Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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515063
Dear One -

The days went by this trip without my writing on Sunday—My comfort is that there is no steamer until 8 a.m., so you would not have got my letter any sooner. It is now 6:30 a.m. and today is the day I sail for Manila—It feels as though it were half a dream, even so.

Last week, in Swatow, was a hectic week. I was in Swatow to be married, and already had come down to Swatow to be married. The wedding day was very successful, and everyone was very happy. The music for the wedding was wonderful, and everyone was very happy.

Things went off beautifully, and everyone was very happy. I had long exams and had a good graduation. I usually did well in my examinations, but this time I did not. Examiners from abroad were sitting in my examinations, and I really enjoyed solving them.

Wednesday morning—A party graduation came, and I spent the afternoon with them. I finished correcting exams Tuesday P.M. and I finished correcting exams Wednesday morning. A party graduation came Monday evening. I was called upon to prepare the questions, books, and finished papers.

Thursday morning, I spent in Swatow, having Thursday morning, I spent most of the day there. My passport was renewed, etc.
The German language committee who examined Mr. Liebeck on his first six months examination, which was taken at the end of 4 months time is a little more. He did very well except on the most important point — tones. I hope he will see the importance soon of getting at work on them — It will be a pity if he doesn't. I think he has done really remarkable work otherwise — I think he expected to get "Excellent" and the grade of "Good" may seem unfair to him but it may be the only way to make him realize the importance of tones.

Well — On Friday morning I went up to school Hall — Shanghai College entrance exams to five of me at 8:20 to give college entrance exams to five of them "The boy from China" who seems graduates (one of them "The boy from China") also seems graduates (one of them). I got home at quarter of one — I did some packing that P.M. but really didn't make much headway. That evening I went over to Velva's house —

In my second syphilis inoculation against cholera —

In my second syphilis inoculation against cholera —

I went over to Velva's house —

That evening I went over to Velva's
did some packing that P.M. but really didn't make much headway.

Even though the next morning my arm was as sore as a boil — my head was big — and I
real felt much more like lying down on my little bed and staying there than I did like coming to Macao! Soon after lunch I went out on the steamer - got a little glimpse of Anna Foster, who had just arrived from Macao — By the way, did you know that Dr. Condon had died — some months ago? Had a beautifully calm trip down to Hong Kong — In company with some of the same Seventh Day Adventist missionaries who came down on the Pacific Mail with no pan.
the prettiest Chinese girls I ever saw. She is older now but just as pretty. They have a wonderful home—and she is a beautiful Christian girl—apparently wholly unspoiled by being the wife of a rich man. She has seven lovely children, six of whom we saw. They had tea and cakes for us and then the three oldest boys and the mother got into the car and took us home. The mother went on to a hospital to see a friend’s sick baby—and the boys were to be taken to a special swimming beach for an hour’s play in the water. I shall not soon forget that visit (Phillips House).

This place is almost as good as the morning home in Shanghai for meeting people. I’ve seen a number I knew already—Marcella was here until July 1—but she didn’t have a very good room—and so back she went to her old stamping ground. But I have found it delightful here so far—

Must stop—go take bath and get ready for teatime. We are going to meet the Asia when she comes in today because Ruth Chen may be coming on her.

Much love, Abeo.
Jul 21

Juno Hotel

In the Wonderland of the Orient
Baguio, Mt. Prov., Philippines

July 19, 1932

Dear Clara,

Well, I did get to my destination after being on the way a whole week. I expected the four days in Hong Kong to be hot, hotter, hottest and X to be an absolute drag while I sat in a steamer waiting for my boat. It was not too hot, except for the last day there, and I was busy every minute. Ruth Chen arrived that last day, about 1:30 PM.

We had a calm trip to Manila - not a ripple - and I met a very few people. This all seemed nice. One was Mr. Sheller's cabin mate on the trip out - a Catholic father. In Manila, Paul Clute and his mother met me and while in Manila I saw Mr. and Mrs. Hydorn, who arranged to meet Emil, me the time we were sent to the Philippines. We didn't arrive until after 5, so I had no time for shopping. The train left Sat. A.M. at 6:55. I had an early breakfast - and had them put up my lunch at the hotel, so I wouldn't have to go into the diner, but could eat by myself and stay with my baggage. At the last minute, however, I left my lunch on the station, waiting room table. Had I the lunch on the train, waiting room table - I would probably have punished them, too, mother, I would have gone wilder at noon. But being me, and myself by going without at noon - and rather starry, and very hungry - at 11 o'clock I went into the diner and had one of the
best dinner I've had in a month of Sundays—I had to pay 15¢ gold for it—but there were vegetable soup—tenderloin steak, baked potato, green peas, delicious rolls, caramel ice cream, coffee and a big orange—and I got away with it all! I didn't feel as terribly extravagant for that was on the train, and it was all I could get for that or nothing. Moreover, I have instructions from Dr. Brown to gain as many pounds as I can this trip.

There is one fly in my ointment—I have a miserable room, on the opposite side of the house from the most gorgeous view there is in these mountains, almost. My view is the roof, door, and the aroma of the kitchen, and the aroma of farm weeds in the mornings of the kitchen. We were awakened at 6:30 this morning, while the fragrance of boiled cabbage this noon drove my appetite entirely. I knew yesterday that I didn't like the room—so I asked for a different one, but this one they showed me was not much better. So I decided to wait until Monday. I needed a bath, and decided to wait until Monday. I needed a bath, and I just clean clothes—and it was raining—and I just didn't think of anything but the happy happy time Emily and I had coming up here—in contrast & being very alone this time. Today I've seen the rooms of the Southern Baptists' people from Canton, and they are all as much better than mine—I'm surely going to make changes tomorrow. Much love, Abbie.
Dear Ones,

I am wondering just what kind of blue, depended letter I sent to you last week. I surely was tired, and disappointed because of the room I had—and lonely, and generally dispirited—much more than I usually am and much more than I usually admit. I hope I didn’t sound too downhearted.

Monday morning I spoke to the proprietress and she was very gracious about changing and the one I have now does not have my room. The one I have now does not have the morning sun, but neither does it have the kitchen smells—and it has a wider bed, a wider space between the bed and the dresser, and a wider view from the window.

I am sitting by that window now at 9:15 A.M. and as I look up from my writing I can see the trimmed hibiscus and arbor vitae, and beyond, several terraces, green lawns, fountains, a profusion of cans, in every color, cosmos, coreopsis, marigolds, gladioli, salvia, and brilliant begonias, and a little Moorish all around of some red-leaved plant (coleus?). At one side is a little summer house with magenta-colored fougamillea blooming flamboyantly from its roof in...
big plum-likes pond. Aunt Bertha would be in clover here, except for one thing; room is allowed to pick a flower. The Lanceboys can pick them, evidently, for I have had flowers ever since I moved into this room, cala lilies first, and now dahlias.

Beyond the flower garden is a road, and beyond that, looking through branches of towering Bagins pines, I can see the broad grassy plot in the center of which is the pretty artificial lake, or lagoon; and beyond that, horses on one edge of Bagins town, with the hills behind. On the highest of these hills, directly opposite my window, is the Bagins astronomical observatory. This does not tell the half of the view I have from my window, but you can see that it is a restful view. I believe this is what I came to Bagins for!

Edna Smith, Beatrice Ericson, and Alice Chen (principal of the woman's school—Mrs. Sellman's girl) arrived on Friday. I had already found out which cottage they were to have, so that saved them some time. We went right up there and then I went down. We went right up there and then I went down.

I was surely glad to see them. I was surely glad to see them. I was surely glad to see them. I was surely glad to see them. I was surely glad to see them. I was surely glad to see them. I was surely glad to see them.

The next morning Edna went around until we found the tennis courts that go with the cottage, and made arrangements about using them. Then we came back to the hotel and didn't
expect to see them again until today; but in the afternoon
Edna and Beatrice came over and I got one to go up
& supper with them and to play Rock in the evening
(Time to go to church now)."

Monday A.M. We had a beautiful church service today. The theme of the
into the Lord's Supper at the close. The theme of the sermon was "She touched the hem of His gar-ment"—and
question brought up was what "hem of His garment"
want we today whereby we, touching, may be healed?
Hem we today whereby we, touching, may be healed.
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seemed just the fitting song for the close— and so for me— twice in close succession. The communion service has been a far deeper than usual thing—a real spiritual experience. It makes me very much ashamed of my depression of the past week; although I do realize that that was to a large extent physical. But I really feel now that this splendid chance for vacation is beginning to "take hold"—I am surely am fortunate to be able to come here for such a good rest. and be able to come here for such a good rest.

Edua brought your letters of June 9 and June 12. Edua brought your letters of June 9 and June 12.

I was delighted to hear about the fifty-year date and forty-eight people getting together. It is nice to have people get together. Celebrities! It is nice to have people get together. I am glad to hear them once in a while—and I am glad to think people remembered. I wish I could have been able to come. I wish I could have been.

Fifty year old graduates— Wish I could have been fifty year old graduates—Wish I could have been fifty year old graduates.

Mother— While I think of it, you have to read—there is no—

Mother— While I think of it, you have to read—there is no—

They haven't come yet—ordered something ago—They haven't come yet—ordered something ago—

I hope you won't have to buy too many in the meantime, I was thankful I heard that Mother—

Indigestion didn't amount to much.

You said something about sending a pattern. You said something about sending a pattern.

Have you used it—have you used it yet? You said something about sending a pattern. Have you used it yet? You said something about sending a pattern. Have you used it yet?

And how do you like it? And how do you like it? And how do you like it?

I shall await with great interest report of you. I shall await with great interest report of you.

P.S. Tell Grace Allen that I shall certainly want to buy a wedding ring. I am so glad she heard about reading in that kind.

As always—my love to you and all the folks. As always—my love to you and all the folks.
Dear Pau,

This will be a pretty sketchy letter for I have only a few minutes to write it in if it is & catch the "Empress" from Manila tomorrow. I am just back from church. I do enjoy the church services here very much and the lovely get-togethers of the missionaries and other people afterward.

On Wednesday we (The China people, about 17 of us) were invited to tea at the home of the Esthbachs. Mr. Esthach is the pastor of the Evangelical church here in Baguio. That was very nice--although we had to go in a car because it rained.

The girls are happy in their cottage and they invite me up there so much that I am ashamed. So I have had them down here at the hotel once for dinner and they enjoyed that too. They gave me half rates for my guests as well as for myself. I shall have some tea at the cottage and I shall help be hostess there.

But for the most part in eating and sleeping I have written one important letter, the one to Miss Sandberg--a copy of which I enclose. The paragraph about Dr. Bing can be read to people--but I rather not. I have one letter to them which was begun last April. Isn't this a good letter from Hazel Mama?

Love, Athea
Baguio, P. I., July 15, 1932.

Miss Minnie V. Sandberg,
152 Madison Ave.,
New York.

Dear Miss Sandberg;

Here I am in Baguio again, very thankful for the pine trees, the cool atmosphere, the far views, and the promise of real rest for a whole month. It does seem that now I have no excuse for not getting a letter off to you.

I wonder if you know how much good it did me to see you people for that moment in the office as I came through New York? You were all so dear and helpful and encouraging,—my heart was warmed, as it was also when the good books reached me on the steamer. You have a way of making me feel your personal interest and I do appreciate it.

The very night I arrived in Swatow last February I attended the first teachers’ meeting of the spring semester and since then there has been increasingly little leisure time. But the very fact of being kept busy is a satisfaction to me; you know something of the fears I had about coming back to my work here just now. I am glad to be able to report that our students are hard at work again, settling down to regular school life in real earnest. At our Junior High speaking contest we listened to twelve good speeches on what real patriotism ought to mean to a young Chinese today. The indications are that some valuable lessons are being learned about love of country.

You will want to know my reactions about Dr. Ling. While I was in America the opposition which he has always had to meet increased. Some of the criticism was no doubt deserved, but the way in which he has this year evidenced readiness to accept suggestions and advice and to leave decisions with the trustees and other faculty groups makes many of us feel that he is still the man we need right at Swatow. I am continuing to find Dr. Ling a fine man to work with. Those who do not have the opportunity of working as directly with him do not dream how keenly the students are on his heart, nor how many disappointments and difficulties he has had to meet, nor what real courage it takes to keep on in the face of continuous opposition! Some think that he is working only for the reputation of the school and for his own reputation, never seeing his efforts to win individual students to the Christian way of living nor his endeavors to lead the other Christian teachers into personal work among the students; they resent his wanting a foreign house for a residence, not realizing the tremendous help that house is to him in his position as principal; they blame him for the indifference of high school students to religious matters, when in reality this indifference is nation-wide if not world-wide. This paragraph is written not for publication but because I want you to know my personal opinion, put down with all the fairness I can command. I admit that when I came back to China I was afraid I should not be able to give as favorable a report as this. I have been far happier in my work this term than I thought I should be.
One of my chief joys has been working with the Young People's Society of the church. From a dead-and-alive group who were not sure they wanted to continue as a society, they have literally bounded forward into an enthusiastic band of young people, independent and aggressive, who, though ready to accept help, for the most part know what they want to do and how to do it. These young people are willing to work; one of their projects is a Junior group, helped and sponsored by the older society; another (being carried on now) is a six-weeks' summer school for poor children of the community. A meeting two months ago where some twenty members quietly and earnestly volunteered, one after another, to speak to certain of their fellow students about beginning the Christian life, was a precious experience to those who were present. One of those so approached has taken his stand and has been baptized; others are thinking more seriously than ever before.

Lim Chin UI, the president of this organization, (a high school senior this next year) is having a splendid opportunity to show his colors. He owns a handsomely bound copy of the Bible and its presence in a prominent place in his room in the dormitory calls forth some jibes and not a few questions from his non-Christian schoolmates. Many of them know a great deal about the Bible, he says. Some of them want to trip him up if they can, and others have honest questions. I have been deeply stirred to hear him tell of the encounters he has had and of the way he welcomes them.

A problem which threatens to become a most difficult one is this: We have a few fine young Christians who cannot see the importance of uniting with the church. Whether some church quarrel, or a weakness or wickedness in some church member, or just what, is to blame for this, I do not know. The argument is that the important thing is to follow Christ, and to live a Christ-like life,—which is, of course, true! You have the same problem in America.

Most sincerely your co-worker,
Dear Ones;

July 31, 1932,

I would like to write to you using the touch system but if I do not look at the keys when I am writing it takes so long and I make so many mistakes that it really is ludicrous. I have been using the Hunt and Peck method for so long now that it will be next to impossible to break my bad habit of looking at the keys all the time. Beatrice says that if I can get a little practice in regularly and if I practice slowly enough the knack will come to me after a while. But I am not very hopeful!

Last Monday was the first fair morning we had had for some time, so we took advantage of the opportunity and went for a lovely ride. We were gone about three hours and saw some really wonderful views. Then we came back and all had dinner here at the hotel and the girls had just about time to get home before it began to rain. Well, it has been raining almost ever since! There have been three typhoons right on top of one another, with scarcely any let-up in between.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the girls had invited guests for afternoon tea and being the other one from Swatow I was helping to be hostess too. Tuesday I went early and helped to make the sandwiches, Miss Laird of Dublin, Miss Reid of New Zealand, and Miss Nelson of Nebraska, all missionaries in or near Canton, were the guests and they came about three-quarters of an hour late; the rain just pelted all the time. I stayed to help clean up and I never did get back to the hotel that night at all! It rained and rained and then some. I slept in the biggest bed, with Edna, the smallest girl, in a pair of Bea's pajamas.

Wednesday I did not get up to the cottage in time to help with the preparations but rode up myself in the car with the guests for that day; Miss Alexander, Miss Lung(a Chinese girl brought up in Texas), and Dr. and Mrs. Saunders, all Southern Baptists from Canton— who know the Tatum's and other friends of mine. I had intended to come right home after tea but the girls hinted so hard for me to stay that I thought they must have something up their sleeve,— which they did! They had suddenly conceived the idea of just grabbing a little hay more and going to the movies at seven o'clock. I can't do that and have dinner here at the hotel, for dinner does not begin until seven. So we went and saw a very tame but rather interesting picture with a college football game, and some other funny things. We rode down but walked home because it was not raining very hard. The taxi costs 50¢ or 60¢ a trip and that divided by four is really no more than we are willing to pay to keep our feet dry! 1½ centavos per person, or 6½ cents U.S. money.

Yesterday afternoon we attended the birthday party of Miss Susana Fonbuena, deaconess of the church here in Baguio, and while we had a lovely time, and the Filipino friends just put themselves out to be cordial to us, yet it lasted from about two-thirty to six o'clock, which is a bit too long! I was very tired last night and slept soundly from 9:30 to 7:00 this morning! Had my breakfast at the cottage,— french toast and sausage, which we don't have at the Pines Hotel. Yum! Yum!! Then church service and now it is 2 p.m. and I am already sleepy!
Dear [Name],

I am writing to express my deepest sympathy and to offer any assistance I can in this difficult time. I understand the passing of [person] has been a great loss to our community and to your family. As a fellow member of [organization], I am grieved along with all of us who knew and loved [person].

[person] was a remarkable individual, known for [their contributions or qualities]. Their legacy will continue to inspire and motivate us all. I am confident that their spirit will live on in the memories and deeds of those they loved and influenced.

If there is anything I can do to support you and your family during this time, please do not hesitate to let me know. I understand the grieving process is unique to each individual and that there is no one-size-fits-all approach. I am here to listen and to support.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
This coming Tuesday we are having guests for tea at the cottage again and we are hoping that it will not rain. But we just have to make the best of it anyway and if it rains it rains, and that is that. In three weeks more we sail from Manila for China again and that means that we shall leave here in a little more than two weeks from now. It seems like a very short vacation; I have accomplished nothing whatever except perhaps to get a wrinkle or two ironed from my broad and classic (?) brow; perhaps that will be worth something, however!

I have been so fortunate as to have three of your letters forwarded here from Swatow; the one received Wednesday tells about your being at the State Convention. I am so glad you could go. I hope your telling me about the people who haven't heard from me will shock me into writing to them! It is just dreadful; I haven't written to Mrs. Gammon yet! I owe letters to everybody. I suppose Gladys will have gone back to school before this reaches you; I have a letter here that was started to her way back last spring sometime. I was so glad to hear that she had been to see you; maybe she will then forgive me for not writing to her.

I'd better quit this and get a note off to Arthur; it has been ages since I wrote to him, too. I'm wondering if Father really did go back with him, and if you had a good visit with him and if you went to the Lahey Clinic. I hope you did; I think it would be very wise for you to let Dr. Wilkinson keep an eye on you. He thought you had been a most satisfactory patient and I should be delighted to have him say again that he was still pleased with your progress.
Swatow, China, April 6, 1932.

Dear Friends of Calvary Church,
"Every Sunday we go to the church to serve God. The church here is not very activity. The members of the church are old men and old women, but the young people was very few. I think it will be difficult to build up a Young People's Society in this place."

Mai Luang will not find it easy to continue her enthusiastic leadership in a place where the spirit is evidently so different. She will indeed miss the "activity". Her sister is still working here in Swatow, just as efficient a nurse as ever, and twice as happy now with that splendid bouncing boy who makes friends with us all and is afraid of nothing, apparently in the whole wide world!

Pictures (4), (5), and (6) show some of our girls at play. In (4) you see the Lily Club, with a stalk of the monstrous Easter lilies from which they took their name; in (5) and (6) you see the Junior girls off for a climb over the rocky hillsides of Kakchikul up to an eminence almost overhanging cliff which looks out over the lower part of Swatow Bay and beyond that, out toward the Pacific, and America. Miss Culppy stands at the left of the group of girls and I am standing in the middle of the back row, with my hat brim turned back to get rid of too much shadow.
I would like to write much more; I feel that I have told you so little that will really help you to see our work in such a way that you will know how to pray for us in the problems and difficulties that we are facing. Perhaps the pictures will help a little. Nearly all of them were taken on the camera that came from Calvary Church. I am so glad to have it.

There are many other reminders I have of Calvary, too; I see them at every turn. During busy examination days the mimeograph file and the paper cutter were my right hand helpers. The curtains at my windows are so sheer and pretty, and so are the other things that are helping to make my rooms attractive. The lovely rose blanket is carefully put away in mothballs right now, but I enjoyed its warmth very much last February and March.

I do want to thank you for the birthday messages. They gave me a right warm feeling around the heart, and made me ashamed, too, to think I had so long neglected writing to you friends who have been so very good to me. I am still enjoying the contents of my steamer package from the Evelyn Hussey Circle; and there are some of the handkerchiefs of more than a year ago which I am just now using for the first time; one with a dainty blue touch, from Mrs. Hussey, and one with a lavender border, from Mrs. Scoog, have graced two tea-parties this week!
July 28...... giving reasons why this letter has been so long delayed.

I am very much ashamed that this letter has not yet been sent to you. I began it during our short spring vacation, feeling that if I did not write then, there would not be any other break before the close of school, and you might not get the letter until summer! Alas for my good intentions; visitors came and some time was taken from the vacation week in conducting them to other of our South China Mission stations. Before I knew it, almost, classes had begun again, and work has been in full swing ever since, with the "tempo" getting faster and faster. During the last days of the term there were extra meetings with the Young People's group (picture 7); the students were all al-tip-toe over the wedding of our science teacher, Dr. Chen,—the very first wedding to be solemnized within the school buildings (picture 8); and a good deal of time was taken in practices for public speaking contests,—one in English and one in Chinese, and for graduation songs. Most of the Senior High graduates (Pictures 9 & 10) have been my students for five years.
The two snapshots will give you an idea of the outside of the building. The view of the whole building I took with "your" camera and some of us think that it is better than any other we have.

As I write I am trying to remember which of our Chinese friends I mentioned to you on that one brief visit I had with you. In the picture marked (3) you will find two or three of them. Margaret Lee, the girl who helped me translate "The Real Jesus" is back with us again, as Dean in the Woman's Bible Training School. It is good to have her here and I am waiting somewhat impatiently for an opportunity to get at some more translation work with her. In the center of the picture are Mui Hong and Mui Luang; Mui Luang is the girl who wrote me such quaintly phrased letters when she had to be out of school for a year or two, teaching, to earn money for her education. She came back to school for a year, but she was married this spring and has gone South with her husband, who is a leading official in his district. She writes:
Dear Ones;

If you could see me now you would get a picture of a disappointed woman; plans thwarted, hopes frustrated, fists savagely punching the typewriter to let off excess steam, or nose flattened against the window pane and eyes glowing venomous gleams at the downpour of outward circumstance that is to blame for all this turmoil! In plain English, unvarnished, the truth is this: Eight of us planned to take the trip to Mt. Santo Tomas this morning. I arose at six, got into my knicker suit, and was ready at the appointed time,—before, in fact. My bundle, containing coat, extra underwear and flashlight, was all ready last night because I determined not to have people have to wait for me this time! Well, this morning I omitted one important thing,—to take a look at the weather! When I "came to myself" I realized that a steady drizzle had settled in, I knew well enough that the party would be called off, but here was I all ready for breakfast. So I went down to the dining room and ate in solitary state. I suppose that now, at eight thirty, the others are just beginning their leisurely morning meal. I had a dish of prunes, cooked cereal with a banana, a fried egg, three hot cakes with maple syrup, a nice piece of ham, and two cups of coffee. Do you think I'll be able to stand it until 12:30? That is when the others usually eat. If I get to the starting point, they will let me into the dining room at 12. .......... !

Did I tell you that the table of five Canton missionaries lost one of their number last week and they asked me to take her place. My table boy had apparently vanished into thin air—so I gladly accepted the invitation and I have been enjoying my meal-times much more than when I was eating alone. I am glad now that I was alone for a time, because now I appreciate the company much more. I get pretty well acquainted with them before I sit with them, and so never had to go through that awkward stage of sitting at the table with a bunch of strangers wondering what I'd better say next! Or wishing I were off by myself because I was too tired to sit up straight and be polite! And one more thing; it is pretty nice to have such a cordial, whole-hearted invitation to join their party; far more satisfying than to be thrust upon and be obliged to wonder whether they were finding it pretty hard to stand me:

On Saturday the Swatow bunch,—Edna, Beatrice, Alice Chen and I,—with Dr. and Mrs. Herring, a charming young couple who are stationed way south of Canton, went down to one of the mines. The trip in a war would be several dollars; we went on the bus and it cost us 40¢ each way. The road was washed out below what they call the first gate, so we had to take that part of the downward climb on foot,—a distance of about a mile and a half. I didn't mind it at all going down and wouldn't have minded coming back if some people hadn't been afraid we were going to miss the bus. We had to follow the pace set and so I was pretty tired and hot by the time we got to the bus. While we were down there we saw the mill and were invited up to the house of one of the American ladies for a drink of grape juice. It tasted pretty good.

Yesterday Beatrice and I sang a duet in the morning church service,—"Here am I, Send me," a song Mary Ogg and I used to sing. The church is a good one to sing in and people were very kind in their words of thanks.

I'd better utilize this rainy day to get some of my numerous letters done, I should say, so—goodbye for the present.

Much love to you all,

Yours forever, Alice Jordan
On the afternoon of Aug 11, she wrote:

Dear Ones,

Ever since we came to Baguio, we have wanted to take this mountain climb and finally here we are. I start here I came, the only one of the Swatows family. Miss Laid, Miss Lowrey and Miss Hill of Cantor, and Miss Starkey of the English Presbyterian mission in Swatow, and I are the only ones who came finally.

Our little Swatow gang is having a rather depressing and tidy holiday. Did I mention our going roller-skating? The first day we went the rest of us had a few tumbles. I had two, one fairly smart one and one easy one. But aside from this shock of it I did no damage—and was all right after a minute or two. That same day Beatrice had a bad fall; I was afraid at the time that she had hurt herself seriously, but she vowed she had not. The next day she was very stiff, so she took exercise, and a long walk, and went bowling the next day to get limbered up. Her back was one, but she kept on for two or three days, then she went bowling again, but felt something gave she plus—and she had to stop the game. Then her back ached as constantly that this last Tuesday we persuaded her to have a doctor look at it. He ordered her not to move from bed the rest of the trip, here—she has broken the tip of her spine. Poor girl! Edna has to nurse her, of course, with the help of Alice Chen—and wouldn't listen to my offer to let her go on this trip and let me stay with her.
I am hoping in that another party will be coming the first of next week and that I can persuade Edna to come then. For Beatrice did not reckon on this kind of vacation. I hope it won't mean weeks at the hospital for her.

And — I'm not roller-skating any more just now — I don't hanker for a broken tail.

Part of this was written last night waiting for the clouds to lift. They didn't lift very high but we saw a lovely sunset in the clouds with bits of mountain, sea, and plain peeping moment.

This morning, however, wearily through the mists, got up at 4:30 (didn't undress much last night) and went out with all our clothes to keep us warm and went out with blankets to the lookout to watch the dawn + sunrise.

And from the gorgeous starlight, Venus, queen of them all — to see the outline of the horizon come out and then the pink of sunrise tip the clouds + reflect in the sea — showing a wide view all around for we are on the very tip — it is more than wonderful. We are very near the sea — yet 7500 feet up — it is an experience of a lifetime. Miss Laird has been up 3 times before in the last month but got us up this time — and got drenched once — We are lucky this time. The sun is lovely today —

Love, Able
This picture is a scene from West Manila, P. I.

Lake more in self - For you to keep or give away - Call it a Christmas present.

Aug 21, 1932

Dear Ones, present!

It is 6:45 A.M. and the lot of us is shivering on my bed, so I'm going to sit in the "shack" in another part of the room and write to you - I know today will be a busy day, too, and very likely there won't be a lot of time to write later. Very likely there won't be a lot of time to write later.

Edna, Alice and I came down Thursday from Baguio. Edna, Alice and I came down Thursday from Baguio. Left Baguio 1:30, arrived here 9:30. Have a very compatible trip - Left Baguio 1:30, arrived here 9:30. The Higsons and Wrights met us - and took us to the Y. M. C. A. where Doane Hall.

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Knew in Stock - I saw also Consueli Pani and Expectation Olubin, two teachers who were at Stock - and Raymondita Bayron a nurse - and Lily Solidarius, another girl - and test of all, my old room girl, Rosario Bander - They all tried to embrace me at once (after the Spanish manner!) and seemed as glad to see me as I was to see them. One and all encouraged about Miss Decker and sent their love to her - I was hard not to hear their voice.

This morning we are going to the Union Church and this afternoon to three "Swatowites" have been corralled to go speak at a service and if we get the famous bamboo organ - and if we get the University Center back in time, go to the "First Baptist Church" Christian Endeavor at 6:45 a.m. with Dr. Thomas called by himself by - Tomorrow we sail - for England for SargWriter.

Much, much love.

Alice
Dear Mother,

When I got here yesterday I found two letters from you which Mabel had sent on from Sweath. One tells of your visit to the doctors. I'm so glad!

I had also a letter from Julena telling of her Mother's death about a month after I saw her last February.

Today I went up to the Maldela Hospital to visit Mrs. Giffin, who is having a return of her old trouble - an open sore on her breast - I bought a raincoat for $9.75 Mex today (divide by 3.80 !) and material for a wool dress for 30. 00 Mex (also divide by 3.80 !) which I'll enclose sample if I can think of it.
I got and mailed today a kimono which I hope Carrie Durgin will like.
I paid $24.00 H.K. for it and $1.00 postage. $25.00 at 3.80 (the latest salary rate that I got = $6.58 gold.
He marked the value $20, he said (that is wholesale price - marked thus so that duty will not be too high). So the price will be $6.58 plus whatever duty you have to pay in South Berwick. Let me know how much that is, please.
And just deposit the money to my account in South Berwick - Casey.

Much love - in haste.

Letters from Maryland & Yelda "Able" yesterday - to know Yelda is glad to get them &

\[389 775 (23\text{-}380) 24\text{-}00\] \[29\text{-}80\] \[12\text{-}40\] \[6\text{-}08\]
Dear Ever -

This week my "Sunday" letter must get written until Tuesday. But I sent one last Friday hoping it would go on the Empress of Japan, so this came perhaps a week or two late. I had from Wednesday morning until Friday -

I was in Hongkong and there was really no time to get all my errands done - I had a hat made to match a dress or suit which I'm going to make (forgot material in Bagno - samples enclosed - ) that is of figured, lined with peach -

dress will be of figured, trimmed & piped with the two plain colors - How do you like it in the two plain colors - How does it look in the two plain colors - How does it look in the two plain colors -

I saw Mrs. Griffin in the hospital in Hongkong - I wonder what will be the outcome - a very kind lady & wonderful - There is a question as to whether this is a return of the pleura - I've looked at pneumonia in Hongkong and Mr. Waters bought me at piano's in Hongkong and we are glad we are having it, in the church - I'm so glad we were there yesterday - In the church - I'm so glad we were there yesterday - In the church - I'm so glad we were there yesterday - In the church - I'm so glad we are having it, in the church - I'm so glad we are having it, in the church - I'm so glad we are having it, in the church -

Our retreat and Convention meetings begin on Thursday of this week and we are glad to have the plans for the meetings -
It is good to get back home there again. The people are all getting back. Beatrice, Mrs. Capen, Alice Chen and I came Saturday; Nates, Mrs. Speicher & Mr. Adams came Monday; & Mrs. Bakers, Marion & Evelyn Stephens, and Mrs. Campbell came today. We all be together again pretty soon. The best part of it is that it is cool whereas we expected to have it very hot here this time of year. They had a typhoon last week. We just missed it and had good trips. The only drawback was all the way along. A downpour which greeted us on our arrival in a downpour which greeted us on our arrival in the boat to meet Swatow. Sri Kim was out to the boat to meet me, however, and took entire charge of my baggage. My wardrobe trunk got wet a little but the things in it did not get wet and I have had the trunk out in the sun one and shall put it out again the next fair day.

On Sunday the young people asked me to give a talk at the Y. P. Society. During these summer months the older group has had charge of a joint meeting of the older and younger groups, and so this talk was really for the youngsters. I taught them a Filipino song and told them about the Filipinos. I threw in some of the girls who were my students.
five years ago - told them of the Filipino names of the children, etc. They were a good audience all right - and I noticed the older ones joined in the song with gusto - It is good to find that our young people are back again - and to find that our young people have been keeping at work.

I still have a good many letters to write and ought to make use of the two or three days that I have left before work begins.

Much love to you -

Addie
Dearest One,

My "Sunday" letters are getting later and later in the week. It is now 6.30 P.M. Sunday and I am due to eat supper immediately. The bell, in fact, has already rung. It takes me some time to get our supper eaten in this household, and as soon as that is over I am due to go to an evangelistic meeting. We are in the midst of a retreat, preparing for the Convention meetings which are to follow.

Dr. John Song, the Billy Sunday of China, is here and even since last Friday our new church has had capacity audiences who listened with the strictest attention to his dramatic preaching. There is surely an appeal for repentance. There is surely a kind of power in this man, and wonderful exhibitions of power in this man, and wonderful exhibitions of grace in his personal appearance. He is getting results — we could possibly use — he is getting results — we have discussions on pertinent problems each afternoon (except Sunday). Those meetings he and his helpers do not attend. The morning service is at 7.30 are Dr. Song — 8.30. and the evening service at 8.30. He also holds a prayer service at 3.30. The appeal is an emotional one, and I find an appreciable amount of nervous strain results in long-
continued attendance upon meetings that are held at high tension. If people are led into better lives, though, who am I to say that the evangelist should, as I have heard him say, "Praise the Lord!" or "Hallelujah!" too many times?

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Wednesday 6.30 A.M.

I went to the meeting — and heard a truly remarkable address. As I sang a few words of the melody of the song, "When we shall meet again," I felt a true religious emotion. The description of John 4. The graphic account of the woman of Samaria is a preacher of the Gospel. The woman of Samaria is a preacher who knows how to lead people to the true faith. She is taking water to her meetings, and giving out to the people who come to her meetings. She is a preacher of the Gospel, and she is carrying dead water in a pitcher. The people — living water is carrying dead water. The people — living water is believing in Jesus as God and the water of salvation. This preacher is as sincere as one can be, not as one might think. I am sure he has some very strange ideas, but I am sure he will be a great help to many.

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Thursday 9.45 A.M.

I hope this letter will get finished sometime. Thursday was pretty much of a grand rush. There was a lot of business to be done, and when I went up to Edna's for a minute, I was back with Miss Allen, who came through.
Sun on her way from Baguio to Foreshore —

Sunday night, 11 P.M.!

Isn't this dreadful? My letter has been here on my desk a whole week — and this week I planned & wrote a long letter to you — and a long one to Arthur — & a long one to Uncle George and Aunt Fannie and maybe to Uncle Samuel — but you'll have to give them — and all the others, too. I think of every one of them so much love this time.

A Sing has come and gone — and now we are in the teeth of the Convention — It is being held where it ought to be held — in the new church — which is proving a great blessing all around —

I have three classes her today — and then I go to the meetings when I can get a and then go to the meetings when I can get a few minutes in edgewise. The convention closes at noon and then between teachers' meetings and young people's song practices I must get ready for Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith. My guest room ready for my first of this week from the Philippines — I shall be so glad to see her — and especially glad to have her here in this house —

Much, much love

Abbie
Swatow, China
Oct. 3, 1932

Dear Ossie,

Two weeks have gone by this time without my writing you a letter, and I am indeed very much ashamed. Let me see whether I can remember where I left off. I rather think that Sept. 18 we had a rather long session of Young People's Meeting and the Committee which followed it. One thing they voted to do was to pay more attention to singing and have two special times a week to learn the music—Saturday night 6:30 & 7:00 and Sunday from 1:00 to 1:30, just before their regular weekly meeting. There are not particularly convenient times for either Mrs. Capen or me but never mind; if it helps more youngsters to take an interest in the society it will be worth a bigger price than that.

Well. From there on my story is a fairly lively one. Wednesday, Sept 21st, Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith arrived in Swatow. I did not go out to the boat to meet her for I had an eight-o'clock class that day. I got back from school, however, just as the
Stephens girls were coming into the yard with her. She had had rough trips from Manila to Hongkong and from Hongkong to Swatow, (it was typhooony weather) and she was pretty well done out, we gave her a little time to rest and she “came back all right.” There was a tea for her that afternoon at Enid Johnson’s house and in the evening she gave us a good talk at prayer meeting. The next day she left for Pitjang, returning on Saturday just in time for the first meeting this term of the Senior W. W. J. (That is, she got in just in time to meet the girls before they left). Saturday night we had two of our teachers from school to meet Mrs. Smith at dinner. After that we did not have Mrs. Smith for another meal until Tuesday morning, the day she left. I had her here with me in my guest-room until a great privilege to have her. She is an understanding lady. I had some chance, but not very much to talk with her about Emily. But there is not much use in talking now. What has been done cannot be undone, and there will be scars to the end of time, as far as I can see.
The Sunday that Mrs. Smith was here we began our regular Sunday School classes in the Academy. We had had one meeting for them before that, with a splendid talk by Dr. Lin. Before that there had been so many meetings, retreat, convention, etc., that we didn't try to crowd ours in - But I have a pretty fine little class and I am hoping to do more than I was able to accomplish last term. I am teaching the "Meaning of Faith" to six of the Senior High (1st year) students.

In the afternoon Mrs. Smith went to Swatow and I was much disappointed to think that she could not see my "pet", - the Young People's Society. She would have been edified if she could have heard all the plans for holding a night school for poor children, for stressing the use of Mandarin (The Country Words) and the discussion which followed that, with the resultant vote to have our meeting
each week conducted in Mandarin! And many more plans.

That last plan, by the way, was carried out yesterday, and one of our Junior High II girls conducted the meeting—entirely in Mandarin. The discussions and votes were sometimes explained in Swatow words but Mandarin was the principal vehicle used to convey thought. The Devotional Committee presented new plans yesterday which if carried out will at least give the young people something to do—I can't remember all eight points but here are some of them:

1. Every member urged to a deepening of spiritual life; this to be assisted by daily prayer and Bible reading.
2. Every member urged to own a Bible; the Committee will get a free one for any one who cannot afford to buy—But Bibles may be bought very cheap!
3. Bible Classes will be held, including classes in Mandarin and English; no class to be opened for a fewer number than eight persons.
4. Plans are to be put in swing for the
formation of an Evangelistic Band. At present we have not the money nor persons trained for this work but we hope to realize these plans before long.

3. Members have not been in the habit of bringing Bibles to the meetings; and often the Bible reading is mostly a matter of form, not much attention being paid to the subject of the selection read by the Devotional Committee men each week; hereafter the Bible reading each week will be responsive and each member is requested to bring his Bible with him.

4. It is important for us to look more carefully at our behavior, for that is bound to have an influence on our non-Christian fellow students. Among other things, we shall resolve to keep entirely away from such bad habits as smoking, drinking, and eating opium, and we shall be especially careful to observe a strict moral purity at all times. (With the further comment, “I don’t need to explain that; everybody knows what that means.”)
This was not the order in which the plans were given nor is it a complete report — but the most important things are there.

It was an inspiring thing to me to sit and hear the young people bring along their ideas — thrash them out, pro and con, coming up against a stone wall, then seeing a little light through — and then going ahead by leaps and bounds — often to a very happy conclusion. It is amazing what they can do if you give them their head and they don’t feel hampered. I was distressed last spring because they thought they must have some games at each meeting to make it interesting. I debated in my mind whether to express myself on the subject or not; the games were such harmless ones — so I suffered in silence. But I didn’t have to suffer long. Mercy! Now they don’t have any time at their meetings for things as trivial as games. Yesterday the meeting didn’t close until exactly 3, time to go to communion service. A week ago I had planned to go up and see Velma.
afterwards, but their committee meeting lasted until nearly 5:30! Oh, but it is great after the colossal indifference and lukewarmness of three years ago—and I hug the hope that will keep right on the way we are going. If we keep on at the same rate we ought to be worth something in three years more!

I forgot to say that the Chinese women had a very nice tea for Mrs. Smith the day before she left. There were Chinese invited to the missionary tea too, but this affair was entirely for and by the women. Mrs. Smith spoke, and our Mrs. Lee gave a short but sweet answer, and Mrs. Lim the chairman gave a brief report to Mrs. Smith of the year's work of our association. There were two songs, one by the kindergarten and one by the girls of our high school—

I don't know how much you read my letters to the folks but I'd like to get some share this one with them, especially with Uncle Samuel. For he is the one that I had made up my mind I would
surely write this week and now it does not look as though I shall be able to get it in

*I have papers which must be corrected tonight. I have a heavy schedule of classes tomorrow, and on top of that a Long Tong Finance Committee meeting which means that I shall have to give up one of my classes, and also my Chinese study period. I must arrange tonight with Mabelle, the schedule of music lessons and practice hours for nine students, so that it can be posted tomorrow. And I must see Mr. Baker to ask a few questions about finance committee business. But he will probably come here to see me if I suggest that I want to see him. (Later: he came.)

*(On Thursday I am to lead the Women's Missionary meeting and as yet I do not know what I am going to say. I have a vague idea of talking about sharing with others, what we have—spiritual as well as material things. Un Hiang is helping me to get it into Chinese) and I think she has an idea that my thoughts are sparse—few and far between as to speak. Well, I really think as myself!

Must stop now—until much much later. A pm two—and all the others.
Dear One,

Isn't it getting terrible? Here in two times in succession I have let two whole weeks go by without writing to you. I have just finished a letter to Uncle Samuel in which I told him some of the reasons why part of my letter was written ten days after the other part of it. I told him I was going to write and tell you two to go over and see him and read the letter I wrote to him. It's only that I've been busy with the most ordinary affairs, but I went into detail and I suppose you will be interested as usual.

I have been trying to figure out why I am so rushed. It seems to me that I have never in my life been so on the jump as I am now—can't seem to get to bed early and then I miss my sleep the next day. Un Hsiang is teaching me—and it may be that I am trying to crowd in a
little too much into one day. But in spite of this fact that I feel rushed, and often very tired, I seem to be thriving on the work—and although I have to climb up to the high building 5 times a week (two mornings & I have to make the trip twice) still the old pump works all right and I am keeping about the same number of pounds—

I am amazed to hear how much you are getting away with, Mother, company, going places, etc.—Do be careful, though!

Are Uncle George and Aunt Fanny well?

I think of them so often—I can see Uncle George at the back door with a cane in one hand and a paper bag or a wooden bucket in the other hand! That paper bag business was pretty much of a habit, I think—and a pretty nice one—Give them my love—My love to all the others—all of ’em—and to you.
Swatow, China
Oct. 20, 1932

Dear Ones -

Having been none too successful for the last few weeks in getting my weekly epistle off to you, I am trying to be a little fore-handed by getting this week's letter started on Thursday. I am having - or giving, rather - my third examination today. This week we have our first (so-called) monthly examination.

You may think it queer that with two whole exam periods gone by I haven't got a letter written to you already. Well! The first class this A.M. was of 41 students who have never taken an exam.
me before and do not understand that I will not have cheating of any kind. So I did not have a great deal of leisure time to write letters in. It was a sharp look-out all the time and a real job. This first time I did not want to catch anybody at it, I wanted to prevent them from doing the cheating. Next class time I shall deliver a short lecture on the pride they ought to take in avoiding anything crooked.

In the class in "proctoring" right now just one half grade higher than this morning's which I still have a few whose eyes very easily wander right and left.
However, the worst part is yet to come—
the correcting. I can't seem to get over my fault of giving
long examinations—long to write and long to correct! (It is
now the last period and I am giving the fourth exam.) I
then just got scared a minute ago and was afraid I'd given
too long an exam this time so I (the answers) wrote it out myself and used 7
minutes doing so. The class has 50
minutes so that ought to be
fair— I'll enclose a copy, just
for fun.

Is the joke on me or on you?
The latest letter from Mother mentions

"you father's letter" — as you will see by your father's letter, etc. — but father's letter does not appear — I surely hope it didn't get thrown into the wastebasket — or into the wheelbarrow with the corn cob that went down to the farm! I need that letter so I'm sending out this search for it. I hope it will arrive safe and sound in the next mail, however. I can't afford to miss one of father's letters — he doesn't write them often enough so that one can go without my missing it (!) — He slams intended — I don't want to miss one of mother's either —
Neither kind comes quite often enough to suit me — though far more often than I deserve.

Do you see Ethel and Jiffy often? How I should like to see them. I do not remember ever having been inside the Decatur house but I like to imagine what it will be like when Ethel has settled it — as I suppose she already has — Do they live there? and are they there most of the time? Have any help or do their own cooking etc or board somewhere. I am full of questions — and I'd
like so much to see them in that setting after having been in their Brooklyn home — give them my affectionate greetings —

Sunday P.M.

The "next" letter from you arrived yesterday - with father's letter safely tucked in; so I don't have to worry about that any more -

I had another letter yesterday — one marked on the outside "Mrs. W. Lyman, Norwich, Conn." Imagine my puzzlement when I opened the letter and read "Dear Miss Sanderson" instead of the usual friendly salutation - I soon found the letter to be from
Miss Elizabeth Lyman, whose 2S class, a group of six nine-year-old girls, want a letter from a group of girls in China. Of all prim, precise, proper, exactly correct, yet charming little letters this gets the prize. Elizabeth is the teacher, you understand, and she feels the responsibility deeply. The letter told about some games that they play, and what they eat three times a day, and some other things. I have it made it clear that Elizabeth wrote two letters, one to me, explaining the situation, and the other, signed by the six little girls,
addressed "Dear Friends in China."

It happened that our Junius W. W. J. met yesterday and they were not only glad to hear the letter but enthusiastically voted to have their secretary write an answer. We shall then need to get it translated and have both copies sent along to Connecticut.

I'll warrant you, Elizabeth Lyman is just a little piece of exactly what her mother was at her age! How old is she? Do you have any records which tell? I can't find her baby pictures which may be dated. Much love & yours.
I. a) Name five words used as interjections.
b) What is an infinitive?

II. Mark the infinitives, participles, and gerunds in these sentences and tell how each is used:

a) Our hope is to find the stolen goods.
b) She earns her living by raising goldfish.
c) The water in the lake was freezing cold.
d) To refuse his request would be selfish.

III. Write a sentence containing a non-essential adjective clause.

IV. Change these direct quotations into indirect quotations:

a) "In which house do you live?" asked my friend.
b) "I will tell you a story tonight," my aunt promised.

V. Mark the noun clauses and tell the use of each in the sentence:

a) When we shall return is uncertain.
b) Where the boys went I do not know.
c) I could see them from where I stood.
d) He was told that the train was late.
e) The trouble was that we had no matches.
Dear One,

As repentant as I truly am each time when I let a week go by without writing to you, it doesn't seem to make me sorry enough & keep you from repeating the offence! I truly don't mean ever to let a week go by, but this week has been especially busy (that's what I say every time, I know!)

This week we have been getting ready for an exhibition in Swatow and there have been extra papers to correct - and not enough time to correct them in. Regular work has gone by the board.

On top of this we had a Teachers' social last night and since Mabel had to lead the Teachers' prayer meeting the night before, she delegated to me the work that she had been asked to do, that of preparing the games. Aside from that we had to plan a menu and I had to buy a sol (low!)

On top of that, when I found last night about 15 minutes before leaving in the party that I still had 66 sheets to correct whereas I was supposed to have them all finished and handed in to the office last night, a bunch of papers came from one of the Chinese teachers telling me that he would like me please...
Correct them for him! Well—I was sunk, just about. But at the party I saw him, and he told me that my papers do not need to go in until Tuesday night so that is a help and I had a much better sleep last night than I have had for a week. When I get so dreadfully rushed my mind is obsessed by the things I am doing that I can't relax. But last night— and I expect to tonight—and be much better able to tackle the thing tomorrow.

You will soon receive, if you haven't received it already—and then again, I'll correct myself by saying you may not receive it until Christmas—a package containing 1 doz. Begonia lily bulbs, sent from the P. O. to you as Xmas remembrance— I'd like Aunt Bertha and Aunt Fannie each I have one or two (according to how many you'd like to keep) and I'd like Grace Allen to have one any way—and will you please use your judgment about giving any to Sam's & Will's folks? I'm not sure they would care so much for them—and anyway in sending you tomorrow 10 cans of tea—with the request that you'll give at least one back to Uncle Geo.

Hill & Sam's; Aunts Butts. Gent maka, 'Jane'; Hutton; and I'd like...
Don't ask me if it isn't as much trouble to send to

8) Mr. Lester Morris, Bingham, Maine, and 9) Juliana

J. Stacy, 131 E. Weber Road, Columbus, Ohio - Right now

while I think of it I'll tell you that the letter never did

get sent to change the address of the Atlantic Monthly.

I'll be very glad to have them, and glad that you tear the

adv. out before you send them - I don't know when I should

have read them if I had been there, but I hope to have

a vacation sometime and it will surely be good to have them

again. Have you read any of them?

By the way - you are at liberty, of course, to keep

the tea and the tulips and send anything else from

the Chinese things to any of the people I've mentioned.

I expect to send Gladys Paul something (probably

one of the pretty new torcherchets) right pen-

ple - if I can get around to it - But this

Christmas I'm doing very little for anybody - I have

don't yet got no enthusiasm for Christmas cards

and I don't think I have either pep nor time to send

them. And postage is higher - and money is "plenty

scarc", if you know what I mean -
I'm wondering whether you know the games that we played last night?

We wrote ACADEMY TEACHERS twice, once in red and once in blue letters, cut the letters apart — hid them around the room, in sight (beforehand); then divided the company into two groups; and had one side hunt for the red letters and one side for the blue, and each side put their letters together to form the words — see who got the words first — we did the same thing in another room, with a Chinese proverbs. Then we had Chinese pens stuck in the ends of ten-foot poles and had the people write letters on a white paper. Chalk (on a black board) would be better, I think. Then we had two boards with 18 small candles stuck on each one. The contestants were given one match to see who could light the most candles with the one match before it went out. But the stunt we meant to use was having small beans which must be picked up with chopsticks and put in a bowl. But we didn't have time.

Your letter of Oct 7 arrived yesterday — I was glad.
Dear Oues -

Don't you think it is about time for me to try to be a little fore-handed? My effort in that direction this time consists in beginning this letter on Thursday. I'm at school—and though it is study hour, yet there is a chance that things won't be quite as tricky tonight so I can get a little and scuttled off to you—

First of all, we are all on thequi vive to hear election returns, but have no hope, from the reports we hear, that Hoover has any sort of chance. What is the trouble, I wonder? Have people really lost confidence in him? Or is it just the restlessness that demands a change, in the principle that anything must be better than what we have?

I was dumfounded to hear that Maine had gone for Repeal. That is a real comedown isn't it? I figure that many conscientious people must have changed their minds on the subject and really think...
that some form of license would bring
unproved conditions. I wonder what form
they think will work? I hope I haven't a
closed mind on this subject; I certainly wish
to be on the right side of the subject, even
though it may mean a change of long held opinion.
But I can't see any daylight yet, I fear.

After prayer meeting last night—the Hobart,
Edna Smith and Marion Stephens went over to
the American Consulate in Savonlinna to see if
they could get any news. They were counting on
the Consul's Radio, but nothing more recent that
4 A.M. Wednesday had been received—and that showed
Russia far in the lead—except in the
New England states. Well I'm glad New England
has some sense left! However—that last sentence
is the child of a prejudiced mind, I know!
I don't know enough about Roosevelt to express
an opinion about him—

I was so glad to get your letters on Saturday—
you always tell so much news—just the things
I want to hear, whether it is cold enough to light
the furnace; how the ladies' Oats' sales come off;
How Uncle Samuel, Uncle George, Aunt Fanny, Uncle Mill and all the others are. What you had for dinner - what's growing in the garden (not much when you get this letter!), where the cornstalks went and why (? - do I dodge a brickbat right this?) How Bitty and Bertha are - can't seem to imagine Hama running around, much less talking.

I'm just hungry to hear all these things and it is as good as one of those "delicious chicken dinners with all the fixin's" that Mrs. Webber wrote about in her letter (received last week). Mrs. Webber, by the way, seems to be a little bit reconciled to my being out here now - at least not quite so violently opposed to my leaving for China as she appeared when I saw her last year! How I should like to have been there for their visit!

This week I have been attending pretty strictly to school business - School routine does fill up the time - and the school work...
I am doing now, while congenial, is not as easy as I've had before and I am not as well prepared for it as I ought to be. When I think of how accurately our German teacher, Dr. Margarett, was always able to translate German into English, and compare with that ability my own feeble attempts I put into Chinese some of the sentences which I have to teach, I am appalled with my inadequacy—And yet, it might be worse! I'll try to add a little to this later.

Much love,

[Signature]

You asked why I needed another raincoat. The pretty one I had at home simply went in holes all over—It was too bad, but with rains as they are here there is no use in trying to get along without a raincoat. That's why!
Swatow, China
Nov. 26, 1932

Dear--

Sunday night - and late enough so that I ought to be in bed asleep instead of writing this to you. As a matter of fact, I am in bed - and I have a notion I shall be asleep before this gets finished. I'm not so far from the line now - when I wake up with a jerk I wonder what word that was I tried to write last time. I suppose I shall decide to put out my light and finish tomorrow. And in the meantime I'll write a little - and won't you be lucky if you can read it!

I'm feeling fine these days - in a little tired tonight but it is physical tiredness rather than nerve tiredness. If I could only start off tomorrow A.M. with a fresh slate as far as my old English papers are concerned, I think I should be quite happy.

Christmas cards are getting the go-by with me this year - I would like to send some, but I seem just to be swamped without writing any.
cards—My program seems to be just one event after another—Prayer meeting, study hour, prayer meeting, Young People's Social, School social, School Exhibit, and so on. Yesterday afternoon, I spent on the athletic field—watching the boys and girls in the contests of our big field day—I do love those youngsters and I feel so for them when they miss out or get put down in second place when they really ought to have had first. One of our very best athletes got hit by the "shot," the big iron ball—it didn’t take many minutes for a lump as big as your fist to come out on that shoulder—and the was out of the running for the rest of the day—I do hope it isn’t serious—his heart will be broken if this keeps him out of the contest with all the schools—in Stratton a week or so from now!

This coming week we are having a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving party. It comes on my night to be at study hour—but I’m exchanging shifts with one of the Chinese teachers so that I can attend. I’ll take study hour—Monday.
I told you, didn't I, that Velva has been after me to stay in nights more—well—this week I haven't exactly obeyed order. I began by being very disobedient—but that particular disobedience Velva rather approves, she says. I went with Dorothy Campbell and Marion Stephens on a ride to Double Island in the moonlight. We took our supper and ate it on the beach after the other two had been in bathing. It was marvelous—and I had a grand good sleep that night.

Tuesday night I climbed the hill to the principal's house for a meeting of the disciplinary committee of the school. Wednesday night I went to teacher's prayer meeting. Thursday to school. Friday to teachers' prayer meeting and Saturday to music rehearsal! And so it goes.

You have asked how I liked the clothes I got—My white coat is one of the most useful garments I own—I've worn it and
I am getting a good deal of satisfaction out of my blue suit. I wear the pink blouse sometimes, but Evelyn's blouse is just right with it—and I've had several compliments. Mrs. Capen has spoken about it, and Mrs. Baker quite raves over it. I mention these two because they are men and they don't ordinarily comment on my clothes! The girls like my outfit pretty well, too. I just made up that cheap cotton that looked like challie (gray, with diagonal plaid) and I think I'm going to like it a lot. I don't believe it pays to get cheap shoes.

One of the pairs of $2. has had to be tapped already, and they have stretched so that they're as big as all outdoors. I've made over the brown and the black entertainment so they haven't any ear laps now, and neither recognize them in the wide, wide world.

This is a sample of the material I got in H.K. with satin to go with it. Not made up yet—- must, much love & all the
Dear Father and Mother,

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and still I haven't sent a Christmas card even to anyone. It looks very much as though my friends on the other side of the water will not hear from me this Christmas! I haven't even sent a card to Uncle George and Aunt Fannie—and I did want to do that! I'd like to have a card from me in their collection, which I know will be a big one. But if I send one card, I want to send more—and so the time goes by and I don't send any. Aren't I selfish? If I didn't have my missionary work to do maybe I'd have time to write, but then I might not have much to write about.

My regular night at school is Thursday, but this week I went to school Monday so that I could be free to go to an American Thanksgiving dinner at Shenkin Bungalow. We invited the Stockers from Dalke Island and we had a big party. There were turkeys which had been sent by the Stockers for the occasion—and we had cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie and autumn decorations on the table.
and a gala celebration all around. There were songs — oh yes, we had another visitor besides the Stockers — Miss McGill from the Phillips House (Missionary Home) in Hongkong. Mr. Papen sang about the Turkey Gobler and Miss McGill sang about "Grandmamma & Grandpa" ("They hadn't really met, when Grand Papa kissed Grandmamma in that second minute") really quite fitting. We had a Toastmaster — Kenneth Robart — who told a lot of stories and introduced speakers on the following subjects: "Turkeys," "Trills," "Trials," "Triumphs." These subjects were handled by Mr. Giffin, O. S., Marion Stephens, and Mr. Baker, respectively.

I went to the dictionary for my material to look up meanings of trills, fields, and thrills, which were the subjects suggested to me — I found plenty. I'm enclosing my scribbled notes — if you can read them you'll see that I made a stab at the speech even if it wasn't a very wonderful one.

In the center of the table was a huge pumpkin cut out in the middle a piled high with fruit, with streamers leading from it to each place — we pulled, and each drew a prophecy in what we'd be doing or thinking.
next Thanksgiving I'm abruptly mine!

We had to read them around in turn
and before I read mine I said in a
somber voice "Well this is really true" -
and then when I read what it said
a perfect howl went up - It was the
biggest joke of the evening!

One of the games was "I invisible.
Thanksgiving" - where the word "Thanksgiving"
was supposed to be divided into as many
words as possible - That is - make as many
(three letter or four letter; mostly) words from it
as possible. But we never did get it
done - 26 were present.

But my mind is now on Christmas
things than on Thanksgiving ones just now.
Christmas dinner will be here at our house, and
I'm housekeeper! Christmas Day we have
celebration at the church - and either Saturday
night or Thursday night I have the young
people's society here for a big party - I
am providing the eats - and in the rest
they do it all themselves - Somewhat different
from 2 years ago when I had to read
my train's for all sorts of games etc -!

That some week there are likely to be
several other celebrations and we are likely to
be pretty busy.

Tomorrow our second "Monthly examination"
begin and then there will be more papers - Oh
I've got something else to think about. However, before I think of correcting papers, and that is marking out the questions in the exams. I have tomorrow all ready, but the following day I have four exams and none is prepared yet.
THE GUESTS.

1. The unlucky servant of Pharaoh. Baker
2. Their hearts in Shanghai. Stocker
3. A wobbling mass of fluid. Johnson
4. A traitor to Hoover. McGee
5. An Irish policeman. Capen
6. A roast fowl. Evelyns
7. A youthful poetess. Waters
8. A well-known Rakish sailor visitor. Workay
9. A Swedish highbrow. Ericson
10. A skillful seamstress. Marine
11. An early American pioneer. Smith
12. A scholar from Eastern University. Brown
14. Welcome intruders. Speicher
15. One of those "coming". Campbells
16. Regular Thursday nighter. Holbert
17. A beautiful lady in Spring. Holbert
18. Responsible for Cherubs. Holbert
19. Four blessings. Holbert children
THE MENU.

Soup — What a ship sometimes springs.

Fish — Cute little baggers.

Roast — Dear to the heart of Thanksgiving.

Vegetable — To steal mildly.

Gum — Chinese English.

Salad — Part of a house and a letter.

Relish — Dreadful predicaments.

Pudding — A summer residence.

Cake — What variety gives to life.

Fruit — A church dignitary & a fruit.

Wine — The kind of invitation one likes to receive.

Licks:

Shrimp

Turkey

Elderberry

Cordial
NEU ENGLAND SHIPS.

1. What they met for on Sunday.
2. What feeling existed among them?
3. What ship was popular with the young folks?
4. What did it lead up to?
5. What was unpleasant for them?
6. What enabled them to endure?
7. What caused them to leave England?
8. What present day luxury did they do without?
9. What feeling do we have for them?
10. What increased their numbers?

Leadership Partnership Fellowship
THANKSGIVING.

1. Resembling Abbie & Beatrice.
2. When we all miss this day.
3. The kind of parties Kooh-Koo-Niese
   like to attend.
4. Expected by the Kityouk Hospital.
5. Marie's favorite occupation.
6. Never held in Sentoo bottles.
7. What Kooh-Koo-Niese are seldom guilty of.
8. What Miss McCall is good at doing.
9. Velva's rightful state over her new
   apartment.
10. What we do when we are told to go.
11. That the Stockers are to any gathering.
12. Something unfitting recently purchased
   for Mrs. Vorley.
13. That none of us look like the morning
    after the night before.
15. What one aims to score.
NUTS TO CRACK

1. A dairy product
2. A vegetable
3. A country
4. A girl's name
5. A structure
6. Animal eye
7. Every ocean has one
8. That which holds a treasure
9. Names of two boys
10. A letter of the alphabet and an article made of tin
Sunday

I wish I had three times as much time as I have and five times as much strength; about ten times as much wisdom and cleverness as I have; and I don't know how many times my power of concentration would have to be multiplied in order to amount to anything. That particular item seems to be almost a negligible quantity in my make-up these days. There are so many many things that I want to do and I don't seem to be very successful in doing any of them.

Days are filled either with correcting papers after I have taught my classes, or with worries about the stack of papers I haven't corrected. And I know that is no way at all to behave. And yet each week more papers seem to come in than I am
able to get corrected, graded, and given back.

The doctor thinks I am going at a bit too rapid a pace and is trying to calm me down. She has told me not to go out more than two evenings a week as a regular thing and not more than three a week at all, for a while. And as a matter of fact I have three nights out as a regular thing. Prayers meeting in missionary bed; School assembly on Thursday, Academy teachers prayers meeting on Friday. This doesn’t include my Young People’s music rehearsal at 6:30 to 7 Saturday, which sometimes (last night for example) stretches into a time of committee talk which lasts till 9.

Well, I’ve told you all this far, haven’t I? Seems as though I have,
Yesterday we had the Junior W. W. G.'s again. That is a relief from the routine work, all right. Their topic was music, and their Bible readings were all about music. They responded to the roll-call by singing a verse of some hymn they knew. Then they rehearsed a song which they sang this morning at church, then later rehearsed Christmas music. Later we went out and took pictures. I hope they will turn out well. Though the girls weren't all there yesterday. They are an interesting bunch all right.

We are beginning to get the report of the appraisers commission that came out here. Are you seeing it in the papers? And what do you think of it? I'm eager to get your reaction.
I had my mind all made up to be as tolerant as possible, but it seems to me that they have struck the one note that I can't agree to— if they really mean putting religion in any but the first place. Because I wouldn't be out here if it were just here to teach and nothing else. And if they want people to do that they'd better send me home and send out an “educational expert” instead of just a “teacher or a single woman”!

Oh well!

Much, much love,

Abbie
1. quaver, waver, undecided as is what kind
of speech I'd make (thrills, thrill, thrills)?

2. shake, tremble -- not to be,
from fear, fear of dark;
"speeches" specially this one.

3. twist, spin, dizzy whirl -- in America
where speech-making is almost
but not quite as bad as have
some people, social whirl
no names.

4. trickle, tears, flowing -- I do weep
sometimes, but tonight it is
you who must weep in sympathy
with me who is attempting
some thing feigned powers.

5. sing, as in a state of happiness
in which I'll be when I get
through this speech, if ever
and as will you.

6. shake, fill -- ? fundamentals
from others
light headedness.

patchwork
rose's hatred
knitting sweaters
creating afghans
collecting blanche
tennis, teas
back to the dizzy whirl
7. Prick

conscience
when those
papers haven't
been corrected?!

8. hurl\, cast
as pride which
causes falls:
    the beast
    (not now)

9. penetrate\, bore
     yell:
     that is if I don't stop
        soon

     one more

10. breathing place

     a rest even in
       the wicked

So - farewell!!
Dear One,

We had the privilege yesterday of hearing Dr. Stanley Jones, author of "The Christ of the Indian Road," speak in our new church here at Nakh lief. Over two hundred of our students were present to hear him and he gave them a fine, straight forward appeal. Dr. Ling translated for him and did a pretty good job of it. The students were much attracted by his message and his method.

Dr. Ling, this was here a few weeks ago, appealed to the mystical in people - and many older people thought him wonderful and got real help from him. This man, however, appealed to the students from the angle of willing and got down to the rock bottom of the common sense angle - and it did grip some of our students. His method of asking them to decide they liked better too. It was an appeal for them to go home and make their own pact, private with God alone.

Do you remember Mrs. Poole, who directed the children in a play or pageant at Milwaukee at the W.W.J. banquet, I think it was - without any rehearsal at all - Really quite a marvelous stunt? She is here in Swatow and I took her all around our school - had her meet some of our teachers and the principal - and I had a very nice visit. Then that night we had her at our house for supper - She is
rather worried now about getting a boat back to Hongkong. The only way is to take a boat from here which promises & get her into Hongkong at 6 A.M. Saturday when the Dolly leaves the same day at 8 A.M. for Penang. She has
"to steam leaves the same day at 8 A.M. for Penang. She has
the money to make this quick change through if anyone could - and if not, she will get along somehow, I think -
But I'm glad I am not the one who has to go through this
worry of wondering whether I'd get that boat or not -
A rather good & have her here with us -
He's been getting in deeper & deeper as it is.
I must hurry and get them done this week so that I can get a little bit cleared up before Christmas.
I'm going to be fairly busy this Christmas. I can plainly see that. I have many regrets that I have not been able to write any Christmas cards or letters this year.
But I just couldn't manage it.
Monday night we had the two senior classes here for a little party - and we did have a grand time.
We had them divide into groups and hunt for Chinese characters hidden in the room, a set of red and a
set of black, which, when put together, formed a proverb. The idea was to see which side would get the letters found and put together most quickly. Then we had names of characters in the books they have been reading with me pinned to their backs, and they had to ask questions which could be answered, "yes," "no," or "I don't know," to find out their identity - they entered into it with
quite and there was nothing slow about them. I can
tell you. I have been reading Ruplimg's "Rikki-tikki-tavi"
which they like a lot, and they are good at remembering
the names, and good at seeing the funny side of
things. The way of the cobra had the name of
"Nag" the wicked cobra - and the quiet, good little
boy had the name of Barzai's wife (Barzai is the tailor-
bird) - and so on.

We had one shot with an impromptu doctor, (sheet
pinioned around his neck) - nurse (towel on her head) a tall
man and a short man, (under umbrellas dressed up in
kimono's and with heads attached) - the really tall one
some wriggling in under one umbrella all spread out,
and some maddening in under one umbrella all spread out.

He was the shot one - He came & got the doctor & made him

The really short one came in as the
tall and thin - Then the really short as came in as the
tall and thin - Then the really short as came in as the
tall man, umbrella not spread - and held up as high as
tall man, umbrella not spread - and held up as high as

After
possibly; he wanted & he made short and fat. After
possibly; he wanted & he made short and fat. After
possibly; he wanted & he made short and fat. After
possibly; he wanted & he made short and fat. After

prescribed and the nurse administered doses of medicine
prescribed and the nurse administered doses of medicine
prescribed and the nurse administered doses of medicine
prescribed and the nurse administered doses of medicine
prescribed and the nurse administered doses of medicine

The thin patient, appeared shortly, metamorphosed from
The thin patient, appeared shortly, metamorphosed from
The thin patient, appeared shortly, metamorphosed from
The thin patient, appeared shortly, metamorphosed from

We had a grand time -

much love - Abbie
Dear One,

I'm telling of Uncle Samuel's death came yesterday. I sat down immediately and wrote to the girls and sent it off on the afternoon mail. Whether it will catch an earlier steamer than this letter, I don't know - but I do hope it may get there soon. I keep thinking of those three girls - and wondering how they are getting along. I know there are many people who are ready to help them in any way they can, and I have no doubt that the individual ones of our own people have helped in more ways than anyone will know about - I wish there were something I could do to help - but I feel so helpless. I keep thinking too, of the letter that I planned for as many months to write and then wrote it - too late for him to receive it. And I know getting that letter did not make things any easier for the girls, but very likely was like opening a wound afresh - it is no use to have vain regrets - but I am sorry that I should have caused pain instead of carrying pleasure or comfort.

Today has been brief, that's usual - Church is another Sunday School at 8.30 - Then at 9.30 today I attended children's church - because they had asked me to sing a
sod. The service must have been too long, fr. I did not get home until after 11.30. Then dinner at 12, then from People's Music Practice at 1; regular Y. P. meeting, 1.30, nearly 3; rested 15 minutes on Min. Capen's guest room, where a bunch of 18 had been invited to dinner at the Y. M. C. A. Mandarin speaking been invited to sing at the Y. M. C. A. Mandarin speaking. (They must have liked our singing, for they immediately asked us to come again and sing for them Christmas Day.)

I got back at 3.30 and was eating a hurried supper when called to a committee meeting of the Y. P. which had been called at 6.30 but had been changed to 6. That meeting lasted until 7.30. Then I came home and sat down to write a letter. My, husband and mother — and this is the letter. It is not much of a letter; probably not worth the 25¢ which I must put on it. But at least they will have heard from me — and I have a notion that they'd rather hear a neatly written letter than none at all.

From your Addie — with love all.

O.K. Miss Sandberg is to be married in June to Dr. Charles Sears of New York City.
Dear Cues,

This is the morning after the night before, all right! For a week and two days now I have been promising myself to write to you inside of 24 hours — but it truly seems that this is the first minute I have had. Christmas was if anything busier than I have had. The final item of our usual for me this year. The final item of our Christmas activities came last night with dinner for all the Americans on the compound, here at our house. We had twenty-eight people seated at three tables (12, 10, and 6) in our rather small dining room. We asked only three houseboys to help, so that the boys weren’t running over each other out in the kitchen, breaking dishes, getting things mixed up, and so on — the whole thing went like clockwork. I asked our cook, Sui Kim, whether he wanted any help, and he preferred none. He did a good job, and deserves the praise that he got. It happens that three of us in this house have dinner sets, so that the dishes on each table matched. My Japanese green bamboo
set had the largest meat platter, so those dishes served the table of 12. Mabel's English set with neat little black and gold border has the smallest platter and Marion's Chinese rose medallion pattern the medium-sized, so we arranged accordingly. I want to tell you more in detail about what we ate and what we did, but I don't have time to write that all now unless I omit entirely another side of our Christmas festivities. If I write only about the big Christmas dinner we Americans had you may not think we have the right idea about Christmas. Really the Christmas dinner was a very small part. We put it off until Monday night in order that it might not interfere with the real business of Christmas

More than a month ago rehearsals for Christmas began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. Real Christmas "doings" began Sunday the music began. 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The most appealing feature of the program to me was the reciting of a long passage of scripture by the school down in the big village.

Monday night our Young People had a share in the entertainment at the Seminary, so we attended this celebration.

Thursday night the Young People themselves had their Christmas party ten at our house - and a rare jolly.

Christmas party ten at our house - and a rare jolly.

Christmas party ten at our house - and a rare jolly.

The program was all of their time they had for the own arranging and they omitted little, from angels to wise men and even a camel! We took some flashlight pictures but they didn't turn out very well - I'll send you some.

Friday night was a big party at our school - There was a very good spirit but it wasn't especially a Christmas affair because they wanted all the non-Christians to join in.

Saturday was our girls' Christmas party at school - Sunday was full of
dinner at 12.
everybody at 9 - a long one.
I had dinner with the Capens - just three of us.

Music in the Young People at 1 - Regular meeting at 1.30 - At 3.15 I got ten minutes rest on Mrs. Capens bed before
starting to Swanton where the young people had promised to sing at the Y. M. C. A. — got home just in time for supper. In the evening I wanted to write a hymn — but after we had done a good bit of planning about the affair for Monday (last night) I was really too weary to think.

The high spot of Christmas Day for me was when we arrived a little after 4 A.M. about 20 young people reached our Academy garden near the teachers’ dormitory, and had sung one carol, we heard a solo voice answering coming from one of the teachers’ rooms, answering us with two verses of ‘Silent Night.’ We stood still as the voice came again, this time with two verses of ‘Hark the Herald Angels.’ We had intended to sing ‘Once in David’s royal city’ — then we answered with ‘Merry, merry Christmas’ — going on then to the principal’s house. The singer was one of our new teachers — it was the kind of thing that I want in my mind — it is a very fine thing to have a young man who can...
sing and isn’t afraid of being laughed at — I just enjoyed that ten minutes out in the early morning more than anything — (we were out more than an hour and a half in all — going around to the different houses to sing —)

I must get this off to you —

... and I am delegated with it... Covers arrived and I am delayed with it... Nobody has had one like it out here — Many many thanks — I have had a number of cards from North Berwick, and one or two from Charlton — I hope to acknowledge them all in some way a little later —

Much love to you —

Cathie