat is shorter than you like — but Swatow China —
look at your fashion books! You shouldn’t wear your dresses so “peeky” long! Jan. 11, 1926

[Mrs. Wood & Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith]

I have over 20 thank you letters to write!
The five gold arrived last night and I’ve been backing in its light ever since — Since I wrote my last letter I’ve been rather rebuking myself for letting you use money to buy a scarf — and have been wishing I had told you to send it out or something because there are so many things we need out here. There’s a fine second chance to get a fine second hand piano for $17.50 gold, and Mabel had $20 gold from the Rockland church — $37.50 doesn’t seem like a very big starter, but Elsie says she can give us some and then if I can’t see any other way, I’ll use this five, and eleven which came last night from Sargentville —

If there is any other way to get the piano money, I shall save
mine for tuition — I have just sent $70 to one of the girls in Peking and I'm needing more for some girls right here — So I shall feel better about using this five for something that is needed, then I would have had you buy a scarf — I had so many pretty things at Christmas — far more than I dreamed of having — or deserved — and I really don't think you should have sent this five —

Mother! I'm going to scold you now, good and hard — so get ready! Of course I'm glad if you can get anything out of that old blue coat of mine — but what about the muskrat? Don't you know that I saved my coat is doing anybody is just hanging and hugging itself in a bag suspended
from a rafter up in the shed — what in the world, I ask you, shall I ever do to my conscience? Answer me that — please — now — I shall be downright mad if you won't wear that coat — Any body who had anything to do with helping me get it (except perhaps yourself!) would agree with me that it was bad business to let it go unworn.

So you just be good, and don't you answer back (unless I give you permission, as per above) and hurry up and shake the mothballs out and wear that muskrat coat; if possible, before you write your next letter — (Only don't delay the letter just because you happen not to wear the coat — because I'm pretty eager for letters from you these days — !) I want to know exactly how that overworked tummy is.
acting (I see that sentence sounds me as if it had been written about you, Pa), but I dread to have it cut up any more pranks — do you suppose it would do any good to get away from the cold — go to Florida, say, & live? Or don't you have any desire to go to Florida & live? I shouldn't want you to go there and get malaria, certainly.

To return to the coat — Pa — you make her wear it — (that is — if she will — of course it would never do to let her think you were making her do something she didn't want to do.) But you just use some of your sweet persuasive powers and swing her 'round. She may think she can't, but I know she can. It may not fit her as well as hers — and may not be as warm — but neither is it as heavy on the shoulders as hers, nor as hard.
A walk in —

Moyses dear — won't you please, just to suit yer darlin' darter? Just think — a fur coat like that unskrout one may be all out o' style by the time I come home six years from now — and then wouldn't I be sorry you had wasted it? Moreover, I may get sick n' die before then, and then wouldn't you be sorry — you — had wasted it?!

Further than this, I know not how to proceed, so I'll just let the matter rest here for the next two months — hoping to hear by that time that yo' have begun to wear off one — you have begun to wear off one — the right of the buttons, and that the right sleeve in one spot and the seat sleeve in two spots are beginning to show the skin through.

Well! I can hope that, can't I? When I know that they hope can't come true? And — well — 'uff said!
I've just finished this letter to Ruth. Of course she doesn't need to know that you've seen it, or give it to her sealed—

I intended to write about the Anti-Christian agitation—but dear. I have been so taken up with the "Fur Coat Agitation" that I can't do it today—

The little needle cases I sent a week or so ago I thought you might be tempted to give for me to Mrs. Bake, Ruth, Flora, Mrs. Chapman, or perhaps someone else—in lieu of a Christmas present—since I sent one to Stella and nobody else—I have a half hope that you either didn't give it to her yet or else found something else to give for me to the others. Yet there is no reason why I should expect you to, since I didn't say so. The cards I sent last week were to go with the gifts—or for you to use in any way you yourself see fit—

What else now—with love—
"more'n corners can tell—" you—& all.
Mother dear,

I've just been waiting for the letter that would tell about the scarf, and now it has come—yes, I have one—yes, with green in it, as you may guess—and it is very pretty too. So I really don't need another, though of course you know my propensity for wanting all the pretty things that are coming my way. But now I have still another reason for being glad that you sent the gold piece instead; Mr. Clark's present to me has just come—the shiciest silk and most scarf that you ever saw—it's shell pink, with a bit of baby blue in the border—and it's so soft as cider down—a lovely thing. Gladys Paul has sent me a
pair of solid gold cuff links - beauties - At present I haven't a thing to wear them in but one or two of the materials I got in Shanghai will make up beautifully into tailored dresses and I just hope I shan't lose them. I wish you were here to make the button holes! I have a piece of white Szechuan linen that is good, and I got a baggin of lavender linen off the remnant counter - that I can make tailored if I put white work sleeves in it.

About the collar and cuff sets. they are worth about $1.80, more if you have to pay duty - the collars alone sell for $.90 or $1.00. We've celebrated Mrs. Ashmore's
74th Birthday. She told people not to do a thing but of course it pleased her. I gave her a black shined satin pillow with a tapestry inset. For the entertainment we gave a little sketch of the girls and the dances going to Saginaw, P. I last summer. Edith, Velva, and Edith took their own parts, and Mabelle and I took off Mrs. A. Aeharon. I wore Dr. A's long overcoat over Mabelle's pajamas, and his hat, my own pongee waist buttoned up to my chin — and the beard I made by fitting a piece of organdy to my face and sticking white cotton on it — and fastening on my ears with wine hairpins. I didn't know how it would strike Mrs. A. to have me take off her Will — but it happened.
strike right and she still laughs about it whenever I see her. I think she means higher compliment for my acting than the one she gave me. She thought for several minutes that I really was Dr. A. As for Dr. A himself, his comment was "Did I keep my hat on all the time?"

People said it was really funny how much I walked and looked like him. I'm satisfied.

And never guess who has written me a nice long letter now! Two pages, nearly, typewritten, from Fred W. Mann, M.D. I must send it to you when I've answered it. I thought he was an atheist, or something like that, you know—but I guess he wasn't at all—pm this. He doesn't mention having received the Meaning of Prayer—so I'm not going to disturb. Maybe I wasn't
surprised! It sounds exactly like him —

Your last letter wonders whether Mr. Gibbon is going to come again this year — Well I should smile.

Yesterday I got his letter — To the usual $50 he had added $5 for a smoking Christmas package and also $10 extra for a special Christmas present for me! Now what do you think? Guess he has forgiven me all right for not going to see him, don't you?

Went to Pahang this for examination again on Saturday — It was as cold as flages — and poor little min je didn't wear enough — got sick, poor child — The wind flew in my eyes until they were all puffy, but I'm as right as soon again this morning.

Stayed at home yesterday afternoon to finish scribbling the draft of my
Jan 13 (1) letter to Miss McVeigh - I must typewrite it this afternoon if I can in between exams - I have had my annual physical exam - and they think I will probably live several months longer - since I have gained ten pounds! I was 126 last December, and now am 136 - I've been rubbing my eyes so carelessly and have developed just a touch of the granulated eyelids - or trachoma, that is so prevalent out here - I use medicine in them every day and by the way the stuff smarts - I guess I'll be cured in a week or two - I have a few malarial germs again, but I got rid of them before, and I guess I can do it again - Some folks just can't get rid of them - but I'm really in excellent condition. Let me assure you that there is nothing wrong with my knee - it is every whit as good as it ever was - and in addition has a beautiful decoration, reddish around the edges with purple or wine colored center.
Elsie says the latest at home is fancy gartered stockings with bare knees and a dainty butterfly painted on the most conspicuous part. Skirts always slip up to show the knees when one sits down, she says — how my problem is this; whether to let mine go as it is, instead of the butterfly, or to use it as the foundation for further decoration — (I don't mean more of the same kind!) — I'm going to have Helen Clark send you the package for Mr. Giberan and let you pay the duty — because he has sent the whole #3 to me — He should have sent it to New York — the things there have the duty all
paid on them - I don't know how much I'll have to pay Helen, but there'll be enough left of the $25 to here with me, for you to pay duty with there in Sutton. Do you get me?

Much love to my dear -

[Dad & Mother]

[Signature]
Swatow, China, Jan. 30, 1926

Dear my Own Ones:

Sunday night at eight o'clock, and you folks are just beginning the day there. I wonder just what you are doing right this minute, anyway? Getting your breakfasts swallowed in time so that you won't be late for church, or what?

This has been a pretty full day for me, and a happy one too. I'd better begin with yesterday,—no,—before that, even. All this last week has been a mixture of third monthly examinations, reviews getting ready for the final exams, and even one or two final exams (of girls who had to have their exams early on account of going home with some relative who happened to be going earlier. Some parts of the country are so infested with robbers that the parents have to be especially careful about providing proper escort for their girls) I still have a whole bunch of papers that have to be corrected to-morrow morning. And to-morrow morning I have my Old Testament examinations, while in the afternoon I have all of my English examinations at the same time! The girls go home on Wednesday, for the Chinese New Year vacation.

This term I rather thought that I shouldn't be needed to help with the examination of the country schools, partly because I went to all the places that were examined last June; but although Mabelle planned to go to at least one of the places this term, she was needed here to help with making out the schedule for next term and filling out blanks that go with the new government regulations for registration of all schools. So I went to Phau-thai last Saturday and this Saturday,—yesterday, to Tat-hau-pei. We went in a little boat this time,—the three of us; Mui-hang, Chhiphui, and I. (they are Gou Sin-se and Lau Sin-se now!) The moon was shining when we started out at 4.30 in the morning, and we got back here at six at night. It really was a very good trip; the Tat-pou school is the best one of our country schools, the two teachers were both on a high horse and we had a lot of fun both going and coming. It was not cold the way it was last week and we didn't have to be in that jostling dirty crowd that we should have met on the launch.

About midnight last night I awoke with a start to find the wind fairly whistling through my bedroom. At first I thought another typhoon was upon us. I didn't go to sleep again for some time, and consequently I didn't open my eyes until eight o'clock! And I have a Sunday School class at eight-thirty! Well, I jumped. I was a trifle late. Mrs. Worley had taken my place at the organ and they were singing the first hymn when I got there, puffing. That was my first meeting for the day. After that came the church service, at which the old Elder Tang, the Chiang-lau, held forth for a good forty minutes. After that was a committee meeting,—the personal workers' committee. I was chairman last year and I made up my mind some time ago that I would not accept the position again. There are connected with it various arrangements which make it much easier for a Chinese than for a foreigner, and anyway, with so many capable Chinese women here, there is no reason why the foreigner should be the one to take first responsibility in the matter. I made rather a fool of myself and shed some stupid tears before I was able to make my point clear to them. I assured them that I was willing to help to the best of my ability, but that I didn't feel I ought to be chairman again.
They were finally very nice about it, and our Miss Tang is the chairman and I am the vice-chairman. And when I got home at 10.30 I was ready for my dinner; very much so, since I just swallowed a couple of mouthfuls and ran in the morning.

At 3 came the Sunday B.M. prayer meeting, and after that the meeting which has made my day a happy one. **This** two weeks ago, in my S.S. class of eight girls we were talking about becoming Christians and being baptized. There is only one of the eight who is not a baptized professing Christian. So at the end of the lesson I said that there was something I thought we could do together and I would tell them about it when there was more time. But afterwards I thought that the girls were such carefree irresponsible youngstersthat it wouldn't do much good to try to make a personal worker's group of them, so the next Sunday I simply let it drop and didn't say anything about it. Today, however, they asked me what it was that they could do together; they had been waiting for me to say. So I invited them to come over to my house at four this afternoon to talk it over. They still didn't know what I was driving at. Well I felt a good bit fearful about it because I was anxious to have it more than just a piece of advice which came from a foreign teacher.

One of them was sick to-day, but the other seven came, including the one who is not a Christian yet. We talked over what it means to be a Christian, and where we are lacking in being soul-winning Christians, and why we are lacking, and what we can do to remedy that lack. Then I asked each one of them in turn about the brothers and sisters that they have who are not yet Christians, and then whether they didn't all hope in their hearts that these brothers and sisters would all be Christians and whether they wouldn't be glad to help them along. The next question was whether they wouldn't each like to help some friend or schoolmate to become a Christian, and the next, whether they would like to pledge themselves to try to do this work together, and see if we couldn't be more than just a class that studied about some Bible character a half hour on Sunday morning. The Christian girls all answered to these questions, and then I told them I hoped that they would each consider themselves my representative and help to win some one whom I would like to help but couldn't, either because I don't know them, or because I don't know them well enough, or because I'm a foreigner and can't possibly reach them. I said I would pray before they went home, and if any of them wanted to, they could follow me. You can imagine how glad I was to have all six, one after another, follow with their half whispered little prayers. I said I would pray about this work of theirs, of ours, every day, and I hoped when they came back from vacation they would have something to tell.

I'm going to write their names out because I know you will be willing to help me pray for them. You won't have to pronounce their names, but you can look at them, anyway. There are It-cheng and It-sun, two daughters of Dr. Tang, the doctor at the Boys' Academy, Hui-lang, the daughter of Dr. Tie at Chaoyang, Huahui, the daughter of Mr. Lin Hock-chou who is now studying at Newton and Harvard, Bak-long, the daughter of a woman who used to be a helper at our school, and Tshun-nai, from another Christian family. Ku-i-juak, the one who was sick to-day, is the daughter of Tang Sengli, our Baptist Swatow banker. The name of the one who is not yet a Christian is Tsu-noi. These girls ought to accomplish something really worth-while, and I believe they will.

I meant to write about the anti-Christian agitation at Christmas, but that pales beside the news of the affable fighting up north. With love - Abbie
Chaochowfu, China
Feb. 12, 1926

Dear One,

My first visit to Chaochowfu since quite a while before I went on furlough.

That's as far as I got and now it's Feb. 16 and I'm back in Swatow again — and mighty glad to be here too — Elsie and I went up Thursday and I really got a lot of rest the first two days. But then John Hildrett (7 yrs) and Kenneth Carman (who was visiting there too) (about 5 yrs?) got some kind of stomach trouble and were sick for two days —
On our way to church Sunday A.M. Elsie sprained her ankle so that she couldn't step on it — Mrs. Hildebrandt got such a headache that Monday morning she couldn't get up at all. Miss Wentworth, Mrs. H's aunt, who is visiting them until furlough, has heart attacks, and while she didn't have one, one day she looked so dreadfully that we all thought she was going to be sick.

To cap the climax, I woke up Mr. B. M. with daggles in front of my eyes — and so nauseated that I couldn't eat anything — I didn't know how I'd manage, with 'tenneth a doubtful quantity, and
Elsie not able to hobble—and my own tummies wobbly to the bargain. But Mr. Hildreth came down on the train with us, and Mildred met up at the station—and we managed beautifully. Kenneth was splendid—as good a trial Davis—and my own tummies improved rapidly as I neared home. Deseretites—I'm thankful to be at home again.

Tomorrow I go to Mrs. Dahane for a week—but I shall be home morning and afternoons. She's told them that I must write letters and I mean to stick to it.
It's scandalous not to have written in two weeks! Last week I parted with my upper right second molar - which was attacked a huge abscess. It hadn't given me trouble recently but the abscess was growing and that in the direction of the sinus - and therefore I'm most thankful to be rid of it.

Ever since school was out I have been planning Mabelle's birthday party. This year she is 30 - and while we are not mentioning that fact, of course, still everybody know it. I planned to go away with Elsie on the 11th, so we had the party the night before. Most of
the girls had gone away someplace for Chinese New Year vacation, so we had only Enid, Elsie and Velva here. We invited the Capens too, to make a good sized party.

The "piece de resistance" of the occasion was a February pie, made from an old hat box—Velva decorated the top—and it looked exactly like a tough old specimen from the bakers. I made paper blackbirds which peeped out of the top—all with their mouths wide open and wings flapping. The pie was encased in a white crepe paper frill and had doors at the sides which pulled out to let each person have a piece.
I made up a joke to go with it—a copy of which I'll enclose. We opened the pie during dessert and the last piece I ate opened was Mabel's, with its "toast" whereupon we drank a toast to her very good health. Then we went to prayerfully. She was completely surprised. Then she said that she wouldn't have been surprised had it been the next morning. We laughed up our sleeves, for the girls sneaked back to our house and were there for a real birthday breakfast the next morning. I think M. liked it a lot and we all enjoyed it. When I got back yesterday your letter telling about receiving
the dress was waiting for me—
I've been so eager to hear!
As regards duty— I've forgotten whether I valued it $8.00 gold
or $8. 00 mex—or whether I simply
wrote $8. As a matter of fact
the silk for it cost $21 mex—but
of course don't tell any body—
so you see I undervalued it
so you see I undervalued it
myself—knowing that you'd have
to pay duty. If the customs people
thought I had marked it $8 mex
they may have counted it $6 gold
which was higher than my valuation.
I marked it wholesale
of course—
you see? I'm so glad, glad, that
it's useable and I hope
you will not be sick any more—but will be able to enjoy the
dress this spring or summer—
By the way, has Dr. Burke suggested an X-Ray of yourself to find out more definitely what the trouble is? You know Elsie Hittelt was X-Rayed from the neck down, and if they had X-Rayed her head too, they would have found the trouble very quickly— I wish you would ask him about it. I have had a great notion to write to him myself. But I guess it would be just as well for you to suggest it yourself. It may cost something—but then your stomach is worth a few dollars, you know. I had fallen heir to a big White Fox fur that has come to Mayo. This damaged paper can’t be used for Xmas presents, so I’m using it up—much love to you—Abbie
FEBRUARY PIE

Sing a song of birthdays,—we have 'em till we die,
Eight and twenty black-birds baked in a pie.

When the pie is opened, the birds begin to sing,
They'll sing of Fame and Fortune that February's bring.

G. W. was the little boy who never told a lie,
And now he has the lion's share in February's pie. (open flag)

Abe Lincoln was a lanky man, and grand as he was tall,
His sympathy, his love, his wit endear him to us all.  
(excerpts from speeches and stories)

Cupid is a dangerous man, he shoots such fiery darts,
But when St. Valentine comes round, then quake for fair maids' hearts! (valentines)

Leap Year don't come every year, as all the lassies know;
But February two years hence will bring it, sure though slow. 
(dice to try luck, charm, guiding star, etc.)

February's the time for sales; can you resist the lure?
Buy all your goods at Monkey Ward's; our guarantee is sure.
(bargains marked with sale prices, miniature dresses, hats, etc.)

Chinese New Year comes this month, or else some time right near;
Fairies blooming on that morn bring joy for one whole year.
(this piece contained an unopened water-fairy(lily) bud with the instructions to give it to the boy, who brought in two plants heavy-headed with blooms, the first we have had this year)

Lincoln, Leap Year, Monkey Ward,—a motley congregation,
Anna, Enid, Edith etc., all swell the convocation;
And yet there's one still on the list,—
Mabelle,—CONGRATULATION!
(a piece of toast for Mabelle, whereupon we all drank grape-juice to her very good health, etc.)
Swatow, China
Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Ones,

This must be a scumble for it's a million letters - more or less - to write and only part of one week to do it in. This P.M. I feel the "urge" a little stronger than usual - and I'm going to try to get some typewriting done for circular letters.

Mabel went to Kittyang on Wednesday and I've been visiting at Mrs. Ashmead's ever since. Velva was the one who thought of inviting me, and Friday she had to pig off to Kittyang for a medical consultation. She was sorry, and so
was I yet secretly I'm a little relieved, for she had more time to visit Mrs. Ackman, and Mrs. A. wouldn't understand if I didn't spend most of my time with her. I've tried to write letters over there, but you can imagine that's not very easy. This P.M. I've come over home instead of going to church. It's after 3:30 and I'm going at it as hard as I can until dark.

I've really been having a very nice time over there, only of course I spend the evenings doing Cross-word puzzles with Mrs. A. and playing Halma with her, and consequently most of my Christmas letters are still unwritten. I say nothing
of the Indiana churches from
from the big White Cross box
eknew & Mayone Fleming
I must get a hustle on - that's
sure.

School begins a week from
Wednesday - and I don't know
where vacation has gone

Miss One got away for a little
while - I hope she gets a real
rest - Margaret went away -
but she's been sick ever since
she got back - Elsie sprained
her ankle - (she has been staying
at Capen's ever since she got back,
Edna is out in the country)
Mrs. Irley & Edith Shaver have
gone to Shanghai

The Council is giving a tea
Washington's Birthday

Tomorrow P. M. I shall have
go to uphold the honor and dignity of the missionary young ladies. There's nobody else here! However, if the bay is rough, I shall not go.

I'd like to write more, but I guess I'll quit this time and get to work.

Love to you both.

Abbie
Dear One,

I feel as though my vacation were all over in one way, though school doesn’t begin until next Wednesday. The reason for this feeling is that if I hustle my head off, I can’t get my letters written.

I came back home yesterday from Mrs. Ashmore’s where I have been visiting a week. Poor dear lady, I never realized how lonely she does get sometimes until I went there this time. I took two dresses over there one day and she helped me decide how to have them made, then I went downstairs to cut them out. She said “I won’t on the big table” she said “I won’t come down to help you, because you’ll be able to do it better alone.” But in a few minutes she did come...
with her book and sat there reading. She said she was cold, and came down to be near the fire, but I'm sure that was just an excuse and that she really wanted the company.

We played Halma a lot and she enjoyed that too, so did she. It made up my mind. I'm going over there a lot more in the future if I can. But there the resolution before yesterday morning before I came away. Mr. Ashmore came out of his study on purpose to tell me how much they had enjoyed my being there—how much he appreciated my coming—so the good it did Mrs. A. I was very much pleased. I fear—but told him that it made my pleasure doubled to have him...
I say that — as indeed it did — Mr. A. is charming, but you have to know him pretty well, or he has to know you pretty well, and trust you I think before he will let down the bars of his reserve at all — But all this week he joked with me and with Miss Ashmore and we really had a delightful time together — I seem to be in their good graces and of course it's very nice —

Mabel was due to come home yesterday P.M. Elsie invited me to her house (the Bungalow) for dinner, where she has been staying while Elma and Elsie were away (she lives at Ashmore but eats with the girls regularly). Then I came right home and got the cookie
busy keeping me open the house. We washed some windows, built two fires, took out some old lilies that had outblowned themselves and cut some other flowers to make the place look a bit homelike — I was glad to get home, and Mabelle was glad too.

I tell you — this business of mother-in-law — or the eternal triangle — or any other similar problem, is easy to explain — it isn’t simply because ’tis one man and two women, or two men and one woman, that makes trouble in a house or in a situation, it’s three people, men or women, that make the rumpus. Two may not be able to live cheaper than one, but two certainly can live more peacefully than three, I believe — at least that
has been my experience a number of times - with a number of different people -

Had a letter last night from Diana Wall - now Mrs. Pitts, of New Orleans - She lived in Rockport, you know, and knew the Pages - a schoolmate of hers, Bert Spear, is on an oil steamer which makes the trip from New Orleans to China - usually by Suez, twice a year - and she says that when he spoke of a "tall good-looking Miss Sanderson who played tennis," then he knew that your college dreams had been realized - etc. etc.

I'm glad to hear, of course, but it's another letter to answer.

Elsie has given me the letter that you wrote to her mother just before she came out - all I have to say is these two
things, I'd liked it pretty much, and what with my father a preacher and my mother a person who can write letters like that, I being the offspring, certainly ought to be able to speak to good advantage with either pen or tongue, and shame me if I can't.

I'm so sorry to hear that Mr. Chapman has been ill and hope that nothing may prevent his rapid and complete recovery. Will you give him my good wishes please?

Tell Mrs. Frank I mean to answer her letter soon

the time just flies by and I don't write nearly all the letters I want. I believe I'll have to ask you

[signature]
4) To send on the $21 from Mrs. Knox—(did you know she is Bessie Pierce's sister?) I need it to pay up some tuition for girls I am helping—(And did you know that Bessie P. is married to Mr. John Donovan—and they are living in Rockburn near the Knoxes and are very happy?)

I like the sound of your "new" blue coat very much—and think you were fortunate to get the living at that price. I'm wondering if you've yet received my letter about my fur coat!!!

Later—I've just finished a pile of letters—26 of them! I thank you for boxes sent to Mayrice Fleming. When she left she instructed me to use the things that came from her in the work as I saw fit. Now along comes a letter saying
she found out in Shanghai that there were more things on the way and she hoped I would be willing to unpack them for me, and then take some of the things to myself - in the trouble of unpacking, and then put the rest away for her until she comes (!!)

O gives further instruction - nobody thinks that people will vote for her - to come back, in one thing and in another - she told me to use the things - and I have used some of them - some for the country schools, and some in other ways. I think of me back when I'm writing the letter to placate her! For we need these pencils & dolls and handkerchiefs for the school Christmas - and oh - I hope we may have them - I've written my thank-yous to the people, anyway!

Example for now -

with my love, Abbie
Miss Sanderson's study was magnificent which was on the upstairs. When we came upstairs the staircase is large and light, then we walked on the parlor we opened a door this door is Miss Sanderson's study's door. When enter this study looked floor there are spread a mat on the floor, on the right hand side on the wall hang a thermomometer and a barometer, in the corner had a window and a fine couch there had four pillow on top of it, then had a table and chair near it, on the wall had Miss Miller's picture, but all the study had many beautiful pictures on the wall, next had a door, look from this door had see many large or high hill and many trees, stone, next (in the other corner) had a window & a other window near it, in the corner had a little desk, there had a type writer and
two books on top of it, next this desk had a book case that was very large there were many books in there, and many on the top of it, and had a interested clock on top of it, the clock's engine can't walk every day we came to this study the short hand point the six clock and tow picture on top of it, I think there was miss sanderson's friend's picture, next had a door look from this door there are Miss sanderson's bed room next had a red, there had a beautiful lamp a little box and a small book on top of it, then had a door this door always shut, then had a small table there had many magazine in there. Near the small table had a fire place had many many interested thing exist, had four little porgoods a picture, the a small chair near it, in the middle had a desk it was a very good desk, it is miss
Ho 6 of.

Swallow, China
May 3, 1926

Dear Mother,

Your letter of Jan 31 has just arrived, and although I knew it is going to be dinner time in a minute, I'll take that minute to sit down and tell you how thankful I am to hear you are a little better - I do hope you'll keep on being so.

Your letter is full of questions, most of which are answered in the letters I have already written. I didn't write much about anti-Xin demonstration here because there wasn't much, though everyone feared it, and the air was tense.

Mr. Lipshands article surely is thrilling, but not all true.
In instance, he praises Chaoyang
in the skies. Then as a matter
of fact they are in an awful
mess over there — preacher —
doctor at sword's point, just
waiting till Dr. Groesbeck —
gets back. To see which one's
head will get cut off — and
whoever gets his head off will
then, according to threats, strike
to chop the other one, and the
church — 2 pieces — Head deacon
a rascal and a thief
However — this is not for Mission.
and Dr. G. will doubtless be —
and Dr. G. will doubtless be —
the only one who can straighten
any of the men. We don't
evry him his job — Dr. and Mrs.
G. are in Shanghai today
probably —
2) In regard to my fur coat, I guess by this time you have had something to tell Flora about my being willing to have it used. Please tell her that in one thing, I should think myself a pretty poor missionary to have a good fur coat packed away when my next door neighbor needed it on a cold Vermont drive especially when that next door neighbor is such a good friend as she; and in the second place, it is hard to think of very many people whom I'd rather have wear it than she! I'm surely glad she was willing to wear it — and hope she will again if the occasion comes —

School begins to-morrow and
then — it will be June before I know it. This morning I went over to Mrs. Ashmore’s for one more game of Halma with her — I had played eleven games and she had always beaten me — not so badly as she did at first — This eighth game I beat her, and beat her pretty badly — Then we played and she beat me — though not badly — I told her I never expected to do it, and don’t expect to do it again — I shan’t have a chance to play much more now — I’m going to get a start from myself, but I don’t know how far I’ll get — I’ve three letters, at least, ready to send off every day — This is my first today — though I sent off some packages this morning — One contained some vegetable matter.
3) from which the chlorophyll has pretty well faded, but I hope the flavor hasn't. That won't reach pa on his birthday, but it will help to cheer him on his way to the next one. The other package is for you. Let me see; that was originally vegetable matter too—and there never was any chlorophyll in it, I guess. I certainly hope none will get in before it reaches you—though I hope the flowers will reach you intact. (Don't worry; I'm just trying to get the above long word into my vocabulary. Yesterday I wanted to use a word that had this meaning—and somebody said "chloral"—I said "no, that's a drug," but I couldn't be sure that chlorophyll was right until I had looked it up. There, now
that I have written the word chlorophyll four times — it ought
to be sunk quite deep into a brain furrow, so I'll let it stays there for a while.) I certainly hope this letter reaches you before the things do! Yours is for your birthday, too.

My knee is all right — and if it isn't, I'll say so — I'm not sure, but it's even better than the other one!

Huff for now, or I won't get the other two letters written. With much love to you both.

Abbie.
Swatow, China
March 6, 1926

Dearest Pa,

The years speed along, don't they? I wonder if by this time the little birthday remembrance has reached you? Hope it is your liking; if you don't like it, tell me frankly, and I'll send you another brand next time. Please be assured that I'm wishing you happiness and satisfaction in your work, and many other blessings during the coming year, and for a good many years to come. To quote old Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

School has begun, and things somehow seem different this term from what they have any other...
term. I had a good vacation for one thing. That is, I didn't do a lot of things to get myself all tired out. For another thing, we are still wondering how our Bible Classes are coming out, and there is an element of interest in that. The Bible work is all to be voluntary this term. Some of the class leaders met with the teachers this afternoon to discuss ways and means of getting the largest possible number of girls to keep up their Bible study. A few girls thought that Sunday school and chapel every day, and church Sunday morning would give them enough Bible to last them. Or something is that effect. Others thought that they wished to choose a teacher for the Bible themselves. But a number were willing and glad to do all they can to get their
classmates to keep up regular Bible study. The class president of the first year junior high said: "Why, most in our class are Christians; I can't see why there will be any question raised in our class." This question raised in our class.

I asked her how often she thought they would be willing to study if she said: "Why, once a day." After the girls had gone the teacher talked over the matter and then talked to me. When a big surprise came to me. When the suggestion was made that the suggestion was made that the leader of the personal workers groups and the W.W.J leaders should take over the whole matter and arrange it. I was wholly agreed and that was the best way to do it. What I hadn't thought about was the fact that I am the W.W.J. leader and therefore expected to take the lead in this matter. I had been rather resting on my ears.
waiting to see what someone else would do about this matter. Then all I expected to be able to do was to follow along, and help teach if any girls chose the subject I'm going to teach. And here is Miss Law (p.s. workers' leader) and I am left to talk over the matter with the W.W.P. leaders, and arrange the whole thing! We meet with them tomorrow morning after church—(which, by the way, means a full morning for me, since I'm beginning with S.S. at 8:30!)

Another reason why I'm sort of on tiptoe not knowing just what is coming next is that out of a clear sky I am to have a course in elementary domestic science. There is a splendid little text-book here, and I'm sure in going to like it, but it will mean extra preparation— for, although the course is with Senior High girls, and I'm giving it in English, yet I shall need to know the Chinese technical names.
for many things — yesterday in the first lesson I gave them thirteen questions to answer. "What is food? Why do we need food? What is the difference between physical and chemical change? Name a substance which contains oxygen — (carbon, hydrogen, etc.) Make a list of organic, and one of inorganic substances. They will have to look up some words in the dictionary, and their answers may be corrected somewhat. I think they can do it.

Three days ago (I think) I decided I must write at least three letters every day if I was ever to get caught up with my correspondence. So far I have written my "stint" every day, and last night I wrote five. Since this is my first one today, and it is already 10 P.M., two of last night's letters may have to count today! But I shall write
Two more short ones tonight if I can keep awake to do so.

The box of coughs' laxative tablets came this morning — thanks very much. The bottle, however, was splintered

I guess glass was nothing on one side. I guess glass will not carry unless it is packed deep in cotton or excelsior —

I'm very glad to have the things — I was all out of both. The little package of Mentholatum will be nice to take traveling; or, I may give it away to a wedding or some kind of a gift!

With much love to you both,

Abbie

Happy Birthday!
No 64

Shawto, China
May 15, 1926

Mother dear—

I'm a very wicked soul and I know it, but what shall I do about it? Mrs. Barnes' letter has aroused these 'heathen' emotions in my heart— I ought to be charitable, I know— when she is so good as I want to send me something. But I can't help feeling that if she can't afford to send me good housekeeping it is because she doesn't want to do so. Consequently I'd rather she wouldn't send me anything. You didn't tell me whether you told her anything or not—

For another thing, this year I'm rich with the Atlantic, the American, the Pictorial, and Ladies' Home Journal (which latter letter is sending) and I feel almost as though I ought not to let anybody send me anything more— I miss the Record of Christian Work, however— and if in the
future years some one should ask you what to send me - you might tell them that. Now this does not mean for you to send it to me - I don't want you to. The Baptist is a good reminder that you love me, even if I hadn't a thousand other reminders! (Just here I had to stop to dive inside all my clothes after a flea. They don't bite me hard but I'm not crazy to have'em crawling around on me skin!)

Charlie Hagg's letter was a great surprise. I never dreamed that Gay Tatum was the kind of a person that she appears to be. What a pity about Charles Warren! Charlie Hagg has expressed in that letter the fact that he, though thousands of miles from China, understood the meaning of the uproar out here as well as though he had lived
I am here and knew the inside of things. He has hit the very heart of the whole matter when he says that for us there is more anxiety than danger, and that all we can do is hope the better element will come into power. The foreign powers do nothing to give the uneasy, discontented, no opportunity to undo what has been done — He has seen the thing very clearly.

Re. Arthur: I certainly hope he can get to college but I realize that spirits of ambition don't always carry. Perhaps he'll get there sometime. No. I don't know anything about babies — I don't get told any more than I don't do! I've wondered how much longer it would be — but have no clues! #

How do you like the needle case? 
and other things? They cost me 30¢
per each; the sewing cases 20¢, and
the napkin rings 25¢. These latter
would cost more again, because
they are charging almost ten per
cent duty on thing things now.
They are from Shoshin (Helen Clark).
If I have more things sent from here
I’ll have them sent direct
because there is no need of paying
duty twice.

We are hard at it in the school
work again. I had my first class
in Bible this morning and think I
shall like it a lot. I’m teaching
Jesus, the Man of Galilee, from the
book we had in college — and I
feel sure I shall enjoy it more
than teaching O. T. History, though
there was much in those classes
at times.

Sleepy — must say goodnight
for this time — Love — Abbie
Dear Ones:

During vacation I started to write my letter to the home churches; I wrote one set (3 copies this time) of the enclosed letter and I haven’t sent it to the churches at all—just one or two where I felt the letter would surely be understood. I’m afraid it sounds rather pessimistic in parts; but then a good many times lately we have felt pessimistic ourselves.

If you read the letter to Sutton friends (and I should be glad to have you convey this to them as a message from me) I hope you’ll tell them of what I’m going to write now—did I write it before?

We have been rather down-hearted about having to make our Bible study an extra in school, rather than a regular study as it always has been. We feared that if the girls were allowed to choose Bible study, many of them would not choose it. The W. W. P. girls got busy and prepared the list of courses from which to choose, and 117 out of 130 chose a Bible course. We take it from 8:30 to 9:30 every morning. I’m having a class in the Man of Galilee, the book I used when I was a Senior in College—and I’m enjoying it as far more than I ever enjoyed teaching Old Testament History (I have written this to you before, haven’t I? Please forgive if I have).

We are having our first rain of the season. The crops and the wells have been crying for it and it seems now to have begun in real spring fashion. It’s a cold rain, though, and I’m not by any means “sweltering in the thinnest of linens” as Idella used to
Imagine me always to be! I have on at present a knee-length underskirt, teddy, corsets, stockings, shoes, garters, yellow sweater, petticoat; over that my blue serge dress & over that my light weight coat – And I’m just comfortable sitting in my study beside my big lamp. I’ve just come in from choir rehearsal, to which I virtuously tramped in spite of the rain. We had a good sing, but it is quarter past nine now and classes begin at eight-thirty to-morrow A.M.!

I’m sleepy —

My love to Sutton friends — and much to your own dear selves —

Abbie
Dear Friends:

I wish I might write and tell you that everything is going along beautifully and that we have reason for encouragement in every phase of the work. The country is anything but peaceful, as you must surely know from your newspapers. Here in our mission the Chinese have taken a forward step. They have declared independence of the foreigners and have actually taken over a great deal of the responsibility. This truly is a forward step, if they get, or keep, a real vision of service. But the work is bound to change, for some things that seem important to us are trivial in their eyes. I have to say to myself over and over again, "God can work his own purposes here in this land. The work is his and He will not let it fail." My faith is so small!

The Christian schools in this district are having a harder time than those in many parts of China. Edicts have gone out over the country saying that no religion shall be taught in any school, public or private, and that no school shall have for its aim the propagation of religion. Every school must register with the government and by doing so subscribe to the above and many other such rules. Elsewhere Christian schools are often able to ignore these demands and carry on as usual. Here in Kwangtung, however, where the anti-Christians are very active and the Communist faction is so persistent in spreading anti-foreign propaganda, they intend to enforce the new rules, and we see little hope of escape.

When the various inspectors come to our school, we foreigners find it wise to keep in the background as much as possible. They, of course, would like to see us in Timbuctoo or any place far from China. Our Chinese principal (in the girls' school) is finding her position a most difficult one. She is having to meet all sorts of criticism, but she is doing it bravely and splendidly. She says she never realized before what a great burden the foreigners have had all these years. The burden is a heavy one for her, and there is grave question about her health. Small wonder that she is discouraged. I want so much to help her, yet I can do so little.

The other day I heard the opinion expressed that if all the missionaries should leave China now Christianity would soon slump to nothing here. I don't believe that for one moment, but I do think a rough awakening must come to some of them before there can be spiritual progress. Perhaps the foreigners will have to leave China when the crash comes!

I realize there is great danger of criticising them for lack of vision when it is really we who are short-sighted and cannot fathom the workings of the Chinese mind. Because we cannot live in a ten-in-one-room, monotonous—rice-and-fish-diet fashion to which many Chinese are accustomed, they think we have wealth unlimited and spend it altogether too much on ourselves. If they, on the other hand, show signs of wanting to emulate foreign style
of living and ask for larger salaries on which to do it, we think them materialistic and unspiritual. What ever shall we do to understand each other?

The English people here are being shamefully treated; schools closed, missionaries driven out of their houses; no servants allowed them, houses used for barracks after the auction of the furniture and the destruction of the books and papers, and a wholesale boycott continued all these long months. Of course, it is true that injustices have been done to the Chinese by the English; but England is not the only one who has at times thought and wrought unjustly. The ones who are suffering now, moreover, are as innocent as we are, and to see them receive such treatment does make one's blood boil. The Standard Oil people have just been boycotted; we may come next!

The subject which is at present an all-absorbing one for us is that of the precarious situation of our Girls' School here in Kakochis. It looks as though we shall be obliged to leave the Bible out of our curriculum if we are to keep the school open at all. We just can't bear to close the doors and send these girls home, and lose all contact with them whatever. We may be allowed voluntary Bible classes, but if not, we shall have to try all the harder with our personal workers' groups and Sunday school classes. And there will still be the M.E.S. Wouldn't you like to hear our girls sing "Follow the Gleam" in Chinese?

I wish you might have gone with me on my latest trip to examine country schools. The Chinese teachers and I started out at four-thirty in the morning—pitch dark—across the bay in a sampan to the river launch. The launch was crowded to the edges, both coming and going—no seats but the bare, ditty deck, and not much room there! In the morning we had to clamber over baskets and baskets of bak-tau, slippery, clammy gray fish that get their name from the quantities of black "ink"(bak) inside them. When we reached Phau-thai, the twenty-one little girls and their teacher were lined up outside the chapel waiting for us. After the examination we gave each one a doll, and they were delighted. One of them was so engrossed with the business of choosing quickly the very prettiest one that she forgot to say thank-you. When she was half-way to her seat she remembered and came back again!

In the afternoon coming back a big wind blew up, a contrary one at that, and it turned than it had been before this winter. We found one little place up in the front of the boat where all five of us (two of them had been examining another school) snuggled together under one steamer rug and my rain-cape. We sang and laughed and talked nonsense to keep from thinking about the cold. When we had about decided we couldn't stand it much longer, my bottle of drinking water tipped over and started across the deck towards where we were sitting. Can you see the scrambling? We were nearly to Swatow by that time, so we didn't get much colder from standing us huddled together than we'd been before. One of the little teachers was really almost overcome with the cold, but she was a good sport. And in spite of the crowd and the fish and the dirt and the cold, we all had a good time.
A few weeks ago I invited the leaders of the village personal workers' groups to come to my house to "sit". That meant tea and cakes, of course. After the refreshments Miss Ang, my right-hand man on the committee, spoke informally, urging them to be faithful about holding their meetings and trying to win others. The other members of the committee followed up her talk, each speaking to the ones who were sitting nearest her. One by one they began to tell of some friend, or neighbor or relative whom they were trying to win. Then one of them said, "Let's ask Si Sin-se-nie to pray for us all, right now." Another said, "Well, if you are going to pray, please pray for my son and his family. I have prayed for him for years, but I am getting old now, and the time is growing short." And there were several other requests. So we asked the Sin-se-nie to lead us and any others who wanted to, to follow, and our social turned into a prayer-meeting. We have been greatly disheartened by the coldness and indifference in the Christians here, but this was a real encouragement.

Dear friends,—I know that my own spiritual life is far from what it ought to be; and I have no desire— even less right— to say anything to you which sounds like preaching. If you should ask me how it is that our weak human prayers can possibly do any good, or why it is that God will listen to us and will answer prayer, I couldn't explain it; I simply know that it is true. I have had some very definite and wonderful lessons in this line during the past few months. And I wonder how many of you will be willing— it means real effort, I know— to take a few moments each day to pray for poor, topsy-turvy China; to pray not only that wars may cease and peace may come and justice prevail, but also that the weak and fearful of the Chinese Christians may be strengthened, the strong ones kept strong, and that Chinese and foreigners alike may see anew the vision of Christ crucified. That is what we need. I wonder how many of you are willing to pray definitely, every day, for this your work out here, and so share with us the burdens that well-nigh overwhelm us?

Sincerely yours,

Abbie G. Sawyer
Mar. 23, 1926

Mother dear,

I couldn’t read this stirring appeal without doing my bit, so I’ve sent my $10 on to Miss Curmpton. That leaves my balance in St. Johnsbury.

$74.91 - I have a little in Lyndonville too.

When I read in your letter that you had had an accident I held my breath, wondering how many ribs you had broken this time or how many apples or corn you had eaten and may have spewed it out upon the kitchen stove or parlor sofa - and then glass rings! Yes, I really
I think you can use the racket without the rings all right.

I am much interested in the letters that come along now, to see what more each one will have to say about the fur coat—It's highly entertaining—I hope you don't think I'm worrying about worn spots all up and down the front. Tell Fred to come down a bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit. He said I'd need $225 in bit.
I hope he makes it - I wish I could help him out by sending him drawn work - but I don't see how I could give him the drawn work and then I don't know whether he would keep it carefully enough to be able to offer it for sale at any rate in speaking condition - the only way to make good sales.

And then if I sent it direct to him he would have duty to pay and he might not always have it! And I don't want to make any suggestion which would seem to make it feasible for Gladys to need to go to Waterville too - I really think there would be a sale for drawn work in Waterville if it were rightly advertised - Have yo
any ideas on the subject — and if so — what are they?

You're often asked about sending things by post. Sample post things are really not supposed to be merchandise, but given away — goods for sale are dutiable — and a fine is placed of avoidance of the law if you get caught at it.

Mrs. Solomon has made thousands. I suppose, in the school, by dranwork. I would feel justified in sending off the dranwork to America to make money for school — or, in this case not to make any money myself — Is that clear?

But — I should send it as dutiable goods —

Love Abbie
Dear Ones;

I'm sitting in my study by the fire (it is a damp cold day) and Mabellehas just put the "Palms" on the victrola. It doesn't seem a bit like Palm Sunday really. We didn't have a bit of special music in church this morning. I stayed home from the Christian Endeavor meeting this afternoon just so that I'd be sure to get my letters written to my beloveds and it is 4:30 now when I'm beginning!

Well if we didn't have a real Palm Sunday to-day we surely did have a real wedding last Wednesday. Mr. Tang Theng, brother of Ju Gek's husband, is teaching in the Academy this year. While he was in Shanghai he met the lady of his choice and a few weeks ago he went to Shanghai to bring her down. Well, maybe the church wasn't packed! They had the shutters all closed, and at the proper time an attendant turned on two flashlights so that folks could see the "principals." The flashlights were hidden in a very pretty arch of bamboo. The bride was beautiful, in white crepe de chine which draped all over with silver lined crystal beads, and a dream of a tulle veil with orange blossoms in tiara effect. Milice Chen was the bridesmaid, and she wore pale pink flowered silk damask and carried roses to match. The groom wore Newton's dress suit and really looked stunning. The best man was Chiuiahli, A-khong hia's second son, who used to hike to come to see Ruth Sperry. Edna Smith played the wedding marches and they did the whole thing up in regular foreign style. The groom and best man came in and waited near the organ for the bridesmaid and bride and the various flower girls and pages. Mr. Capen performed the ceremony and Elsie Kittlitz sang "O Perfect Love" and Dr Ashmore offered the closing prayer.

That was at 4 P.M. At 6 the wedding feast was held over in the old Academy building. About seventy-five people sat down, with an average of eight at each table. I couldn't begin to tell you all the good things that they had, from the shark's fins to the noodles and rice at the end of the feast, but I think they had all the delicacies that I ever heard of and about ten extra kinds that I never had heard of. Various ones of the young married men then proceeded to do the thing, that is proper at a Chinese wedding, and that is, to tease the bride. They demanded a speech from her, and when she got up and tried to make it they hissed and wouldn't hear him. Bill Chen wanted to ask her to tell about her experiences that day. Then Kan Chinh wanted her to tell her experiences ever since the day when she first met Tang Theng. Then somebody called on Newton to aid in persuading the bride to make a speech. He said that in his capacity as the president of the Ut-bou-nue, or fear-your-wife-society, about which this clique of young men has had a good deal of fun, he would suggest the Tang Theng be elected a member of that society. All in favor manifest by clapping. They went wild over that, of course. After a time the bride responded by a very nice little speech in which she thanked us all for coming.

Since the feast was set at six, we thought sure we should be out in time for prayer meeting, but we didn't get home until nine-thirty. So we didn't have any meeting this week!

I enclose the invitations got, both to the wedding and the supper — and the thank-you (the proper Chinese way) in my gift, which was a picture "Sun-Set Glow" from the Picture Review (framed) — lots of love
觀禮

結婚恭請

婚禮

陳許鳳鞠躬

華生或其家人，等

民國十五年三月廿四號下午四時

人民國家十五年三月 廿 四日 下午 四時

結婚 恭 請

小兒 騰 與 譚 鍾 麗 女士 在 磚 石 禮 拜 堂

珠寶什器 信封

Big character for double happiness on the other side.
Many thanks for your lovely wedding gift.
ordinary visiting card.

陳

騰

譚

another name
光臨

席設曽中會食室

即晚六時謹治喜筵恭請

陳許鳳鞠躬
Swatow, China
Apr. 5, 1926

Mother dear—

you'll think me a

pilgrim to let your birthday pass

without even scribbling you a

word— But I really have

been busy—

We just finished our Easter

today— We gave an Easter

oratorio, "The Dawn," in English,

and gave it its on new

building— the first time

that it has been really

used for any special affair.

It was a beautiful thing—

Mabelle and I had several

duets— and each of us several

solo, and the various groups of
girls had the splendid chorus-

The one "O grave where is thy victory" I'm sure I shall remember as long as I live--it was just thrilling.

Well, we have been working up to this as a sort of climax for about two weeks and now that it is done I'm tired and sleepy--and don't know whether I can settle down to proper work tomorrow or not.

Our Thursday evangelistic meetings are beginning, and also our postponed conference, as we shall have more breaks in our work--

Yesterday we had special music all day long--and then in the afternoon we went to sing the
Resurrection songs at Mr. Wells' grave, as we do every year —
Then my little Sunday school group came in to talk over
what they might do in the
way of personal work in these
coming meetings — They are
somewhat discouraged — Because
they "haven't the talent" for talking
to girls about being Christians,
and they are afraid it won't be
any use — etc. — They are earnest
little girls, though — I must stop & go to bed.

Love, love, love,

Ethel
No 69

Suzhou, China
Apr. 15, 1926

Dear Dear,

We are in the midst of Conference and I have never felt so rushed nor so absorbed by the affairs that must be done.

We have had some very difficult questions to talk over. Among them are the questions of the return to the field of Marjorie having Emily Miller and Missdollman. All of them had some doubtful or conditional votes and some of them definite negative votes.

Marjorie is not to come back. Min Sollman is invited back, after much talk pro and con and Emily is to be invited back.
with certain conditions stated — I have neither heart nor time to go into details now — But I am just heart-sick over having to have such discussions — People have been lovely about it, and have shown great sympathy with me and with Emily in having discussed this delicate and painful subject. Some people, though they love Emily, think she is temperamentally unfitted for mission work out here, especially just now — and I know they are conscience in that opinion. I'm not going to tell E. that I've told you anything about this. I was on the entertainment committee so that I had to help arrange for people to be entertained at this conference; I was put on the Social and Music Committee, so
that I have had to help arrange for
the accompanists in each session,
special music for each day, the
serving of tea at 4.15 each day -
and the program of the social evening
last night - (I didn't have to do it all, of course!)

I have been on the Women's
Committee, as I have had to meet
at all sorts of odd hours - and that
is where a great deal of this
aforementioned painful discussion
has taken place -

I have also been appointed on a
Resolutions and Findings Committee
in this city - and we have had
a good bit of work to do already -
I have spent at least 3 solid
hours on that alone -

Yesterday at the election of the
new Reference Committee, I was
dismayed to find that I was
elected as the Women's represen-
I cannot stand it. I blame it on my father; he is a very awkward hatter. But it has been so long in my mind...
Swatow, China
Apr. 16, 1926

Mother dear,

I don't usually write a letter in class, but my class this morning is an examination, and the two girls who are taking it are sitting right here under my nose— I have some English papers which I might correct but my head is too thick and heavy for that; for Conference closed about 10:30 last night, after a solid seven days of strenuous and some of it nerve-wracking work. One of our afternoons we did not meet for Conference, because the Reference Com. had to meet to work off surplus business.
I have never been so actively connected with Conference work - so I am getting a taste of what it really means.

In the first place - The matter of Emily's return has been a grievous heart rending thing - In view of a number of unfavorable votes in Conference, and the Nominees Committee to whom the matter was referred, made inquiries in the Girls' School to ascertain whether or not the Chinese thought she should be invited back. The first reading of the Teachers was that there were too many flaws in her past behavior; treatment of them,
3) attitude toward her work, etc. - but when they found that no other foreign teachers would take her place they decided that she should be asked to return.

In view of that, the Woman's Committee voted to recommend that E. be asked to return to the Girls' School as a short-term worker (the idea being to put her on probation). It was also stipulated that a very frank letter be written to her when that was brought up in Cof. after having been passed by the Reference Committee. Mrs. Hildreth of Chascomau got up and said that the dissatisfaction about E. was
a great surprise to her, and if there was a chance for it to be granted, she would like to see E. X. be sent up there.

Well! It was referred to the Woman's Comm. again—and then Mabelle threw her bomb. She stated that if E. was asked to come back to the Girls' School she would leave—that is, take an early furlough—and probably have it extended for the length of time that E. was out here. 3 years.

Well—the folks wouldn't stand that, for W. is needed here right now—and I really think
I should not care for the job myself of trying to keep together a school with E. and a bunch of Chinese teachers who do not approve of her but are merely willing to try her for the good of the work!

I said frankly, however, when they asked me, that I thought she was not as well fitted for the work in Chas. as she was for the school work down here. However, Mabel's statement was a monkey wrench thrown into the machinery, and so this matter went...
through. Miss McLeay is asked to take up the matter of E's designation to Clarach with E. and with the Bakers, who are now at home on furlough—

Whether Emily will have her pride, or shall I say, her spirit so stung by this awful load of criticism that she will determine to come back and make good, or a question. If I were she, I should want to crawl into a hole and die, and I think I should temporarily.

On the other hand, there were
Many expressions of love for her and of what a pity that she hadn't made the best use of her opportunities out here.

She may be so hurt and disgusted and insulted that she will never look at any of us again—or she may rise to the occasion and prove to everyone what a wonderful girl she can be.

The Committee finally decided that a frank letter should be written to the Board.
as well as to her. It is my private opinion that whether or not Emily decides that she can stand it, to make the try once more, the Board will never allow it after the "Frank letter" reaches them. Unless there is a marvelous change somewhere! By the way, the word "Frank" was stricken from the minutes that are to be printed, so it won't look quite so bad.

I feel like a rag now and when I was dressing this A.M.
and received a tender loving little note from our little teacher Miss Jo'n, it put me out of condition to take breakfast with the family.

I'm sure the impression, I fear, that this matter of E's return was the biggest thing in the Conference.

Anna Foster had been here only a day or two when word came that a man had attacked Haying Academy. Takey possession of the buildings and blood shed such as
human eye could not bear

to see". Modified versions
of this have come since,
but the situation up there is
considered so serious that
our Consul has ordered
all the Baying people to
leave and come down to
the port. That means closing
the Girls' School, where there
is no danger whatever. She
says, and she is furious.
But there seems to be no
help for it, in spite of her
(almost pitiful pleading) She doesn't know now whether she will be allowed to go back and help close the school and she is in a woeful state indeed. We all hope that that's matter is a temporary hindrance only, but it is a big one.

It would appear that I am in demand for committees and such these days. I have been elected to the Reference Committee, the Woman's
11) Committee, the Publicity Committee and then to cap the climax, when the nomination was made for the third member of the Executive Comm. of the Ref. Comm., the name was mine and I was elected!

This is a new committee, to act when an emergency arises and business must be talked over and decided with the Chairs, and there is not time to call the whole Reference Committee.
12. together. The Chairman of the Ref. Com. (who this year is Dr. Grocebeck) and the Secretary of same (Mr. Page) are members ex-officio. It seemed wise though not necessary & elected as Women's Board member, and (from the Ref. Com) and I am the one. Edith Traver should be, but her health is poor - so it falls to me. What shall I ever
do with all these honors? It was a complete surprise to me (this last bit) and after the nomination I made a little speech in which I said that it ought not to be some one who had been on Rep. Com. before and some one who had better judgement, good sense etc. They promptly elected me!

Well - I feel now as though I had been drawn through a knot-hole - I have the
14) Business before me now of writing & Emily—I don't anticipate this task with a great deal of pleasure!

Pray for Emily—

Love.

P.S. Indeed has come that Anna is allowed to go up to close the School, but not to stay—
Dear Mother and Father,

In the rush of conference, and getting off to you news of the immediate burdens on my mind, I have failed to answer some questions that came in your last letter. I'm glad that I had already suggested helping with draw-down work before father's letter came asking me to help Arthur. I presume in my letter about draw-down work I didn't sound very generous, but it has been in my mind that if I did anything about the draw-down work, I would send just as much as I had money to buy, every time I sent. I had far rather skimp out here and get along in order to help Arthur, than to touch the first nickel. But I think you know without my saying it that I would give my last cent from there if that was what was needed to help Arthur along, and if that necessity comes, be assured you may depend on me to do it. In the meantime, I shall be glad of any suggestions about the draw-down work. Do you think Arthur could handle some in Waterville, or what?

When I had my picture taken in San Francisco I had done my hair up in curls, the night before. I
dressed it all myself and the reason it looks different, I think, is that I fixed it just before I sat for the picture and left my hair set as the photographer told me. Do you like the picture? I believe I like it better or worse as time goes by? I have never had my less than I did - but I'm not sure - hair dressed by a professional but once - that was in Worcester some 13 years ago! No, I did not send for your writing paper - though I think it's a very good idea, and I'll remember it maybe, sometime in future. Too bad it was all wrong!

You need not worry about my becoming a modernist. I presume some of the Pre-Millennialists out here would consider anyone a modernist who did not interpret or literal every word of Scripture. I cannot bring myself to agree with them, though there have been times when I have conscientiously tried to see their point of view. I cannot agree with a good deal that Huxley says. But I do admire him as a man, and some of his thoughts have been very helpful to me. What I want is to be able to hold myself open-minded so that I can see how to choose the right, no matter where it comes and not simply stick to a thing because it is and not simply stick to a thing because it is and not simply stick to a thing because it is and not simply stick to a thing because it is.

Mann. — Much love to you both.

Abbie.