Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Mother dear,

Emily just got in yesterday and this is some paper that she had left over so I'm using it.

Her steamer, the "Pres. Grant," got in at 7.30 yesterday morning. I had breakfast at 6, left her at 6.30, took the Company's launch out to the dock to meet her— in the pouring rain! My, but it is good to see her! We got our tickets right away on a tiny little tug that leaves for Swatow at daylight to-morn. Then we went around and did the shopping that we had to do, including a lot of commissions.
from Swatow folks that reached me Monday afternoon. They are wonderful commissions, some of them — Kenneth Robert wanted me to get some presents for the doctor and nurse who helped with the care of Naneta and the new baby (Charles Warren, born this Aug.) and he said "we suggest cloisonné or anything you think is dainty or useful or they may want in need"! Very explicit!

So we got two very Chinesey cloisonné vases for Ray Bohn and Clara Leach (Clara had charge of Naneta beforehand), and a set of little black wood tea tables for Velva — Hope they will like them.

Our boat is to stop in Anmy two or three days and we expect to stay with Mrs. Goodens, who has invited us to stay there.
I'm sorry we can't get down any sooner, but we'll get there about the eighth, and that is as soon as I planned to get back, any way.

Must get off to steamer now - love -

Abbie
Dear Ones,

The last letter I wrote was no. 91 but I'm afraid it didn't get numbered—Where was I anyway? I think Emily had just come in that day or the day before and we were pretty busy. She got to Shanghai Tuesday A.M. and we got aboard one steamer for Swatow on Wednesday night. They told us at the office that the boat would be stopping for two days in Aug. so we sent a cable to Mrs. Gooden, who had invited us to stop there. After we got out to sea we found that the boat would not stop there for much more than an hour! So we decided to stop there for a few minutes but in the meantime we didn't even get sight of Mrs. G! We were glad to get to Swatow sooner than we thought.

When we got into harbor the doctor came aboard and said that the boat had arrived very unexpectedly. No one was expecting it until Tuesday, and that was Sunday morning. He asked us to go ashore with him and we thought it was the best chance that we would have. Our cables to
the folks here said arriving Tuesday. So we came ashore with him. We got up here, only to find all the folks gone down to the other jetty to meet us! By the time we had scrambled down the hill again they were back from the boat, hot and rather resenting the fact that we hadn't waited for them. They have recovered from that state of mind by now, I guess. Partly because of circumstances and partly because I wasn't sure that Isabelle would be back from Hongkong. I wrote to Mr. Page saying that I would send the cable to him. Then a letter came saying that Mr. would be back in Swatow, so Emily cabled her to do.

Sept 10

Well, we got here any way, and it is very good to be back again and to have Emily here. On Tuesday we went to Chaoyang to see the Grosbecks, and came back the next day. I can't seem to think of anything I did yesterday except potter around unpacking my things, and go over to see Mr. Waters who is pinned up in the house with something which is partly asthma and...
partly bronchitis. This morning we had a long teachers' meeting, followed by a meeting of the committee on program for the opening exercises of school; this afternoon two of the new teachers and I have been struggling over making out entrance examinations for two classes in Algebra, getting them translated into Chinese, and then solving them to see that they are stated correctly and are not too hard! That took us until six o'clock. These two girls have never taught before, and I have not taught algebra for several years — then only the most rudimentary. We shall have some fun getting brushed up on it, if we can find the time!

I haven't got my pictures up and got settled yet. I suppose I can't do that very well until Emily goes — Some of her pictures have been hanging on my walls, and I have been using some of her — and I have been using some of her —

When the flurry of moving furniture — When the flurry of moving furniture is over, it will be easier for me to find out where I am, so to speak — It was the same old Emily who met me in Shanghai — and it didn't take us two seconds to get back to the same old footing again — She seemed then
exactly the same as she used to be, but since we have been down here I’ve seen a great difference in her attitude. She always was so very dear and thoughtful and all those things – to me when we were alone together, but now she is obviously making a valiant effort to redeem past mistakes and atone for anything and everything that she can, and is showing that side to others as well as to me. Mabelle has been lovely to her – and she has been lovely to Mabelle – (I needn’t have had so many qualms about her coming here to stay on her way up to Charchouf, I guess.) She feels that she worked hard before – she did, too – and that she was disapproved of – her work not acceptable, etc. – now she is at a loss to know how to act or what to do. She wants desperately to make good – and I believe she will. People were afraid she wouldn’t want to do country work – but that is what she is definitely planning for now – and
she seems ready to go almost any length to do the right thing. Some people may think it is as part of enthusiasm only, but I don't think so. It is not any too easy for her to give up her work with the girls—(she liked it so much!) especially for her to be here just at the time when we are so busy as can be getting ready the work or rather the plans for the year's work. It seems the only plans for the year's work. Is just now is a mathematics teacher! She is a whiz at math, and a fine teacher, too.

Each of us has had a little private talk about that. But it will be good for me to get brushed up in that subject again and I imagine that it will be good for us not to be together all the time. Emily admits that she is beginning to feel that way— and while it is hard—and the whole situation that she is having to meet is a hard one, yet she is meeting it bravely—She has cried once or twice a wee bit, but has braced up and stopped herself (by whistling a tune, once!) and not given in to the mood.

I am very hopeful—and I want you to pray for her— I know you will be glad to, and very likely are doing so, even now—
I don't yet know who of my old pupils will be back—nor do I know whether any one will elect my Bible course this term. I don't even know what my subject is to be if I do have a class—it may be the same one I had last term.

Dearest—I think about you so much. I don't know whether I've had all your letters or not—I rather expected another more than I had when I got back here. Perhaps it followed me up to Peitaho and will be back soon!

Pa Sanderen—don't you know any better than to go splitting yourself up in kindling wood? Shouldn't past experience weigh more? See that be your teacher in such matters. See that you don't do such a thing again!

Love—love—love—

Abbie
Dear One —

Our Saturday I finished this letter & Miss M.c.V. That it has been almost an herculean task for me is shown by the length of time that has elapsed since I began to write it (Oct. 9.). And also, I have no doubt by various awkward expressions that have managed to creep in as I have tried to wrest words and phrases and meanings into a semblance of relationship & one another. Considering the difficulty of the subject I had to write about, however, I don't know how I could have put it into much smaller space. My first draft would have filled about four pages instead of two — the ones out here who know about the situation have said it is a clear, fair-minded letter. But I should
like to know how it strikes you—and that will help me to know how it is likely to strike the Board. We don't yet know, of course, whether they will uphold us in this action. We think they will—but we are not sure—and this is the letter that "pleads our case." I do wish I had the faculty of sitting down and reeling off a thing like this ready made, as some people can do.

Just now it is Monday morning, 10 o'clock, I have had an enema, two pills, my breakfast, devotions with the servants, Bible class with the Junior High girls, and a music lesson! (Are any of these seem unrelated to each other? The first two are to help ward off a cold which is threatening.)

Just now I am giving an Algebra examination to the Senior High II, and taking the opportunity to scribble
a line to you in the meantime. Oh! I wonder where you will be at Christmas time! I realize that it will probably be impossible for me to know in time to send you a Christmas letter direct. But I shall send it to Sutton unless I hear otherwise. Of course for I suppose there is some possibility that you may be there.

"Today we begin another grand scramble." This afternoon a Chinese Romanic Committee at 2; then at 4.30 the foreigners' farewell reception to the Welmaes. Tomorrow morning a Foreign Romanic committee, R.M. Reference Committee, evening joint meeting of foreign, Reference and Ling Tong Executive Committees - and I don't know how long that will continue.

I don't know whether I told you that I was very much concerned at the time of the Ling Tong Council meeting.
because we foreign women didn't agree about the matter. Miss Leaver was for holding out for our "demand", and the rest of us were in various stages of willingness to cooperate. But Miss Leaver got rather sharply called down in some of the meetings, and finally came to see that she was really blocking the wheels of progress. I didn't know what she would think of my next to the last paragraph. But I have read her the letter, and she agrees to it all — so we are getting along and will be "happily ever after" situated, I hope —

Have I written a letter's worth yet? I wonder? I think of you every day — and know that you do of me —

With love — and then some,

Alice.
Swatow, China, Oct. 9, 1926

Miss Mabelle Ree McVeigh
259 Fifth Avenue
New York City

My dear Miss McVeigh:

Things have been happening out here since you last heard from the South China Women’s Committee. In the absence of Dr. Leach last week I was appointed secretary pro tem, and in that capacity I write to you now.

The meetings of the Ling Tong Council began the evening of Sept. 29. Because of the misunderstanding and dissatisfaction that had become apparent at the closing session of the Convention last summer, we were reasonably sure that the question of cooperation in women’s work would be brought up. For a time, however, nothing was said. It was evident that they were waiting for us to make the next move.

In a meeting where all the Women’s Board missionaries of the Ling Tong field except two were present it was voted to favor giving five per cent of our gross appropriation for the expenses of the Ling Tong Council, as the General Board did last year. This action was later endorsed by the Reference Committee and went into effect October 1st. We also asked the Council to appoint representatives to meet with us to discuss the matter of cooperation or “adjustment.” (See minutes of Sept. 30, noon)

When the trustees of the Kityang and the Kakchich hospitals met a new phase of the situation came to light. They wanted the entire handling of funds, and the entire charge of the hospital plants, with authority to call or dismiss any or all employees. They asked whether the foreign women were willing to cooperate to this extent. They expressed their intention of resigning in a body if such authority was not given to them. They requested an immediate answer.

All the women workers assembled once more. No vote was needed for cooperation, for that had been passed long ago; theoretically, we were cooperating. The medical workers were of the opinion that handing over the entire charge of the hospitals to an inexperienced Board of Trustees was a most irregular thing, but they saw no other way, and were willing to try it. The method of having a Woman’s Committee to discuss woman’s work seemed to us the best one, and we hoped the Chinese would see it that way. Affairs had come to a crisis, however, and much depended upon our attitude and immediate action.

As far as we could see there was but one thing to do. We therefore decided to agree to the plan for entire cooperation in all lines of the work, whether or not all the conditions we wished for were fulfilled. The experience of the past year has proved that when given free rein the Chinese are very willing to take advice; and the most of us are hopeful that the influence of our doctors and nurses will still be so felt that the hospital work will not be seriously impaired.
Our conference with six of the Chinese leaders was a satisfactory one in many ways. At the outset we expressed our regret that misunderstandings had arisen, and asked them to tell us frankly what they would like for us to do. They hoped the women missionaries would be willing, they said, to cooperate with them just as the General Board missionaries are doing. They admitted that they had never approved our plan for a Woman's Committee through any matters relating to Woman's work might pass. Educational matters, they maintained, should be referred directly to the Educational Committee, evangelistic to the Evangelistic Committee, and so on. Because we had insisted, they had appointed a Woman's Committee, but had intended it to be a special one to deal with special conditions only.

They assured us that they had no intention of trying to divert any money from the work for which it was given. They would not dare to think of such a thing as that. But they do hope that by having all the work head up in the single organization improvements that are needed in the various departments will be made possible. When Miss Traver told them that we had agreed to cooperate fully, she then asked, "And now, what will you do?"

"Appoint more women on the committees immediately, for one thing," was the reply.

Sure enough at the very next session two more women were appointed as full members of the Executive Committee, and enough women were put on all other committees (though not yet with voting power, since the sanction of the Convention is required) to make the number of men and women nearly equal. They obviously want to meet us halfway.

The Council leaders are exceedingly eager to launch an evangelistic campaign over the whole field, led by two secretaries, one Chinese and one foreign, who shall begin their labors at once. These two women are not easy to secure. Workers fitted for such a task are none too numerous; school work and other programs have already been planned and started for the winter. The project is now under debate and we hope some way may be found to carry it out.

As I read this letter I realize that you may think "unconditional cooperation" was forced upon us and that we acceded to it with reluctance. That is not actually the case. While it seemed the only way of avoiding an absolute break at the time, yet many of us had been growing more and more convinced that it was the only wise way to pursue.

We hope you will approve of the attitude we have taken; our prayer is that this measure may prove to be the step in advance that it promises to be.

Most sincerely yours,

Abbie J. Sanderson
Minutes of Woman's Committee (Cont.)

Voted:

That the White Cross box which came to Miss Fleming after her departure for America be handed over to Dr. Everham for the hospital, as suggested in a letter from Mr. Stafford; that Dr. Everham pay the amount forwarded by Miss Culley for duty, landing charges, etc.

That new language students be asked to consult with the Language Committee before taking extra work.

Adjourned Sept. 30 (noon)

Voted:

To request the Ling Tong Council to appoint representatives, both men and women, to meet with representatives of the Woman's Foreign Mission Board for the purpose of discussing adjustment of the relation of Woman's Work to the Ling Tong organization; this meeting to be held this afternoon or early to-morrow.

To appoint Miss Bohn as a third member of the committee appointed this morning, and to ask this committee to meet with such representatives as may be appointed by the Ling Tong Council to discuss adjustment of relations.

Adjourned Oct. 1, 1925

Voted:

To approve Miss Johnson's request for $30. from the Woman's Reserve Fund for additional travel expense this year due to purchase and upkeep of ricksha.

Adjourned
Minutes of the Woman's Committee of the South China Mission.

Kakohiah, Swatow, Sept. 29, 1926

Voted:

To appoint Miss Sanderson secretary pro tem.

To co-opt Miss Bohn in place of Dr. Leach.

To co-opt Mrs. Giffin in Miss Foster's place.
To co-opt Miss Miller in Mrs. Hildreths' place.

To ratify correspondence vote taken last spring, as below:

We approve of Miss Pue's request for an extension of time (two or three years) for payment of her Student Loan; the reason being that she has been granted a scholarship at the graduate school of the University of Michigan.

To appoint Miss Traver the member from the Woman's Committee to act as "big sister" to our new missionary, Miss Campbell, as requested by Miss McVeigh.

That Miss Sanderson be asked to give to the Chinese Woman's Committee the letter from the Federation of Mission Boards concerning the observance of a World's Day of Prayer, and that she be asked to confer with them regarding the translation and distribution of the same.

To ask the secretary to answer Mrs. Goodman's letter of Aug. 14 with a cordial letter of welcome.

To approve Miss Traver's request that Miss Campbell's room be screened at once and that the rest of the house (Eastview) be screened as soon as possible, and to recommend that the money for screening Miss Campbell's room be taken from the Woman's Reserve Fund for the present.

To adjourn until to-morrow morning at 8:30, when all the Woman's Board members are asked to meet with the Committee.

Sept. 30, 1926

Voted:

To recommend that the Reference Committee inform the Ling Tong Council that the foreign Woman's Committee favors giving 5% from the gross appropriations for the expenses of the Ling Tong Council (this to include the 1% already voted for travel of Chinese Woman's Committee members).

To appoint Miss Traver and Miss Sanderson a committee to talk with Secretary Tai and with members of the Chinese Woman's Committee regarding the above recommendation.
September 16, 1926

Dearest:

School opened yesterday; that is, we had entrance examinations and I was at school all day giving algebra and English exams. This morning we had the formal opening exercises. We haven’t usually made very much of that occasion, but the new teachers were all quite anxious to do so. I’m sure we have a girl who is back from Yenching College in Peking, one from Shanghai Baptist College, and one from Canton Christian College. None of them are graduates, but they have at least been away to study and have the prestige; they have a great many new ideas, too. They are young and full of enthusiasm, and with our two last years graduates, and the three of me—
former girls who were already teaching with the one older woman teacher, Miss Yang, they ought to make a splendid team; we still have the three men teachers to—

So this morning one of the pupils played the organ and the school stood to sing the school song while all of us teachers marched in and sat in our places up front. Then we had a short program which included introducing the new teachers and a message from the principal (Miss Culley, this year) emphasizing a motto of four Chinese characters which had been hung in a prominent place, which is being taken as a kind of motto for the year. Literally translated the character
are "Man's level (grade plane) established in the country." The level of a nation, his fiber, caliber, personality, is what is the foundation of a country. "Hang keh lip kok," is the way to say the Chinese of it. We sang a Chinese patriotic song, then saluted the flag. Had 3 minutes of silent meditation, then a special song for the occasion, then prayer by Mrs. Waters, then marched out again, faculty first. It was really a very nice little occasion.

Emily went over and sat on the "side lines"—it has been a very hard week for her—and I was so sorry for her today! She just felt out of it, and conspicuous—but she has been very dear and brave about it—and I don't believe anyone else
but we dream how hard it has been.

She expected to be here only a few days, but has been waiting for the Hildreths - Mrs. Hildreth is going to help her take up her things. Mrs. H. has not been well and they have been delayed. So she has been here just through the opening week of school, when we have both (M. & I.) been very busy, while she had nothing to do but stay over here and get some of her things together. She would have given anything to be somewhere else today, I know but she carried it through with flying colors and was so sweet about it all.

She leaves tomorrow morning probably then comes back next week to put her furniture etc. on a boat & Mr.
Hildreth will take the trip up with it. The whole experience of getting back here is very hard for one of her spirit. She came when we were not expected, and of course there were no Chinese to go out to meet her. School not in session yet. I know she hopes not to be here when Miss Sollman gets here — in a host of Chinese will be waiting on the dock for her. I suppose — 

Well — I don't want to make any rash predictions, and I won't, but I do think that Emily's spirit since she has been back here is just wonderful. Mabelle has been lovely to her, and she is. Mr. Ashmore and Mrs. Waters have both been especially nice to her, and —
she is surprising them. I think in some ways. However I'll say no more.

What do you think of me with a beautiful solitaire diamond ring? I'm not sure you will approve, but I'm wearing it anyway.

Emily wrote to me that she had had a pair of earrings willed to her, and she was going to have one set for me. When she gave it to me the morning she arrived I made sure that she understood I wouldn't think of considering a gift.

A valuable thing like that ought not to go out of her family. She had already thought I would feel that way, and agreed. I'll put in a picture of the nearest thing I can find in the jeweler's catalog.
It is white gold 18K and looks just like platinum. I wear it on my right hand - it fits that one better.

I'm enclosing a copy of my report of the Ling Tong Convention. I was late getting it written and it has not recently been sent off. I realize that some one else may have written before I did and so theirs get printed before mine gets there. But I was delegated as a member of the publicity department committee to do this, and promised to send to "Missions" - I hated to have to say that I never wrote it, so I finally got busy and did it.

How do you think it sounds? It was hard to write truthfully.
without giving some more impression, yet this report is not even as
enthusiastic as I felt at the time.
Classes began today — it is now
10 P.M. and I have Algebra one of
the first things in the morning —
So — goodnight.
With love —
Aubie.
No 94
Swatow, China
Sept 26, 1926

Dear Ones:

Half past eight Sunday night; with you it is half past seven Sunday morning, and you are just having breakfast. Motten hair is still in "horns," and maybe she has a boudoir cap and felt slippers on. Well, if you were out here you wouldn't have felt slippers on, I bet! It is 84 here in my study with the door and both windows wide open. It has been very hot all day—and breathlessly so from about three until a little while ago. The typhoon signals are up, the barometer is still dropping, and I rather guess that we are in for a blow. The boy has closed all the shutters downstairs and up in the attic and we must be prepared, I suppose. I got up in the middle of the night.
to close our bedroom ones too. But it is too suffocatingly hot to do it yet. Of course it may blow around and not amount to anything.

We have started in on another period of watching and waiting. I wonder whether you read in the papers the item that an American gunboat had been fired on from a Chinese temple, and the marines had in return fired upon the temple so heavily that it was utterly demolished. There is small likelihood that an incident of such character will be overlooked in such troubled times as these; and we are pretty sure to hear from it.

Rumors vary widely; one day the southern victories up north are celebrated by all the schools in Nanking; the next, a report comes that northern armies are marching boldly upon us, they have reached a point very few miles north of Nanying, nothing can stop them, etc. But still
nothing really happens. The latest report is that the boycott of the English will be off. Sept. 10. That will be too good to be true. I cannot believe that it will actually happen, or think what it will seem like to have things return normal again.

Mrs. Hutter and I were over in Swatow yesterday; we were stopped as we were getting into the rickshaw by a man across the street who shouted reviling words at the ricksha driver and asked them if they didn't know they were taking anyone in their rickshas in such a careless fashion, without even asking what country they belonged to. We started to walk away, but the men were anxious to have fares, so after ascertaining that we were Americans, they urged us to sit in their rickshas. It all makes you feel that there is a nasty
undercurrent of feeling there all the time that you don't know when it will burst out, nor how volcanic the eruption will be! (Now's that for mixed metaphors.) I shouldn't say "nasty", I suppose, for taking all things into consideration the Chinese can scarcely be blamed for resenting the state of things here in China. People may talk all they want to of how years ago certain things were "all the fault of the Chinese." They weren't the fault of these very Chinese who are here today—and these are the ones who present the present "unequal treaty" situation. And I don't blame them.

Well, I suppose you would like to know what I am doing with myself. I teach twenty-five periods a week, five Algebra, five organ, and the rest English. For the present I am having six of Bible
Study also—later I may have a few more of organ, though I hope not. I have besides that, an hour for study and preparation with a Chinese teacher every day. On Sunday I have Sunday School at 8:30 A.M. (I am the superintendent of the Intermediate Department). I have there the church service which follows S.S. In the P.M. we have C.E. meeting, at which the church choir sings, and the rehearsal church choir comes in the evening, just as last term. I am still trying to catch up. I have no time, for I have no answer book and have to work the problems all out myself. I am a little rusty, and I haven't learned the Chinese terms yet.

Then I have a class in English, where three or four grades of pupils are studying, including high school seniors, high school graduates.
and our college girls teachers - it takes time to prepare a lesson that will call for individual work of such widely varying grade. I still have the organ pupils to arrange - I am still the Adviser for W. W. G.

This week is bound to be somewhat broken. Tuesday afternoon there is a meeting at which Dr. Ashman is dedicating his life work, the translation of the Bible into Swatow Collegial. The following day the Committee meets, and after that the Chinese Committee of Eighty, to which the foreigners are all invited this time, I believe. The question of co-operation with the women is coming up at this session - and the foreigners do not agree yet as to what we ought to do - so I can't think just what sort of a rumpus we may have.
May I ask you to get me a pair of shoes when you have a chance? Walkover, 39-10-254-277P is the number in the shoe I have. The one I have is a too strap, but I am enclosing pictures of others I had as soon have. I want black, kid or light weight patent leather—not a very heavy sole, heels rather low (as in no. 1), rather, heels preferred. I got my last good pair of black shoes wet in Shanghai and would like to have some new ones on hand. I think the size is 7½ B but the above number probably tells.

After you have saved out enough money to pay for these, will you please tell me how much money I have in the bank? I should like to send Arthur, or Gladys, a check for about $50 at Christmas. If there is none left in Lynden after paying falters in the bonds or whatever you call them, then I
shall need to write an order on the First National in Boston - I had thought perhaps I could manage some drawn work - but I think that might be more of a bother to you and to Arthur than it would be worth.

Or am I all twisted, and is Father still waiting to sell one those bonds, and hasn't had his pay for them, but is still waiting for the order to him from First National? I seem to be all balled up.

And to whom do you think I'd better send the check, to Arthur or to Gladys? Where would it go faster, or wouldn't it make any difference? I want to do something more than this later, but I believe I did not try drawn work or any thing else unless I hear more definite approval from you.

Is Gladys' address just Essex center, or what?
5) I hear more doors blowing and I must go and get them closed and go to bed. The wind has come up good and strong now —

Oh yes — if you know of anyone who wants to give me a Christmas present, tell them a white iron shoe horn; I broke mine in two the other day.

I should like it very much if you could send me about ten pounds of Botan coffee, put into tin cans, and packed in a wooden box — and also a coffee pot (1 qt. or so) with a fixture inside it something like the one in yours, mother. I have sent two yokes to Mrs. Gray of Brooklyn, and will send tailing soon —

I'm too sleepy I think.

Love, love, Abbie
Oct 6, 1926

Dear Mother,

Your letters of Sept 5 and Sept 10 have just arrived tonight, and I have enjoyed them so much, but they are nos. 93 and 94, and here I'm only writing 95 just now, a whole month behind you. One of my ambitions is to catch up with you so that when you get say letter no. 105 from me, it will be just as you are sending no. 105 to me—instead of it being a month or so behind yours. Suppose I can do it?

If I hope to accomplish that little if I hope to accomplish that little thing, however, I shall have to begin to write you a little more than one letter a week, instead of only one in a week and a half, as per this present week!

Last Wednesday our Woman's Committee met. Then in the evening...
The fall meeting of the Long Island Baptist Council began. I tried to get something ready for my girls to do each time class period got that assigned, and then I went to every session of the Council. I had Woman's Committee meetings in between, and Reference Com. and Executive Com. and Chinese Woman's Com. and Chinese Finance Com. and I was one of a special Committee to talk with the Chinese on the matter of cooperation with the Woman's Board workers.

We had a hectic time. Clara had a hectic time. Clara was not here, so they elected me Sec. pro tem of the Woman's Com. I have the minutes all written up, but I have to write a "covering" letter to Mrs. McVeigh.

The dissatisfaction of the Chinese men at the lack of
Tollingness of some of the foreign women (all of them, I guess they thought) has been growing all the time - but some of us could not believe that the time was ripe to give all money and all control into the hands of the Chinese men.

When Edith, Traver and Katharine, Bohn and I were appointed on that special committee, I did not know what we should do, because I knew we did not all agree. I thought we ought to cooperate, and Edith thought not yet. Well, before the time came for that special meeting other things happened that made Edith see that we ought to give in to them now - The whole board of trustees of the hospitals would have resigned if we hadn't done so - And a lot more.
Well the long and short of it is that we had a meeting of all the Women Board members and voted unanimously to join in and cooperate. It sounds silly to write it, but it is what we did last spring. Only Chinese and foreigners put different interpretations on the conditions attacked. We thought we were going to have things go through a Woman's Committee. They let us have a Woman's Committee just because we insisted, but they never intended it should have any power. And when that Com. did discuss things, they (men) raved and ranted that it was none of the Woman's Committee's business. Well, I guess I've written the rest of this before.
Now however, we are still planning to cooperate, fully. But this time unconditionally, whereas before we insisted on more reaching the women's side - more women on committees, etc. As soon as they found out that we had so decided, they appointed two new members on the executive committee and more women on all the committees. So all of this I have to write to Win McFeigh. I'm too sleepy to write more. I should have begun by telling about Dr. Ashmore's birthday celebration — it was a service held on their veranda — dedicating the finishing of his life work, the translation and revision of the Bible into Swatoso Colloquial. I don't know just how many people were there — perhaps 70 or 80.
I was asked to usher people to their seats— and I went nearly to take a picture of Dr. Ashmore as he translated the last verse of his revision— I won't miss of this scene now— but you'll read of it in News. I think it was beautiful.

As I said, I'm sleepy, but I must stop now— get my algebra lesson, correct papers, (take an exam!?) and go to bed. I should have gone to prayer meeting tonight but I couldn't manage. Yes— I have to get a Bible lesson ready for tomorrow too.

Love— love—

P.S. Thank you for the eight dollars— if you get any more, keep it there. Is Arthur training or being tortured? No— I have not bobbed my hair! Am enclosing Pei's pictures— Peking ones will come later.
Dear Ones,

you used to say that when I didn't write you were worried, because when I was doing anything worth while I always wrote about it. Well - I have been doing things, lots of 'em - but so many of them are so little that I don't know whether they are really worth while or not.

First let me say that I don't know what letter this ought to be - The last I have down is 95, on 08/16 - but I'm sure I have written to you since then! However - maybe I have so I'll let the record stand until I hear from you.

No letter from you for ten days,
and I'd like to have one!

Since I've written to you (by the record) we have had the meetings of the Swaton Nukelic Association. In a way they were just as important as the meetings of the Line Tong Council which met the last of September. This is the leading Association and a great many important questions were discussed. I didn't go the first day, for I didn't think I could miss school—but I decided that I was missing too much that it was necessary for me to hear—so I just gave up and went to the meetings as the others did.

I got myself(!) put on the Association Finance Committee—and had to meet on that and other committees a number of times—and try to make up school work between times. I went to my 8:30 Bible class every morning besides.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Barber
(Gerry?)

from Gary, Indiana, came up from Hongkong. He has been a pastor, fine one, too, I should judge— and they are now on their way to India to visit Olive, their daughter—the brilliant young woman who teaches philosophy in the university in Madras. She has an M.A. and almost a P.H.D., and part of this graduate work has been taken in Sanskrit— and she is really marvellous. I heard about her from Miss Booker (the little old lady at Hassettville who is not allowed to go back to India.) Miss Booker just about worships her.

Well—although I'd had a very busy day Sunday and had missed a good many lessons the preceding
week – yet it seemed to be up to me to take the Barbers to Chaoyang on Monday. It was their only glimpse of China — and I took them through the real Chinese city in sedan chairs, though we could have gone by train a shorter way — (we did coming back.) It was a cold day — and we came back in low tide and the launch got stuck on the sandbar. But we got off after an hour of shifting, and got home before dark.

I was very glad that we did — in the girls school had a little meeting in the Ashmores in the evening. The girls and teachers presented her —
with a beautiful drawnwork set of table linen; 1 teacloth, 6 napkins, two runners and six place cloths—w ith her initial—since two of the school building were put up by money that came from the drawnwork which she started, the gift was really very appropriate. She appreciated it. They gave Dr. Ashmore two handsome red satin book marks—painted. There was a little program and then Dr. & Mrs. A. both made farewell speeches, and then there was some more singing. The girls repeated a good number of scripture passages, using the Swatow dialect in which Dr. Ashmore has translated the
Bible —

Tonight we have had prayers meeting and now I am too sleepy to see, almost.

Next Monday we have a farewell reception for the Ashmores than Tuesday begin the meeting, Thursday a.m. P.M. Joint meeting of Ref. Com. + Ling Tong Council in the evening and for as many days following as necessary! And in the meantime, teaching the best that I can do this. I'm afraid it won't be as good as it might be, because of too little preparation, will have to be omitted.

With love,

You may be sure I'm following your letters very anxiously, and earnestly — and prayerfully, just now! — Q.
Dear Ones -

Again it is late in the week before I even got my letter to you started. I feel ashamed, for I had such a good letter from you yesterday. I had a pretty good mail considering that I have written almost no letters since way back last spring. I haven't even written to Edna Smith since she got home - I know I ought to be short, but I just haven't had time. Yesterday I had letters from you - from T. Paul, M. Bovell, Marjorie Fleming, Edith Pratt Brown, and Mrs. Ladd.

Poor Mabel B.! She has been on her back more than 12 weeks, and has no hope of getting well for two years, at the minimum. Her work again in China is needing.
fatter and fatter. She says—
She has gastric ulcers—and I

don’t know just what else—

But it is pretty tough, I say.

Last week was hectic—and

don’t know that I know where I

am yet. We had meetings of the

Reference Committee—and joint

meetings with the Chinese Executive

Comm. for practically two solid days.

Wednesday night we finished and

were glad we could manage it.

But we had to sit up until 12 P.M.

to do it. That final evening we

had some Chinese visitors: Mr. Lai,

who has just finished special work

in Peking and is going to Korea.

He spoke to us of some of his aims

and hopes. Mr. Lai and Mr. Fu.

fought the request from the Reference

Committee from the Chinese exec.

that we choose someone to be

the General Evangelistic Sec. They

had asked Mrs. Poolman and
she refused, so they want us to find somebody. Then after that we had a discussion, in which they joined, about the registration of schools. We are facing big questions along that line; we have been facing them, or rather, hedging them, for a long time. New regulations that have just come out look as though we could not hedge very much longer. He may have to cable home for permission to register, for the Home Office has asked us not to register without cabling. After the Chinese folks had gone we voted to ask Mr. Bollman to allow her name to be given to the Chinese as a candidate for the position of Gen. Es. Sec.

They have a committee was appointed
to go and ask her, but they haven't seen her yet. (Mr. Waters hasn't been well, and Mr. Speicher has been quite sick.) After that we went over all the requests for appropriations for next year—and it was 12 before we quit.

They had appointed me recording sec. again—so I was kept busy—I hustled up to get the notes typewritten from Mr. Page on Thursday—because I wanted to get it off my mind, and I knew, too, that he would want to be getting them in shape to send home pretty soon.

On Friday we had Miss Dollman and Elsie over for supper—and the Giffens—who have just gone back to N.Y. this week. Miss Dollman brought her pictures and told us a lot about the trip thru the Holy Land—I do want to go!
Sunday was the usual round—beginning at 8.30 A.M. and lasting through till after 8 P.M. I've had a beautiful little baptism service in the morning. The only one who was baptized was Mrs. Tai, wife of Dr. Tai Kwen-it who has just come back from America—They say that when he was baptized, she was violently opposed to it, and so ashamed that she went away and hid herself—ashamed of him for doing it— I mean—

Mr. Kim has also come back and we are very glad that he has accepted the position of General (men's) Evangelistic Secretary and that Dr. Tai has consented to take the position of Executive Secretary—Dr. Tai has shown a fine spirit to—and as Mr. Page said in Com., things are—
looking far brighter than they did a few months ago in the Ling Yoo churches.

Another thing that pleases us is the breaking at last of the strike and boycott against the British. It has lasted a year and five months — (four +) and now it is off. The Ashmores were happy to be able to get off on Tuesday on the Hai King — the British boat that used to be Helen Gould's private yacht. (Emily's I came on it Dec 1924)

That does not put an end to Anti-British feeling, however. The Hong Kong paper bings us word today that another boycott is beginning today. The "pickets" are authorized only
To go around and persuade the merchants to get rid of all the British goods they have in stock by Chinese New Year. They are empowered to take a list of each merchant's stock of British things—let us more. They are actually going to make the merchants sign a pledge not to sell any British goods after Chinese New Year—although they are not supposed to be able to force it on them—and the merchant are afraid of them. All of this is just in Kwangtung province, as far as I can make out. Things will perhaps not be quite as bad as they were before—but they haven't improved to any marked extent.
The strike against the Standard Oil Co. has been released—but we are paying for it in a high tax on each tin of oil.

Mr. and Mrs. Waters have been moving over into the Ashman home today and yesterday. They are going to live there now. But Mr. Waters is in very poor health, and he leaves for Peking tomorrow in search of expert medical treatment—including an operation. He has had asthma, with complications, and he keeps getting worse instead of better.

In Marjorie Fleming's letter yesterday she expressed bitterness that the girls' school did not want her back. There she got that idea, I don't know, but she has it. I had already
written to her that the Girls' School had not expressed any opinion for or against her—but I don't know whether she will believe it or not. She doesn't think that the Chinese would have treated her as the foreigners did—Well there is a lot made of the mess, but what is the use of worrying about it?

I have been enjoying my Bible Class—We have been running quickly through a sketch of New Testament History, just by reading a connected narrative as much as we could—

I've been enjoying other classes too—A prize sentence came in to me today—"I looked up in the tree and saw a ford sitting on a lamb"—Can you get the meaning—!
Time to quit and get my algebra lesson for to-morrow.

So, much, much love.

[Signature]
Swatow, China
Nov. 7, 1926

Dear Ones:

It is quarter of twelve Sunday noon—and I’m going to see how much I can get written before dinner at 12:30.

Just back from church where Mr. Lim Hick Chho gave a fine sermon on the light of the world. He uses plain Chinese that the common people can understand and it is a joy to hear his homely, apt illustrations. He began today by saying—"Rich man, wise man, handsome man"—do these words have any meaning to you? (He said) But if you put "I am" before any of them, then it has meaning—"I am a rich man"—So the
words "Light of the World" have meaning when "I am" be placed before them.

Further, J. Howard says "I am" must be able to bear out and prove that he is the words that follow. If a chimney sweep says "I am a handsome man," or an idiot says "I am a wise man," then what? But Jesus when on earth was able to prove that he was that Light of the World - and he still can prove it.

He also said "You are the Light of the World." If he had not been Light, those words would have been powerless - but because he was Light, he could say "Though me, you are Light."

A poor man cannot say "I am a rich man," nor can he say "You are a rich man" have his words
of any effect. But a rich man not only has the right to say "I am a rich man," but also "You are rich"—(because I will make you rich)—.

Likewise "I am wise," says a teacher, and "You are wise"—(because I can teach you and make you wise—.

Thus he went on to stress further the importance of having the life he has become. Thus thereby admit that we are the light—Then people examine our lives will they find that light?

It was splendid; I'm going to write it down and you make expect to hear it when I have to make a speech on
my next furlough's time -
yesterday I got your letter,
enclosing the one you letter,
poor lad - I must begin to write
more regularly to him - I know
he will be lonesome for letters
and I notice he doesn't seem
to expect my letters regularly
any more! Never mind, I'll
begin today and surprise
him with a few! I guess
I'll be able to stand the shock
don't you think so?

Yesterday I meant to write
over so many letters, get my
school accounts settled up to
the minute, and do a lot of
other things - But - When
I got up in the morning the
sun was shining so gloriously
that I thought I couldn't
I stay indoors a whole Saturday when it was so beautiful outside. So I went out right after breakfast and pruned one of our biggest rose bushes. Then I made markers and marked about twenty pots of roses that we have got recently. I stayed out long enough to get a wee little headache—but not bad.

Then I came in and got out my winter underwear, put away some summer things and cleaned out two trunks and sorted the things. I cleaned out two boxes Mr. Ashmore gave me (one of them a zinc lined one) and put away the millinery scraps, wires, hats, etc. that she gave me. I got a tapestry bag ready for the sewing woman to make (Christmas present) got out
some stockings and underwear for her to mend. Then I cleared up some things that have been scattered around my room for a week.

After dinner I lay down a few minutes — and your letter came. Then I went over a bundle of things (from Helen Clarke’s cross stitch) and tallied up what I had sold for her and what I had not. Then I hunted a long time for the Chinese robe. As soon as I wanted to begin teaching the S.S. girls today and found it in the bottom of the third drawer full of papers.

For a long time I have been dissatisfied with a picture I have. It is the central one here.
in my study "Christ and the Fisherman." It had a sepia frame, but a white mat—and
most pleasing to the eye. So I got a piece of my dark brown paper—painted it a still
darker brown, and put it in the frame again.

I wrote a letter to Mrs. Lewis of King Kemp—and then while
I was passing again over my picture Thabelle came and
wanted me to go calling with her—So I changed my dress, and went with her to see Mrs. Naters, who has already moved into Mrs. Ashmore's
house. They didn't intend to move so soon—but Mr.
Naters is in very poor health—and he left yesterday for
Peking for operative and other expert treatment for his lungs. His trouble sounds like asthma, but there are complications. He had it once several years ago—lost recovered on the ocean voyage home. This attack is worse and he has failed very rapidly. They are very much worried about him.

So, since they were going to More any way (because this house is nearer other people, and when Uncle George goes into the country "Aunt Mary" is left alone a great deal) they hurried up and got it done. Wednesday and Thursday night after the Ashmores left Velva otherwise would have been all
I alone in the Ashmeae house and Mrs. Frater up in her house until Mr. W. got back and no one knows how long that will be. As it is they are together and Mrs. W. is very well settled in her house already. It looks different from when Mrs. W. had it— but that is natural.

Of course we had planned to go see Dorothy Campbell and Marguerite, who have been sick. But we found Dorothy and Edith over at Frater’s, and stayed so long talking that we had to come home to supper instead.

After supper I worked on Christmas presents list of things, etc. and hauled out my old black plush sailor hat to see
whether it could be made over into an every day hat for this winter - I think it can, but I'm not absolutely sure yet! I'm trying to make a frame that Mrs. Rhodee gave me -

"And so to bed" - as the stories go - but I hadn't really done anything except potter over a lot of little things that didn't amount to a row of pins - never touched accounts!

Today I had half a notion to stay at home from church to write letters - But I had a hunch that if I stayed at home Mr. Lewis would preach - as of course I'm glad I went. The choir doesn't have to sing
this P.M. as I thought I
would stay at home this P.M.
but I find out that today is
communion service! So I can't
very well stay away. And
 tonight we have choir practice
again — and this morning all
the S.S. scholars were present,
but two of the teachers were
absent again — I had to flit
back and forth trying to teach a
snatch of something to each class.

But what is the use of grumbling?
This is a beautiful world, in spite
of all the defects we can find in
other people (wish I weren't always
seeing as many!) and in spite
of the constant press of routine
duties — I'd like to be able to
really put into practice the spirit
of Mr. Lim's message — Then I should never admit discouragement — but always realize my duty of passing on the "light" to someone else — and seeing to it that no one's way is darker because of a dark shadow from me — and that someone's spirit is quickened and someone's hopefulness renewed because of the light that shines but unmistakably through me —

Well — is that a sermon — or a soliloquy, or what, I wonder —

Any way — I love you —

Yrs.

Abbie
Swarovski
July 7, 1926, 10 P.M.

Dear Dad,

A letter to you folks has already been written today and is sealed and stamped. But I just have to begin another one. I have been sorting over the letters received from you and mother since I came back this time. I had saved all of last term's letters, locked up, until I got back from furlough, perhaps you know—then one day I had a grand overhauling and burned them all except a few choice ones. But the ones since I came back
this time have not been burned. In Mother's letter received yesterday she said "Burn this; there's nothing of importance in it." But that is easier for her to say than for me to do. I suppose I must part with some of them sometime and might as well begin soon. But I hate to do it yet!

As I went through them and arranged them in order I came across the few I had saved from the other lot. I read only one or two; one of them was your steamer letter to me in 1918 "A Drama in One Act" and it is just as funny as it was then. I shake whenever I read it. It has done me a lot of good just
I read it over - there are some other things you and Mother wrote me that I won't burn, too. They just do me heaps of good. You put down a verse for me at the bottom of this particular one; it is Phil. 3:13-14 - and that has done me good too. So I just felt like writing to tell you so. Maybe it isn't worth it or me but I'm going to send the letter on anyway.

It is now nearly 10:30 and I suppose you over in America are just getting ready for church service in the morning. I hope you will have as good a day there as I have had here. I have written a letter &
Arthur — gone to communion, and
walked with the girls, and to
choir rehearsal tonight, all of
which I wrote in the other letter.
How I must go to bed — for tomorrow is a hard
day. I'm to have a visitor in
my English class tomorrow P.M.;
we are to have three or four Chinese
guests and one missionary to dined
tomorrow night; I'm invited to
play tennis tomorrow P.M. It's fair,
but I fear I shall have to decline.
Then in between I have to get ready
in White Cross things of Marynic
some White Cross things of Marynic
flour to hand over to Mrs. Page.
Emily is getting out and doing
Evangelistic work up in Chaschowf.

At times, I wish I could too!

With love, Abbie
No. 108.

Abbie G. Sanderson
Swatow, China

Sunday Nov 14, 1926
11:45 A.M.

Dearest:

I've just finished a letter to Arthur, and now I want to chat with you a bit. Arthur is already getting excited about graduation - wants you both to come, etc. Well, I don't blame him, and I wish you might all go if possible. Oh! I realize it may not be easy, but I know how much it will mean to him. I have a hunch you will think you can't - but I hope you can. It will mean a lot to him if he gets it - and I hope he will get all the "kick" out of getting it that there is to be.
He had waited a long time for it. I know Father will feel a great deal about it. But going because Arthur isn't a D. U. I can't see you need it feel that way, Pa. You need it feel that way. I think you'll both have reason to be happy if you go. & his graduation.

From what I wrote I gathered that he is thinking rather mistfully about an evening dress from China for Gladys. So I have written and told him that I would give him that for a graduation present if it was what he wanted most. And I asked him in suggestions as to colors, etc. I wish I could pick out something that would be
Abbie G. Sanderson
Swatow, China

the right thing for her if she is the principal's wife some there next year. She might be in a place where she could use a godly evening gown but I don't know that that will be likely. I'm going to try to be sensible. I'm thinking of it's my Y.W. Association. The color I'm thinking of is my blue dress or some thing near that. But blue dress or some thing else. I told you. Now if she don't tell Auntie I told you. For if she don't tell Auntie I told you. We celebrated Sue's Gies Birthday on Sunday for the second time within a month! They told us the first time was a mistake. Did I tell you the British strike is off? But
back on board again. He was just going through from Hong Kong & Amoy. Things seem to be better now, though. The North and the South will not recognize each other and as long as both claim the governing power of the country, there can be no peace. It looks now as though the Southern or Nationalist movement would win before long. Some say within a year. That means Red in the whole country, but I don't know how red.

Until that question is settled such matters as registering of private schools, etc. will be allowed to slide. When the fighting is over, if it ever should be, the music! is bound to come. I've turned milliner. You know when Mrs. Ashmore went home she gave me all the odds and ends of hat wire, foams, velvet, silk, etc. — well,
my first attempt was on that old black plush sashes that Ruth Sperry got for me—(I think I had it home with me) I used an old crown and made a new trim, bound the edge and made a band—a bow of grosgrain ribbon—stuck a little ornament in that was in Mrs. A’s things—and I have a very presentable affair for every day wear—The next day Calva bought over an old hat of hers. She fished among the flower remnants and made a new broad— and I recovered the trim. I did a really fair job—I shall not go into the business however! Did I tell you I have sent some letters? I’m going to send some more soon—Much love—Abbie.
Elsie asked me to send this Xmas letter along with mine this week. Since her envelope is bigger than mine—
I'll omit that little formality.

P.S. Ruth Harris has arrived in Shanghai and has started for N. China—we did entertain briefly hopes that she might come down here. I wonder whether it was she or her sister she was in Pikes when I bought there?

I hope I'll get around to write to Evelyn some time—but my letter-writing is like a blank field weighted with lead—I can't seem to see daylight anywhere!

A rose-coloured hat sounds very sweet. I think I'd like you in it!
I'm 99 parts well again now!

To O.G.

Swatson, Action
Nov. 23, 1926.

Dear O.G.

I numbered the last two letters both 180 — so will make this one 182 —
This is Tuesday — and I should have written Sunday — but I just couldn't.
Last week I fought off a good hard cold — and thought I got rid of it pretty well — but I guess I drove the poison in instead of letting it come out — Wednesday morning I was dizzy and had to come home from school — I took a lot of quinine — and Marguerite sent me a lot more medicine — so that by evening I was able to sit up and eat supper with Dorothy Campbell — this
was our guest that night. The next
day I was a little shaky, but went
to school just the same.

On Friday the big affairs began.
Mrs. Goodman and her daughter Pace,
and a Miss Mabel Stridee and Mr. 
Drake arrived to visit here for a day
and a half. I didn't go out to the
boat to meet them, for I thought I'd better
save all the extra strength I had.

At ten o'clock we met at Miss Solomon's
house for Chinese Women's Committee.
We stayed there talking until nearly 12
o'clock, and the women had a good
meeting. Mrs. Goodman was really
very helpful to them in several ways.

than one — They asked her a lot
of questions and she answered as
best she could — we talked over
The big matter of co-operation, and I think some of the women understand it better than they ever have before.

In the meantime Clara and Emily had come, so they were here for the meetings that followed. In the afternoon at three the Chinese women held a welcome meeting for the guests. Our girls sang the welcome song as the guests came in, then Miss Chen introduced Mrs. Lin, who made the introductory remarks explaining the meaning of the meeting. One of the old stand-by members was called on for prayer. The women’s school had a special song, and then
Mrs. Goodwin addressed us - our Ruth Chen (the one from Peking) interpreting.

Following that meeting I had a local evangelistic committee to attend. That took about an hour. Then I went up to Velma's room with Emily and Margarette Clara - and we younger ones sat there until supper time. Talking over things as they are, and as we wish them to be. I suppose that from the time missionary work began, younger missionaries have not appreciated the attitude of certain older ones and have felt that the older ones dominated. Well, we are no exception - and that is one of the subjects that we frequently chew on!
And so we chewed until supper time. In the evening at 7:30 we met as a mission body to talk with Mrs. Goodman. The discussion of affairs was good for all of us — and enlightening. As I see it, the home folks and the missionaries cannot possibly agree on some things. For the first time, almost, it occurred to me that perhaps we ought to think we know so much more about the work than anyone at home can know — perhaps we have an abnormal view of some subjects and we had better be willing at least to listen to the ideas at the home end! Well, it was a good meeting anyway.
On Saturday morning Mrs. Godwin met the Executive Comm. of the Young Women Council at 9. At eleven she met the Foreign Reference Comm. That was the meeting that took the gimp out of me. We discussed such things as unfavorable votes regarding the return of missionaries. One certain girl who went home last winter is making it hot for the Board because we as a mission did not vote for her to come back. They and she both want written explanations why she was not voted back—and the Board begins to question the charity, patience, long suffering, etc., of our mission. But that is too long a story, and—
too heart-breaking a one to talk
about her — well — we had
some very frank talk — and I
saw Mrs. Goodman in a different
light from what I have seen
her before. She is sympathetic,
and very courteous — and keen,
too, and she evinced faith in us,
which means a great deal to misson-
aries on the field from their home-
president. I was never as close
to Mrs. Goodman as this before —
and I know her so much better
now. She knew me — though I didn't
really expect her to — and now she
will remember me, I think — because
in the Rep. Com. meeting we talked
about such personal things that
that alone would make us remember
each other pretty well! There were Mr. and Mrs. Speicher (Mr. S. called in to help talk). Miss Graves, Mr. Page and I in the corn. While it was a hard meeting, yet I got more out of it than out of any other meeting.

We talked until after one - then I rushed Mrs. Goodman over to our house where the rest of her party was waiting - and they and the Speichers and Emily had lunch with us - we had a jolly good time - but they had to rush right off to get out to their boat. We went out to see them off - my, but it seemed as though they had been here a long time! Because so much had happened in that short space of time. I'm so glad Emily could be here.
She had the best kind of a chance to show Mrs. Goodman that she is beginning the right way, anyhow — ! And Mrs. Goodman mentioned it in Con. asked whether she was working in all right. I just smiled and let the others answer — there was quite a chorus of “yeb” — Mrs. J. Mrs. Speicher and Edith all telling how glad they are E. is back and what high hopes they have of her working into a splendid missionary.

No knew! When we got back from the boat I was dead tired, but I had to go to Mrs. Bates’ with Mabelle to talk about eats for a Thanksgiving Tea to be held at our house this week.

We were on the Committee — so when we got the things planned we went around to the different houses to ask...
about the things - I was held up at Edith Travers' to talk about another committee affair, so I didn't get home until just suppertime - I told Emily she would think that was a pretty way to entertain my company and she agreed, of course! Her freight came Saturday, so she stayed over to take it up with her on Monday.

On Sunday, I had to be at 8.30 at 8.30 as usual - then at the ch. service which followed. I was in a Woman's Quartet (which doesn't mean anything) - I was very glad to be able to stay at home on Sunday afternoon - but my head was groggy and I did little but rest.

In the early evening, just before
supper - I had another committee
meeting, then after supper choir rehearsal.
Well - that is part of the reason why I
have written no letters this week end.
Yesterday and today I have been
attending classes as usual. Today
was my turn to lead Chapel at School.
and I gave the last two scenes of the
Drama Sermon by Mackinnon, the one
about Nicodemus, in the Baptist. I see
a book of his sermons is advertised. If
the others are as good as this, I'd like
to get the book!

Well - tomorrow another spasm
begins - Mr. J. B. Cox is here, and is
beginning holding meetings for the
students tomorrow and next day. Before
we knew about this, Mabelle and
I had promised to attend the wedding
of an old pupil and the son of one
of our drama work women. That takes place Thursday morning at 10, in the Presbyterian Chapel in Stratow. In the afternoon we have our big Thanksgiving Tea here, to which all Americans in port are invited. It will be a little stunt to get ready for that. In the evening we are invited to Mrs. Hatters for Thanksgiving Dinner.

On Friday night we are invited to the Wedding Feast at the Astor House in Stratow (our biggest hotel!)

And on Saturday night we are all invited to a big entertainment at the Woman's School.

In addition to this, the *Ten Commandments* is being shown at the Y. M. C. A. in Stratow this week - and our teachers wonder why I haven't time to go with them! Much love - Abbie
Dear Ones,

Again the time has gone past Sunday with my letter still unwritten to you. And again my repairs is the same as usual a grand rush the whole week. I cant remember whether I told you all the festivities we were anticipating or not. We had them all, anyway, and more.

On Wednesday, Mr. T. J. Ross, National Y.M.C.A. was here, and a conference for students was held. We went to the meeting all day long that day. The evening meeting in the chapel was for everybody and the foregoing all went there instead of having prayer meeting.

The next morning early we had a happy task on hand.
About 7.30 Mr. Capen sent over all the roses from his garden — I don’t know how many dozens there were — but he had been letting them grow for three years, and never saw as many all at once before! He picked off the most gorgeously perfect blooms and made a huge bouquet for the bride — with buds hanging from it etc. Then we sent about twice as many for their tables — and a boutonniere for the groom — and kept the rest ourselves —

We had to hurry to get our roses arranged in bowls and vases — before we got ready to go across to Swatow for the wedding —
I forgot to say that the night before Mabelle and I were up until all hours decorating for our party.

The wedding was at 10. The bride was one of our highest class last year. She dropped out when she lacked but a half year of finishing high school. The groom — I guess I’ve told you this — was the oldest son of the dragnet work woman whom we know best. The wedding was in the church and was a beautiful little ceremony. Such an array of chrysanthemums you never saw — and I played the wedding march.

Afterwards we were all
invited to the groom's house to see the bride's room, to eat candy, and have a cup of tea. It was all very delightful, and we almost rode back in a motor car! But the telephone was broken—so they got nickshe for us instead—and we came home.

After dinner we got our tea table arranged—and the necessary chairs—got some more flowers into the house and so on. At five the people began to come—and while there were not more than twenty, counting children, from the other side of the bay, yet that number, with our own people, made a jolly company. (All Americans)
and when we had had tea we went downstairs for the brief service. Mr. Cowles read a Thanksgiving Psalm - then Elsie Mabelle sang, then we had the President's Proclamation, read by the Consul, then an address by Mr. Capen, and a prayer by a Seventh Day Man - Mr. Newcomb - and closed by singing America the Beautiful in unison.

The Consul was more genial than I've ever seen him before. He has always been rather distant and formal with me, but I suppose he thought he'd have to unbend a bit - since I helped him prepare the program, etc., etc.
Thursday night we had a regular Thanksgiving Supper at Mrs. Waters house — Mr. Waters is in Peking at the hospital but we had a good time just the same — and at the close of the evening both of us wrote him a little letter. (Since then we have had grave news about him which I'll tell later.)

You can see we hadn't much time for school on Thursday Thanksgiving day! But we are obliged to stop for every little thing that the Chinese want to celebrate — so we didn't feel conscience stricken to arrange —
We had lessons for that one day—Friday we went to school as usual—and then got ready and went over to the wedding feast for foreigners in the evening. The Chinese guests—about 100—had been entertained at their home right after the wedding. But at this special feast for foreigners about 20 people sat down in the dining room of the Astor House Hotel—and were served to an elegant dinner which was all Chinese but served individually with chopsticks—but in semi foreign style. We had shark’s fins—pigeon eggs, chicken pie—prawns.
"the right vegetables"—sweet preserved pears—tree-strawberry gelatin candy—and some other things—they finished with fruit and—coffee (à la demi-tasse)
I sat beside Mr. Gamble—the English bachelor who performed the ceremony. He made a very fine speech when the proper time came—and we all drank to the bride's health—with sarsaparilla pop!
British and Americans were well mixed at both tables—and we had no little fun swapping stories with little harmless hits in them—
Mr. Gamble had helped the groom with the menu. The thing he asked about particularly was wine—Mr. J. told him—
it surely wouldn't be necessary, since the guests were all missionaries. He answered—
"Oh, the Baptists don't drink wine, but the Presbyterians do!"
Miss Brander was quite aghast and wondered where he got such an idea—Mr. J. said he had assured him that he at least was a teetotaller.
After the feast we sat in the hotel parlor for a while. Mr. Gibson (English) sang a solo, and Mabelle and I sang a duet. Then pretty soon it was time to come home—
Saturday night we went to the Woman's School where they presented the story of Ruth in
a very realistic way —

Sunday as usual — then
Monday night we were all
invited to Miss Sollman’s home
we ate Japanese supper, sitting
on the floor around the
braizer where our eats
were cooked —

On Tuesday night we had
invited Edith Traver, Margarita,
Dorothy Campbell and Velva
and Mrs. Waters to dinner
(while the Thanksgiving decorations
were still up ) They all
came but Mrs. Waters, she
was too upset by news she
got just before supper
about Mrs. Waters —
Mr. W. was all wheezy with asthmatic bronchitis when he went away—but only the doctors know that anything else was the trouble.

He was examined and operated on right away for cancer (malignant) of the bladder. The growth was about the size of a walnut. This may mean that they have to go home right away—but of course we can't tell yet. Our forces are surely being rapidly depleted. Perhaps we'll all get sick and have to go home, and thus the embarrassment.
of being driven out be obviated. I ought to add, however, that I think the leaders of the Chinese church here now want us to stay and not to go. If the Reds get full control of China—well—perhaps that is the most hopeful thing that can happen! Because Chinese "Red" when it settles down doesn't have to meet too much opposition nor endure too much Russian egging on, may not be quite such a brilliant red as the Russian kind!

Let us hope so—Many people think that the Southern
I powers will have control of the whole country within a year —

Two letters have come from you this week — 100, + 101 —

Yes, the yokes are for Mrs. Gray. I paid the same ($1.20) in the mail in them that I did in the ones I sold her before (not counting cost of thread) — but if you think $1.75 seems fairer, tell her that price.

As to the tatting, my record says:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{No. 13, } & \{3 \frac{3}{4} \} @ .20 \quad .60 \\
& \{ 1 \frac{1}{4} \} \quad .20 \\
& 7 \frac{1}{2} y @ .20 \quad 1.50 \\
& \quad \quad 2.30
\end{align*}
\]

I'm sorry I've so long neglected to tell you these prices — I sent some more in October and this is that record.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{no} 9 - 12 y @ .30 \quad \text{for Mrs. Gray} & \quad 3.60 \\
\text{no} 12 " @ .29 & \quad 3.48 \\
15 " @ .13 & \quad 1.80 \\
7 " 25 y @ .20 & \quad 1.50 \\
& \quad 4.80 \\
& \quad 13.68
\end{align*}
\]

If you sell these keep the money — I'll write to Mrs. Gammon to thank her for the $75 — and to Mrs. Hathaway for the cards — but don't send the rest of them. The Belcraft cards you sent are beautiful. I shall hate to give a single one of them away, but for that reason I'm going to see to it that I use every one of them this year! I have nothing that compares with them. Of course, you almost don't need to send a gift when you give such a pretty card.

About the red satin piece—sell it if the woman wants it. I can't remember the price—can't remember how large it is—the sleeve pieces such as I gave...
Flora were $2.00 apiece as use that scale of value & reckon. If you mean the mirror cover with only a little card that shall be about 150 or so I think — you dressmaking stuff and very clever and interesting — wish I could see the little coats! I have read "Sowing the Seed" and enjoyed it very much — I wish I were as good a missing as she — But if you have sent the book I'll find a good use for it never fear — I'm so glad to have the other two books. Don't know when I can read them but hope soon — I should like to send Gladys at least $2.50 this Christmas or as soon as you get this letter —
To me that seems little enough when Arthur is trying so hard to finish — and when I have the money in the bank — I don't want to touch the Boston bank account if I don't have to, but of course I will if Arthur needs it — I had rather send them $50 now — $25 to each of them — but I think it better not to. I shall certainly want to send them more than that when it gets toward graduation — I do know the tendency, however, to spend money if you have it, when you could get along without it if you didn't have it — I don't want Arthur or his family to be
in need while I am withholding what would supply that need. But neither do I want them to get the idea that I have any amount of money which can be shelled out at a moment's notice—In that would be a lie.

As a matter of fact, I am a far more spendthrift nature than Arthur is—I hope I shan't have to make any more scrimps and save to pay for my extravagances ever again. Be assured I don't forget that I have done it in the past! But I want to send Gladys $25 now and should feel happier really, if it were more—
In regard to the Colby Christmas Club - I'd like to send $3.00 that if you have already sent $5.00 for me of course that is all right.

I rather think this is enough for this time - Oh - did I tell you that I had a Christmas box from Eashburn of thread and other things for school - and a set of white silk vest, bloomers and stockings which just fit me ? ! I was delighted -

With love -

Abbie
If I try to write to you by the bypasser I shall not guarantee what kind of letter you will get. I have just been typing away until midnight, and now that the music until some of the notes are a fright. You see we are giving a Christmas oratorio on the same order as the Easter one we gave last spring. And we have only two copies of the things. For more than half an hour the girls are still printing them, and I am still setting these things ready for them to use. Perhaps it seems like a waste of time, but we don't feel that it is wasting time to find out the musical possibilities in girls who have not much of an ear for music. I am not sure we shall enjoy this Christmas piece quite as much as we did the Easter one. But the Easter one was the first one; it was very simple and appealing, and easy to learn. This one is not quite so catchy, and it is a bit more difficult, but it is pretty fine. And this year we have two girls back from college, one of those Esther Ho, who has the sweetest voice we have ever had in our school. I think she was glad that Miss Quiley came back from Lebanon. I had taught Esther "Under the stars" and she sang it on Christmas Day, the first time she or any one of our girls had sung a solo. Later she sang "Opal Love" at a wedding in Swatow, and was very highly complimented by some of the missionary bishops.

We have just had a smiley saying that Miss Neveigh is coming with Dr. Frankworth and Miss Mauchy, I believe. I read a number of us wrote urging her to come but she had said that it was impossible this year. Now she is really coming and we want her here at our house of course. But Miss Dellman wrote her that; at her house of course, so it will be interesting to see how the girls here will fare for her, as she is going to fight and Madella says she is not going to fight, but some opinions have already been expressed and we are just "laying it" like Erer Fox, to see what is going to happen next.

Christmas is coming--is almost upon us. And I have not been able to do a lot of things that I have planned. I will think too badly of you because I have not sent you anything, not even a card. I owe so many of these letters that I was ashamed to send merely a card, so I thought I would begin to answer my letters and let later Christmas cards be special or dear enough to scare in cards would have been late too! Give them my love anyway.

What do you suppose is here in Swatow--coming right over here to Kachihah tonight? The "Fun Commandments"--would you believe it? If I wasn't so busy I'd really like to go and see it again. Still I am afraid that without the wonderful musical effects it would be very different. The people here are wild about it, of course.

I don't know yet just where I shall be the day after Christmas, may go to some Christmas evens. But I don't know. Emily has been down here and she says she is going to until I go up there she says. She really thinks it is better to stick to the place here her work is, and says, and I advise her for it, too. Mr. Mildrex has invited me up there and I don't know just how to reply. I do want to, but it is not for money! The Spender has invited Emily and me over to her house in Swatow for the Day or for the week end following or for any time that will suit us. Isn't that swell, I think I will write some, very well let's, to her for some, some Christmas as things are now, and Emily has some church affair on Sunday. We, if we don't get together somehow on Christmas Day I am going to make an effort to get up to see her. I think Emily thinks she is trying very hard to do the right thing. And she feels a bit hurt that I haven't been up to see her once in all this time.

A big drawwork strike has just begun and I don't know where it is going to end. The employees in all the shops in Swatow have struck for a 200 or 300% raise in wages. Some of the other demands they are making are print type wages, too, double and a half in the same time on 3 month's wages extra bonus at Chinese New Year's time; $50.00 and several days off when there is a funeral in the family; $50.00 and several days off on birthdays; $50.00 a month off when a little girl gets married in the household. Certainly I don't think it can be for money! Now I may not have all of this exactly as it is, but this is the way it has been reported to me. So you may expect the price of drawwork to go up in the near future. I am out of book; the girls had planned for the girls that a year were handmade, handkerchiefs; I took handkerchiefs that I have bought from girls to help per for their tuition and gave them to the drawwork women with the letters that I wanted embroidered. But they can't get enough of the materials and can't do the embroidery can't get to her nor she to them! So think I shall have to find a scrap of something else for the missionary girls! Well, it doesn't matter very much the more we don't give, I think we can't, but we /like to make as much of Christmas out as we can anyway.

This letter has stretched to come length and has not said a great deal, at that. We haven't had any writing right, here recently and may not for some time. I wonder whether those who prefix the fall of the Republic party within a year are right or not? I Times alone will tell.

Enough of this for the present, with my love,
Miss Abbie G. Sanderson  
Swatow, China  

My dear Miss Sanderson:  

I cannot tell you how very grateful I was for your personal letter of July 15th. I did use my judgment about reading it to some of the officers of our Board; they needed to know your opinion about conditions at the Conference. I have had a number of letters and each one has thrown light on the situation but none has been better than yours. Please do it again, and do it often. I need to have you throw your bright eyes into the situation and make a report to me. You have evidently sensed the difficulties and have explained them exceedingly well. As I write this letter you are probably conferring with Mrs. Goodman, and we are hoping for help from her. I dare not express myself about what we may do in regard to the ultimatum of the council until after we have heard from her.  

I hope that Emily is happy at Chaochowfu, and I am sure you will help her to find her place in the mission. She went thru a very serious time before sailing but I believe "grew up" rather speedily during our complication. I hope you will not ask her to talk about it much for it will be difficult.  

I am just called to say "How-do-you-do" to Pauline Senn, who is sailing soon for Hong Kong. I am hoping some day she will fit into the work in South China.  

Cordially yours,  

Missabelle Rae McVeigh  
Foreign Secretary.  

N/B Say, Mother! I've just had your letter No. 102 in which you suggest visiting me six weeks apart. Shay! I thought you didn't believe it crookly to animals - and yet it suddenly was crookly suggested. I'm afraid if you shouldn't write to me in such a long time that I would be so discouraged I shouldn't write for a month or so.
Dear Ones —

More apologies needed — I haven't written for two weeks — But we certainly have been lumping this past week — and there hasn't been much time to do letter-writing.

Last Sunday I was busy every minute. In the afternoon the Sunday School held its White Gift Service out on the lawn — I hope & write a little about that in a circular letter. They brought in over $290.00 aside from dough and rice and other gifts. It was more than they have done any year — We thought our little girls' Intermediate department was doing pretty well & bring in $13 — But imagine the gasps that went up when one of the single classes from the Adult Department brought up $40 — and another $45! These gifts came up from individuals some of them
marked with the name of the donor – and others just marked “Sin-thi,” a believing disciple – it was truly a wonderful service – and a most inspiring thing to see the folks really turn to and give.

The class that gave $40 was my old class of old ladies (Mrs. Peters has them again now). Some of them are poor as can be, but they got some of their rich relatives to give.

It was encouraging!

This week we have practiced singing until we have no throat left. On Monday Mabelle was taken with a sick headache – it laid her flat and she wasn’t able to do anything for two or three days – I rehearsed the Christmas Cantatas with the girls as well as I could – taking with the girls as well as I could – taking separate and then together. Once Elsie came over and delayed for us – then when
Thursday A.M. Danw Mabello would go over and practice with them again - we had the affair itself in the afternoon and it went off pretty well. I was afraid Mabello would be sick again but she stood it pretty well. On Friday we finished taping up Christmas presents and fixed up a tree at the house and tried to create a festive air although we weren't having any "doings" this year.

Friday night we went over to school and had supper with the girls and then we had games afterwards. They were all so happy and carefree - we weren't having a big program and had invited no guests except Miss Ang. This used to be one of our teachers. So they weren't at all formal or stiff and we had a grand time. There has been special Anti - Christian feeling here on the compound and some nasty articles
in the newspapers and printed in posters printed all over the walls of our school grounds and even on some of the school doors—We didn’t know just what kind of Christmas spirit the girls would have—but it was really lovely.

We finished the games and said goodnight to the girls about nine o’clock. Then we went home, got together our gifts and the ones that we had been asked to keep for folks—and went over to Sherwin Bungalow with them. We sorted ours out into piles—left them and came home. Then I had to stay up a while longer writing some last minute cards for some of the Chinese in the compound—and Mabelle and I finished putting up a Christmas Puzzle for Mr. Cooper.

This is all alone out here this year—and it was 12 o’clock before we knew it.
Mabelle came into my study with a Merry Christmas kiss for me — then we put "Angels from the Realms of Glory," "Holy Night," and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" on the Victrola before we really got off to bed. Oh it is such a joy to have the Victrola and those lovely records — I told Mabelle that the Chinese girl enjoyed them, but I didn't believe they would ever possibly enjoy them as we do. They don't know what real choir singing is — no chimes — no Christmas caroling — no the atmosphere of church especially at Christmas time. And they can't conceive of the inspiration that comes from beautiful pipe organ music — or by choirs — etc. etc. whereas when we put the records on, if we just shut our eyes we have all of the Christmas background so full in the
Chicks of our imagination -
Marjorie had two more beautiful records
sent her this Christmas too - they were
packed in a huge box with lots of
packing - and carried all night.
Sometimes they get broken.

Well; soon after 4.30 we were
up and out on the upstairs veranda
saying "Merry Christmas to a group
of the girls who came out to sing"
"We" is us under our windows.
About a half hour later another group
came and sang "Merry Merry Christmas
everywhere, cheerily it rang out through the
tell - They may not have the same
idea of carols that we have - children
tooing with lanterns through the snow
and all that - but they do pretty well.
They have never sung more sweetly -
and I always find a lump in my
threw when I’m wakened in the dark of Christmas morning by the girlish voices coming nearer. This season (several years ago) they did it at first was because we love it so, but they are beginning to love it themselves. As we did it last year so Edua and I went out ourselves.

We had breakfast over at the Bungel after opening our stockings. We didn’t finish opening all the things because we had to eat breakfast in time to get to the church for 8:30 service! We had what I call a very nice service mostly of singing. The kindergarten children had to repeat scripture and they got sort of balled up. It was with motion, and some of them got ahead enough so that the flapping of the angels wings on one side of the platform was going on at the same time as the babies being “wrapped.”
in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger on the other side. When they finished every one was in a roar, because they were so funny. And of course they thought it was a good joke, but their little teacher was so notified, for they had done it beautifully only two days before. Mr. Tai read the passage over again (from Luke 2—of course) then we had a number of special songs, prayer and dismissal. We went over to school then and with the teachers fixed up the tree for the girls. This year we had dolls for the new girls, and a little notebook and a handkerchief in each of the others. We cleaned out almost the last doll for this occasion— I do hope somebody will send us some dolls in next year. You'd have loved to hear the chorus when the dolls that could cry all got started at once!

At noon we went over to the Bungalow again and had dinner with
Mrs. Sellman and Elsie (in the morning it had been all the single women and Mrs. Waters.)

Then at two-thirty we went to the chapel to a meeting of a new Christian students' organization which has been formed. But they were late in starting so I didn't wait for them. I had promised Mrs. Speck to come over here and the wind was coming up so I got my things together and came along.

Emily was here already and also the Grosbecks. They had planned their Christmas dinner at night so we could all be here.

We have rested and visited all day to-day and it has been a truly wonderful vacation. It has been fine and I go back in time for an 8:30 class.

Next week I may go to Charleston for New Year. I haven't been there yet so I'm planning on this. This has been
so nice — over here where it is so quiet — etc —

He are around the fire tonight and I am trying to finish it up so that I may mail it to you on my home to-morrow. I am too sleepy to write so I guess I will quit (I meant “visit, much less to visit” — as I guess I will quit). Much love —

Abbie

P.S. I haven’t my notebook here as I don’t know the number of this letter. But you give it the proper number and I’ll send it to-morrow — I didn’t write last week.