Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Enclosed is a sample of the test I can do in having correspondence cards made. Shown is a front in Shorthand - 30% if any one wants & nearest! One, know what I'd like - (big hint!) Only, if you and any one I want you to take it out of my money - (age?)

This letter will probably not be finished tonight but at least I'll have begun it on New Year's Day. So first of all - Happy New Year 91, you and to all the Yeatons, Jarvis, Fantlers and any others who read this. I am a great one for a greeting from me.

Yesterday brought me a splendid letter from Letha and Velda - I was as happy to have them - and I must surely answer them soon. I can't see much in person before the end of this month, though, as we have ten days vacation - beginning Jan 6! That seems a short time in comparison with the 3 or 4 weeks we usually have at Christas New Year. But we used to have at Chinese New Year. But we used to have at Chinese New Year. But we used to have at Chinese New Year.

We have a good many small holidays scattered throughout the year - and a spring vacation of 4 or 5 days. Then in March we have vacation - and then we have our winter holidays. In it next day - for the new year - I'm surely glad. In it next day - for the new year - I'm surely glad - in it.

With my English papers - in my last letter I promised to tell you

In my last letter I promised to tell you about our Christmas dinner. We surely did have a good time - we had all except the invalids and children's draw lots for their places. By invalids I mean Mr. Waters, who is just now beginning to get around on crutches after several months in bed with sciatica, and Mrs. Gipson & Mrs. Campbell, both of whom have rather recently returned from the Matilda Hospital in
Hampkry. Oh yes, we four in the house had our places, too, Mabel, - Evelyn at the largest, Table, Marion at the smallest, and I at the middle one where as hostess I could have a general oversight of things.

We had a little snowball fight scene on the middle table - (dolls, "snow", and a snow man with a black stove-pipe hat, pipe, etc.) On the largest table we had a small Christmas tree, and on the smallest two sprays of holly (manufactured) arranged as a centerpiece. On each table were two tall red candles in Mabel's pretty brass candelabras. In our baskets we had made little round boxes covered with red or green crepe paper - and each place was bedecked with a piece of "holly" made of a spray of green banana leaves cut like holly - with red (sugar) berries wired on - very realistic, everyone said.

Just before we left the table we gave out postal package slips. Then domestics Marion and I conducted a Post office where each person had to apply for his package but before getting it had to "pay duty" - i.e., sing a song - do a clog dance, give a pantomime Election campaign speech, give a demonstration of some discipline (Mrs. Herbert) gave us a word of advice & encouragement for the new year, Mrs. Tabor gave a demonstration of facial expression of a youngster in his first visit to the photographers (Mr. Giffin) etc. - another
In each one. They had bought wrapped presents - so each one got one - foolish little things, mostly. They liked this kind of entertainment, and it took long enough so that when we had gone the rounds of the 28 people present (which included Mr. & Mrs. Adams, Mr. W's just having arrived the week before) it was nearly time for them to go home.

I'll be interested in the menu. It doesn't sound exactly like a poor man's dinner! But most of the things we had were grown in our garden or can be obtained cheap. The geese were the chief items of expense.

- Fruit cup (mulberries, grapes, pineapple, a dash of ginger all for "bite."

- Roast Geese, mashed sweet potatoes with walnuts, cauliflower, scalloped corn, stuffed olives, almond rolls (which are Parker House rolls twisted in figure 8 form with an almond in each hole), grape juice sherbet served with this course, soda.

- Christmas Salad - (Shredded cabbage, topped with green pepper, holly spray, pimentos, berries) (The cook took special pride in cutting the cabbage and celery came from our own garden)

- Mince pie, coffee

- Florida oranges

I really was pretty good - though when I told the cook the menu he said "They won't have anything to eat." But I guess everybody "managed."
Saturday night I didn't get to bed very early - we had three women teachers from the Academy here for dinner and we played games until about ten-thirty. Marion and Evelyn were not here because they had gone to a New Year's Eve party in Swanton. When the teachers went home I walked over with them for I had been invited to go with them. I got to a watch night party at Dorothy Campbell's. She had refreshments - then we played a game of giving out games, refreshments - then we played a game of giving out letters, then writing a New Year resolution, the first word of which began with one of the letters. Then came Happy New Year, some songs - then Mrs. Campbell led in a short devotional, using the two words "hitherto" and "henceforth" and we came home - it was really a very nice little party - especially since I didn't have to worry about getting up for S. S. class the next morning. (She students had gone home, many of them, for the short new year vacation, so our S. S. is suspended for this Sunday).

I must quit and finish a letter to Arthur and a letter to Emily - then get at my English papers. I have written to Emily twice only, since last September - and about the same to Arthur - I ought to be ashamed. The January "Atlantic" has arrived, so I take it that I'm getting it another year. I'll be glad if you see the little ones - I haven't seen one since I left home. Thank you again for the grand hot water bottle, too. - nobody has seen any that like it - and for the bottle covers - they are great. The pattern is too, too. -

Nickle love, 
Abbie.
Dear Ones;

Usually when I write the above salutation it is addressed either
to father and mother or to Arthur and his family. This time, however, I am
killing two birds with one stone and writing the same letter to both places.
I'm a little ahead of myself this week; you notice it is only Saturday!
Whereas my "Sunday" letters all too often do not get written until Monday, Tues-
day, Wednesday,-- any old time, if indeed they get written at all! The ones
to Arthur mostly don't get written, I'm ashamed to say!

It is now 10.30 P.M.; the light has just flickered, telling us that
we have shifted from dynamo to battery for the night. I suppose I really
should go to bed, for we have had a gay evening-- five Chinese guests, and they
did not go home until just a few minutes ago. But Marion wants to finish a
book she is reading, and there is a pretty good fire in my fireplace which it
seems a shame to waste. On top of that I have just had word that I don't
have Sunday School to-morrow morning at 8.30 as I usually do, because the
students are attending a meeting in Swatow. And although I do enjoy teaching
that class, yet it is no child's play, and a vacation from it is a real
rest. So I have a kind of free feeling about tomorrow, - and that gives me pep
to sit up a little while longer tonight and get these missives ready to send
off to you.

Our household now numbers only three. Evelyn left us on Friday to
go to Kityang. She has been appointed to go there to work in the hospital
where Clara Leach will be when she comes back. (We feel pretty sure that she
will come back, by the way, when she is free to do so.) I read a letter today
from Clara in which she tells of taking care of her mother, who is almost
helpless. I did not quite understand it, for she said that her sisters often
ran in to relieve her for a half day, and yet the address given was South London
derry. I wonder if she could have taken her mother down there! It seems un-
likely. Well, we are going to miss Evelyn a great deal. She is a sweet child
and will help to make things happy for people wherever she goes.

Some was very good to me this year. Aside from the things which
you people sent-- on which, fortunately, I did not have to pay duty! -- I had
some other very fine gifts. Would you like to hear about them? That is the
conventional thing to tell about, I believe, when the "child" is writing her
letter home after Christmas. The December Atlantic has arrived and I am wonder-
inger whether that means I am to have it another year or whether you changed the
address, Mother, - but I don't believe you did. Gladys Paul sent two books
which promise to be extremely interesting; one is a novel and the other a book
on English criticism. Emily sent "Twenty Years of th Chinese Republic" by Van
Dorn; a brand new book and I believe a valuable one. She also sent a fruit cake
and her mother sent candy, and "Aunt Emily" a very pretty dark red knitted blouse
which is long enough in the sleeves and small enough in the neck and fits me
very well. Mrs. Groesbeck sent a quilled bath mat in an applique pattern of
yellow tulips. A blue silk scarf from Miss Sollman, a red and white one with
button set to match, from Elsie Kittlitz (who sails for China Jan. 23 if all
goes according to plan); a wee, tiny little camera from Evelyn and Marion--
such a cute little plaything, but I don't know whether you can ever see anything
in such small pictures; a set of two black enamel candlesticks with rose-
colored candles to fit them, from Mabelle; a bedspread from the drawn work
woman; such a pretty rose colored voile bed-pillow (for the top of the bed in the
daytime); pink silk bloomers and knickers from the Bridgewater people (sent by Ed
Sargent; wrapped in paper from Harvey Tompkin's house!); a pair of silk stocking
from Alice Shaw Harrison. This is not all, but these are the outstandingly
different ones. One I haven't yet mentioned; it came just yesterday. It is a
beautiful black leather fitted purse, and it came from the Ethelyn Hussey Circle of the Calvary Church, Providence. It is the handsomest one I have ever owned, by far, and I'm very happy to have it. (Now the rest of this story needs to be told carefully, and with discretion, if at all. The sad part is that I had to pay $5.00 duty on the purse. Of course, that is only $7 Mex, which equals about $1.40 gold at the present 5 to 1 exchange. But I do wish there could be some way to avoid that duty or at least avoid paying one penny more is necessary. Marion also received a package yesterday and did not pay a cent of duty. The reason was that her package was valued at $.50 only! And it contained three expensive vanity pieces---two kinds of powder in imitation suede boxes,---and a compact in a little red leather case, packed in a satin lined box, toothpaste, and two rolls of cleansing tissue. Of course, her package was greatly undervalued; but any package may lawfully be valued at the wholesale price (60%) and that would cut the duty down nearly 2/5. I shall not write to the Hussey Circle about my having to pay duty, of course. I certainly would not want them to think I didn't appreciate their sending this lovely gift, for I do, very deeply. It is just the sort of "home thing" that we love out here, for we can't get such things; and you know how much more valuable things are if they are beyond reach.)

I had a letter from Helen Clark last week which has set me to thinking a good deal. I had just about made up my mind to stay at home here next summer, in spite of the heat; perhaps go down to Double Island for a week or two, during the hottest weather; but Helen's letter has put me on another track. She has the option on a house at Kulang for next summer; and she wants Beatrice, Edna, and me to go and share it with her. This would be the cheapest way to get a vacation at Kulang, and it would be very fine to be with Helen for a summer. But if I do finally decide to go, one big thing that will help me to decide will be the chance to go to the Mandarin school which they hold there each summer. I have wanted for such a long time to study Mandarin and the longer I put it off the older I'll be getting and the harder it will be to get hold of. Our Young People's Society, of which I am adviser, holds its regular Sunday afternoon meetings entirely in Mandarin now and if I could get a smattering it would be such a help! But of course I have to think pretty seriously about the expense. I can't count exactly what it will be, but I do know some of the items. The fare up and back will be in the neighborhood of $100 Mex; house rent $50.; language school, $30.; board, perhaps as much as $2, a day more than here in Swatow; which makes the whole thing come to something over $250. Mex, or about $50.00 gold. I shall have to "go some" if I save that amount out of my salary between now and July! I am inclined to try it, however; I may never have such a good chance again.

Review for two days, then exams for ten days; then ten days' vacation before we begin the second term. That will be a long stretch till the last of June; without break, probably, except for about three days of spring vacation somewhere in the middle of things.

Much love to you all,

[Signature]

Abbie J. Sanderson

(Did you, or did you not, know that my last name is Sanderson? I suppose when I signed I must have thought you might not know what "Abbie" was writing to you!)}
Jan. 8, 1933

Dear Mother and Father;

This is something that does not need to go into Arthur's letter; in fact, it calls for no publicity whatever, as you will see when you have finished reading it.

You people may remember that when I was at home I was more or less interested in your getting a washing machine. As I came through Boston on my way out to China I even went to the kitchen department of Jordan Marsh to look at washing machines, with the wild idea that perhaps even at that late date I might be able to order one sent to you. Then I realized that it was not sensible to get a cheap one and I hadn't money enough to get a good one. So I let the thing go. But I have been thinking a good deal about it lately and I have decided to do something about it if I can. Unfortunately, I can't do much. But I have a tiny plan.

This plan has changed a bit since I first thought of it. One reason for this is that I know prices are beginning to go up again and I don't see how it is going to be possible for you two people to live on a bare $500 a year, even with the bath tub water cut off and no chance to see the New York Times any more! And I would like to do something about that, too, but again I can do very little. How about the following?

The money for payments into the Presbyterian Minister's Fund have by this time, or will very soon have been, paid in full. I am not for the present going to make any change from the present plan of having the Board send $10 per month to Mother, that is, if this little plan of mine works. The plan is that every odd month (3rd, 5th, 7th, &c.) Mother shall make over to Father the check for that month when it arrives and he shall deposit it with the money used for family expenses and shall use it for same if it seems wise, necessary, expedient, or helpful! And that every even month (2nd, 4th, 6th, &c.) Mother shall at her discretion put the check for that month into the till for family expenses OR into a special account which shall look towards purchasing a washing machine at the earliest possible moment when there shall be funds in hand to do so. If any of the check of any odd month should not be needed for household expenses, Father could keep that in readiness to add the washing machine if he wanted to. And maybe, after the summer I could send another penny or so, if I survive the Kuliang trip... And maybe the family will have a sudden windfall from some direction, and that would bring the washing machine all the sooner—In other words, my general idea is that it would be a good thing for you to have a washing machine—the sooner the quicker! Now don't argue that it takes electricity for I have a grand answer to that argument. But, washing machine or no washing machine, I insist that the above mentioned bi-monthly turnover be made—-if for no other reason than to increase the actual availability quotient of said amount for practical use in the settlement of current expenses.

Apropos of the above, Mother, did you ever hear of anyone named Maud? My solemn advice to you is, don't be her. If you attempt such a thing you can't get away with it, for I have another plan if this doesn't work. Only this one is much easier for me.

One more word, and that is to remind you that news of this little arrangement must on no condition be allowed to travel beyond the four walls of your kitchen. And you would do well to see that no one is near those walls when you mention it within the kitchen, even. And if the time comes when you can get the washing machine just tell people that a debtor of long standing has paid a little on account—-if they haven't to be told anything.

Much more love than I know how to say,

Abbi
Swatow, China
Jan 15, 1933

Dear Cousin,

How do you like the writing paper I got for Christmas? Edith Dover gave it to me— and I think it is pretty fine— I'm writing some of my thank-you letters on it.

Let me say first of all that your letter of December 18 just arrived, with the samples of tatting in order from Mrs. Gray. I well tell you that I think it is very doubtful whether I can get it for her. Nobody is making it here any more. The girls who used to make it in their tutorial were married and taking care of babies now, and the younger generation is not interested. It is like wild fire in some places, in pioneer days—but not so now.

I went to a "talkie" in Swatow yesterday. It is a brand new theatre, and I had finished classes Friday and exam questions tomorrow were all ready—so when Dorothy and Marion asked me to go along I went— I was rather disgusted with the picture, though.
I think it will be a long time before I go again unless they get some better pictures. The pictures could be such a power for good if they were rightly directed.

Yes, I shall be very glad to have their book too - if she is well enough. Two doctors in Philadelphia say she ought not to come - and Emily's comment is, "She must have a pretty good strong will of the powers that be." Well, if for they know she is a valuable worker - but one of the doctors says the Board is crazy to send her back as she is - and if that is the case, it is a great pity.

The Griffins left for Hong Kong on Monday. After examination by X-Ray there it was decided that they must go immediately to America - but in any case, it is a question now of where she can be most comfortable in the time she has left. And that may be a long time. Her old breast troubles have come back - and there is no possible help for it.

Mr. Waters is much better from his sciatica. Was out to church last Sunday - today - hobbling. Much love - Addie P. Sanders
Dear Ones,

The reason you didn't get a letter written last week was because I took it into my head (literally as joking!) to come down with a bad cold. On Sunday I went to church and played the piano and shivered all through the long service—getting my feet up off the cold tile floor wherever I could think to do so. In the afternoon I was just settled for a nap when a girl who had come back from foreign parts came to call, so I had to get up and dress and go down to see her. I was glad to see her, but I knew I caught me cold every minute she was here. Then when she went it was too late to go back again so I sat as close as I could get to the fire and tried to write an answer to the letter. I just got from a senior student who was greatly distressed and alarmed because he couldn't pass my course. He begged me to have mercy on him and let him pass and he would try his best next term and remember it forever and be always adjustable to my wishes, etc. Feeling stretched as I was it was an ordeal to get just the right tone of primness, helpfulness, and sympathetic insight into my answer—and it took me until bedtime to get it done.

The next day I was in bed. Tuesday I was in bed most of the time but...
at night got up & go out to the dining room - because we had invited six of our teachers, including the principal & his wife - the doctor told me I ought not to get up - but I got up anyhow - alas!

Next morning I got up and spent the morning going over a translation (into Chinese) of our curriculum for language students (with one of the teachers who had been at dinner the night before). Before night I began to notice deafness and pain in my right ear - and the next morning I was ordered to bed in no uncertain tones - I was willing to stay put by that time!

The trouble in my ear has not developed - but I did get a pretty bad infection in my head - probably in the antrum, for it has caused a pretty continuous neuralgia all through the left side of my head - and didn't let me sleep much. However I got a good bit of sleep last night and I'm on the mend - head feels much better - and as you see, I'm better enough to sit up in bed to write to you - which I surely have not felt like doing before for several days -

I'm going to begin to kick about getting up pretty soon. But Marim has the upper hand - for since I've disobeyed her once with evil consequences - and since she has heaped such coals of fire on my head by the hand- and foot care and attention she has
given me three or four days— I can't very well do anything but listen very carefully to her words. She has given me benzoin inhalations every three or four hours—hot drops in my ear and swabblings of drops in nose & throat—baths in bed—back rubs—and has brought her old heater (which she uses all the time!) up here and stationed it by my bed.

People are quite falling over themselves & do nice things for me, it seems. The doctor has said I mustn't have as many visitors,—and she has stuck to it—even to the point of offending Dorothy Campbell, I'm afraid—this is a nurse and would like to have come in and help with the baths and back rubs! Oh—such is life!

Well—people are awfully good to me but I must say I think this is a punk way to spend the precious days of a vacation! This Thursday my work begins again, with entrance exams in three upper English classes! Here I planned to get as many letters written and other things done—Christine—you are not done yet—I call it the limit!

I've been so engrossed in telling you all about my miseries that I've almost forgotten to tell you about two "nice" things...
that happened week before last. On Thursday a tea was given at the British consulate in honor of Sir Miles Lampson, British Minister to China, who was here for one day only. We didn’t see much of him of course, but he stood and talked with the group where I was for about ten minutes. I like him a lot— he is a commanding figure of a man—six feet plus—and the rest of him in proportion. He looks you right in the eye and he really hears what you say and continues the conversation along the lines that you began it— I imagine he is one who has the liking as well as the respect of people wherever he goes. I’m glad of the privilege of meeting one such famous “citizen of the world”.

Saturday afternoon (Evelyn was down from Shiyang last week-end) several of us were invited to the E.P.’s (English Presbyterian) for tea. We had the nicest time. They had low benches and chairs drawn close to a cozy fireplace and we had tea and sat and chatted for an hour and a half. This seems like old times that I heard people talk about before I came out. We have not been back and forth very much since I’ve been here— and it seemed good— Meeting the E.P.’s at Shai Yang the first two summers, I enjoyed them very
much — and knowing Miss Evelyn Smalley this last summer at Sagres was a real pleasure. They have some new workers out recently, and they and our new workers — chiefly Marion and Evelyn — have found each other most congenial. I'm quite delighted to be included with the younger group (you've no idea how old they've made me feel, at times!) I do hope this get-together is a fore-runner of many happy times for us in work and play, for the E. B's and the O. B's of Swatow!

You may be interested in another missionary's point of view — I'm sending this letter of Marion's which she has just had printed. Does it strike you as much different from my viewpoint — or can you tell? I shall be interested to have you make comments on it, if you care to —

It'd better quit for now, I guess —

[Handwritten note: Read Miss letter first before this]

much love

(Read Miss letter first, before this)

Abbie

P.S. I have been reading again Marion's letter. I have copied the paragraph marked on the first page. I agree with her
on most of it, yet don't know whether what she means and what I would mean are the same. I'm wondering whether she would feel the same if she had been an inland missionary with only one trip to the coast in five years — and only perhaps ten foreigners to talk with — or fewer — in all that time — with never any "foreign" guests —

As it is — she has had one trip to Hongkong — just for relaxation — a trip to Shulang (last summer) in the short time she has been here. And the plans on Peking for vacation next summer — good for her — it will be broadening — but not all missionaries can get such a "broad" outlook — and exceedingly few of us had similar opportunities during our first terms of service. Did her letter make you think that, too, I wonder?
Dear Mother,

Your letter came yesterday telling about Arletta Clark's sickness and death. I would do much like to write to Miss Minnie - but don't feel that I can - just now - I hope you find some opportunity to do it just now - I hope you find some opportunity to let her know that she is much in my thoughts and prayers - I know that many there in Smith Bennett will want & do all they can to keep her from feeling too keenly the loneliness which cannot help but come into her life by the going of the sister who has been interwoven with all her days and -

Lous -

I have just been writing a long delayed letter to the Hustlers - I'm sending you a copy - and I have made a few extra to send to some other people too - I have just finished the copy of Hsing Lee's letter (arrived yesterday). I am so happy about him - He is hard working - and his English is improving steadily - and I like his spirit - the first step he has taken to show interest in religion in watching that boy develop!

Swatow, China
Feb 6, 1933
School began today but the schedule is somewhat uncertain; still, one new teacher hasn't arrived, and several of the old ones are sick — the hardest part of all for me today was getting up at 6 a.m.!

The last two weeks have been such lazy ones - I was in bed most of the time and didn't stir until the others had had their breakfast - about 8.30! Today it was I who roused the household. After I had rung the bell for them to come to prayers, I wanted a few minutes, then went out and found thin thin thin in the middle of the dining room floor, standing in all directions and one half-open hair. I stood at the bare table - which I eye thinking desolately at the bare table - which I eye thinking desolately at the bare table - which eye thinking desolately at the bare table — which eye thinking desolately at the bare table — which eye thinking desolately at the bare table — which eye thinking desolately at the bare table — which eye thinking desolately at the bare table — which eye thinking desolately at the bare table.

I got up to school by eight; however, I found that we have some four hundred students and that we have some four hundred students and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already - and they are not all in from their homes already.

My sojourn in bed this vacation has done me good, I should say. I have felt about as good as new; today, save for the deafness in my right ear — that is better than it has been, however, and I hope that it will clear away entirely pretty soon. Much much love to you both.

Abhi

P.S. I wish you would say a big "thank you" to the young people for their interest and for their Christmas messages. (A special thank you to Mrs. & Mrs. Kehle for their message, too.) Would the young people be interested in these letters?
Dear Miss Sanderson,

You do not need to worry about your sharing in the examination. I'll be in your stead. It is wise for you to keep well & be ready for work next week.

We have about seventy students who are taking examinations this morning.

Sincerely,

H. C. Ting
Extracts from a letter from Tang Hiong Tek

University of Shanghai,
February 1, 1933

It has been quite a long time since I wrote to you last. I am very sorry to say that since I came to college I could hardly find any leisure time to do any other work besides studying. During the past period, I was burdened with assignments and outside readings. Every time I thought of writing letters to friends and teachers, but I failed to do so since time did not permit me. I think and hope that you understand my difficulties and will be in sympathy with me. I am glad to inform you that I got very good grades in my study, especially in English and Biology. Really, I have got something this term. I joined also a fellowship group which held its meeting every Sunday. This is to say that I got spiritual training at the same time.

We have had our winter vacation since Jan. 20. I was in hope to spend some time in writing letters, but still I could not fulfill my intention. The reason is that I have been typewriting for Mr. Lamson, one of the college professors, the last draft of a book which will be published very soon. The next day after college closed, I saw a notice for a typist and I seized the opportunity to apply for the job. I was successful in my application and began my work that day. I thought that a young, poor man, like me, must try to work to earn his living through college, if time and circumstances allowed him. So... I tried.

The reward for my work is ten cents per sheet. I have been doing about twenty-five sheets a day, and up to to-day, I have already finished about two hundred sheets. I spend about twelve hours in doing this work. This is to say, in daytime from 8.00 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1.00 to 6.00 p.m. and in night time from 7.00 to 10.30 p.m. Anyhow, I have to try my best to help myself and my family.

It is very cold now in Shanghai. The temperature had once been dropped to 7.28°. At present, we may see ice here and there every morning. When I first saw snow falling, I was very much interested because it was the first time in my life to see it. I enjoyed to play in it. Really it was beautiful to see and difficult to bear its coldness.

The college will open on Feb. 7. I have been taking Chinese, English, Biology, History, and some other required courses. You know that the first year in college has very few elective courses, and therefore I cannot choose what I like to study.

I hope to receive from you kind letters and helpful advices.

(this typewriting is better than mine, I hope!)
If you could look in on me this morning you would think I am afraid, that my actions do not agree very well with a certain pretty little pin I am wearing right this minute. Can you guess what the letters are on that pin? H-U-S-T-L-E-R-S. Did any of you ever see a pin like that? Or ever belong to a class of that name? I want to tell you that I am pretty proud of that pin of mine because it means that I belong to a class of real Hustlers who believe in hustling for all they are worth to learn how they can be strong and useful and helpful in this world. Sitting here in my study in front of my comfortable fire I do not look as though I am hustling very hard. You see even in the tropics it is cool sometimes, and when it is cold here I can't seem to get very warm unless I wrap all up in sweaters and shawls and sheepskin shoes and then sit almost right in the fireplace! But I really am hustling, after all. For nearly two weeks I have been sick in bed with a bad cold infection; school begins to-morrow so I am hustling real hard to get well so I won't have to miss any classes. And then another thing: it has been such a long time since I have written a letter to some of you friends in America that I must hustle like anything to get that done or you will begin to think that something pretty bad must have happened to me!

Do you remember about Branch Spring, the girl who was dressed like a boy when she first came to our school? She will graduate from college in June and then I hope to see her. She hasn't been home for a long time, but three weeks ago her two younger sisters came back from Peking where they have all been in school together, and now these two are going to be students once more in our school here. They are such dear girls and we are very glad to have them back again. Political conditions in and around Peking (I ought to say Peiping, now since the name of the city has been changed) are very uncertain on account of the trouble with Japan. People are afraid the active war may break out any moment and naturally fathers and mothers want some of these children nearer home and in a place where things seem safer.

Hiong Tek, the boy who wrote me such very fine letters but had not yet decided to be a Christian, has gone on to Shanghai to study to be a lawyer. He has a keen mind and I have no doubt that he will be a successful lawyer. I remember hearing Dr. Joe Taylor of West China say that one thing China needed almost more than anything else was good lawyers. Oh, I do hope that if Hiong Tek is going to be a lawyer he will not only be a keen one but an honest, fair, Christian. He still thinks he can be a good man without the help of the church or anything connected with it. So we must all keep right on praying that in some way this young man may come to know that he needs the Strength that is greater than his own.

You would have had a good time, I know, if you could have been at the Christmas party our young people had here at our house this year. There were sixty boys and girls crowded into our fairly small living room. We had to borrow chairs and I can tell you that when we were once all packed in there wasn't very much room to move around! The very first number on the program was a good loud discharge of firecrackers just outside our door. That is quite the proper way to start off any important occasion in China— even a wedding or a funeral! Then we went on with the devotional part of the meeting and right in the middle of the prayer I heard a big hubbub. I went out to stop the noise and found that four or five policemen with guns had arrived upon the scene and were going to make a big fuss because we had set off firecrackers at night-time without notifying police headquarters! Some of the older boys were able to settle matters without any trouble, and we went peacefully on.
We had songs, and games—the most exciting of which was a turtle race, with two marvelous pasteboard turtles made to prance across the floor on a long string. We had a kind of fairy drill, girls dressed in fluttering silk angel robes and glittering star trimming, with voices behind the curtain singing Christmas songs. And while some of the girls behind the scenes sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are" the boys came out dressed in all the regalia of the wise men, with their gifts of gold and incense and bitter perfume; there was even a camel, under whose couch-cover humps were concealed two more of the boys. The camel did a pretty good job stride across the living-room floor but he did not show up well at all in the picture (flash-light) that we tried to take! The best part of it all was that every bit of the program was planned and worked out by the young people themselves.

And now just since this letter was begun, a letter has come from Hiong Tek in Shanghai, saying that he has joined a Fellowship Group there. I am very glad, for I know that some straggling Christian characters have got their start in the right direction in the University Fellowship Group, where each Sunday some important question about a young person's life is discussed. Hiong Tek's letter speaks of this class as giving him a "spiritual training"; I do hope he may find it truly worth while. I am going to send you a copy of some of the paragraphs from that letter if I can manage.

Are you one who has written me a letter that did not get answered for a long, long time, I wonder? I feel very much ashamed that I can't seem ever to get all my work done or all my letters answered. But I want you to know that I think of you very often and I am always very happy to receive letters from you. I know you do not forget to pray for me.

Very lovingly yours,
Dear Quee:

9.30 Sunday night! How does it get to be this time without my letter being even started & pm? And 9.30 is the time when I am supposed to be in bed too! But I don't always get there at just that hour, and to relate!

Yesterday was a special day, however - Mabelle's birthday. We invited Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Bailey, Enid Johnson, and Beatrice Ender to supper. We had the table decorated with a black "asphalt" (sandpaper) "road of life" - writing all over the place - and a "road sign" - green with black letters, "Mabelle, please, have a happy birthday at Mabelle's place - and reading at last & another happy birthday at Mabelle's place - and a farm house, and a barn with animals - a hay stack - green and yellow (corn) leaves scattered all over the place. We had a farmhouse and a barn with animals - a hay stack - green and yellow (corn) leaves scattered all over the place. A little red construction, with a real dirt (gravel) road detour. A little red construction, with a real dirt (gravel) road detour. A little red construction, with a real dirt (gravel) road detour. A little red construction, with a real dirt (gravel) road detour.

We really had a good time and beat little "fourth of July"! We really had a good time and beat little "fourth of July"!

But I didn't get very much work done Saturday! And Saturday night we rushed so to get ready for the party that I completely forgot a young People's Music Rehearsal - and some other schoolhouse with a flagpole & the start and finish - and some other schoolhouse with a flagpole & the start and finish - and some other schoolhouse with a flagpole & the start and finish - and some other schoolhouse with a flagpole & the start and finish - and some other schoolhouse with a flagpole & the start and finish.

---- Wed. A.M.

I can't remember now what happened to interrupt my writing, but this is how the day has gone by and here it is 9.30 A.M. Wednesday and I'm just back at the hoon from mailing Elsie at the steamer! It is so good to see her - I can't really believe that she is here - but she is and she is looking well, terrific. Today is Edith Travis's birthday - and there is to be a joint tea party at Editt's in honor of Editt and Elsie both - it was
American mail yesterday brought your letter of Jan 16 – pretty quick work – arriving here Feb. 14. By the way, I have changed the address at the bank, as if they keep on sending the slips, just send em along and I'll write to them again.

Also, by the way, have you ever received the gross of white lariats I sent you and are they ok? They should have reached you months ago but I've received no letter mentioning them.

Had such a good letter from Emily yesterday. Did I tell you that at Christmas I broke bounds and told her all about our celebration, saying that I thought it had been a big mistake to refrain from musing about our good times, etc. She mutes that she thinks so too, and she hopes I'll mite her all the news without trying to lift it to be careful of her feelings.

Good letter from Gladys Paul in which she speaks of going down to see you the day she arrived home from vacation. She meant to go over again but was prevented by "oh the mud, the beautiful mud." She assumed that since you were out and effort was about to go out that neither of you was exactly sick in bed at the time! She sends no autograph, autograph of Mary Ellen Chase of Barlil, Maine!
You asked about the domestic correspondence. In July, at Baguio, I answered the letter received from Warren in April (?), containing the cute notes from his little girls Shirley and Betty. In August, I had letters and notes from all three and at Christmas I shall send W. Cordial, interested letters, that’s all, and I shall send W. (if I ever write one) with a copy of my next general letter to W. (if I ever write one) with thanks & the little girls for the notes and pictures they sent. I have not written since July, and that letter was to all the family.

This afternoon is pretty full: I have a two o’clock class, and then a teachers’ prayer meeting committee meeting, and then the tea party. Plan the schedule for the term, then the tea party. After supper there is prayer meeting, and I have five classes. After supper there is prayer meeting, and I have five classes.

I’m going to try as desperately hard this term to keep all my papers corrected and I have been able to do it this week so far, but I can’t always tell when there is going to be an extra committee meeting or something that holds up my plans for doing school work exactly as and when it ought to be done.

Much, much love,

Abbie
Dearest,

My last letter was sent off just after Elsie had arrived, I think - it is pretty nice to see her again and yet I haven't had much chance to see her. This afternoon was the very first time I've seen her since she came back. Then there was a perfect mob of people around. She was not a perfect mob of people around - she was looking well, and is as full of pep and enthusiasm as ever. And of course the Chinese are pretty happy as ever. And of course the Chinese are pretty happy as ever. (She has some pretty new, stylish clothes, I might add.) I'm certainly sorry that there was no way of her getting to see you - I know you'd love her.

Do I write every single time and say "This has been a pretty busy week?" You must get pretty tired of hearing me say it, if I do - And still, it is pretty much the same now papers! Wednesday p.m. we had the tea party for Elsie's arrival and Edith's birthday. That same night we had our missionaries' prayer-meeting - and Elsie's messages from home were a feast, but I didn't get home until rather late - the next night I was supposed to go to school for the girls' study period, but I was called to the principal's...
house for one committee meeting of teachers at 7 p.m. and another at 8. The first was a group of teachers selected, one or two from each department (English, History, Science, etc.) to work on plans for giving the fine graduates some extra help. This spring they begin government exams. All of our students who pass will be allowed to take government exams prepared by the Education Bureau at Canton.

Teachers and students are all quite worried because this is a new thing and we hope to make a grade that will compare not too unfavorably with our local reputation.

The second meeting was the discipline department of the school— including the advisers of all of the school— including the advisers of all of the Senior High classes. I'm adviser to one of the Senior High third year classes.

Well! Friday night was teachers' prayer meeting here at our house. Saturday I went to my music rehearsal with the young people 6:30 my music rehearsal with the young people 7:00 — returning in time to have dinner with our new member from America —!

Do you see? I really was out only two nights but I didn't look all the rest of the time. I must get to bed now, however —

Yours truly,

[Signature]
Dear Ones -

I'm hoping a letter will come from you today - yet I don't know that there has been a boat so I have a right to expect one. If there is one, I'll do well if I answer the letters from you that I already have. You asked about the Building and Loan Receipts. Mr. Hoot just gave Elsie's, Fannie's, and mine all on one slip this time, for some of the months. No, that isn't all on one slip, but it is the receipt that he gives to us - Elsie just tore them in the wastebasket, so she is going to let Fannie + me divide them - if Fannie doesn't want them, I'll take them. The Feb 1932 one was to be sent that in this still made out separately. I'll send that in this letter.

I ought to answer Marjorie Scribner Holt's letter.

I ought to answer the one Marjorie Scribner Holt's letter. I ought to answer her. She doesn't give me something of an idea - and I hope you will.
keep on telling me how you manage - as if and when
you aren't quite able to manage - you've ought about
the decision that you surely ought not to get sick.

Mai Che has begun already to worry about my old age.

"You won't have any child to look after you" - "You
won't have any child to look after you. won't you? You
will have a home to live in, though, won't you? You
will have a home to live in? an old folks home? Oh, that would
won't have to go to an old folks home? Oh, that would
be dreadful! far better to get married and have some
be dreadful! far better to get married and have some
children, who can take care of you when you get old.
Children, who can take care of you when you get old.
Or, if you don't get married, at least adopt a child.
Or, if you don't get married, at least adopt a child.

Feed it, clothe it, send it to school and teach
feed it, clothe it, send it to school and teach
last days! Oh, it is very distressing to be alone
last days! Oh, it is very distressing to be alone
when one gets old!" And on the next morning
when one gets old!" And on the next morning
in the thought of my mother
in the thought of my mother
and nearly weeping at the thought of my mother.
and nearly weeping at the thought of my mother.

Yet latter days I myself continue in
yet latter days I myself continue in
solitary estate - However - I myself continue in
solitary estate - However - 1 myself continue in
keep quite cheerful regarding this particular phase
keep quite cheerful regarding this particular phase
of my situation. There are other things - Many
of my situation. There are other things - Many
about more. There are some of them
about more. There are some of them

1. S. S. Clan.

1. S. S. Clan.

I teach English Grammar (I'm not always
afraid the youngest get precious little
English Grammar (I'm not always
afraid the youngest get precious little
sure of that!?) that I don't believe I'm
sure of that!?) that I don't believe I'm
a very good S. S. Teacher.
2. **Household furnishings**

We are to have guests soon – since conference is coming. The room vacated by Evelyn is coming in. Must be fitted up, after a fashion, at least. Mahone has a big wardrobe and a big dresser, each of us can contribute a chair or a table, but there still is nothing that can be used as a bath-tub – I think we might have one – so I guess I'd better not get it. (Ouch! that will be some thing out of my pocket) for the most part we have found that private ownership works better than joint ownership. In the matter of household goods - if one person dies, in the matter of household goods - if one person dies, the stuff is much easier to dispose of.

3. Well - there are really a lot of other worries, such as unanswered letters - unanswered Christmas presents, even - but - I guess I'd better not get busy and answer some of those letters!

Much love to you -

Addie
Dear Father,

How does it feel to be 71? I feel ashamed that no birthday greeting will reach you until many days after the event has passed. I hope you will tell me whether you can use more of what is enclosed in this letter. If so, you may get some more, and may call them birthday presents.

Did you ever wish you could hear me teaching a class of these Chinese boys and girls? You would have been interested in one I taught this morning, I think. Our lesson was a letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son, in which appeared the sentence phrase "a genteel, easy manner and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, or awkwardnesses which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behavior."

I told them of a man who had a habit of twirling a little finger ring while he was preaching, and that he was broken of that habit by having his bride take the ring away. Having, of course, I could not resist adding the climax of that story. "That man was my father," Then it was a most interesting fact, and those boys grinned appreciatively.
they will remember it. I told them also that today is your birthday!

I am so thoroughly enjoying my grammar classes this term. I have the best of books: "Correct English," written by Professor Tannen of Boston University. I studied for a very short time with some of the Chinese printed textbooks 1924(?). With some of the mistakes that it is agony there are so many mistakes that it is agony to teach them — and it is much better & correct the mistakes than it is terrible to explain the correct mistakes than it is terrible. But here there is something else, almost! But they have been studying sound and solid. We have been studying synonyms and antonyms. It has been fascinating to watch the interest on their faces as they discovered a host of words giving some shade of meaning of the word "help," whereas for the word "lose" they found, instead of synonyms, a host of uses of the word itself — different meanings of the same word — And they are having to use their dictionaries, so they have a little Bible to read the quotations even in their grammar classes!

I must write longer just now, I am trying to formulate the first draft of a circular letter. I will say to you that I am having difficulty to find time to send out soon — I'm having difficulty to find time to get it done — Conference comes this week and to get it done — Conference comes this week — and to get it done at my house and also on the social committee.

Love

Abbie
Swatow, China
Mar. 14, 1933

Dear Sue,—

Conference closed yesterday and most of the people went home today. We had Evelyn Stephens and the Goodbees here—and it was pretty nice to have them, I can tell you.

Our subject at the Conference was the book "Rethinking Missions." I'm wondering whether you have read it yet. We understand that Harper Brothers is issuing a cheap paper-covered copy to be circulated out here in China—if that is not available in America, I shall be of a mind to get one here and send it to you—so you might as well read it. The newspaper excerpts gave such a fraction of the real spirit of the thing—I don't agree with all the remarks and I feel some of their statements were sweeping—and not altogether just. I think that if their suggestions made by the foreign missionaries are surely not to be ignored—foreign missionaries to the crosroads, and by changes must be made in the carrying on of mission work.

Our Mission, however, cannot yet see that carrying out the work of schools and hospitals is enough without mentioning the name of Jesus and telling why we came. Almost all of us feel that though we ought to tell living the Christian life is important, we ought to tell the story to, whether we be in school work, hospital work or whatever kind. (The one I mentioned above is a...
real missionary, I believe, but because in her feeling that the preaching as such should be done by the preacher, and that the teachers and doctors should concentrate on making the work in their several professions as excellent in grade as possible—
that the educational and medical work in itself is a sufficient showing forth of the Christ spirit. That is what the laymen seem to think—but most of us feel that preaching Christ is and must be the center of our work—the central aim—however or whatever the means may be. Velva Brown, in her conducting the program on the Medical chapter of the book the other day, spoke of the 78 percent of patients who come to the hospital who have never heard of Christ—
and who would never hear of Him but for the work that is given either by the doctors or nurse or Bible woman or preacher in the hospital. There seems an opportunity or preaching in the hospital. That is the same that we cannot afford to miss. It is the same
that we cannot afford to miss. Do not compel them to study religion in the schools. We don't compel them to study religion in the schools. Do not—
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...
Dear Mother,

I'd be very glad if you would tell Father right away, if you haven't done so already, what I wrote in my letter of Jan. 8 — and then let me know that you have done so — it'll be much happier, really.

Of course I don't care what is bought with the money — clothes — coal — currants? — whatever is needed and you are the people who know what you need — I don't know how long I shall be able to keep it up, for I don't know how much we have just had word that our salaries are cut — we have just had word that our salaries are cut — but I think we are very fortunate not to have had them cut before — I hope they won't be cut so much that I can't get by. — In fact, I can scarcely get out of debt at Nanking — I am already engaged — I'm going now — for our house is already engaged — I shall be with Beatrice Ericson, Helen Clark, and Eva Asher, to be with Chinese Christian University now — we are at the Baptist Headquarters, New York, in 1923-24 — to be in Cottage #308, Nanking, Weifang, Yarkin, China — I shall not go before the middle of July.

A religious education institute is being held here now; 40 leaders, 20 Baptist and 20 English Presbyterian, are meeting on this side the bay, for ten days' meetings. I'm not in or out of the general meetings — I'm sorry not to be in it, in a way — yet church. I'm sorry not to be in it, in a way — yet church. I'm sorry not to be in it, in a way — yet church. I'm sorry not to be in it, in a way — yet church.
There are four leaders from Shanghai — including E.C.S. Min, who is just back from the S.S. conversion in Brazil and who has a most interesting set of impressions of that country, and Dr. Legge whom I met in 1924 in Turkey. (His wife took us to think, 'the night we landed there!') and have not seen since. This isn't much of a letter but I must stop now.

Len's case is very hard for me to understand yet I keep thinking, knowing some of my own impulses and weaknesses. 'The best of the grace,' goes Abbie's diagnosis. 'You have to live by God, goes Abbie's Sanderson.' You have to realize about 50 years I think, before you begin to realize your own, good fortune or you own limitations and weak spots.

Much love & yours,

Abbie
Dear Ones,

Again I'm at home when I'm due to go to some sort of meeting - don't you think I'm bad? I'm staying at home tonight just because I felt too tired to go out - I have made up my mind to get to bed earlier at night, to take the doctor's advice and not take as many nights out - I wonder how long it will last.

I have a slightly guilty conscience, because I have a slightly guilty conscience, because tonight is the meeting of the church committee and this is their monthly get-together. But I have been going since 8.30 this morning (almost steadily until 4.30 am) and I'm weary and it's rainy, and I've got exams and a hard day ahead tomorrow - just as many excuses as lots of people. I've heard giving excuses in America! Only when you give the one who is giving them they sound so much more plausible!

Enclosed you will find a circular letter which is being sent to a friend of [illegible] Marion Stephens in California (since she sent the list of ten topics and Marion asked me to write the letter). I'm afraid some people will think it is a lot of much - but it gives my
most honest opinion on some topics - since I was writing a letter, I decided to add the diary effect and send the letter to some other people too - haven't decided yet to whom - I shall send it, but I thought some people in Smith Berwick might like a squint at it.

This isn't much of a letter, but it will tell you that I'm well, and fairly happy, and pretty busy - now I must go and get my - ns, not beauty - guess I'll call it "pep" sleep, that is what I'm going to do if I can - get back some of my old pep - I feel kind of old these days - maybe weather, may be malaise, hard to tell - but me for some of the old pep back again!

Love to you - and to all the folks -

Tell Letha and Velda they are due to get letters from me before long - I've been doing some heavy thinking about en both -

Love

Abbie
Glad glad you have the washer.

Dearest Ones —

Today a letter from Helen Paulson asked if I could get a letter to them for a meeting May 1st. She enclosed as the result of that request — If you know anything about how slow I am at typing you will guess that now it is quite a bit later than that now it is quite a bit later than 10.30 —! And, since doctor's orders are that I ought to be in bed by 9.30 —! I really ought to go soon!

I suppose I'm very sorry to learn that the lily bubbles did not reach you — but I'm going to see if I can find out why they didn't. And I'm waiting to know whether the white hair nets reached you — Helen wrote a delightful, newsy letter — about the home folks, her family, the church work, and so on — I should like it if they are more in the church work than they were — half to now —
Dear Helen;

Your good letter just arrived today. Realizing that if my answer is to reach you by the first of May I must not delay one moment longer than I have to, I got out my typewriter and put the paper in it before your letter had been in my hand ten minutes. That was a little after half past three this afternoon; now my watch says a few minutes after half past ten!

No sooner had I put this sheet of paper into the machine than I realized that there was one thing that must be done before I wrote to you; so I got out my wax paper, and the mimeograph file (which was provided for me, by the way, by some friends in Calvary), and from then until four o'clock wrote as fast as I could on an Easter song which my group of young people must practice to-morrow. By the time that was finished guests had already begun to arrive for a combination birthday celebration and social get-together for a few of our co-workers. Dr. Wu, who is an interne in our hospital here this year, had to go on duty about five, but the women teachers in the Academy stayed for an exciting game of Battleship and a thoroughly hilarious game of table hockey— which was all the more interesting because none of us knew much about real hockey rules, to say nothing of this brand where the "hockey sticks" are toothpicks bound to the thumb by a rubber band! We did have such fun.

As soon as these people left I came up to my study, got my music and went to the regular weekly singing practice of the Young People. They have another on Sunday afternoon, but the Saturday night one is the time when they get down to actual work better; Sunday at one some of them cannot get there. Each Saturday the practice time is a half hour— from six-thirty to seven, but tonight it was a little longer. Our students have just finished their monthly examination, so they were not quite as rushed as they are sometimes to get back to their study.

From this music practice I went directly to a meeting of the Church Religious Education committee. The main business we had on hand tonight was the discussion of the need for and the practicability and possibilities of a Young People's worship service in connection with our church work here. I wish you might have heard the variety of ideas that were expressed at that meeting tonight. It was by no means clear sailing! There are really some grave doubts as to the effect of the young people's getting together in this new way; what the regular church service will be like if you take all the young people away from it; whether we have the right kind of leaders to put across this sort of project; and what kind of church service the young people would "construct" for themselves, anyway! All legitimate questions, but all met more than halfway by the enthusiasm of one or two leaders whose earnest conviction it is that we ought to have such a service, and that we ought to be prepared to try a second and third plan, even, should the first or the first and second fail. I feared at first that the matter might be dropped, but it turned out that those most in favor did not speak their minds as soon as the meeting had begun, but waited for others to express an opinion. When the vote was finally taken to make a trial of the thing, I think there were no unfavorable votes.
This action was followed by the election of a committee of five to approach the young people themselves to find out about their needs and wants along this line and to inspire them, if possible, to take the lead in bringing about the actual start of this worship service for young people. Dr. Lim, principal of the Academy, is chairman; Mr. T.S. Li, Education Secretary, and Miss Alice Chen, principal of the Women's Bible Training School, are both interested in giving the plan a trial and they will both give valuable help in the working out of the plans; Mr. Capen and I, advisers of our local young people's group, are the other members of the committee. To-morrow afternoon we are to meet with representatives of this young people's group to enlist their help and cooperation in planning some kind of a mass meeting of the young people here on the compound. I am more than eager to see what that meeting will bring forth! I shall hope to be able to report progress in a later letter.

Right now I am not going to tell you how much after half past ten it is! Before I say good night, though, I should like to shut my eyes and imagine that the good friends from Calvary Church are here in my room as I am trying to send this little message to them. It is not a very big room, this study of mine,- and just now it seems smaller than ever because it is so piled up with things. On my desk in front of me is the half-finished pile of English papers which I was correcting when your letter arrived. On top of them is the mimeograph file, just where I left it when our tea guests came this afternoon. At one side are three other sets of papers, a letter rack full of unanswered letters, and a set of the weekly questionnaire-and-money-account record of the class in school-senior high 3A- of which I am adviser. On top of my bookcase is a motley array: a pile of senior notebooks, my camera (another reminder of Calvary) four cookbooks (I finished a month of housekeeping yesterday), two boxes of large sized Chinese characters (the equivalent of our abc blocks, I suppose) with which I am making feeble efforts from time to time to bolster up my limited knowledge of the Chinese written language. On a little table over in the corner is the paper cutter (Calvary again!) which I use nearly every day; and when I am not using it there is often some one who wants to borrow it. The room surely looks like a workshop, but I confess it does not look as a workshop should when it is almost Sunday morning.

One more thing you would see if you were here is a warm winter coat; and it is on me. This will simply tell you that here in the tropics, on the first day of April, I am not "sweating in the thinnest of linens" as a friend once wroghtly supposed me to be at Christmas time. The weather is still fairly cold for Swatow; some of you may be interested to know that the lovely rose-colored wool blanket has all winter done, and is now still doing, noble, and that means truly appreciated,- service.

May I take this opportunity to say a thank-you for all the letters, cards, and other remembrances that different ones of you sent to me at Christmas time? I wish I might answer each one personally. I do think of you very, very often. God bless every one of you.

Affectionately yours,
Dear Ones:

Again tonight it is after ten-thirty before I begin my writing. Recently I have decided that I must cut out these late hours, but tonight is really special, for if plans that have been launched today are in any degree successful, today will be a red-letter day. Last night I attended a meeting of the Religious Education committee of our church which was called for the purpose of discussing the possibility of setting up a young people's worship service which would get hold of some of the many young people who at present do not have interest in attending the regular church services. There was some doubt as to the advisability of taking this step, and some downright opposition to it, but at last we came to a decision to try and see what could be done. A sub-committee was appointed to get hold of the young people and find out their reaction to the proposal.

This afternoon at the regular Young People's meeting they appointed four members to meet with our sub-committee of five; at four-thirty, after the church communion service was finished this joint committee of nine met and had what I feel to be a most promising meeting. At Young People's, when the matter was brought up, you could fairly feel them stiffen, as if to say, what is all this, anyway? Some more responsibility put on our shoulders? But when they found they were being invited to help discuss matters before anything definite had been decided, they appointed their four without further question, and in the joint committee a very happy spirit prevailed.

We did not separate until after six-thirty, but out of all the discussion there came the plan to begin with a big social meeting where all the young people between 13 or 14 and 23 or 24 will be approached on the subject of the Young People's worship service. Principal Ling will introduce the question; Mr. Li Tshao Seng will tell of some of the services he has seen in other parts of the country; and Dr. Zi, a young Presbyterian just back from America (Hartford) last year, will be invited to give a short address on some related question. Dr. Zi is a splendid one for this for since his return he has begun just this sort of service in his church over in Swatow City. His group of singers for that service, moreover, will be invited to furnish two numbers of the program. If all the young people who ought to be interested attend this meeting we should have more than two hundred; that means no small problem connected with the time and place of meeting, the rainy spring weather, with the possibility of a hard storm any day, may complicate our problem.

The hope is that the present enthusiasm of a few will be contagious and that at this social a committee of the young people can be appointed who shall undertake immediate work on this project. But I shall have to write about that later.

We are all sorry that Mr. Huang has taken a dislike to the whole idea. As acting pastor of the church he fears that some of the young people who now attend regular service will drop out and leave a very small congregation. He as pastor is particularly anxious about the matter and naturally wants to swell the numbers of his congregations. But the young people are simply not reached by the services as we have them now and we ought to find some way to get them.
Dear Ones,

Spring vacation is over and we're back at work again. It never pays to say beforehand what you are going to accomplish, for then you don't do any of it. I planned to stay at home every minute and get all my first monthly exam papers corrected - a lot of letters written and an unnumbered lot of desk, bureau, and other drawers cleared out and set in order. To say nothing of making or getting started at least three summer dresses. Have I done any part of any of all these stunts? I have NOT!

The first day after school closed we had a wedding and that day I cut roses, then had an Easter music rehearsal, then rushed to the chapel to arrange the bride's headdress, then took pictures of the wedding party after the ceremony - then went to the house for tea and cakes and to see the bride's lovely things.

The groom is the brother of three of my students - that is the way the vacation began - and that is the way it continued - with something doing everyday.

On Friday Mr. & Mrs. Ling and the two little
boy's, two other mean teachers, one Chinese woman teacher, and Mabel and I went on a jaunt. We took the train from Swatow and traveled about halfway to Chauchow - alighted, walked about a mile, took little boats for about 20 minutes up the narrow stream, stopped at an apiary where they have some 200 bee hives - continued the boat trip to some famous tree and flower gardens. Borrowed some lances, walked on and around there a while then walked on and around. Reached the next R.R. station just in time to see the next train pull in - and then gracefully pull out! - before we could get to the pottery, and there was not another train until after 2. We found a huge empty tree to sit under - the biggest I ever saw - tree. Fortunately Mrs. Lin had brought some food - oranges and bananas - and managed a pretty fine picnic. The enforced rest...
gave us back a good bit of the pep we had lost in the hot sunny walk... and while two of the party went back to Swallow by the next train, the rest of us went on to Bang Pho. We had a good "poke" around the potteries and got back to the station in good time for the late train. The bay was smooth and the rain had threatened several times, though it never did come, and we were all happy and well-satisfied with the day's outing even though it wasn't exactly as we had planned. I hope some of the pictures came out well but I'm afraid the sky was overcast in most of them.

Last night we had our mass meeting of young people. We had planned an outdoor meeting (it's the full of the moon), but it rained. So we went to the church. There we had 400 young people gathered. The principal's younger daughter (my music pupil) played the piano for the processional "Holy Holy Holy". The vested choir of some 30 young men and women...
point of view and tracing the effect the resurrection had on his idea of Christ Jesus, as it comes out in his gospel and letters — "I am the bread of life" "I am the door" "the good shepherd" "the vine" "the light" "the way, the truth, the life" "the reason of the world" etc. Then connecting that with the practical working principles of love — we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren — love not by word, nor by mouth, but by deed.

I don't know whether anyone else got much from it.

But it was a help to me, anyhow.

At eight thirty we had Sunday School as usual, and then went to the church for special Easter service.

The songs I was interested in were the young people's songs, in which I helped train them, and the ones for which I had helped train them, and the women's chorus, in which I helped to sing.

They were pretty good — as were some of the others.

Between that service and lunch I rushed about.

Between that service and lunch I rushed about.

And got a bath — it is pretty hot these days, and I needed a bath after those two meetings and I wanted to do. I always lose a lot of perspiration when I had things to do — as you know, if I have to do things in public.

At one P.M. I started out again — and went with the young people to a cave in a nearby hill — a good half hour's walk from here — but we had a good outdoor meeting. Got back in time to go to Sunday school.
from the young people's service in Edward City (Presbyterian) marched in singing. None of us, least of all the pianist (I knew they were going to do that). It was her first attempt to play hymns in public, but she adapted herself very well, considering. She made some mistakes; the choir began to sing they took it slowly. The choir began to sing, they took it slowly. The choir began to sing, they took it slowly. The choir began to sing, they took it slowly. The choir began to sing, they took it slowly. I was sitting near enough so that I could hear her, and she adapted her playing along to help her, but she adapted herself marvellously. (Scared to death, of course.) She begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of her, and she begged me to play instead of 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back of p. 3 is isn't (I have just discovered that the back of p. 3 isn't. I'll fill finish this, and also 5) on the back of 3. It is now April 17. and Easter is over. Father's and Mother's birthdays have gone by. She was thinking of them, on the special days - you may be sure. I didn't even finish about the young people's series.
It wasn't as satisfactory as it might have been because there were too many children present. But they got the ideas presented to them about the matter of a young people's worship service, and it was voted to have a committee, a certain number from each school and one from the hospital, the quota of each school being appointed by that school. That committee met last night, but I have not yet heard what they are to do.

Well! Our weeks of practicing Easter music have repaid us. Yesterday the services were most satisfying, to me — and I couldn't go to all of them, either. The first one was a service of the girls, out on a hill overlooking the sea, not far from our house. The service was out on another hill-top, and their Alleluias came 6:30 on another hill-top, and their Alleluias came in an echo to ours, for it turned out that they were singing the same hymns that we were singing. Our service wasn't long — I was the speaker and I spoke rather briefly — trying to get new meanings of the Easter message by looking at the resurrection from the Apostle John.
Dear Sue,

A letter from you yesterday was a real strength-renewer. It seemed such a long time—two full weeks—since I had had one—and I was pretty glad to get it and to know that you are all right. That even the depression hasn’t downed you yet!

We have just got word that America is off the gold standard and we are wondering how much that will mean to us out here. If the exchange should drop down now it would be just about the visitation 2 to 1 or below, I should be put into it but if it, apparently, goes on, I will go on faith anyway. It may not make so much difference after all. Maybe it won’t.

This last week we had seven American grummetts in harbor all at once. I can’t get up much enthusiasm about it, because the Chinese resent their coming so violently about it, because the Chinese resent their coming so violently. There’s another reason why I don’t like it, and that is that the American sailors make such a public nuisance of themselves. There’s a string of nickels always; taking the boys.

Then there is a certain district in the city; everybody knows where they are. There is a certain district in the city; everybody knows where they are. Only once have I had a ship in front the gang and they didn’t go on which we were happy to entertain and admire, and I wish I could get over there again. The ashore was one of them in last year ago. The "Asheville" was one of those in last week but the personnel has completely changed. The captain...
and some of the other officers were very pleasant and invited us out to the ship for a movie and buffet supper. It was all very enjoyable. The ordinary sailors, however, were not on the horizon at all, and from what I saw of some of them in Swatow another day I didn't care about meeting any of them. They chose to play basket ball with our boys and make spectacles of themselves there by fighting, getting mad, swearing and drinking. Would you think I'd be proud of such companions? (Of course a few of the boys are enough to give them this unsavory reputation. There are some good ones.) Fortunately, I have one or two happier things to write about. Friday afternoon our mission was invited to the home of Mr. Conderay, American Vice Consul, to meet his cousin Mrs. Buchanan, who has come to live with him for three months or so. Her husband is a naval officer on one of the ships out here. A delightful tea party.

Yesterday Principal Ling took all the Academy teachers to a foreign dinner in Swatow at a hotel and we had a very happy time together. The food was
gents, ordinarily cooked—indifferently is a better word—but there were vegetable soup, fish with tomato sauce, squash, if you please, egg and macaroni pudding, and blackberry jelly with fruit and stuffed duck, and it doesn't compare, either in variety or foreign dinner, with their Chinese feasts.

This morning we varied our usual Sunday School program by going out on a nearby hill for breakfast and we had our division into classes changed to two meeting all together on the shady side of a hill that looked down on a part of Rakechick and out across the bay to Swallow City. Principal's talk was on the life of Jesus and how close Jesus lived to that helped us very clearly to see how close Jesus lived to the nature and how he drew lessons from the sea, the rocks, the hills, the fields. Everybody I think enjoyed it. A committee appointed to look after the food had gone on ahead and got things started and the rice was already cooking when we got there. We had lunch with greater freedom, a little before seven, and the whole thing was a most uplifting thing—because we were out on the hills and the boys scouts on their camping grounds, where they came for the week end, for a taste of outdoor life. Mr. Linn, their
directors was giving them a practice hour in signalling—They have had a pretty good time; a band of scouts from a school in Swatow have been camping with them. Today they take down the tents, pull up stakes, and go back to school again.

So the days move on—There is scarcely time to get one week's work, or one month's work, or one term's work, finished before the next week-month-term is upon us—and sometimes we feel that not a great deal can have been accomplished in so short a time.

This afternoon the young people are going to Shatow to sing at the hundredth birthday celebration of a woman who was Mr. Ling's teacher once upon a time—I am eager to see what kind of affair it is to be. This is really "giving flowers & the best it is to be." This is really "giving flowers & the best it is to be." This is really "giving flowers & the best it is to be." This is really "giving flowers & the best it is to be." I am eager to see what kind of affair it is to be. This is really "giving flowers & the best it is to be."

Mrs. Ling has been one of the chief promoters of this celebration, I understand.

Much love to you.

Affi.
Dear Ones,

just how long I'll be able to keep up this every day business is a question - Right now it is 10.25 p.m. and I'm sure you would tell me not to sit up too late a long spiel tonight, if you were here.

I've been straightening up my desk drawers today, and receiving visitors. Tonight we had Edith Traver, Enid Johnson, and Anna Foster here for supper; then we had to leave immediately for the opening session of the Ling
Imperial Council, which convenes all day tomorrow as well. One reason why I must get to bed tonight is so that I'll be on hand for the Chinese Woman's Committee at 7.30 A.M. tomorrow, the only time they could get it in!

Aug. 31.

10.20 tonight before I have a minute to write 8 p.m. I have been in meetings since 7.30 this morning except for a very brief time for meals, a little rest time which I spent going over my Chinese chapter (Isaiah 5-8) for morning prayers tomorrow - and a few minutes when Hi K. (my "Prodigal Son-er") came to return
The books I lent him, and he said goodbye. He goes to Canton, probably to Lingnan University.

At our meetings today we have spent more time in discussing than we ever have before. I think the one principal subject was the election of a Chinese secretary. They can't agree on one who will be agreeable to all five associations, and so they want to elect one who gives voluntary service, with two to help him. There is not enough money for that really - but they have already appointed Principal Ling to that position and now they have passed the buck to the Executive Committee.
Sept. 1, 1933

Half past four p.m. - the breeze is just beginning to come up. Today has been sultry and hot. This morning I spent continuing the clean-up and clear-out of things in my study drawers. In the midst of doing that, I received your letter written Aug. 2. and the one written July 30. also one from Arthur and one from Emily.

I was tremendously sorry to hear about mother's poisoning, or whatever it is - and I do hope it is all well.
long before this time!

You must have enjoyed the visit with the Curtises. How I should like to have been there! I am glad Maynne is happily situated.

Well—how about the Worcester man? Did you realize, I wonder, that you told me about the visit yet didn’t really give me a definite idea of your impression of the man, whether it was favorable on the whole, or unfavorable. I realize, of course, that you must have been prejudiced in a way. I have really wondered how they were getting along—I mean
whether they seem to be prosperous or not - successful in business is what I suppose I mean - I have wondered, too, whether Warren had been greatly handicapped by deafness. He already had trouble when I was in Charleston.

Your letters were interesting, of course. Mother seemed to enjoy the visit, yet couldn't help remembering certain bog questions about the man that were still at the back of her mind.

Father, on the other hand, seemed flattered to hear complimentary things about his daughter - may was even more of a fairly expansive mood himself - !! Ah me!
Don't be deceived, Pa! Any bygone admirers - or should I say anyone who may have been an admirer in bygone days - would doubtless fly at the first sight of grizzled locks and wrinkled visage as they appear today; moreover, even the sweetest of voices gets cracked and quavering after years have gone by! Don't do any mourning on my account - I really don't believe you need to!

Later -

Believe it or not, Beatrice came over at 5.30 tonight and hauled me out for a game of tennis - I certainly
play a rotten game after having neglected it all summer. I hadn't dreamed of playing on such a hot day—yet I had just taken a bath and cleaned up. I didn't like to turn her down. The first time, because I practically told her this summer that I hoped she would drag me out for tennis this fall. Exercise is good for me, I know. Make me younger, maybe! (In ulterior motive, I assure you!) Lots of love.

Abbie