Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 3 / 24

Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow and Philippine Islands, where she was stationed due to disruptions in China

Dates: 1927 May - Aug

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P.S. The news of Uncle Homer's death comes as a great shock. I can't believe it is true or realize it at all—I must write to Mary.

P.P.S. Missions has just begun to write to Swatow, China as you are arriving. Are you sending it? May 3, 1927

Dear Ones,

Your letter of April 3 arrived yesterday and I'm so delighted to have them. I am afraid the ordeal of moving and changing was rather too much for you. Mother dear, but I hope you can manage to keep out of some of the church activities until you are a bit rested.

You see I'm still here; still waiting for news from America which will tell me whether I may hope to remain here or not. It's rather upsetting not to know—but I am pretty thankful that prospects here are as bright as they are.

Clara Beach is the only one who is still at her station doing the regular work. Kay Bohn has been but she left for America last Friday.

Anna Foster has gone up to be with Clara at Nityang. Most of the men in the mission have had a fit about the girls being at Nityang during so many nearby disturbances. Some of them have even aired such imaginations as that they had probably been raped and all sorts of things. And all the while it has been peaceful in Nityang and the girls have gone on outcalls nearly every day!
Emily and I were down here, and for me it meant going to a new place; for her it meant going back, but she hadn't a great deal of work to do, and she had been counting on the Bakers to help her get into closer touch with things. Then the Bakers were kept here. My work could be done just as well here as there; that is, the translation work and the rest of the work—getting acquainted with people, etc.—was rather restricted to foreigners in any place. No one thought we ought to go, so we stayed here—I suppose I have said this all before.

Each day things is a good number of little tasks, some how—yesterday morning I got up early to get a package ready & send to Madeleine Lilly and another & send to Marjorie Fleming. Things they asked to have sent to them. After breakfast I helped Mrs. Bonfield make changes in some summer dresses, and filled her out with some of my nightgowns. She left all her summer ones in Summer, and now she is getting ready to go to Chefoo in the summer, to stay with a friend of hers.

After that I went to Woman's Committee and discussed finances until nearly one o'clock. He had to have some recommendations ready for Reference Committee at 2. We had a cut of
2,000 to distribute and of course no one wants his rank cut. Everyone thought that our girls' school appropriation would be where the cut would fall, since the school is not running this term. We have $2,200 for the year, but $200 of that is for country schools. We have teachers hired to Aug. 31 whose salaries come to $640. We have promised to support the new Coeducational School to the amount of $1,000 if the Board is willing. When you add $200 + $640 + $1,000 you get $1,840. The $2,000 cut is about 14% of our gross appropriations, so, suppose we get cut like everyone else that takes off $315. or so more. Add that to $1,840 and you get $2,155. Subtracting from our original $2,205 we should have $150 which doesn't go very far in covering a cut of $200! You see people thought that perhaps the whole $200 would come right out of the $2,205 and there would be no more trouble about it - but they had another think coming! Well, we figured and reckoned and it certainly was a mess - But finally we decided to cut our personal appropriations such as personal assistant, repair of homes, etc, the 14% - Cut the rank appropriations
129s and take the rest out of the Reserve Fund—
I don't know just how we shall come out,
but that it's something to start with—

In the afternoon, I had a mandarin lesson at 3—and just before 4 stopped to have tea with some guests who dropped in. Then I went to the Giffins and gave Raymond and Alice a music lesson.
This morning I cut a lot of flowers—the important thing being to get a nice bunch of sweet peas for Mrs. Grosebeck. I got nearly a wash basin full, and this is only the third day we have cut any! They are coming on all at once and the vines are just loaded with buds. I got two bowls full of yellow roses, two big jars of heavy head deep red roses, and one vase of ivory tea roses.
I picked two big jars of nasturtiums too. The place here is a veritable bower; we have quantities of marigolds and a little patch of columbines from your seeds. The Easter lilies have all gone—but we have lovely tall pink begonias. One pot of amaryllis has 24 blooms and one stalk is still to split its sheath. You'll get ready if I talk any more about flowers—but we do enjoy them so. I've been sharing them with our Mennonite friends—

Well, this afternoon we said the Grosebecks off to America. That's why I wanted this
sweet peas, you see. Everybody has a few roses, but no one else has sweet peas just now - and very few people have any any time. We are pretty sorry to see the GoodSheep go - but we can't really wish for them to stay, because they are so happy in going. He has a church opening already. Called to him - in Parma. (Address Spencerport, N.Y.)

I don't know where I shall be in the summer time - I should like to wait and find out just what Emily is to do in the fall. If she is to go away to some other country, I want to be with her this summer sure. If she is to be here - and that is not yet certain - we may decide not to stay together all summer long. I hope she will know soon.

I told you that Ruth Harris came here with Dr. Franklin, and stayed at my house. She is lovely - and we did enjoy her so much. She stayed about two weeks after Dr. Franklin went. She left for Manila and Eddy Mason for America last Saturday. We are getting pretty well thinned out. I tell you! I wonder who will be the next to go.
Mother dear—I'm rather late in writing about it, but I want to send Arthur $75 of the account with yours that you have of mine—if that is the amount (oh yes, I remember you said there is) around graduation time—I'll leave it to your judgment whether to send it all to him—or part to Gladys—or what part to her—but I want him to have that to help out—Perhaps I ought to give him more—but I think I'd better not unless he needs it desperately. In that case of course you could always draw on mine—Will you manage to send it to him right away?

Things are very peaceful right here in Swatow. They feared trouble last week—and martial law was enforced for several days, but that has been lifted now. Inland from here, up beyond Kityang, the farmers' union march of the Reds have killed about 100 soldiers—and the incident is far from being closed—but we hope the trouble will come no nearer, and believe it will not.

I'm getting sleepy, so goodnight—
Emily sends her love to you—especially to your dad this time—that's because she has just been thinking recently about her dad—

Love, love—Debbie
Swatow, China

May 7, 1927

Dear Ones,

Address Box 23, Holbo, P.F. I don't need as many stay-ups, I think.

Emily and I are down here at Double Island at Mrs. Stocker's for the week-end. But Mrs. Stocker asked us and the Roberts. But yesterday was such a windy day that the Roberts didn't dare come out with their two small children. But E. & I were all ready.

So we two came along. It was pretty rough but since none was ill nothing was afraid. And the boatman said there was not the slightest danger. We really enjoyed the trip very much.

Right there a call came from one of the children saying that our boatman was just coming in sight. We went out on the veranda to look through the glass. Sure enough they had a mat up over the top and a canvas over the front. Captain Stocker said, "They're certainly got babies in there." So we went down to the little landing to meet
Pretty soon Mrs. S. and her three younger children (the other three are in Shanghai) took Emily and Kenneth and little Cleora, Ruth and me in a boat over to the island known as Sugar Loaf, where the light house at the harbor entrance is. We wandered over the place for a little while then came back in the rain—but we had a good time and we got back so hungry so there in the afternoon we slept. Then got up and went in swimming. But the water was cold and we went in where it was rather rocky as we didn't stay in long and we got rather scratched up. Mrs. S. had tea ready for us when we got dressed and that warmed us up first rate. Then we sat around and cut patties and did various other things until the children were all bathed and fed and the children were all bathed and fed and the grown folks had got off to bed. Then we grew folks had got off to bed. Then we grew folks had dinner and sat around the fire and talked until about 10.

I have always wanted to come down here and stay for a day or two but have not felt that I
knew Mr. Sturke well enough, even though she has invited all of us to come any time. But it is nice to get away from everything in a little bit.

This respite came just at a time, too, when I was feeling rather discouraged. As you know, Mr. Lin has been pushing the educational program and was the first one to urge folks not to let me go to Burma because I was needed here. Now that the plans are all made he is talking and will not accept the principalship. The mission is not willing to trust the position to any one else just now — and we can’t find the reason why he is balking. So the trustees have given up the job and handed it back to the Chinese Executive Committee. Whether they will be able to do anything about it or not I do not know.

But, as things are now, I have no job any more than I had before. All these letters that have been sent home from the Chinese...
asking & have me stay here won't be much use unless a school is opened up for me to teach in; well—what is the use of worrying? If it is wicked then— & Burma shall go to Burma— then & Burma shall go to Burma. Or who knows? Perhaps we will. Or who knows? Perhaps we will—shall get up & Chavchow after all—shall get up & Chavchow after all—

But I've just about decided that it isn't any good to plan—because any plans that you make are upset the next day—

We don't know where we are going this summer— Perhaps to Baghí this summer—

Much love,

Abbie
P.S. Sunday night, May 8.

Upon our return from Double Island this afternoon we received news of a cable which reached Savoir yesterday. It read as follows: "Cooperation new school uncertain until June. Refer to your cablegram dated Apr. 7th, 1927. Miss Sanderson and Miss Miller are requested to go to eldest for a short time, arriving about May 21st of this year. Telegraph date of departure so that we may notify Philippine Islands. Mabel R. McVeigh."

What do you know about that?

We went over to talk it over with Mr. Page and then I went to see Velma Brown, who kicked about going directly into a job anywhere, but thinks it will be better than for me to stay here and stew.

Well! May 21st is two weeks from yesterday.

If we get there on time we shall have to leave here this coming Saturday. I should have been prepared for such an emergency but I'm really not. However, if I can make it... I'm going to take with me more things than I need, just in case we shouldn't get back here as soon as we think. I'm rather going on faith, for I really haven't any idea of the kind of work I shall be in. I dread to think of getting ready, but welcome the thought of a brief change—

Love again. Oddie.
Mother dear —

At last we are actually on our way to Iloilo. I can't yet believe that it is really so.

We didn't know until a week ago Sunday that we were going, and since then we've packed three trunks, a camphor wood box and my Victrola and typewriter. Of course nothing of numerous suitcases. These I take with me — and all the rest of my things packed to leave. The Bonsfields are to leave shortly — and then the house will be empty. Because there is a possibility of going back in the fall. I am keeping on until September. He can look after the things better than anyone else I know and we shall feel safer if the house is in his charge —
I am rather curious to know what we shall be expected to do when we get to St. Alois; teach, I suppose - won't it be terrible if we don't "fit in" - and I have a suspicion that maybe we won't - But I shall try my best, anyway.

Prospects look rather dark for opening the coeducational school in Swatow in the fall - and our prospects for getting back correspondingly dark - But I'm glad to get away from Swatow just now, if only for a little change - It is pretty bad to sit and wait to know what you are expected to do -

Since we have been here in H.K. we have seen Mr. & Mrs. Huang - Swatow friends of firm days - Pauline Dunn - and Ruidorf one of our teachers and my star music pupil -

This is studying down here in St. Stephen's, a Church of England School - He took Pauline out to dinner tonight last night.
We came down on the Hai Ching -- arriving Sunday morning at breakfast time -- and we hope to sail today, Tuesday at 7 P.M. on the Empress of Canada -- we haven't actually got our tickets yet but we are going down soon now to get them --

We have really taken from Swatow all the things that we would have if we had had to get out on account of war --

Ratten a joke -- the headlines that greeted us Sunday A.M. in Hongkong were "Philippines Revolt"! And it turns out to be an uprising of Occidental Negroes in Iloilo! So maybe we are not in for such a peaceful time as we thought -- But at least we'll have a change --

I must go now --

With lots of love,

Abhi
Windsor Hotel, Manila
May 19, 1927

Dearest Ones,

Well - we certainly don't get everything just as we expect to get it in this world, do we? We expected - Emily's I think - to have to find our way around Manila today all alone, get our tickets for Stoya and start down just as soon as we could. And we expected to get right to work in the summer school or whatever they have there.

Well - we hadn't yet finished looking at people on the dock as the boat got into harbor when almost as soon as the gangplank was down - we were accosted by a woman who wanted to find whether we were Mrs. Sanderson and Mrs. Miller - ? She is a Mrs. Higdon - Disciples' Church - There is no Baptist in Manila just now - Miss
Lagers grew up in the hills - but Mrs. Bigdon had on Tuesday received a cablegram from Miss McLeish in New York as follows (in code of course):

"Athy Sanderson and Emily Miller arrived in Swatow May 1st probably by President Cleveland. It is our desire they proceed at once to Baguio before going to Hong. Can you find them with this information and notify Bessie Traber Baguio Please accept my thanks in anticipation."

She took up to the Baptist dormitory but it was full of missionaries from other Boards, so she took us right across the street to her own home across the street for to the hotel. (Ah yes in the meantime we had repacked our baggage a bit so that some would be suitable for Baguio.) Then about
She came down again and took us to get our money changed—I got a flashlight bulb & I got a hat. Then we had a mangosteen (?) Sundae at the best recreation place in town—While there we met a Presbyterian lady who had in tow a young refuge from Hawaii somewhere—Mrs. H. introduced us to when we came out she (Mrs. Hodge) took us in her car for a drive around the Lunetta (park) before she took us back to the hotel—Manila is so lovely—and the streets seem so broad and the lawns stretch so green—and cool-looking—although we are having by far the hottest weather we’ve struck before this summer.

We have to get up about 6 tomorrow and take the train about 8 for Baguio and don’t know just where we shall be when we get there—but won’t Mr. & Mrs. Page be surprised when they get here next week!
We figure that since the time when the cable was sent asking us to go to Iloilo — Miss McV. had received cable letters saying that I must have a rest before I went to Burma anywhere! And so instead of going right into the heat to work, well, we were there for sleep under blankets, and have a fire, alone towards Tulete, in the open grate.

Well — the food is good — that is what I think — and Miss McVeigh. I'm afraid that sounds is a peach! I'm afraid that sounds a bit sacrilegious but I don't mean it so. We expected some trouble at customs but had none whatever —

and I had bought a screw driver along, and I think the fact that I had and that was why it was easy on me! It made the suspense easy on me!

though of course he knows Mrs. Higdon,

and that was why it was easy —

Mrs. McVeigh and always much love from

Your own Able!
Mother dear,

I wrote to you in Manila just before coming up here to Baguin. I wish you might have had a part of that trip up— you dear ones— I don’t wish for you to have any part of the train trip— from 8 P.M. till 2.30 P.M. we had it just about as hot as anyone could wish— About as hot as anyone could wish— About

2 me washed our faces and put on

clean dresses— At Damaúsio we took

the bus that climbs the mountain and

the bus that climbs the mountain and

from there on it was wonderful—

such hairpin curves— far views—

cascading falls— just beautiful— and

getting cooler and cooler all the time!
We were met at the train by Miss Bessie Traber who welcomed us to Baguio and took us out to Doane Rest—the marvelous summer home that Mrs. Doane has provided. It makes me think of Crystal Springs with its stone work and beautiful garden.

There were staying at the house (out of town) besides us; Miss Bessie Traber who is the head of everything at Doane and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who will be our "boss" apparently—and who 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Miss Anna Johnson (out here about 23 yrs)
Miss Selma Lagergren, Manila, general
I don't know how long she's been out
Flora Ernst - nurse - out less than a year
Hols -
Arcola Pettit who was in East China came back last year with Emily -
was transferred to Hols -
Miss Lagergren went down on Monday and the others went tonight - We didn't want the responsibility of closing up that big house - it is too far away from town and they take their chauffeur back with them - so we have accepted the invitation of Mr. & Mrs. Charles to go into their cottage until June 11 or 12 and then we'll all go down
It looks together - We have a dining-living room, two bedrooms, kitchen-pantry toilet - Mrs. Charles & Mr. & little Donald (4½) have one b.r. & a D. & Mrs. Rainey (govt. educational work) have the other and when we came they cleaned out the pantry and put our little beds in there - It is rather crowded - but I think we are going to be congenial and that counts a lot. It's raining nowadays but we hope it will clear off sometime - On Sunday I didn't hear much of the sermon because my eyes were wandering all over the room in search of Gertrude Coombes Rose - I didn't see her until after church. I didn't see her until after church. But as soon as I did see her I recognized her - She didn't know me at first because she wasn't expecting to see
They had sent word that two girls were coming from China, but didn’t say who! I don’t believe they have what we would call coordination here in this mission. But we shall see what we shall see!

The Pages come sometime next week and we shall be pretty glad to see them. The thing we are waiting for now is the Page’s reaction to what we have done. What do you suppose it is? I never thought I would do it, but I seem suddenly to have changed my mind.

Yesterday — Emily’s birthday — we both went to the barbers and
had our hair cut! I did mine in fear and trembling - but it really looks very well, so most people here think and anyway, I can let it grow again before I go back to China if I want to - But it is so deliciously cool and comfortable and already I am beginning to treat my head - Wouldn't you like a glimpse of me with my short-bobs? It is quite curly, too! Emily's looks very nice - and younger than ever. Much much love,
Dear my own Ones,

This is our second Sunday in the Philippines—we had a bit of sunshine today, the first in three days. We have been getting a bit of a typhoon—so we have stayed in the house pretty much this week—The Stoilo girls went down on Wednesday—Tuesday was Emily's birthday—the day we had our hair cut. She had made me promise not to let on that it was the day—as they didn't know until supper time, and then it was too late to celebrate. But when we got over here & there—
Charles', we got & talking about ages. Mrs. Charles and I are the youngest. She was born in 1893.

"When is your birthday?" says she.

"When is yours," say I.

"Mine's in February, when is yours?"

"Not until later in the year."

Well I thought that would get by.

She suspected and looked it up in the birthday book. As Friday evening we had a fine big cake with birthday candles brought in at dessert time. The little girl next door saw it through our window, and was thrilled.

8 pieces — ! She has a Birthday this week.

I wanted a letter from you on my birthday, but there was no use.

I think about that (I don't know when I shall hear from you again — it seems as long as think about it!!!) so it was
very nice to have a little festivity. And it is pretty nice to have Emily with me, too. I don't think I should like to be over in Burma all alone!

The Pagos were supposed to arrive in Manila May 27 but their names were not on the list of arrivals, so we don't know when they will get here. We are very eager to see them and hear all about what has happened in Swatow in the two weeks since we have left. They may bring us some mail, too, if somebody in Manila tells them we were here before they get a chance to send our mail & clothes.
Still glad we are here, and still glad we have had our hair cut. I'm so eager to know what you think about it!

Much love to you both.

P.S. My checks are to be deposited in Manila— you see I have lost a few months' interest on them, but I have them safe, anyway!
June 6, 1927

Dear Old Dad,

The above address is now the one they tell me is correct. I'm wondering how long you have known that I was coming to the P. D. You should have known soon after the middle of May, for when they sent to Miss McLeod they put an extra word in the cable which meant "notify families"—so we are hoping that it won't be long before we begin to get mail direct from America.

We are still at Baguio and are to be here the rest of this week. I'm glad of this extra time up here for it is giving...
As a chance to get a bit rested before we start in at the new job.

We have been waiting and waiting for the Papers to come. They didn't come on the boat that they had planned to take, and just at that time the papers were full of trouble in North China and the possible evacuation of Peking. So we didn't know what might have happened at Swatow. But as usual when we worry about something because we don't know all the details, there was nothing to it. The reason for their delay was that it rained so hard and so continuously that
they didn't have time to dry their things (from the dampness) before packing them. They arrived in Manila last Wednesday. They have all been sick - malaria, indigestion etc, so they were seeing some specialist in Manila before coming up here. They are probably on their way today. We expect them in this P.M. about 4:30 and are very much excited about it. We are going to open their cottage for them this morning & get things started so it will be a bit easier for them when they get here.

We are very anxious to know what they'll think of our toiled
hair! I'm rather anxious to know what you think, if the truth were known — But I'm sure you'll not be able to decide whether you like it until you see a picture of me! But I haven't had any taken — and I must save me money —

We haven't yet got used to the way these I gawt men dress — I saw some of them give a dance over at Camp John Hay the other night. All they wore was their "G-strings" as the folks here style them. Here is a picture to show you how they looked — Also these other pictures of the
scenery around here —

Goodbye for now —
we are going to get the
key for the Page's cottage.

Love to you both

Addie
Manila, P. I.
June 14, 1927

No 182

Dearest Open —

From the mountain again into the heat — much hotter than anything we have had in Detroit for nearly a year — But we are getting on old right and are really quite ready to begin work —

We came down yesterday morning with Mrs. Rainey. The Charles went Sunday night on the sleeper — because that trip is earlier than the day trip with a small child. The sunshine was beautiful in the morning and the scenery on the way down the automobile trail was marvelous beyond description later — that is so far as I got while we were in Manila.
We had really only two days there, and we were pretty busy shopping and getting our things ready for Iloilo. And it was so hot.

It is now Sunday. We arrived in Iloilo Friday morning, after a trip of two nights and one day on the S.S. "Cebu", one of the best boats from Manila & Iloilo. Most of the people slept on cots on deck. But we managed to stay in our cabin. It is too unprivate, all undressed and right next to any man, woman, or child. Spanish, Filipinos, or whatever. But it is very hot inside.

We came down on the same boat with Quezon - one of the big boys in the Islands. They are having big political business here now - election on Tuesday.

We arrived about seven in the morning - and Miss Ikals, Miss Drake...
Miss Hinkley, Miss Pettit, Miss Ernst and Ruth Harris were at the landing to meet us. Miss Ernst lives at the hospital and Ruth Harris out with the Feldmans at Jaro (pronounced Härö) but the others live on the "Doane" Compound—we all eat at the house (dormitory) where Emily has charge. It is called the chow house. I live next door, and have charge in my dormitory, which is called No. 2 dormitory. Arcola Pettit has charge of still another dorm. Miss Drake and Miss Traber live in Dr. Thomas' house. (The Thomases are on Fumba.) Mr. Percy Pemberton, a bachelor, lives in one of the buildings in the compound (I don't know just where) and he eats with us. He has charge of the preaching services and some of the classes connected with the evangelistic work.
Right there I was interrupted by a call from the Filipino teacher who is chaperone in this dormitory. Her name is Ana Tajanlangit (and the j is pronounced like k). She is very eager to teach me Visayan and says I pronounce very well. But I don't see how there will be any time to study any thing aside from regular work and if so, I shall want to study Chinese instead of Filipino! I don't yet know what my schedule is to be, though. I will learn that to-morrow, I'm sure.

Tuesday P.M.

This letter doesn't seem to get itself finished—so I'm going to say goodbye and begin again to-morrow. Your letter of May 18 arrived yesterday—I was so happy to get one direct from Charlotte! Love, Cecile
June 28, 1927

Dear Urs,

At last I have found out what is my correct address. But "Doane Hall" is just as good and I have been delighted to get your letters (May 18 & May 23) so promptly. The one of the 18th sent to Subtows arrived yesterday in company with the one sent direct May 23rd. So the other 23rd, one will come along sometime.

I'm surprised though, that you were so late getting official, definite news that I had come--Eunice's mother knew definitely that we had sailed--knew it about the 17th. I suppose the reason is that Philadelphia is nearer N. Y. than is northern
Vermont. Oh well - I'm pretty glad and thankful to have you know so soon as this!

I feel ashamed to think that I haven't written to you more in detail about things here. Still, it has taken some of my energy to get accustomed to the unearthly hours here. Did I tell you that the girls here in my dormitory get up about 5 - have soup breakfast at 6, and chapel at 6:45?

The foreigners had breakfast scheduled for 6:30 but that cut us out of chapel so most of us go to chapel first and have breakfast at 7. I can't do that on Wednesdays, however, for I have a class at 7:25!

And on Tuesday it is my turn to lead chapel. It is a scary business anyhow.
this making speeches, and I can’t do it on an empty stomach! So I had a cup of coffee beforehand and the rest of my breakfast afterwards. Today was my first time — one of the reasons your letter hasn’t been written until now —

I am teaching music, English, Bible, and Child Training and I have charge of a dormitory of 38 girls — (with the assistance of two Filipino teachers). I have charge of the Doane Hall choir and the latest job I have been given is that of overseeing the cleaning and repair of five pianos and five organs —

The Filipinos girls are very responsive and I think I am going to enjoy my work
Sere — Miss Tabor, attached at a missionary under the Board sent out by Mrs. Doane, is in charge of all the work here. She is the principal of the training school which is principally Kindergarten and Bible work. A three year course — Miss Hinkley (daughter of a Philadelphia Baptist minister) lives in and has charge of the Training School Dormitory. Arcola Pettifitt lives in and has charge of a dormitory where girls from the Normal and High School (right next door) board. A Philippine teacher has charge of one dorm. I another — Emily. A third — where girls board who pay a lower price than at Arcola’s. Miss Tabor & Miss Drake (who is also independent of the Board) live in the house where Dr. & Mrs. Sere.
Thomas (Norma Waterbury) lived
while they were here-

Doane Hall is the place
where regular chapel services
and church services, receptions,
etc.-are held. Kindergartens
carry on in the basement. There
are also classrooms-and,
at various hours during the
day high school students
are invited to attend Bible
classes. I have had one of
these already-and may have
another-

Between Doane Hall and the
Training School is a building
where the Doane Evangelistic
Institute is held. Young men
and women who want special
religious training may obtain
a one-year course here.

I teach in all three of these
institutions-I have English and
Life of Paul in No. 3; and English, Singing (all the singing that is given in the school) and Child Training in No. 1.

In No. 2 I have one—probably two groups—studying the life of Christ.

We have no lessons in the afternoon until 3:25 so that gives time for a good little siesta— I am writing letters this afternoon—but I do not intend to make that a practice.

It was pretty hot when we first came down from Baguis—but the rains have begun and the last few days have been cooler. The nights are very comfortable. One thing we have enjoyed as much is auto riding. Miss
Traber has her own car and takes out for a little ride almost every evening just before supper. Every Monday we take a picnic supper - go out to a cottage on the beach at Otono - about ten miles (?) from here - and have a fine swim. The car holds six comfortably. That leaves Mr. Pemberton out.

I forgot to say that he is the lone man on this compound. He has a room at Roane Col. Inst. but he eats with the rest of us at the "Chow House" (Emily's Forintory). He is the minister of the Roane Hall church - a rather ordinary speaker (with some nice phrases also) if you tell anyone what I have written. Many very fine qualities. The young people think very highly of him and he has a
great hold on them. He has had baptisms both Sunday we have been here. In fact the atmosphere is one in which it seems to me it is easy to become a Christian.

I have not seen Fortune Rose since she left Baguio. We are invited out to Ruth Harris (who lives with the Feldmans) to have supper tonight. No one has called on us, although I have heard indirectly that they asked for my services for some classes out at Central Philippine college (in Jaro, a 20 min ride from here). Miss Traber has not told me that. I understand there is practically no intercourse between this compound and that one. I can't find out the history. Some say that this place is fundamental and that
me is Modern — but I have no proof — At present I am asking no questions!

I have not enough very thin summer dresses — As if you happen to be anywhere where you can get material for one — (or two if they are cheap) will you get some (not all white, but light; voile if it is very firm, or dimity, or anything sheer, except organdy)

Have to stop now. The boat goes this P.M.

Try to write about my room, etc. next time —

Love

Abhi
Dear Ones;

I am just getting my typewriter out of its box and this is a trial to see whether it will still work. So far I have found only one thing wrong; the figure 11111111 does not sound back into place as it should. But it is better now than it was when I began this sheet. I suppose a good oiling will help a lot, and possibly a new ribbon. But I think it has really carried pretty well. The principal things I need are a chair that fits me and some regular practice. For the last few months before I left Swatow the machine was in the room that Dr. Housfield had, and while I was only too glad to have him use it, yet I did not go in there to use it or to get it, sometimes when I might have used it had it been right in my own study.

I thought when I first got here that I should have to get a number of pieces of furniture right away in order to get along at all. But along with the discovery that living here in the Philippines is very high comes the idea that perhaps I can manage without much more. In my room when I came were a bed, a little bookcase with wooden doors in which I can hide a good many things from the public eye, a typewriter table, and one chair—a good rocker. That is really not a great deal of furniture to furnish a bedroom, study, bathroom and dressing room. The study is almost too exposed, however, to be of much use as a study; the dressing room, as you will see when I tell you, the measurements, is scarcely more than a clothes closet, and there is room for precious little in the bathroom aside from the bowl, seat, shower, and faucet that comprise the fixtures. Oh yes, I forgot to mention a nice little mirror which was here when I arrived. Emily's room had no bed in it, (I think I told you that we had to buy one in Manila.) I have three beds and an army cot in China and she has two and a cot too! (See?) but her rooms are in the house where we eat, and they are of themselves quite a bit nicer than mine. She had a wardrobe, a table and a little stand, two or three chairs and a little stool. Her rooms are much more private than mine, some what cooler and her bathroom. She is on the other side of the house from the girls in her dormitory, and our dining room and living room are between her and them. I am separated from the room in which my girls live only by a thin partition which goes partway to the ceiling. I was dreadfully bothered by the noise when I first came but mind it much less now. The girls really are not very noisy, only my old maid nerves were a bit on edge.

Emily was bothered because her rooms were so much nicer than mine. I should have said nothing, but I was rather blue and homesick and this is what came out before I thought; "It is as it should be; I can stand it better than you can because all my life I have known what is was to get along with conditions to which I happened to be placed and not kick about them or get out just because I didn't like them." I apologized for it afterwards but I wish I hadn't said it!

July 5

I started to draw a picture of my house but there is not room as I'll try again on the other side of the paper.
I have started this wrong and drawn it wrong side up - so just imagining that my rooms are on the other side of the front door.

1. My bedroom - (This is 15'2" x 14'7")
   - a = typewriter table
   - b = bed
   - c = big trunk
   - d = campaign chest
   - e = bookcase or case of shelves
   - f = steamer trunk.

(There really isn't all that room left.)

guess I drew the furniture too small.

2. My parlor (the 2 squares therein are my office hat trunk and my Victrola - which sits on its case.
   (This room is 16' x 8')

3. Clothes closet - 72" x 45"

4. Bathroom 64" x 57" not counting the jog for the seat.

5. "Salle" or girls reception room.

6. First parlor.

7. 7 bedrooms for 31 girls & teachers.

- Back parlor.

It is very nice & have electric lights and modern bathroom appliances - but I miss my old tin bathtubs and the modern plumbing is that in name only. There is running water but I have to draw a full of water from the faucet every time I want to flush the toilet. The girls' toilet, adjoining mine, is not connected either and they have to get their pails of water from the well just outside. So they often neglect it - and it is not very pleasant!

But there are a few pleasant things here. The auto rides with Miss Traylor are most delightful and refreshing. Every Monday we go about ten...
miles, out to Otoe - at the beach - for supper and a
swim - (the other way around, of course I mean)
yesterday, July 7 we went a little earlier than usual
and had a wonderful time - But I don't think this
bunch here at Doane Hall mixes much with any of the
other missionaries - For may - that's a big part of the
reason I know - We went out to Ruth Harris' to dinner
last Tuesday - and that is the only time almost - that I
have seen her except the day we landed

Last Friday the Stuarts' baby Carol died - about 48 mos. old
I think - The funeral was Saturday afternoon - Emily and
I went out in Miss Sabers car right after lunch and got
about eight dozen tiny pale pink sweethearts roses - (the
only things to be had except something bigger and bright and
yellow) we made them into a sheaf and they were very
pretty - though not showy - We had seen the baby when we
were out there - on Tuesday - dear little pale thing - just
simply drooping up against her mother - the roses -
indelibly reminded of the tiny tired girls - she had accuracies I
think they said - It was hard for Gertrude Rose - in
she just lost a little one last winter -
It seemed a bit incongruous to go right from
the funeral to a party - but that is what we folks here
did - We had been invited to two by the Government
School just across the road. The first was a dance
and no one cared to go to that - This second was a
musical - and was given, so we surprised, largely
because they knew why we didn't attend the dance.
So we went - and had a most delightful time on
the roof of the school building - Some of the girls
who live in our dormitories were performers -
I forgot to say that Wednesday was a great day. Mr. Pemberton was sick and could not speak at the evangelistic meeting in the afternoon. But Men Tabor took his place and gave a message which evidently was just what stirred the young people. Twenty-six boys and sixteen girls went forward, signifying their desire to become Christians. But that does not mean they all joined the churches. Some of them are not ready to join — and some don’t want to join at all — just want to be Christians. But on Sunday eight girls and four boys were baptized — and there will be more later.

Much, much love,

[Signature]
Dearest,

I am beginning this letter on Sunday morning instead of Tuesday or Wednesday. Sundays have been such fill days for me since I've been here that I've scarcely written a line on either Sunday or Monday. True, Monday is our holiday, but that is the one day in the week when we can have a girl come to do such work as washing out stockings, sewing, etc. and I usually want to be here to get her started. Or if not that—there is something to be done down town—and Monday is the only time for that—Monday afternoon by this time I have had my rest and begun to think about my chapel talk for next morning. The girls come around with their car to take us to Chapel. Then Tuesday I'm busy getting work planned and started for the week and sometimes it gets to be Wednesday before my letter gets written.

But today Sunday School began on time at 8 and closed on time - at 9 - and there were only two baptisms at the close of the church service, as we got out about 10:30 — I hope sometime I shall develop a little faith so that I won't have to put all through the service without knowing whether there is to be any choir or not. The members are all assigned to
Sunday Schools out somewhere in the city and don't get back until just time for the song. And I'm on pins and needles until they arrive - I guess I'll try to settle down and make up my mind that if they come it will be all right and if they don't come it won't matter much -

Your letter written just before you were to leave for Essex came yesterday; you had received my letter from Hong Kong - and I was glad to know that. I'm hoping I hear soon about Arthur's commencement and also what you think of short hair! (you'll get tired of hearing me reiterate that, so I'd better wait patiently till I hear from you.) Of course I'll trust to your judgment as to the time Arthur needs the money I want to give him, and leave it to you - provided he gets it all before next Christmas.

If any body asks you about things to send to me, tell them the usual things: I have mentioned before crayons, towels, complete tablets, pencils, dolls, tooth paste, and brushes, pictures, bags (with or without sewing accessories) and tell them to send to Dr. Marquardt Everhau, Swatow - I have to send to Dr. Marquardt Everhau, Swatow - I'm helping one special interest in that hospital, so I'm helping one of the teachers who was in our school to train those for nursing. And they need the things more in nursing. And I may go back there sometime. If you know of anyone who has last year's Sunday School notes (Psalmbets or any other) (we have the S. F. Times only, and a lesson paper) tell him to send it
To me here as soon as possible - I'm also eager for song books - Northfield Hymnal, New Baptist Hymnal Book, and others that are new - I wish I had easy anthems and songs for our choir and for the girls in the kindergarten training classes. Used sets of Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving (etc.) music or any F. E. programs would be greatly appreciated. I wish, also, that I had some sets of pictures or narratives - And whatever is sent, be sure to have it marked **MADE IN AMERICA**. If it is not thus marked, it is liable to duty, why I don't know - I should have told you these things before but I didn't really know until now what I wanted - I wish I could have some nice books to give to Margaret. I wish I could have some nice books to give to Margaret Lee for a Christmas present, but I don't know what to get.

Thank you very much for sending me the Baptist for my birthday. As for putting money in the bank for me, I don't think you ought to do it. As though you didn't need it right in your own bank account. And Arizona is the one who needs help just now, any way. Use what you meant to put in for me. For him -

Yes - I have read the "Christ of the Indian Road" and it has done me a lot of good - Perhaps that would be a good one to send to M. Lee - I remember Mrs. Ordway, I think (short or fat?) and I'm not sure about Mrs. Nichols. How very nice of her to get those things for you -
You never did say why Arthur went to Europe just before graduation. Do you know? I'm just curious, that's all.

I guess I have all the letters that have been sent.

Swatow now. I have nos. 123 to 128 — with an extra between 124 and 125 which I shall call 124a. It's good to be getting them direct from you although I don't believe they make any quicker time. You see our mail was taken off at Shanghai and we often got it three days later by coast steamer. We used to reckon that the days later by coast steamer.

The latest news from China is that the alumni of Swatow Academy (Boys') want the new school to be boys' only. That doesn't look as though I'm likely to go back.

The latest news from China is that the alumni of Swatow Academy (Boys') want the new school to be boys' only. That doesn't look as though I'm likely to go back. It's just as well to be away from there just now I guess.

Feel sure I'm staying on here. And wishes that I would be...

But so far I shall try to put all of me into the work while I am here, but I'm just doing it all in the hope that I can get back to China before...

I certainly left a piece of my heart over there.

Love to you. Abbie
Dear old Dad—

By this time this reaches you no doubt you will have written me a detailed account of the son's Commencement—when you saw whom you heard, what he said—what she did, etc. But at the present writing it has been an age since I've received anything from you—Come on do write me a line once in a while. You'll be as bad as Arthur if you keep on! But I have no use to blame you not hearing from him—my own self it blame ye not hearing from him—While you are included in every letter to mother while you are included in every letter to mother (how I wonder how long that little curtain length will last?) (And how many letters it will bring me?)

I wish you folks could be transported here I wish you folks could be transported here in a few days so that you could see the place where I live—In a quiet house, a quiet room to myself in a quiet house, farther away from the center of the compound than most of the other houses. Here with a dormitory full of girls living almost in my room—I can hear every whisper, it is very different, and my old maid nerves find themselves getting a bit shaky once in a while. But it is good discipline in me, I guess—Maybe this is the kind of work I'll be doing when I get back to China—
Even though the present prospects for getting back are rather dark - The alumni of the Boys Academy want to have the new school entirely in Baguio and have Mr. King at the head of it. What the outcome will be we don't yet know. One thing I do know, and that is that I'm glad I'm not there just now for my presence could scarcely be helpful if that is the attitude the Chinese are taking - And Mabelle Culley hasn't written to me for months - I keep wondering whether she disapproves of my coming away on what - I do not feel guilty on that score, however - for I see nothing else that I could have done conscientiously, and I think it was wise, too -

Well - the days go by - Last Friday night I spoke to the W. W. J. and R. A. here about missionary work in China - It was fun, but made me rather homesick -

Just now I'm sitting with my hat on waiting for Belty Fedora's car to come. The newcomers are invited out to a Philippine home for lunch -

Then she honks!

Love - 

[Signature]
Beloveds,

Life is not all honey, alas, when you are living in a dormitory. We have had some fights this week, and one girl has transferred to another dormitory. One girl has been accused of stealing a fountain pen and her accuser is charged with being a general troublemaker. She, in turn, denies this charge, and I have had a seance with her tonight.

Well, I don't know whether it will do any good or not, but something has to be done, and the Filipino teacher in charge can't quite seem to handle it. Whether we shall have to discharge one of these girls, I don't know—I don't believe I'm a very good one to be a judge of them. But they haven't built a fire in charge of a dormitory. But they haven't built a fire in charge of a dormitory. But they haven't built a fire in charge of a dormitory.

These girls have shot darts at me openly. The girl whom I interviewed the other day, Thursday, I asked if she would mind being in the study room. She said yes, she would mind being in the study room. She said yes, she would mind being in the study room.

Late Tuesday—the girl whom I interviewed the other day, Thursday, I asked if she would mind being in the study room. She said yes, she would mind being in the study room. She said yes, she would mind being in the study room.

Dinorah Hall
Hilo, P. I.
July 81, 1927
I am finding out what it means to live night in the dormitory with the girls. Last night two of them were sick with bowel trouble. My room affords their bathroom. They have to carry pails of water to flush their toilets and three pails of water aren't enough for a whole night if anyone is sick. The odds—well, I guess I have said enough— I'm in need of sleep today.

And I don't need to write all these harrowing details. You might think I don't appreciate living here with this bunch of young folks having Betty Boles so into this bundle of young folks having Betty Boles so

I expected to find things awful here. I'm agreeably surprised. I had been told that there wasn't much cooperation between the General Board, workers, and the cooperation between the General Board, workers. That's true enough, I guess, but.

I'm not prepared to write about that. For one thing, I don't know enough about it to write anything intelligent. And for another, it wouldn't do you or me any good if I did.

For a more cheerful subject—my hair is getting quite curly! Maybe you won't know your child when next you see her.

I am very hungry for letters from you. I had a lot of American mail yesterday and I didn't get a scrap. I think it has gone out to Java, perhaps. It should always be sent to Doane Hall. Love to you. Abbie.
Mother dear, you've been asking me to make a list, and I think it was in the last letter but one that I told you to have people send things to Marguerite. I have Everhams instead of heres. Since writing that I have discovered that Everhams here is helped greatly by boxes from America and dolls, handkerchiefs, attractive little notebooks, etc. I would be most acceptable. I wish I might have a Christmas present. I want to send them to me for a Christmas present. Our laundry goes away from the house here, and everything ought to be marked. I wish I might have. I wish you would use my money to get them for me. The Real Jesus by James B. Francis, Bible Object Book by Clarence H. Koobston, and Seams of Glory by Philip W. Cramwell. They are all publication Society books.

Sunday.
Life goes on much the same. Sunday is a hard day and Made shopping. Christian Endeavor this afternoon. Had offering to get a little extra need. Yesterday I struggled a little harder than usual with
the choir and I've been tired ever since!
I like this business of singing, but being
director when there isn't a very good organist is something
new to me. We have started in on an anthem
but I don't know whether or not we can finish it.
Hereafter I think we'll stick to hymns!

Tomorrow we expect Viola Hill and May
Cressey of East China, who are here for a few
weeks up in Baguio. They have about a week
down here in the vicinity of Iloilo. I have
seen both of them, so it will be nice to see them.

In between classes and in all my spare
moments I have been making a bedspread of
yellow Baguio material to match my curtains—and
a cover for a box of shelves, and a curtain to
put up at the semi-transparent door between my
room and the girls' room. I haven't quite finished
the curtain yet but hope to do it tomorrow.
I can scarcely wait for tomorrow to come for
it will bring some better news from you, I hope. The
last time there was bodies of time mail and
not one scrap for me. That is partly my own
fault. I've scarcely written to anyone yet, even, &
tell that I'm here in the Philippines. I don't know
what is the matter with me—I can't seem to get
started at it.

Monday morning, 10.30 A.M. Viola Hill came
alone, and we went down to the boat about 11.30
to meet her. It is good to see her—Miss Cressey
is still in Bagaima with a bad fever, and I may come the end of this week.

But we went to the P.O. on the way home and I got a letter from you in which you express your disappointment because I have cut my hair. You don't say that you are chagrined and ashamed of your child — but I feel that you are. Oh, dear! I don't know why I should expect you to have changed your mind just because I did. I'm terribly sorry you disapprove, because I am getting a lot of comfort and satisfaction out of it myself. Perhaps if you could see me you wouldn't hate it so badly — I don't think you would be ashamed of me, but perhaps you would, of course! The people here who have seen me before and after consider it an improvement. But this is the last you will hear from me about this subject, I guess. Except that I do want so badly to know whether Amies hates it as you do!

I wish Arthur would write to me. I think it is about time. You didn't get into details about how he got his Chevrolet. Whatever it was, now, etc. — I'm surprised, too — though I suppose he will count that money as saved on carfare.

The rain is on here in earnest. Yesterday it poured so hard in overseas service that the speaker could scarcely make himself heard. The showers usually come in spasm-like here: one minute a downpour, and by the time you have your rubbers and
raincoat of sunshine again. But today is more
or less of a steady drizzle.

Goodbye, until next time.

With heaps of love.

Abbie
Dear Ones,

Mail day doesn't come till Tuesday, that is, the boat doesn't go until then, but I'll get started tonight and then I'll be more likely to get it really on time.

I'm sending you this time a few little billet-doux which may be of interest. The two small trees came with baskets of flowers which were hung on my door by Emma Jorgensen, one of the girls in my dormitory. The day I came, she and Catalina Golipapa well the first to come to my room to make friends. Catalina is a
Baptist - a church member. Her name is Emma. She told me that she was a Catholic. She has since decided to become a Christian and wants to be baptized but her mother still thinks longingly of the silver vases which the priest in their village has promised her if she remains a Catholic. But Emma doesn't want the vases and she keeps writing to get her mother's permission for baptism. She is a regular attendant at my Bible class, and a zealous worker in C.E. and the other organizations, just in this short time.

Another of the documents, as you will see, is a copy of my most recent letter to Miss McNeilly. I hadn't been here long enough to tell much...
about work here - but I did want her to know that I hope they will stick to the "temporary" part of the plan in sending me here!

The other paper is a copy of a letter which Emily confiscated from one of her girls - (All the mail is inspected before it is given out to the girls and if it is not approved, is taken summarily - This epistle seemed sufficiently ardent to warrant the confiscation. It lost some of its fillip, however, when it was discovered that the writer was a mere child of 14!)

At Christian Endeavor this P.M. one of the young men from the Evangelistic Institute was the leader
and his speech was certainly a burst of oratory! It is a shame to make fun of such a noble effort—but really I bit my lip nearly in two before the service was over. His vocabulary is really so good that it is ridiculous for him to have such absurd pronunciation—I can't remember much, but I do remember "deevil," asking everyone to "participate" in the meeting, and that the Filipinos' youth was the "whoop of the nation." Oh yes—and he talked once about the social evils being the cause of much of the infant morality in the country—well—these mistakes are no worse than what we hear every day about "the blessings we are reaping," the "Holly Forest,"
"even," and "ever," "meditation," "priest" for priest - etc - This Filipino English is really most difficult to understand!

I should like to introduce you to a group of students. They are the Institute students. I wonder if you can tell from the names which are boys and which are girls?

Florencia Caminie
Roque Santiago
Nora Cababaän
Jose Dairo (Nosaý Darérrù)
Gaudencia Pele-
Camte Cambel (Cabilyon)
Guadalupe Cabillon (Cabilyon)
Manuel Confesor
Remedios Trancellos
Honorio Villavicencio (Vilyavčad'ha)
Genaro Dieto (Hentaro)
Antipas Criador
Jose Ibabao
Bonifacio Cabonoc

I had quite a time to find out how these names are all pronounced and a harder time to fit them to the people. Every other one is a girl, up to Remedios; the others are all boys — I really think the names of the first year training school girls are even more intriguing.

Emiliana Bantique (Bantiquee)
Efigenia Piernato (Effiehunia)
Paulina Trompeta
Albina Tornilla (Tornélyya)
(How do you like that name?)
Diosdada Gonzales
Fidelina Fernandez
Socors Alajado (Alohado)
Conchita Motus
Enriqueta Espinosa
Purificacion Defante
Maria Candoleseras

Isn't that a list for you?
Purificacion has a brother who was converted under Mrs. Macpherson, and is a Pentecostal missionary. He has pretty much wrecked one or two meetings we have had so now they merely ask him to pray or sing. He has taught them one song to the tune of Tipperary, and another is "Come Play with me"
And some others which are just about as raggy as they can be — and they bring them with gush — well — no harm, I suppose.

Mrs. M. I've just finished typing, signing and sealing 4 full page and 15 half-page letters to tell people where I am — Strangely enough, my list shows exactly 55 more than must be written right away — and these cannot be carbon copies but must be individual. The above included letters to the Maine Baptist Messenger, Mrs. Gammon, Sarah Kimball, Ruby Scotty, Mrs. Bugbee, Evelyn Cranska, Stella Campbell, Ruth Turnbull, Percy, Frances, Hilma, Uncle George, Uncle Samuel, Uncle Arthur — Love & ym-dears — Abbie
When I received your letter on the 19th of June, something im perceptible diverted my unconscious mind to that Delectable portion in man's imagination. Yes, Soling, I read your letter and its contents really satisfied the vehemence of my burning desire. I was very happy indeed though some parts of it relapsed me into dreamland and contemplation.

Of course, Soling, as we are far parted from one another, there is no other medium thru which we can express our thoughts and feelings than thru letters. Really it grieves me even to the point of mental depression if I can't receive any letter from home, especially from those Dearest friends of my---- whose words are the subject of my reveries, and whose image I am so faithfully cherishing.

Soling, is your life there in the Dormitory a happy one? If it is possible in your answer, please tell me how you are getting along there. I too is living in the Dormitory and I found it out that boarders are always happy, being associated with friends from different parts of the archipelago. I am here at this time the door keeper of the "Intramuros Ladies Hall". I am always advise by the Dean to keep a close watch over the boarders here, and besides this I am also empowered either to accept or reject visitors during school days. With this power then I am only allowing those friends of mine to meet their visitors during school days. Most of the girls boarding here are my friends. Oh! how happy indeed is to live in a group of friends in this voluptuous portion of the city. It seems a paradise indeed because this Dormitory is in front of the Catholic Cathedral and its beautiful gardens, where night and days many a romantic play is staged by passionate lovers and yielding sweethearts. But inspite of all this happiness to the vista of my immagination, my inner self grieves me when I remember those dulcet faces of my dearest home friends, especially when--------

Last of all, Soling, please tell me the names of all those Leonian boarders there in the Dormitory, I begged to remain,

Yours lovingly,
For Miss Sanderson

May you enjoy the fresh odors of this flowers.
Good night to these flowers and
Good night to you.
Good night, sweet dreams.

Emma

Many thanks for your flower box.

Thanks.
For Miss Sanderson

These flowers are for you and only you. Please give it from the one whom you know not.

I hope nobody ever touches. How do you like it? Please put the buds on your breast.

Sincerely,

Emma
Dear Mother,

This will be a short letter, for I am still in bed with an attack of dengue—what they call "break-bone" fever. I have not had a very high fever, but have had a wretched back ache. It began last Friday night. This is Tuesday, and since I'm coming along all right, I shall probably be back at work by this Friday. It doesn't last long, but it's pretty uncomfortable while it does last.

Emily took care of me the first two days (the worst)
and even yesterday she came over here with me, although I knew she was sick and I begged her to go back to her own room and stay in bed. But she stuck it out till after dinner—and then finally went to bed.

She says that her back and head are not bad—but I don't know whether she is bluffing or not. Her temperature thus far has not been as high as mine—I hope she won't be any sicker because she stayed up and took care of me. I feel quite like a faker & have her take such good care of me—and then my not caring for her at all!
Betty and Arble also are sick with Denge, and Alice.
Arkle is just getting over it.
So nobody is sick except
Miss Hinkley & Mr. Prentisston.
A good many of the boys and
girls are sick too.

Had a letter from Mabelle
Culley yesterday who says, "I
hope to get up to see your
parents in Sept. when I
go to a conference in Conn."
I shall be so anxious to hear
about her visit with you!

Enough for this time,

With

Love

Robie