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Dear Cnes,

This must be a short one tonight for I’m having to make every minute count these days. Tonight instead of writing to you I have been looking up my passport and pecking into my account books, preparing to take a quick trip to Shanghai—(not that I’m going to pay my own way or anything—no, sirree). At conference time Mr. Page was elected the member from our mission to be represented on the Board of Directors of Shanghai University. Mr. Page cannot go, for he’s going
to attend the Hakka Convention in May next week. I was elected alternate, so it is up to me to go. I dread it in a way. I feel as green as St. Patrick's Day in the morning—and I'll have to give a report when I get back. I suppose! On the other hand, I am rather glad for the chance to go and meet the Shanghai University people again and keep up contacts there. It seems that this is a good thing for the groups of missionaries in the different sections to be connected a little more as it is—

The meeting of the University Trustees is May 19.
The Theological Seminary trustees have a meeting on the 18 and we who go to the other meeting are asked to sit in at that one.

I'm expecting to sail from here this next Saturday. I shall take May 12 -- and I shall take the first steamer back after the 28th -- will have to write in the sleepy times.

Mrs. -- -- next morning.

As I read this over I am reminded of what I have been trying to teach a class in letter writing, i.e., that they must be as careful in writing to relatives and friends as they are when they write.
their most important letter. Careful in matrons, good penmanship etc. ! I'm a shining example, all right!

The Giedts have another boy! They thought they wanted a girl but they seem & be happy enough to have it a girl now that it has really come.

Margaret Burket cannot possibly see how she can escape having twins - but the doctors are not sure even yet that there are two heart beats - it is all very exciting!

Mr. Lim goes off on a trip to Siam and Singapore this week, to collect money for the school. It seems the only
Hope of clearing up the debt on the new buildings, the principal's house and the boys' dormitory. There are many old students down there in the southern islands who should be willing to give to their alma mater -

Since the buildings are named for Mr. Page and Mr. Capen Jr., Mr. Page and Mr. Capen Jr., there is a special challenge to the loyalty of these students in this appeal to help out in their old school in the time of need.

Still, if economic conditions are as low down there as they are here in China now, this trip cannot be an overwhelming success. There is another fly in the
ointment, — a very big one, I am afraid. Mr. Lin is way below par physically, and Velva is greatly concerned about him.

He has been under a terrific strain for years and she says he must have a rest or there is likely to be a break which will be a serious one.

We were all rather alarmed yesterday when he was preaching. It was the Father's Day celebration and he was deeply moved as he spoke but he lost control of himself — it was an effective message that he gave — and people were greatly stirred.
think, but it is not like him & lose control in such a way and those who know him best are worried.

A few weeks ago one of our finest young men teachers lost his mind worrying over family and money matters. This is a great blow to us all, but Dr. Ling has felt it more keenly than any of us, I suppose. We have had another thing & dring discouragement. Dr. Ling and Dr. Chen, the young man just back from America who has been giving such splendid help in the English department, went off to Shanghai in the spring vacation, and now
sends back his resignation—
without not a word of apology.
He has taken a position
with some school or firm
in Shanghai, where he can
get more money!

So the problems grow—and
I hope that you will pray
very specially for Dr. Jones
and for us his helpers
through this summer season.

Things such as I have
written here cannot very
well be published but
they will help you to under-
stand a little of our—

Much love to you

Athie
Don't you think I ought to be able to last for a while on these?

afternoon prayerfully etc.

special dress up

1-4 were bought

on my way

Baguio two years ago, in Hongkong, at a ball. The yellowkaftan I had from Alice

Sam's own dress

2 + 3 were remnants that came in packages from New England

women - not enough for long gowns for Chinese girls and not suitable for short ones.
The embroidered sateen is from an old dress of

Emily's.
Dear Ones,

I have a pen with me, but I've already written two letters and I don't want the ink to give out entirely before I get to Shanghai, so I'm going to use pencil.

Don't it amaze you that I'm really on my way to Shanghai once more? Now I know, things I didn't at the time, that I tucked down and made those dresses in Spring vacation! I shall have a use for them — and as a matter of fact, if I hadn't
made them then I don't know just what I should have done about this trip. They are with the aid of the 'blue broid' suit that Emily sent and the printed silk suit I got in Portsmouth, the backbone of my wardrobe just for this time of year - and do pretty well for a travelling outfit. The black hat I got at home has its little extra underneath piece taken out, and is turned up at the back; it is not too bad.

My old horn coat is the shabbiest piece I have with me - I really ought to get a decent one, but don't believe I can get one for the price I have in hand - die von this in
A school every day in the winter time for several years. It was new in 1926 (?) 

In case my previous letter may not have caught as fast a steamer as this one does, perhaps I'd better explain that I'm traveling to Shanghai as South China Mission representative on the Board of Managers of Shanghai University. Mr. Page was to have come, but he went to Naging to the Hakka Convention and so I, as alternate, was the next in line. Mr. Page himself is not very enthusiastic about this business of taking such a long, costly trip in one day's meeting — Mr. Capen, Mr. Bates, Miss Fraser, Velva —
Brion and some others, however, thought that I ought by all means to come—and here I am.

Expenses are paid by the University. I can't have very much to give, but I hope to learn something and I feel that contact with the people in another place is often worth a great deal. I am very sure that one of Velma's reasons for wanting me to come is that it will be a little break away from Rakelieu, because I am planning to stay at home this summer. Can't afford
To go away. (And then, if it isn't too 'tarned hot, maybe I can get all few things done that I shouldn't if I went away!)

This steamer is a new one, just out from London in January, and it is really very grand. Only two cabins—my cabin is as good, however, as some I traveled across the ocean in on bigger boats by far. There's a really good Chinese officer and the whole ship is splendid and the whole ship is splendid and the whole ship is splendid. Haven't seen the captain, but one of the other officers came to dinner last night and made himself most agreeable. The "inmate" of the other first class
cabin is a young fellow in customs who damn missionaries mission work, the natives, and all religion any way, straight up and down without missing matters. He thinks the American missionaries are several shades better than the English, and seemed surprised — said I was very lucky, — when I said I'd met some nice English ones, thinks the Americans better stay at home and do mission work in New York, though. Says the missionaries are all to blame for all the trouble in India. Maybe China too. I wonder whether he'll despise me more if I get all "hot up" and answer back or if I just lie down and let him trample on me. I can't argue worth a cent anyway, so I guess I'll
not give him the satisfaction of seeing me lose my temper! I did tell him that I didn't see much hope of curing the deadly enmity between missionaries and community people — and that I had long ago stopped trying to convince people of what I knew they couldn't be convinced of. Said I felt it very difficult to explain what I felt to anyone whose sympathies were dead opposed to mine. He said he always told missionaries what he thought of them — in no uncertain terms — I asked if they told him what they thought of him, and when he said no, I said, "They bottled all those wicked thoughts up inside of them. I just see what a lot of evil you were responsible for — all those wicked thoughts cooked
up in good people's minds. I'll admit they are good people. 

he admitted that, but went on to damn the preachers and religion in general — and to say that if the "yellow peril" conquers the whole world eventually it will be the missionaries' fault.

When we finally left the table this noon, he said, "I'll tell you some more later." I answered, "You'd better think hard, so you'll really have something to say."

Glad to get to Shanghai to-morrow morning!

I slept almost all day yesterday — but haven't slept at all today — I have written letters to Charlie Flagg, etc.
Helen Clark to Hi Khong
my beloved "Prodigal Son -
who is in Sun Yat Sen University
in Canton, and now this one to
you. This morning I arranged
the commissions people gave
me in some sort of order -
groceries on one page, hair
nets and pearl friccles on
another, books on another, and
so on - I have several pages
full! Shan't need to worry
about not having any money to
spend on myself! Wouldn't
have time to spend it if I had it.
I don't know whether you'll
be interested in this letter. I wrote
to Hi Khong - nor whether you'll
think it is worth much as a letter
from a teacher to a student - but anyway
here tis! Much love to you - all,
Helen
Dear One,

I've had a wonderful time in Shanghai; this is my last day here. It is now about 7 a.m. and I'm in Mrs. Chambers' guest room. The children are having their breakfast and I'm supposed to sleep as long as I can. I got rather tried this last week and I have a strenuous day ahead of me, boarding the steamer tonight to get ready to sail at daybreak tomorrow. I can't write to you about my trip now because I haven't time and probably shan't have before leaving Shanghai. This isn't much of a letter, but I want you to have something from me from Shanghai - and then I'll try to write more in detail later - possibly on the
steam & started.
I had breakfast at Beaman's
the morning I arrived, but I wasn't
allowed to stay there all night.
I went out that night with the
Hylberts and stayed with them
till Friday morning, going into town
for shopping each day. Then
went out to the college Fri. a.m.
with B. H., and stayed there
until Sunday a.m.; came in & had
dinner with Mrs. Cresssey — then
came here —

More later.

Love,

[Signature]
Dear One,

On my way up to Shanghai, I slept all the first day and diligently wrote letters all the second day. But alas, going back, I don't know whether I shall do the same or not. I followed the first day's program all right, did nothing but sleep yesterday, but when it comes to writing letters today—my head and my hands both feel as heavy as lead, and there is a very strong inclination to do some more sleeping! I must the above about 10 o'clock, then immediately keeled over on the bed and slept soundly until 12:30. The second officer was at tea meals yesterday, but this noon in the first time the captain has appeared. We have not talking...
until now, it is after two o'clock—and I don't know whether I have any more pep to write than I had this morning, really!

For one thing we are getting farther south and it is very much warmer than it was. For another the captain says there is report of a typhoon brewing to the north of us and if that is true that helps to make the air feel muggy— I have been very comfortable in my suit until now but I've got the jacket off and this afternoon I shall shed the rest of it to good— If it doesn't rain when I land in Swatow I'm O.K. in my 'spring' clothes. I'm O.K in the bathrobe and I've just got a couple of summer ones left in reserve— I'm coming out just right on clothes this trip but if I had been in Shanghai two days longer I couldn't have managed without getting some laundry done, and that was difficult then...
I was trotting around from one house to another.

Let's see, how much did I tell you in that brief note I wrote from Shanghai the other day? Not much, I guess. I'd better begin over again.

Landed in Shanghai early Tues. 7 A.M., Beaman's man came to meet me and took me over to 382 Ave. Joffre, where I really expected to stay the first three days. I had breakfast there and while at the breakfast table the ladies came in; they introduced themselves as Miss Archer and Miss Denison, but for some reason that didn't mean anything to me, until, after I had told my name, one of them said, "Oh, you are Mabel Bobbins' friend!" Then I knew they were Letty Archer and Myrtle Denison of West China. We had a good talk and I was so glad to see them.
As soon as I was up I had a phone call from Mr. Taylor to welcome me and also to tell me that Mrs. Bonsfield wanted me to come out to her friend’s house for tea that afternoon, and that the Hylberts wanted me to come and stay with them.

At nine I went to the Mission Treasurer’s office and delivered letters and got some checks cashed, then started out on my shopping. I had many things to get of many people, most of them little things but it took a good deal of running around to have tea with Mrs. B. too. That night I went to stay with the Hylberts. They picked me up at the Mission Building in their car and took me out to
Beaman's where I collected my baggage and tried to pay my bill. He let me pay the taxi bill, but wouldn't take anything for my breakfast—said I didn't come often enough to let me pay for one little breakfast. I insisted that he let me pay a little tip to the man who came to get me at the boat. At first I thought he was pleased because I didn't stay with him—but he wasn't so. I was lonely and cordial about it that I decided to accept his kindness at face value. I told him I might be coming back to stay Sunday night but I couldn't tell and he was very cordial about that too.

Well, at the Hylberto I had a grand time, of course. They are
such fine people!

Mr. Hybert drove me in town Wednesday and Thursday mornings and back again at night (bed, he did) and I managed to get most of the shopping commissions attended to. Wednesday night they took me to the Community Church annual supper. We three sat at the table with Mrs. Lockwood wife of the Y.M.C.A. director in Shanghai. After a not too long business meeting we saw a brief play put on by the Woman’s Auxiliary - Barnes’ “Twelve-Pound Look” which was very entertaining. I saw a great many people of whom I have known for many years; some who were at Shulgin in 1920 and some who were at Shulgin last summer.

Thursday P.M. Ethel took me to an attractive musical
movie "Melody of Spring" which was very good — some good music, pretty scenery — and very laughable. Some time later I enjoyed it thoroughly. Right after dinner Mr. Hybertt began to say — "Well, are we going?" and I wondered what it was. The upshot was that in the evening we dressed up (as per usual) and went to the Amateur Dramatic Club's performance of "Ten-Minute Allot" — which was quite exciting from beginning to end — a good detective story. I was glad to see it but if I really think that was one reason I was so sleepy in the Seminary meeting next morning — that was agony. Mr. Hybertt said to go to the meeting too, so I drove out with him. In the morning session I was the only woman.
and I think the only one who did not speak mandarin—they translated some of it into English but there was much that I did not get and the whole thing has just strengthened my conviction that I must get more mandarin as soon as possible, and that I must get it even if I have to take some of my meager savings in America to do it with, although I don't want to do that—I'll begin this summer and get a teacher, if I can—and perhaps get in Peking Language School next summer—if I can arrange classes in June—oh—I don't know how to manage it—but I feel that I must try to be as useful as I can be.

The Seminary Meeting was a conference which included Board Members and Chinese pastors, both
Northern and Southern Baptists. I was really just a listener there, and was invited only because I was attending the University meeting the next day.

The big problem of the seminary just now is to know whether to continue the lower grade work — two year course — or not. Some — Southern Baptists largely are in favor of continuing the low-grade work so that there will be leaders in churches who can’t afford higher grade pastors. Others — Northern Baptists — are in favor of cutting out the low grade work — and raising the standard of requirements so that the theological students will be looked up to on the campus and will get rid of their present alleged inferiority complex. The argument is, on this side of the question, that there are —
other places, such as Thanking Seminary, where the lower grade students can be trained and thus a duplication of work be avoided. The argument on the other side of the question is that if the shatter's course is cut out, the country constituency will consider that the University is ignoring them, and will therefore fail to give the support which the Seminary must have if it is to live. As I see it, things are just about at an impasse and how the affair can be managed to suit all concerned is a very serious question. Frankly, the University has some bitter enemies among the Southern Baptists.
particularly, and any single move made by University or Seminary that does not click with their ideas is brought up as evidence against the Institution—so to the must now say—Institutions for since the coming of registration with the government, the two schools must be on a different basis.

The cry of the present Seminary faculty is for more Chinese members. At present, 3 out of 4 are foreigners and they all feel that religion will not get its full place in the life of the college until more of the Religious Teachers are Chinese; I think that is right.

Saturday morning at the meeting of the Board of Directors there were more women present; Miss Zimmerman,
and Mrs. Esther Sing, neither of whom I have ever met before—and Mrs. Chambers. That meeting was all in English. The president's report, treasurer's report—and some others were given orally—and reports of the various departments in typewritten form were passed around from our panel.

There was a Board of Directors' dinner given at President Liu's house in honor of Mrs. Mrs. Hepps and Mrs. Knabe who are soon leaving for America.

Mrs. Zimmerman and I, with a Chinese man from the China Christian Educational Association (Mr. Woo?) were the resolution committee, and immediately after the feast we went to Dr. White's sitting room and struggled with the wording of the three or four things we wanted to say, namely, appreciation of Dr. Franklin's efforts in behalf of the University and Dr. Liu's success in America and the cordial
reception given him by the church and I expressed my appreciation of the faculty carried on in Dr. Lin's absence, especially the good work of Dean Van-.

say I ever enjoyed being on a resolutions committee, but they passed it all without a murmur. so I suppose it was satisfactory. I'll miss him. I have left a lot.

Dear me! Friday night I came out of my story. I went in to talk with the Linings and the Lins' to dinner at the Taylors. That was a happy occasion. I had a good chance to talk with Mr. Lin and Mrs. Lin (Frances Holland Wong Lin) before and after dinner, and I sat between them at the table. (The Taylors used to be in west China and they knew Mabel Borell too. Everyone speaks so highly of her.)
I went back out to the college with them all, and stayed at Woman's Hall - with Miss Knabe, Miss Root, and Miss Byrd. I had already seen the three Swarthmore Chinese girls and they had made arrangements for me to have breakfast with them at Woman's Hall. I warned them not to have just one dish for breakfast, but they had about 21 kinds! Chicken and mushrooms - and all sorts of things - it was good to see the girls again. Chinese breakfast, and the feast at noon, made me wonder how I should ever eat any dinner that night, at the Beaths' (he used to be in South China). That afternoon at four there was a Faculty tea in honor of the Directors in Dr. White's garden. At five p.m. I was to meet Shih’en Hou - younger brother of T. J. King, who is studying
in the seminary there. By great good luck, Henry Heng, son of Mr. Heng in New York who sent me some things, came over from St. Johns that afternoon to see a friend, so then I brought Harold along too and we had a grand chat in nearly an hour. Then I rushed into my dinner clothes and over to make a short call on Dr. Lai and his wife Dr. Weng - who used also to be in South China. I saw Mrs. C.C. Chee three times while I was on the campus but didn't have a long time with her. She is always as very cordial. She is dean of women at the college now - gave up the principalship of Bridgman Academy for this task. (The ones who have been...
dear since they invited me have not been marked success in some way, I understand. I suppose it is small-spirited of me to thank my lucky stars I didn't have to go through the agony of failing in that position, as I feel quite sure I might have done. "") Mrs. Chen is splendid for the place, I come.

After dinner at the Beaths we went over to the Assembly Hall and witnessed a very good presentation of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Shylock" scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" by Mrs. Byrd's Shakespeare class. That was especially interesting to me - the pronunciation was unusually fine. Another treat was meeting...
the cast afterwards at Woman's Hall when Miss Byrd had them over for punch, cake, and ice cream. The bloodthirsty Shylock—splendid in his role—proved to be a very shy, retiring Christian boy whose fiancée, Moonbeam, protested wasn't a bit like Shylock! Everybody had a good time, and before they went home, they presented little gifts to Miss Byrd and to Mrs. Barrer and Mr. Vaughan who helped train them; two lace-tinted handkerchiefs, a heavy-embroidered linen teacloth, and two (?) initial handkerchiefs respectively.

After breakfast next morning, I went to call on Mrs. White—she was at her sister's for the day. I found her very well. I had a nice visit (15 minutes) with them before I went to the Fuizingas.
I went with them to Community church. I had packed my dirty clothes and some other things in a bag which I left at Styhberta, so I wasn't too loaded down. The Stuyvesants would not let me pay a share of the car, so I seemed glad to talk with a friend of Peggy, Helen Wells. (Peggy's sister married one of theirs, too.)

At church I heard Neile, Cartwright, Vanderberg sing – that interested me because I admired her singing so much in the "Crucifixion" in Futures in 1920, in the summer they became engaged. He is one of the leading business men in Shanghai. He was coach at the American School then.

After church Mrs. Chambers took me to Mrs. Earl Cressy's, and took my bag home with her. Delightful dinner with the Cressys and Florence Webber, (who was going to Hangchow), met a few days from Hangchow, met the pet: a young alligator about
13 inches long, who lives in the bath tub and eats nothing about 6 months of the year. A very intriguing pet but one I'd rather watch in someone else's home than have to take care of myself, I think!

At 3:30 Mr. Chambers came and took me with a friend of hers to see a marvelous display of flowers on Bubbling Well Road. All kinds and varieties of Cactus, begonia, pond lily, fern, palm, gloxinia, rose, sweet pea, fuchsia, geranium, hollyhock, snapdragon, and many more, some of which I'd never heard of before.

Then she took us to the
American School, where I looked up Dorothy and Stanley Bunker and saw them for a bit. Then we all went to Mrs. Chamberlain's for a five o'clock cup of coffee. (They have a little shop in the Pantry.)

That evening after supper, Mrs. Chamberlain and I had a long talk, mostly about publication society affairs. Dr. Williams and Mr. Jipton, who have charge of those now, won't let Mrs. Chambers have any share. Mrs. Chambers have any share of the work. She is well fitted for some of it and her heart is all for it—but she has really been very shamefully treated. I think, very much, I think, because they are afraid she will want to go in and say 'Dr. Chambers would have done it this way—'
I can't go into all the details. But Mrs. Chambers, Dr. Hylbert, and others—all it seems, except Dr. Williams and Tipton—feel there must be a meeting of the Board of Directors. That will mean a change of hands, of course, which is what Dr. Williams does not want. Well, they have sent out word that there will be a meeting, but they don't feel there are funds for the Society to pay fares of people from Stanton and Canton for the Inland mission up north. Mr. Hylbert feels they can afford it, and will so vote if a Directors' meeting can be held. Well—it is rather...
a men. They kindly expressed to me the wish that I might stay up there for the meeting (June 9 & 10) but of course that was impossible. I wonder how it will turn out.

Edith Smith and Mr. Good are the real representatives for our mission.

Monday morning after breakfast Mrs. Chambers took Jane and my belongings and started out. I finished up the tag ends of my shopping—collected Edith Trevor's pen which had been left in repairs and a new spring coat which I have had made (black and white tweed, price 48 m.c. or about $1.80). I tried to buy some roses from Kenneth H. Burt but was unsuccessful; then went to the Mission Treasurer's to get all my Shanghai dollars (about twenty).
changed into silver which I can use in Swatow - then loaded up the car with all the articles which are being sent down to the various people in Swatow - and went down to the boat - got my things safely stowed in the cabin, then to the Mission Building and I said goodbye to her. I was just in time to meet Dr. Lai, as we had arranged, and he took me to Chinese lunch at a new Chinese restaurant. Then he took me out and put me in a taxi and I got out to Shanghai college just in time to go (it was at Dr. Chen's invitation) with Dr. Lin and Prof. and Mrs. Reemeyer of the University of Southern California on a sightsee.
sure I could make it, for it was quite a rush — and do it happened I just barely made it. But I wouldn’t have missed that trip for anything! We went to the University Social Settlement Center, first into the nursery where forty small children lay sleeping, getting their afternoon nap — watched over by the nurses (?!) or leaders — then on out to the playground where a hundred or more children were playing — this on Saturday too.

Mrs. Liu then took us to a branch of the Commercial Press where we saw printing “in the large,” book binding etc., just as it would be done in America. I suppose the Professor is getting material for a book — but as for me, I was just getting educated myself and having a glorious time doing it. After this we drove back out past
The University & Kiangwan
where the new Civic Center is
being developed. The Central
Building, with the great official
hall, the mayor's office and
many other offices, was the first
to go up, I suppose. It is
gorgeous and seeing it
with Dr. Lin was surely the
right way to see it. The
mayor was out, but we were
admitted to the presence of
Secretary General K. R. Quit, who
is said to be the real power
in that place. He spoke flawless
English telling us of some of
the labor troubles which have
arisen in the past year and
doctor great difficulty in settling
some of those problems —
Roads in this new Civic Center are already laid out—parks, some schools, dwelling house-playgrounds, many fair projects should induce speculators to get hold of property and build. The new plans in Shanghai put the center of things out there—that is—the residential center.

On the return drive we passed through the area of the devastation of 1932. While much has been rebuilt, there are still large houses and homes whose gutted framework presents a sorry sight to the passerby. This is the part of the city that was in flames when I was here in February 1932, on my way to Swatoo.

We stopped for a moment at the...
Chamber of Commerce building, then went on past the Chinese Y. M. C. A. down Nanking Road and out to the National Vocational Association Offices where we had tea with two of the secretaries. Then out Avenue Joffre where the Professor and his wife were left at their friend's home. Dr. Lin then took me back to the Missions Building — and we had further opportunity in conversation. He remembers meeting you in Portland, mother —

I went up to the Hughes's office and met the official to say a last goodbye and thank you to them. I then down on the street to get myself a frivolous Saturday Evening Post to read on the trip down, and a chocolate ice cream soda to
remember all the hot summer
days this year when I can’t
have any!

By that time, the room had
arrived for me to go to the
University Alumni Club where
Dr. Lin had invited me for
dinner. In a way that was
the climax of my seven days in
Shanghai. I was greeted most
cordially when I entered the
room—although Dr. Lin had
not yet come—and in the hall
room before dinner was served
I had exceedingly interesting
conversation with Mr. Wang,
W.C.T.U. secretary (with Mrs. Lin) who
goes to Sweden to the World W.C.T.U.
Convention next month and then on
convention next month and then on
America for two years’ study at
Crozer, with Mr. Chia (3) the secretary
of the Alumni Association, with
Pastor Ross of the North Shanghai Baptist Church, and with Mr. Woo, a young journalist who is connected with one of Shanghai's leading newspapers.

There were two tables of us when we finally were seated, and the ones at my table were seated thus:

- Mr. W. C. Lou, lawyer
- Mr. T. K. Chiao, student
- Mrs. Y. C. K. N. Lee, businesswoman
- Mr. T. F. C. S. H. A. I., principal
- Mr. D. F. C. M. S., professor of economics
- Mrs. Mary W. C. U. II., Dr. university

Of these at the other table I remember only three distinctly, one woman who is in the insurance business, another, a Miss Chen, who is in the
Christian Literature Society (a friend and classmate of mine, Miss Chen (Tang Ching Hui), whom I have just named Christine Chen) and Mr. Lin of the Y. M. C. A. here in the city. There was much joking and good fun at the expense of Miss Chen and Mr. Lin, who have just become engaged.

At the discussion group after the tables were cleared away, they asked me to tell about Swatow — I didn't say much — but I did have a chance to thank Dr. Lin in public for the royal way he has treated me on this trip — said he got out of a job did like to recommend him as personal conductor of tours around to see the high spots of the world — but did
Every speech from a grammar teacher that didn't make me want to tell them what they were. I wanted to tell them that I didn't understand. I was still a grammar student, but I told them how I was. Said we were already there. He seemed to lead all the way. He seemed to lead all the way. He seemed to lead all the way.
Mr. Lin was the leader of the discussion that followed. It was in Mandarin, and I couldn't get much but it was all about how to deal with Japan in the Christian way.

"It can't be done in a day," he said. "This generation won't finish the job, but if we start the thing right, the next generation will have a chance to accomplish something." Then they talked about the need of more really consecrated Christian leaders and Christian teachers - of the great value of what students get from teachers outside the classroom.

The whole thing was a great inspiration to me. There seemed to be a truly Christian atmosphere about the place and especially..."
in that alumni group. It was a great glimpse of the contributions that that University is already making and is going to make to the national life of China. I can’t be thankful enough that I accepted Dr. Lin’s invitation for Monday evening as well as in the afternoon a little after eight the party broke up. They were all so cordial - made me feel like one of their own really. Dr. Lin took me in a car right down to the dock and put me on the steamer - then said goodbye.

Now I know I haven’t told all of it - but what
do you think of that for a week in Shanghai? Don't you think I ought to be satisfied to stay at home this summer even though Swatow does get pretty hot? This has certainly been a wonderful break in the year's work for me — and I ought to have been enough to last for another year, I think!

May 26 —

Your package was waiting in the post-office when I arrived in Swatow — just the "sweet" things I want — but you shouldn't have done it. I shall luxuriate in the good things — and the tangerine is lovely too — and the fashion books —

Many many thanks, and

Much love — "Athie"
Swatow, China
June 13, 1934

Dear Ones,

Isn't this dreadful? Over two weeks since I wrote to you—and I have been having qualms of conscience about it for the last week—but still have been too lazy to get down to business and write the letter.

My principal excuse is that I have had the extra burden of typhoid injections and it pretty nearly knocked me out. I don't know that I have ever minded it as much as this before. There were three shots—a week apart—and the second was the worst of all. I had the first two on Saturday night hoping that the worst might be over by Sunday morning, but it wasn't! The second time I had to give up and
go to bed for a few hours. This last Saturday night there was a big Young People's party - farewell to Mr. Capen and Miss Cutley - so I didn't get the shot until Sunday a.m. It wasn't so bad this time, though. I felt rather "abused" during church time - couldn't get my arm in a comfortable position - but I managed all right.

June 17th

Now it is all the way to Sunday again, and this letter not yet finished. I don't know what you will think of me - Nobody else has had a letter from me, either? Things are getting up speed and we are going to have a hard time, I am afraid, to get everything in that has to
to come in the next two weeks - Mabel leaves for America the 28th.

Reviews began this last week at school and senior exams come this week - the others the following week.

It seems to me I have thought very very little this term.

This last Friday night was my turn to lead our Academy Faculty prayer meeting and now I'm glad that is over. [Yesterday afternoon the Juniors W.W.G. had their final meeting for the term. They limited me to be one of their advisers next term, to help their Olivia Lee take the place of Miss Culley while she is gone.]

Last night I had the class - I'd like to go here for games and refreshments.
into detail - but this letter will not get sent if I do - Had a good time.

Today - went to S. S. church, practiced music after church, attended music committee meeting, went to the hospital to see Beatrice, who was operated on Friday - appendicitis a week ago. Friday - this getting along very well. At 1:30 I went to Y. P. and from there, with the bunch to Y. M. C. A. mandarin service. Then I went out to sing. Then I went in to watch new to see Mrs. Speicher get her to come over Wednesday night for a little farewell supper to Mabelle, a surprise. This evening Marion and I have been around seeing the people. I think the single women are all coming. The Buckets have a new boy!

Much love, Able
I must not forget to tell you how I am enjoying my birthday soap, powder, and other things. The pretty safety-pin holder is adorning my bathroom wall and is going to be an extremely useful as well as good-looking adjunct to that room. Did you make it? Yes, you did!

Love again — [Signature]
June 24, 1934

Dear Ones,

We have been waiting and waiting for American mail and at last it has come - I don't get very much these days, for I have written so few letters myself. Today I had four, from each of you people, so I feel rich. (May 15 and May 27) Glad to know Mother's dizzy spell was no worse than it was. Do be careful! We don't want time to get chronic again!

Let me see, mother you asked about me in the wedding picture. My hat has no band on it, and it looks like a white felt one. I do have a fur around my neck. If you draw a straight line down from Eleanor Ruth Hobart (last in line in wedding group), the line would go through my
hat on the right hand side of it. I looked perhaps as though I am
sitting right behind a man who is in the next to the front seat,
but I really am not. There is a woman with a dark hat on
in the row between me & the man.
How can you find me?
By this time you have the
news that I am planning
to stay here the rest of
the summer. I shall be
in Double Island at least
in the first two weeks of August,
but mail comes
just the same. There is
a bare possibility that I
may pick up and go to
Hongkong for a week before
school begins, & get a
little more of a change and then again, I may not at all. But I shall go no farther away than H. R. anyway.

Well - we are on the last lap of school now - I have all my exams made out for to-morrow - have my semi-exam all corrected and the averages will be finished to-morrow morning. To-morrow I shall make out the exams for the two remaining classes - then the rest of the week I shall correct papers just as fast as I can after the exams are finished - I want to begin my vacation as soon as possible.
My fingers are itching to get at some boxes, desk drawers, trunks, etc. - and to have a regular house cleaning such as I haven't had for years - because I haven't stayed at home long enough when I wasn't teaching school!

I'm wondering whether the choir will continue to function during the summer. The church has invited them to, but the two leading sopranos are dormitory students and won't be here - I hope they will do it, though - I'm going to be here the first month and it will be good for them not to drop out of things altogether just because
it is hot weather.

Our Young People's Society may slump in the hot weather; may close down all day, often it closes down all day. But this time we are together, to make the meeting a little different, have more singing, have it in the evening, and have it at our house (The Capens are leaving in a week or two now) The rest remains to be seen.

Much love to you.

Tell Uncle George & Aunt Fannie that the sound of their 53rd anniversary claims certainly did make my mouth water!
Since writing this, I have heard that Dr. Frank Ashmore has suddenly died; an explosion when he was making fizz water (soda pop) out in his back yard sent glass all over the yard and cut his eye, arm and all his face badly. About 50 stitches were taken and sealed, but an antrin infection set in and he went very suddenly. You may have heard this all long ago.

It does seem tragic—the letter from Mrs. Ashmore written after her nurse (I suppose she has to have one all the
Time now. Let her out or the sun porch (with all the paper pen & things in it) seemed so pitiful. Of course God can't make a mistake but it is very hard to see how this can be best. She would have been so glad to die in his place!

He is their oldest child - and only son - a wonderful doctor, people say - and the mainstay of his parents. Surely this is a hard time for these veteran missionaries, and indeed hard & understanding.
P.S. I laugh when I think about Baby Bonnets—this weather. We made them of little fine pink and white wool. But mine was so small that by next winter the baby will be altogether too large for it. A boy—did I tell you? in each case—Gret to—

But—yes—the Stephens girls do look alike—and I can see, I think, where you feel they look like Freda—though they don’t, really!

Clara Leach is in London by this time—

My hair is still long—but these last few days of hot weather make me think it will not remain so all summer!
Dear Ones:

I'm surely getting into bad habits again about writing. Each week I mean to reform, and then I put it off a week.

Well — Malvina sailed from Hong Kong for America the 4th of July. I suppose — she left here Saturday, a week ago yesterday, in a cloud of — what shall I say? better say, on the crest of a high wave of packing, sorting, putting away things & leaving here, instructions & the servants, and a stream of rioters who kept coming to say goodbye. That is a mixed metaphor — but every thing was mixed up. This last part of the term she had to take on six extra periods of teaching for
the English teacher (a Chinese man just back from America) who left us in the lurch at the end of the first month. That was a great burden to him - I had only three extra from his schedule, but I had a heavier schedule than Mr. A begin with.

The next day after Matelle went was Sunday. I had finished all my exams and grades had been sent in; the 1:30 p.m. meeting at Mr. Cope's had been changed to 7:30 p.m. at my house, and I rested all afternoon - with the glorious knowledge that I didn't have to get up and do anything or go anywhere the whole blessed afternoon. That was restful. The days since then have not been so restful.

Monday morning I began to study Mandarin. I have a Peking man...
whose father is in the Customs in Swatow. He comes over every morning, arriving at 8 a.m. and I study for an hour and a half. He is a born teacher and if I only had a little time to practice by myself later on in the day I could get somewhere this month, perhaps — yet — one hour so a day just one month out of the twelve — I really don’t know how much it can help — He is encouraging me to write Chinese more — and I’m glad of that! I shall hope that next year I may be able to go to Peking to study in the summer — but that may only be a dream!

That Tuesday afternoon the meeting of the Reference Committee lasted until nearly seven p.m. and I was very enough to go to bed early. Wednesday we had a nice swim
supper out on Edna Smith's lawn. Everybody was equal at stunts so we just sat and talked and had a good time while we ate salad, sandwiches, ice cream, and iced tea or hot coffee. And then suddenly it was time to go to the evening meeting in the church—the opening session of the pre-convention Retreat. I continued my study of mandarin each morning, going to the church as soon as that was over. That has kept me fairly busy. Thursday night after 5 p.m. we had a Woman's Committee meeting which wasn't all easy in our declinations because we had hard work to get the people together. Friday p.m. at 6:45 the Young People practiced singing for three consecutive pieces which they had to sing Friday night at the Retreat. Saturday morning at a Rip
funeral, and this morning in church, respectively. Most of the sopranos have gone home — so the altos have divided the honors and they are doing pretty well, I say!

The choir we have now (about 15) is doing pretty well — and I hope they can be persuaded to keep up the singing during the summer months. They all live here.

Yesterday the morning is funeral service was for Pastor Goh, the father of the eight children, Nai Hoi, Nai Luang, Thui Lee, Nai Hua (4 girls) and Cheng Hui, Cheng Si, Cheng — etc. (4 boys). The eldest two girls are Nai Hoi, the nurse, (who wrote about the thing with seven inches long who like to box and play tennis — ?) and Nai Luang or The Sun — our young people's leader who married the official. (?) He took a quantity of poison, think.
it was stomach medicine and the doctors with him was too stupid even to give him an antidote! It is a very sad thing — cheap raw is just graduating from our Senior High school now.

Evelyn Steptoe is with us now on her vacation — yesterday her guest, Marion Holmes arrived. I knew her last year at Stuyvesant and before that at Hartford, and it is good to have her here — and I think she will enjoy it. They may go to Double Island, but the Busby family is down there and I think it would be rather crowded.

Meetings of the Convention begin tomorrow night — and I, for one, shall be glad when the sessions are over — Reorganization is the program of the day and I imagine there will be some opposition.
Some of my work with the young people will continue this summer, but I shall enjoy it. I don't feel a bit as I have some years—when I couldn't get away from everything soon enough—it will be just as well if I can manage to be happy here in the summer. To aside from the course in Peking I want to take by hook or by crook—soon, if possible—I cannot see that I am likely to get very far away for any summer right away.

The General Board workers have just received word of a cut of $150 gold per year—
We are holding our breath, lest word of a similar nature come from us—But Mrs. Maine's letter yesterday said nothing about it so perhaps there is nothing— I do hope so!

Love you—a lot—

Abbie
Dearest Ones,

Wouldn't you think that when vacation time came I would have a few spare minutes to write to my beloved family? I shall have to do something desperate about it, I think. I seem to be getting worse all the time.

But truly, I don't yet have much of the vacation feeling. The convention is over, and it was a very good one. There were a few snags, but in the whole
it was an uplifting experience.

A preacher from Canton, 
An Sin Se", was the devotional 
speaker each morning and 
evening - both at the Retreat 
and at the Convention. He 
gave some wholesome talks 
that were good for the people, 
and I think some of 
them have come to 
realize that they got a 
steadier diet from him 
than they would have from 
a more sensational preacher.

The closing service, Thursday 
night, was the climax of the 
meetings in every way. 
Pretty questions of financ
had been faced and settled that day, responsibilities greater than ever before undertaken, and the difficult problem of choosing the foreign secretary in the Ling Long Convention had been decided. (Mr. Baker was elected last March as our Conference secretary and the expectation was on the part of the missionaries that he would receive the Chinese vote). Mr. Page, however, is chosen for the Ling Long Secretary and Mr. Baker is to work part-time in Swanton Christian Institute with Mr. Lo and Mrs. Spieck and Miss Johnson and part-time in evangelistic preaching throughout the field.
which is what he wants to do.

The evening message brought a picture of Calvary and its meaning, and it was followed by communion service for all the assemblage of delegates, administered by Dr. Mok-su and Eng. Mok-su, two of our leading pastors. I think it was the quietest service I have ever attended in our memorial Chapel. It was beautiful.

During the meeting, I kept up my Mandarin study from 8 to 9.30 just the same. That made me miss the devotional service. But I had opportunity to hear him at other
times - and since 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night is too much of a good thing - I decided to do just what I did. Aside from one or two of the evening devotional meetings, I attended all other sessions of the convention.

The day after the convention closed we had a reference committee meeting in which some things were cleared up. Many people felt better about the situation of Mr. Baker and Mr. Page after we had that meeting. It is the last one before...
everybody goes away in the summer - and it was rather long. Let me see: that was Thursday. Can't remember what I did Friday and Saturday aside from swimming and studying Mandarin, but I really was busy all the time.

One reason I feel so busy is that we have guests now - whom I mentioned in my last letter, I think. Marion Holmes and Evelyn Stephan Sunday I did get a good rest in the afternoon. Then Velva came over for a while. In the evening I had the young people here until nearly ten o'clock.
Yesterday and today I really have been buzzing along at a speed that I really think is not proper vacation rate. Listen!

Monday 5:30 A.M. Swimming (240 yards without stopping)

8:00 A.M. Studying Mandarin

9:30

9:30 A.M., with Mrs. Page

1:00 P.M. Looking over and sorting all the old millinery material that has accumulated from Mrs. Ashmeister's. Threw away more than a bushel.

2:30 A.M. with Velma X

6:00 P.M. Shower to see about passports and also to make formal call on the consul's wife.
HAD A GOOD TIME; SHE FED US ICED TEA, AND COFFEE RING JUST OUT OF THE OVEN, AND WHILE WE WERE THERE A MONKEY WARD PACKAGE CAME AND SHE OPENED IT RIGHT THEN AND THERE JUST AS THOUGH WE WERE OUR OWN FOLKS - SHOES FOR HER BABY, COOL GREEN AND WHITE SOCKS FOR HOT WEATHER - ETC. 

6.30 P.M. OVER TO MISS SULLIVAN'S WITH OUR WHOLE HOUSEHOLD FOR DINNER - AND STAYED UNTIL ABOUT 10.

TUESDAY, 5.30 A.M. SWIMMING (480 YARDS WITHOUT) STOPPING TO KICK A LITTLE BETTER.

8.00 TO 9.30 STUDYING MANDARIN.
9.30 TO 12 - OVER TO MISS PAGET'S WORKING ON AN OLD WHITE HAT.
Really had a good rest this afternoon - and now I'm riting 2 pm. Tonight we are going out to dinner again, though, to the Waters. Tomorrow Evelyn and Marion Holmes are going to Double Island and the "tumult and the shouting" will die a little bit, at least I hope so. From then on I hope I shall be able to write more regularly and more fully.

Love you a lot - and that means you two and all the others,
Ablie
Swatow, China
July 23, 1934

Dear Ones:

I'd better do a little duplicating if ever I'm to get any letters off to you these days. Each twenty-four hours slips by so swift and smooth and slick that I don't realize it is gone. And yet it is not all smooth sailing, I am here to tell you.

The thing that is uppermost in our minds these days is that Dorothy Campbell is desperately sick. A week ago Saturday she went down to Double Island but came back again the next day - sick. Her temperature has been between 103 and 105 ever since. At first they thought it was flu, then dengue, and now they find the blood has a positive typhoid test and the typhoid symptoms are present. We can't get her to eat anything - she says everything tastes so rotten. She has been semi-delirious since yesterday. We take turns caring for her; Marion and Dr. Lee get her fixed up in the morning, I am with her from 9:00 to 12 or after, then the doctors all come, and one of them stays with her until the next shift. Fannie begins the afternoon period today, and that will relieve the doctors a great deal. I shall keep up the morning period for a few days, whether or not a nurse will be sent in from Hong Kong will depend on whether Dorothy gets worse or better in the next few days. In any case I shall not be needed much longer, as nurse, anyway. If she has a turn for the better there are Chinese from the hospital who can do for her; if the nurse has to be sent for, I may be needed to keep house there - look after the nurse, etc.

Of course this is bound to make a difference in the vacation plans of a number of people. Velva Brown has been planning a visit to the Matilda Hospital (Hongkong) to have her appendix removed; she expected to leave, in fact, last Saturday. If her holiday is delayed, that will affect the time that Marion and Dr. Lee take their vacations later. As for me, it doesn't matter much. I was planning, am still planning, for that matter, to go down to Double Island the first of August with Mrs. Page. I shall do that unless I am needed up here. I shall not insist on staying if some way can be planned without me, for I know that Velva feels every missionary who stays here all summer is a potential patient for whom she is responsible. She likes to get everybody away to a place that is at least a little cooler than Swatow.

People who are going on vacations this year have almost all of them gone: Mrs. Worley to Peking to be with Edwin a few weeks before his return to America (she fell, breaking her wrist, in the ship's bathtubs on the way to Tientsin!); Edna Smith and Elsie Kittlitz to Siam to have their vacation with the Groesbecks; Edith Traver to Formosa (she planned to go to Japan but gave it up at the last minute because of the expense); the Waters, Miss Sollman, the Bousfields, and a friend or rather guest of the Bousfields' (Miss Perrin) left for Baguio. The Burkers are at the island now, with Evelyn Stephens and her friend Marion Holmes. Margaret Burket would "normally" be the one to do the housekeeping for her sister Dorothy, but the new baby rather puts a crimp in that plan!

I have written once to Mrs. Campbell about Dorothy. I held the letter two or three days, hoping for better news to add, but then
decided I'd better send it as it was — things don't get better very fast!

I am keeping up my Mandarin study from 8 & 9.30 each morning — but that means that I don't get one other thing done. I rest quite a while in the afternoon for I realize that I must keep up strength in any emergency that comes. I am in good condition physically, but I very much want to keep fit. Even if I must stay on here in August instead of going to Double Island, I shall not study in August — for there are a million letters to write.

Did I tell you about Eva's request for Chinese poems? Did I tell you about Eva's request for Chinese poems? Did I tell you about Eva's request for Chinese poems? I enclose her letter and a copy of the three poems. I chose from our school paper. One of the teachers helped me translate. I told her I feared the translations were not "lovely and appealing". They couldn't be, written on such topics! Do I write, it seems to me that I have already sent you these poems — Have I? If so, send them on to Arthur, or Mrs. Webster — or maybe Gladys Paul. I wonder if you are seeing her at all this summer — if you are seeing her at all this summer — I must write to her.

Much love to all, Effie
May 29, 1934

My very dear Abbie:

I have been wishing for weeks that I might have an hour that I could call my own when I could write you a real letter to express some of the things in my heart. Now comes something that requires immediate action so I am putting this concern ahead of all the important pre-Commencement things that are clamoring for attention and dashing off a letter about one specific thing.

Earlier in the spring when I learned about an international anthology of poetry from the children of all lands that was to come out in September I submitted some poems by a very talented little girl from a rocky hillside who has been a student here for five years. Much to my joy three were accepted with a delightful personal letter from the editor. I had, by chance, included a poem by a real Spanish girl who was a student here last year and that was also accepted. The editor wrote me in a very friendly way and in replying to her last letter I have told her that if she didn't have all her poems in Chinese complete, I should like to have one of your students have the honor of being considered. It is really a great distinction to have a student's poetry published in an international collection. I shall be overjoyed if this honor may come to one of your pupils.

If your students write poetry (they ought to be under thirteen and must be under sixteen years of age), won't you please, Abbie dear, send typewritten copies of them on the first boat? I suppose you have a Chinese typewriter. If you don't, please have them make the characters so that there can be no confusion and please submit three poems. In this anthology there will also be an English translation on the same page. Will you please, Abbie dear, see that these little translations are lovely and appealing.

I hope you will be as thrilled to try for this honor for some of your pupils as I am to have a part in it.

We are on the threshold of Commencement and you know what that means, and even the nights are very strenuous. We have been saddened by the very unexpected passing of Mrs. Eleonora S. Woodman last Tuesday after an illness of less than a half hour. We were there two days and again all of last evening with the Senator, Mr. Wadsworth. She will be greatly missed and his health is very precarious. I have
been asked to write an appreciation of her life and must do that as soon as this letter is finished. It is very difficult.

I shall be thinking of thee, Abbie dear, on June twenty-fourth and sending you loving greetings across the ocean.

With best love always,

Devotedly thine,

Eva

(Mrs. Robert E. Owen)

P. S. Thee will reply by return mail, won't thee?
FORWARD!

(To the Swimmers in Our School Contest)

Though the waves be high as those of the Western Ocean,
Though the whirlpools eddy like the Yangtze Rapids,
Even thus;
Yet your desire to reach the other shore can not be stilled.

Push forward; look not back!
Cast not one glance towards the shore behind you;
Don't listen to that sister's cry,
    "Brother, stay; the water is too deep!"
Shoot straight forward to the farther goal,
    Let not one other overtake you!

Paul says,
"Those who strive are many,
But one only wins the race."
But see!
Yonder among the crowd
There is your sweetheart with a handful of flowers;
Her heart beats high with eager hope.

Oh see!
You are past the mighty middle current now,
The water flows more smooth,
And see!
The wild waves have lost their fury now.

Forward, there!
Forward, there!
Straight to the center of that waiting crowd,
Forward - Push on!
Forward!
"Those who strive are many,
But one only wins the race."

("Written on the day of the School Swimming Contest.")

Chen Chih Chung
(Age 14)

June 6, 1934.
Oh, Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
The hot yellow clouds reflect the color of your tired face,
As you stand weary and hungry;
Vaguely I hear your sobbing sigh,
Your sweat and blood are dripping on the ground,
Walked upon by the indifferent feet
Of those who pass unseeing by.

Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
Ting a ling! Ting a ling!
That is your cry -
It is the sign of your future success;
The dust of the city streets
And the noise of the market place
Can only be washed away
By the sprinkling of your sweat!

Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
In this world of people to-day,
It is the time when you must struggle
Only by the sweat of your brow,
Can you get your daily rice and bread.

Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!
Drag all the proud bad ones down and throw them into the sea!
Down with those fine ladies who only spend - but never toil -
Down with them - to the last one;
Then will begin a new life,
Light will come through darkness -
Pull, Rickshaw Puller, pull fast!

Chen Shun Wei
(Age 13)

May 15, 1934.
Wake up, oppressed ones!
China is in danger, like a heap of piled-up eggs;
Powers from without, surrounding, threaten us;
When shall we be freed from the tyranny of slavery?

Wake up, oppressed ones!
Among all those who govern us now
Is there one who will not strip us, flay us, plunder us?
When, oh when shall we be freed from the tyranny of this slavery?

Wake up, oppressed ones!
If we will shake free from the pain and the suffering,
We must look for help to none other, - only to ourselves!

Wake up, oppressed ones!
Look carefully to see who are your enemies;
Without, the oppressors of our country;
Within, the traitors of our country;
If we will shake free from pain and suffering,
We can look only to ourselves for help.

Chen Huang
(Age 15)

January 15, 1934.
Dear One,

Just arrived and had my first meal down here and now I am so sleepy that it seems I must get a nap at once - But Enid came down with a party of ten young people, and there will be a chance to send back mail by her, as I must put off my drawers for a short half hour and write a little scribble to my beloved - I had not been anticipating this vacation down here with any great degree of pleasure - But somehow, with as many things to do - with my study every day, with the young people to think about, and their plans for the week - prayerfully I plan for each week - music & plan for each week - prayerfully & plan for each week - music & plan for each week -

This morning when I awoke the rain was coming down gently. About 6.30 it poured and we loaded the things and rowed down in just an hour with 9.30 & 10.30
favorable tide, of course. Our things were unloaded, and the Bucker's things loaded on to the same boats, in about an hour and a half - and they got off to Rekchik. I arranged the zinnias, little sunflowers, and marigolds which I brought down from our garden, while Mrs. Page was getting at the knives and forks - and about one o'clock we sat down and did justice to a good dinner. We got along quite well, I think. They have both been here several times and know the ropes - and know the ropes -

The Vella left for Hong Kong last Saturday. She is probably had her appendix out today. I am Tei and hear that Dorothy is much better, but Evelyn is still ill.

After I get some sleeping done I hope to tackle my pile of correspondence. But not today, please!

Did Charles Flagg write beautifully about Sadie's operation? It must be dreadful for them all, but it just sounds thankful that things are as well as they are. That is the proper spirit! I must write to them soon. Much, much love, C.
Dear Ones,

Mrs. Page and I came down here August 1 as we planned—and I have had four days of marvelous rest. Swimming twice a day—glorious blue water, salt and warm near shore; I don’t go out—I already have a very fair—very healthy sunburn—and I hope to get more—I’m eating like a horse—I hope I get a little fat.

Three of the Chinese girls were down from Swallow today.
and they say that my sunburn makes me a little more beautiful(!) - although they can't see that I'm any fatter yet!

Last month I studied Chinese so this month I am taking a complete rest from that. I must get down to letter writing pretty soon, though.

Last night we went to a supper up on the next hill - Scandal Point - they call it, because everybody goes there to sit in the evening and they relate all the scandal they have heard during the day or the week!

About thirty were there...
Baptist missionaries (2), Presbyterians (2) — customs people, Standard Oil people, Steamship people — about 40 people in all. Mrs. Stocker invited us and although some other people furnished some of the food, apparently — yet the brunt of it came on her — a whacking good feed — cold chicken, french fried potato chips — vegetable salad, baked beans (baked 3 days), ham, dill pickles, hot dogs, olives, orangeade, apple pie à la mode, cake, coffee!

Needless to say, I didn't eat all those things. This party was really to celebrate the birthday of the Stockers' 28 year old daughter, Bobbie.
who was married last December. Her birthday was
August 3 and as her father says "The next day all
Europe was plunged in war."

Very nice party - restful - nothing anyone had to do - not even
talk if you didn't feel so inclined.

Dorothy Campbell was better when we left Wednesday
and we have had no word
and Velma from Kakechlik since Velma
has gone to Hong Kong and we
suppose she has had her
appendix out by this time,
but no word from her yet.
I hope she will get well
from the operation fast
enough so that she
can come up here in time.
To be with me here the last week in August. I had hoped to go to Hong Kong for a week and come back with lines—but it cost too much.

I am returning the cards for the bank. I hope they are properly filled in.

It seems so long since we have had any mail! The boy goes up to Rach_on_ia tomorrow and I surely hope he will bring some back with him.

Wish you could be transported here and see how we are fixed—Simple life, but good for resting. Love to all. Cathie
Dear Ones,

Seems to me I wrote a letter a week ago, but I have no record of it, as maybe I didn't. I received your two last week though, telling about the contemplated and the accomplished visit to the Lakey clinic. I am much relieved that there has been a check-up. Do you feel it was as thorough as it ought to have been— and have you been any stricter about obeying rules since then? Mother—I tell me the truth, you know!

You will want to know first of all that I'm getting a grand good rest down here—Nothing...
very exciting going on — but there’s swimming twice a day — and I’m getting brown all over legs, arms, neck, back, and face! Don’t know whether I have gained a pound or not — That doesn’t really concern me much as long as I’m feeling as fit, Mrs. Page thinks I look much more rested than I did when we first came down — I feel more relaxed, I know!

I haven’t really got settled down to letter-writing yet. Thursday I got well started sortin’ out my letters and making the list of those which must be written. (By this a.m. that list had mounted to 94!) I kept at it as long Thursday, though, that I
didn't have ambition & look at a letter all day Friday and all day Saturday. Today I have written six, but it only crosses two off the "list"!

Yesterday we had some excitement. Pleasure seekers who came down for a swim in the morning lost control of their launch and it was blown ashore on our bathing beach and pounded as hard into the sand by the breakers that it couldn't be lifted. In one short afternoon the people of the little village were fighting over every last bit of board, nail, or glass window. We saw them carrying off things all afternoon - blankets, tin of oil, pieces of machine - every-
“last least little” thing. When we came up from bathing at 6 p.m. it was all gone except the bottom “spine” of the boat and the propeller with the shaft. They were shoveling that out of the sand. Such a pity! All through carelessness. They say that the chief owner is a rich man, but the young man who was sailing had yesterday was part owner and it will go very hard with him. It is told that he told the Dorrable Island people when he had to abandon the launch that they might have the remains. But they would have had them anyway; it is the custom to salvage anything that can be salvaged.
from ship-mast and get what
you can out of it. They had
begun to take things away
and rip the thing to pieces
before it was abandoned—
Vultures— that's what it
looked like to me!

Today Marion and Evelyn were
down—but just for a minute.
We saw them in their bathing
we saw them in their bathing
we saw them in their bathing
we saw them in their bathing
we saw them in their bathing
we saw them in their bathing
we saw them in their bathing
I wish we could have
the Cehains in the sail and a
the Cehains in the sail and a
the Cehains in the sail and a
the Cehains in the sail and a
the Cehains in the sail and a
the Cehains in the sail and a
dsip but they went right back.
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dsip but they went right back.

They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—

They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—
They brought us news, however—

Dorothy is as much better that
Dorothy is as much better that
Dorothy is as much better that
Dorothy is as much better that
Dorothy is as much better that
Dorothy is as much better that
Dorothy is as much better that

Evelyn is going home. Velva had her
Evelyn is going home. Velva had her
Evelyn is going home. Velva had her
Evelyn is going home. Velva had her
Evelyn is going home. Velva had her
Evelyn is going home. Velva had her
Evelyn is going home. Velva had her

appendix taken out at the
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or has formed since, I don't know which, a blood tumor, which was to be opened whatever day the letter was written. I have written to Velma every day, though I haven't had a chance to mail a letter each day. But she may still be in bed - she may still be in bed. Maybe too sick to enjoy mail - maybe too sick to enjoy mail. I'd better cut down on it a little until I get further word from her! I haven't written long letters, though.

We have a very quiet life here. Mrs. Page and I. We are up for breakfast at 7:30 - sometimes even earlier. Then I'm up reading before that. Then we have morning prayers in Chinese, and then before long it is time to go in bathing. I have a huge native straw hat that I got for $0.40 as I
drape it over my head and lie sprawled in the sand by the half-hour. I should stay longer if I had nothing else to do! After I come up I have a good soapy rinse-off and wash out any towels or handkerchiefs that happen to be hanging around. Then is my time to write letters but I've been reading and dawdling and doing everything else but so far! After dinner, naps, then more of whatever I'm doing that day, then tea! After that, swim again! take a swift non-soapy rinse then it is time for supper— after supper—we rig up an extra mosquito net and put a little table and two chairs
inside it — where we can read, or write or play hook — in compact, while the magnito —
and other beasties gnash their teeth — on the outside of the net!

Dress is reduced to a minimum, for me — brassiere, (and its lower mate!) slip,
dress, pair of old shoes — And part of the time two of those lesser garments are missing!

Comfort is the main thing. I have more than that on today; but that is
stockings, even. And because it is stormy, and I'm cold.

My chief worry now is that my father's car won't last the month. It has begun to split already.
and I have mended it with adhesive tape — but it will split again once of these fine days.

So — since father will probably
continue to me after I get back from Double Island — I'd better see about getting a bathing cap or two — if you know of anyone who is going there it's likely I'll be in sale of bathing caps — would you have them get me one if they are?

It?

cheap, and two if they are not cheap? [I am quite seriously considering getting Velda a bathing suit to wear — if there's a sale anywhere — if there's a sale anywhere that would fit her, I could wear —]

The cap, black and green are taboo, unless in trimming. White, blue, red or yellow — anything or transparent — anything fairly good looking and cheap — strap or not strap — either way,
the important points being that it shall not be too small, and that the mother shall show no signs of crack — (oh yes, and cheap — but I said that before, didn’t I?)

Well — more of this nonsense later —

In the meantime, my love to you both — and to all the tribe —

All yours,

Ethel

166 1/2
Dear Ones,

We have another rainy Sunday! I think Mrs. Page does not like it very much, but I am just having a grand good rest. Mr. Page planned to come down over last weekend, then again this weekend, but it has been stormy both times. He doesn't like the water anyway, and I'm sure he would not have enjoyed himself if he had come. It is his turn (the men take turns) to stay on the compound this summer and look after any thing that comes up, or any one who comes. He could get away for week ends but
he wants fair weather, of course, for a trip down here.

I am very much afraid Velva will not get here before it is time for me to leave. Mrs. Page does not want to stay down here alone, and I cannot blame her, especially if the weather is not good. She would like to stay on a week or two into September but I begin school September 1st. Velva may get back in the first two weeks in September, but if the weather remains cool she'll be better off in Fairchild where she can have none of the comforts of home.

I had a letter written by Velva herself the other day; she is still lying on her back, with
gauze drains in her tummy which she says is the "hurtin'est" thing she has had for a long time. I do hope she comes out of the affair without any further complications!

I am getting a little discipline these days that is good for me, I suppose. At home it has been impossible to economize on food because some people who live there have been so finicky about their eating. Won't have left-overs served - won't eat the same thing twice in succession, not particular about having meat, fish, etc., very fresh, especially in the summer time.

I have felt it to be very wasteful, sometimes, to manage things this way, yet was never able
to do much about it and I suppose I have been getting pretty finicky myself.

The Pages are known to be careful managers but I never before knew just how careful. Not one scrap of the cheapest Chinese vegetable is thrown away but is brought on again and again, if need be, until it is eaten. And we had four days in succession. The third and fourth days I was mentally prepared to have it not fit to eat but even in this hot weather, the cook had managed to treat it up until even the last of it was gone. Only twice has there been anything I couldn't eat. One day some left-over bamboo shoots had soured, and the other night some second-day stuffed crabs.
tasted too fishy & sick me & I have found myself involuntarily recoiling from a few of these dishes in fear they wouldn't be good & have decided that it is all nonsense. I was certainly brought up to eat up leftovers, and to eat what was on my plate before I could have any dessert, why shouldn't I do it now? We groan and moan about the high cost of living, and yet because of our old maid fussiness we spend far more money than is necessary on food. I wonder whether I can start a reform when I get back to Takellish?

I will say one thing from Cook, however; many many times he
prepares just exactly the right amount of everything, and there aren't any left-overs. But we never have very good roasts of meat because the pieces he buys are so small. He doesn't dare buy good sized pieces for fear they will be left over and that we won't eat it!

Another thing that I have always rebelled at inwardly is Mabel's idea of opening the especially good things when she is there alone or when there are only two of us, instead of keeping them till we have company. That certainly is against my bringing up!

Another thing I am forced to notice down here and that is
the lack of variety I must — That, I realize, is an entirely unjust criticism, for we have had pineapple, bananas, figs, dragon's eyes, papayas, and avocado pears. The thing is that many mornings we have had pineapple raw, and in the evening pineapple cooked, with nothing more than a small banana to vary the program; and we have had no puleos, which at home we think we cannot live without! I am really very much disgusted to find that thoughts and feelings such as these occupy my mind, when there are so many people in the world who have never seen a puleo, and perhaps rarely taste pineapple!
Actually, Mrs. Page is feeding me very well—giving me good food and a lot of it. And I'm enjoying it. I see no reason why I shan't be several pounds fatter when I go back to Nakolick. And just as in the past I have been relishing the food down here, because it is a little different from what we have all the time, I know I shall enjoy Mrs. Kini's cooking when I get back. All the more so after having been away from it a little while. I'm in the throes of trying to get some letters written. If I succeed, I'll send you a copy of some that I do—much, much love.
Miss Grace A. Maine  
152 Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

Dear Miss Maine:

As I was writing my letter to you from our Woman’s Committee I realized that some things I wanted to say might better be put in a separate personal letter to you. The enclosed cards and the information blank should of course have gone to you long ago. In order to save postage I am also sending to you the blank which the M. AND M. Board asked me to fill out some time ago. May I ask you to deliver it for me?

First I want to say thank you for the splendid gifts that have been coming this year from the Vermont women. Some of them have written that they felt the gifts were small, but since they were what we had asked for they supposed we were getting what we wanted. We surely are. Especially useful have we found some of the old music that has been sent; used programs suitable for Christmas, Easter, and other occasions; old Études and other music books containing practice pieces for beginners; we hope the women will find more of that kind of thing for us. All the other things are put to good use, too; handkerchiefs and toys bring pleasure, and the pretty remnants of cloth make garments and bedcovers for some who are very grateful for them. Bibles are a help in our Sunday morning Bible classes in English with the seniors. All school supplies are useful to students who cannot afford all the things they need to spend money for while they are getting an education.

As the women at home sit together in their missionary meetings and in their sewing meetings I wish they might have a glimpse of the women in South China and what they are attempting and what they are accomplishing. Perhaps they would like to think of the women in our church here in Kachchieb, making garments for those who live in our Old Folks’ Home in Kityang, or for needy children of our own neighborhood, at Christmas time. Many of these articles of clothing are brought as offerings at the time of the White Gift Service each year. Some of them mean real sacrifice.

There are other things that our women do, too. On the table before me as I write I have a slip of paper on which is printed in large black Chinese characters the following:

TEN GOALS

1. Observance of Lord’s Day  
2. Family worship  
3. Tithing  
4. Taking the whole family to Sunday School  
5. Forming visiting groups  
6. Woman’s prayer meeting  
7. Woman’s missionary society  
8. Home week celebration  
9. Mothers’ meetings  
10. Teaching illiterate people to read  
11. Reading a number of books selected by the Woman’s Committee  
12. Teaching a class in Sunday School
Last year this set of goals was adopted at our annual Woman's Meeting. Each woman took the list home and tried to see what she herself could do about it. The reports that came in this year were, on the whole, very encouraging indeed. Tithing seems a difficult thing for the women to practice. For some of them there is no money, and how can they give a tenth when they have nothing to give a tenth of? And yet some progress is noticeable even in this matter of finances. One of the most interesting reports came from some women in the Kityang district who have taken a special interest in the work and are really doing things. You should have heard them talk about keeping intact for the woman's work the money which the women themselves give. They are learning by experience!

"When we needed money for the pastor's salary or for repairs on the chapel or something else, the deacons would come around and say that since the sisters had some money on hand, why not use it for the Lord's work right where it was needed? It was all the same work, wasn't it, they would argue. We thought, it was all the same work, to be sure! Why yes, why not? And we listened to the men and gave the money to them, and though it was all right. But we know better now. Why, if we give it to them once, then the next time they say that the women helped before, and they won't try nearly as hard to raise the money. And besides, do any of them give any money for our woman's work? They don't give one penny! And so, if we keep our own money just for woman's work, the pastor's salary does get raised anyway, and the repairs do get paid for, and the result is that more work gets done than as though we gave our money into the general fund!"

I couldn't help wondering, "What would the people at home think about this as an argument for the merger!"

Two weeks more, and the Kakchich hills will be alive again with students. It is rather quiet in the summer, when most of them are gone. With Miss Culey and the Capens in America, I do not look for a very "quiet" time once the term opens! I would like to ask that you remember especially the teachers of our academy as we meet in our Faculty Fellowship Prayer Group each week during the school term-Friday evening from eight to nine.

It was my privilege to attend the meeting of the Board of Directors of Shanghai University in May. I was also present at the Seminary Conference held the preceding day. I am thankful to have had this opportunity to meet the workers there and to see something of the splendid piece of work that is carried on under the able leadership of Dr. Liu. I came away with the impression that there is a very real Christian spirit in that institution.

Sincerely yours,
Miss Grace A. Maine  
152 Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

Dear Miss Maine;

Your letter of June 44 reminds me unmistakably that you have had no letter from our Women's Committee since the new set-up at Conference time. There has been, however, very little official business to report. Regulations concerning the loan of money from the Judson Scholarship Fund have been put into more definite form; they have already been sent to you with the minutes of the Divisional Committee. Any questions you have asked have, I believe, been answered by Mr. Page in his letters to you.

We note with interest the vote concerning housekeeping grant. No requests have yet come in this year.

It is a great joy to us all to know that Dr. Leach is really coming back to us this fall, and is even now on her way to us. We are indeed more than happy and glad to welcome her back to South China. Just what her coming out again at this time will mean, in the way of relief and support, to those on the staffs of our two hospitals, cannot at this time be put into words. We are very grateful.

In regard to Miss Northcott's staying over another year, Mr. Page has perhaps already answered that each question of delayed furlough was referred to the doctors; Dr. Brown, the Mission medical adviser, was present at the meeting when the question was brought up. Approval of delay was in each case made largely dependent on the doctors' approval.

You may be sure that we waited with the greatest interest for reports of action regarding merger of the Home Boards. To many of us it seems that a merger must serve to swallow up funds without resulting in the economy of resources that is so imperatively needed. It is the strong conviction of some of us that a scattering of interests cannot result in larger giving. There must be a right way to settle this question, however, and we do pray that that right way may be found.

If you had sat with us in our beautiful new church building during the sessions of our Ling Tong Convention in July I think you would have felt encouraged to see the number of women who are coming to the front in our work here in South China. The leaders from our Swatow Kakchich field are doing splendid work, as before, but it is gratifying to see in addition to these a number of women from the other districts - younger women, who give promise of being very helpful in future days - daring to step forward and take their places. The Convention this year moved among very happily. Pastor Au from Canton gave some, helpful messages which seemed more and more as the days of the Retreat and Convention went by, to give just the note of uplift and inspiration that was needed. The hours that were spent grappling with difficult problems took patience.
A great deal of time and careful thought were given to the revision of the Ling Tong Constitution. We shall hope that in the practical working out of this document in the work of the Ling Tong, the wheels may move more smoothly and efficiently than before. Just how far all the rules will "work" we cannot tell yet. I think just now of one of the points under the heading of Finances:

"All the finances of all kinds of work of the Convention are to be assisted by subscriptions from all the church members of all the Ling Tong Baptist churches."

This is every-member giving, all right,—on paper, at least! How fine it would be if we could attain this objective in our giving for Kingdom work, both in China and in America!

Very sincerely yours,

Abbie G. Sanderson,

Secretary of the Woman's Committee
Sawan, China
August 26, 1934

Dearest Mother,

I read your letter and a long one from Arthur, telling me about Father’s operation. I have just come this afternoon. Of course I had not dreamed of such a thing and can’t fathom it all yet. I am grateful for all the details you can give me and I shall eagerly watch the mails of course.

Mr. Page is down today and though he had intended to go back tomorrow, yet the barometer is down and in fear it will be stormy tomorrow.
So this is my chance to send a letter and I'm going to send it anyway, even though it is just this scrap.

I go up to Kapeluck to begin school this Friday. Will write again soon.

Give my love to Father.

I'll write a letter to him soon.

Lots of love,

Abbie.

Frank Ashmore - the son died in an accident not long ago. Mrs. Ashmore had another shock very soon and died right away after that.
Swatow, China
August 28, 1934

Dearest Father,

Velva Brown has been sick in the Matilda Hospital at Hong Kong (appendicitis) and I have written a letter to her every day for a month, to help keep her cheered up. If I could have known that you were in the hospital too, I should certainly have written to you, but that could not be. And now as I write, of course I do not have any way of knowing whether you are still in the hospital or back home again. But it seems that there has been fairly serious business going on, and I shall
I be pretty anxious to hear all about how you are progressing. I shall be more impatient than ever for home mails now.

This thing you have been going through must have made you know what pain and discomfort means, if you never knew before. I can only hope that the worst is over by this time, and that none of the suffering will seem too great to be borne. As for the future, I am very sure that is in God's hands — though we cannot see always why some things are as they are.

I wonder if you have ever read this little poem by Grace Hall Crowell?
It is called "A Prayer."

"My Lord, I pray that through today I may walk patiently, forgetting not that Thy dear hand is leading me.

"I know not what Thy wisdom, Lord, may choose for me today, what the long hours may hold for me I cannot say.

"I only know that I may go unquestioningly with Thee, remembering that what Thou wilt is best for me.

"For Thou, Oh, Lord, canst see the end..."
"While I but see the way—
Help me to walk it patiently
Throughout today—"

From loving daughter,

Abbie
Swatow, China
August 28, 1934

Mother dear,

I could not seem to write at all yesterday, though I meant to, and though my thoughts were with you every moment - Asleep as well as awake, I think, for each time I dropped off to sleep in the night you. People would be with me very vividly and so naturally you would seem to be already with me again even before I waked. Now all this that has come so suddenly seems very hard to understand, and very hard to bear - I suppose even I cannot.
grasp the whole of what
a nightmare it has been, and
perhaps still is, for you.
And yet somehow, I feel that
the needed strength will be
given.

It will do no good to anyone
for me to pour out to you all
the fears and doubts and
dismays that have been
crowding my heart—Your
burden is heavy enough without
that. I have poured them
out, though, here in my little
room alone—and already
a measure of comfort has come.

Did I ever quote to you—a
part of this poem by
Grace Hall Crowell? The last
verse has always appealed to
me as a very helpful one,
but it never seemed so
exactly fitting, somehow, as it does now -

A Prayer for Courage

"God make me brave for life,
Oh, braver than this!
Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after
the rain,
Shining and lovely again.

"God make me brave for life,
Much braver than this!
As the blown grass lifts to let
me rise
From sorrow with quiet eyes
Knowing thy way is wise."
"God make me brave—Life brings such blinding things,
Help me to keep my sight,
Help me to see aught
That out of the dark comes light."

You know without my telling you that I long with all my heart to be right with you this moment. That is the thing I have thought about most, I believe, ever since the letters came; and whether it is right for me still to stay out here if you are needing me there. For while the first comfort that came to me Sunday afternoon was in the strains of that loved hymn "God will take care of them," through all the day over all the way, ""God will take care of them—"" with the word changed to ""them""
as it rang in my ears while I was yet in the first days of reading the letters — yet I realize that I haven’t the right to expect God to do all the taking care if part of it is in my power to do —

So — Mother dear — will you please write just as frankly as you can about what seems to you the wise thing for me to do — ? My first and very strong inclination is to come home — at once — Of course, that is not as simple as it sounds, for Mr. Capen and Mabelle Culley have just gone in farlough — But I am
confident that someone could be found who could take part of my work—whereas I don’t want anyone else to take my place if I’m needed at home with you.

In the old days, the Board would have been very generous about a leave of absence, I know—but things are different now and I suppose they can’t be as generous. So we come around again to the hated problem of finances. Even that will be waived if I’m needed there with you.

Have you not an offer to teach in an exclusive girls’ school in Maine? For although I have sworn I would never take that position, I see in these last two days that I would do even...
that, if it became necessary!)
And although I should probably peter out at scrubbing floors,
if I couldn't find any teaching
to do — may be I could
write for the funny papers —
I know without anyone's
letting me that many many
people are saying Smith Berwick
Maine instead of China is where
I ought to be right now — I
know too, that Father would grieve
to be the cause of my coming
away from China, even temporarily.
It may be that when
I get back to Nakchiklit and
have a chance to talk with
the doctors there, I shall
feel a little easier — But —
the important thing is — how
about Father's individual case
and what is it going to mean
to you — What care is he going
to need, and how is your
own strength? What I
want you to do it to write
very honestly to me and tell
me whether the thing seems
too big a one for you to
handle alone — I know
everybody is kind — as you say
but do you think I ought
to be there — Now please
don't say "Don't worry about
me, I'm all right" — if
it isn't all right —
You know what you promised
when I came away — Well
I think this is one of the
things included in that
promise -

Now I want to ask some questions - you can write about it freely to me now, I think - I would like to ask many things. Had Father been sick before the examination more than what you told me about? I mean, had you feared something was wrong and if so what were the things that made you worrying about him? I think so. Do you think the doctors knew before the operation just what kind of operation it would be and did they tell Father? I mean about the opening that takes
the place of the rectum?

Of course, as you learn details about how a recovered patient manages this kind of thing, you'll tell me about that too.

And you must all the time, and all the time, tell me how you are yourself. And tell me true—In you know I need all the facts if I'm going to decide some of my questions in the right way—

Very lovingly yours,

Debó
August 29, 1934

Dear Father,

I want to write a little bit to you before I go to bed tonight. I surely do wish could know how you are — and when you are, tonight. I wish a good deal more than that.

But we can’t always have all the things we wish, do discovered!

Today is the biggest day of the feast when the “Grandmother God” of this island is worshiped. Every year crowds of people come, in sail boats from far inland places, some of them — bring their
offerings of incense, fruit, rice, fish, meat, noodles, gorgeous paper jackets, hats, skirts, boots - everything that one in the spirit world could possibly need to eat or wear. The paper garments are burned - tens of thousands of dollars worth of them. I took some home with me when I went once; perhaps you remember the colored paper fringes on skirts and jackets! This year the caretaker has brought me some more of them. I don't know whether I shall be able to take them & America or not. They are bulky, and may be all eaten by white rats by the time I go to U.S.A. again.
Mrs. Page and I went down this morning and I took a few pictures—but I am not sure how they will turn out. I must send you some if they are good.

We have noticed other years that a large percentage of the worshippers are women; that is sometimes true of church worshippers in America, isn’t it? This year, however, we have seen a great many men not only coming in the companies of pilgrims from Swatow and the surrounding villages, but in the temples kneeling on
In the little straw mats, bowing and praying their incense sticks many times in front of the idols.

In one of the temples we saw about thirty women down on their knees, each shaking as hard as she could a little bamboo container with little bamboo knives (that I use for paper cutters!) in it. After a thorough shaking of the cylinder, the woman would choose one of the little knives and then go to the priest or attendant, at one side of the temple who would explain to her the meaning of whichever Chinese characters happened to be written on the knife.
It is rather disheartening to think that right here on this island where the Sotaon mission was founded these huge heathen celebrations still go on in full swing, entirely unaffected, it would seem by the impact that Christianity has been trying to make all these years.

Of course there are those who simply come for the sake of the "lau-jia" (big time): Theatrical performances go on until nearly dawn for three successive nights: Tonight is the biggest of all—Our
More than a stone's throw from the nearest of the temples, and we can hear the voices of the little child actors, all during the night—high and shrill—

Our "visitors" these days are many. In the morning under our veranda, all the space is filled with men and women sprawling at their ease, snoozing, or chatting, or brewing little pots of tea on tiny stoves which they have brought with them. In the afternoon when the sun creeps around & their side, they go down next door to the Presbyterian house, where it is shady!
We have to keep a rather strict watch of the house while the people are coming so close — as many of them. They come right up on the veranda if we don't keep an eye out — I keep my eye especially on such things as my field glass, camera, clock, and fountain pen. Such things could so easily be carried off. Last year a number of things were lost at this time.

Great excitement! Well it will soon be over — and I'll be back at school again —

Very lovingly, Abbie
Dunle Island
Swallow
August 30, 1934

Father, dear,

Just a little note to say good night to you before I climb into bed. I've been packing today, getting ready to go back home tomorrow.

I found another little poem for you. Do you like it?

Fallow Fields

"The field is worn from yielding the good grain, Fallow it lies, its furrows dark and still, Beneath the blinding sun and..."
“Bitter rain
It patiently awaits its master’s will.
It draws new power as the year goes by.
From winds that sweep across its furrowed way;
It pulls the sunlight from the tender sky,
And holds it there to use again some day.
Now I, like any barren field
must lie,
Fallow awhile. God make me wise to wait
As old fields do through storms,
no question why.
Strength comes so slowly,
peace, so very late.
Let me draw power from this time,
and then,
Strengthened anew, rise up to serve again.”

Very lovingly, Abbie
At Home,
Nakacheis
August 31, 1934

Dearest Father,

Well, vacation is over! We came up from Double Island today, after having been there just a month — Everybody says I am brown, and I have gained about five pounds. Our things came up by said boat this afternoon — but we had the opportunity to ride up in the motor launch with Mrs. Stocker, and we were very very grateful for that. It is hot enough at the best — and if we had had to fuss around and not get here
until three o'clock in the afternoon it would have been pretty hard. As it is, I have spent the remainder of the day getting rested - If I had spent the day getting here, I'm afraid I might have had to spend tomorrow getting over the trip!

I was very glad to have letters waiting for me here telling of your further progress. I shall wait for the mails very eagerly, you may be sure. Can't write much tonight, too sleepy.

Much, much love to you.

Allie
Swatow, China  
September 1, 1934

Dear Father,

If I could manage to write something to you early in the morning instead of waiting until night just before time to crawl into bed. Perhaps I could write a little something that would be more interesting & read. But today has been filled up, somehow, although I have done a great deal of resting along with doing things.

After prayers and breakfast, I went out into the garden to look around. There are struggling bamboo which must be cut down; the hibiscus bushes
must be cut, or the branches will scratch our heads every time we go out. The house pretty soon! And the grass is cut, in the middle, but not trimmed around the edges. A lot of work to be done.

Then one of the Chinese girls came to see me about getting help with her tuition fees.

Then I went down to the house next door and visited young Georgie Burkett (age, 3 mos.) while he was having his bath. He is really a most engaging young man.

After that I came back, looked up a magazine I wanted and took it over to Dorothy Campbell and sat
visiting with her for a while. She has been very sick — lost some 20 or 25 lbs and looks rather badly — but she is getting better, though she can't sit up a great deal yet, can't walk around, nor take her own bath —

Then I talked with Edith Travers, who is just back from a vacation in Formosa.

After dinner I really did nothing all afternoon except to wash my hair and then, while it was drying, spend or rather waste a lot of time reading a book which Ralph Townsend, whom I do not —
I know personally, wrote from the wealth and wisdom of his two or three long years' experience as American Consul in Shanghai, Foochow between 1930 and 1932. Many of the community people in China will gloat over having such a book in print - It tells many sad truths (that are so) - and many many truths along with them - Don't ever read it! (Unless you need a depressant!)

Love to you,

Abbie
Swatow, China  
Sept. 2, 1934

Father dear,

How about another little poem tonight?

Walking Softly.

"I must go softly now!
How can I learn the way —
I, who have moved so swift
and sure,
Through each brief day?"

"How can I stay my feet!
How can I learn to go
quietly, measuring off the
days
with steps grown slow?"
"I have walked softly now
Many a long, long, mile.
I have paused often beside
A stream.
A gate, a stile.

"And I have learned so
much!
I have had time to see
Thousands of beautiful, unsung
Things
Shine out at me.

"Things I had missed before,
I, who had gone too fast,
Found after God had
Stayed my feet,
His world, at last.

With love, Caddie"
Mother dear,

I want write much
for you will read most of what
I want to say in Father's letters.
He may be at home by this
time but if he is still in
the hospital maybe he would
rather have something
written directly to him.

Back at church and
Young People's again today
has made me feel at
home - though school
work hasn't begun yet.
Classes begin on Wednesday,
probably.

I am still feeling a little
let down after getting back.
from again where I can have things a little more my own way — I'm finding that a certain strain is relieved, too, now that I don't have & shout at Mrs. Page — I wouldn't have her know that, of course — But I can't loaf much longer —!

I'm wondering now how soon I can expect your next letters. When I arrived on Friday yours sent Aug 3 and Arthur's Aug 7 (by air mail) were waiting for me. The next steamer is not due in a week, so I'll have to wait at least that long —

Much, much love,
Ada
Wednesday, Oct. 3rd 1934, 5:30 P.M.

Dear Clara: Took a short walk before dinner & a longer one after dinner. Went to the Post Office & thence to the fisheries building.

Watched some men out at work on the wharf, then went inside & read Arthur Post. Worked a little on the Cross Word Puzzles in it. This evening after supper, (as we do every evening regularly) we all gathered in the bedroom where I sleep & have devotions.

I select some passage in the New Testament - & Ralph, Ruth, Robert & I read a verse each, until the whole passage has been read.
Then we all kneel and I offer prayer, closing with the Lord’s Prayer, which we all repeat in unison. That closes the day in the true spirit of devotion.

Tonight, Arthur and I finished the puzzle in the Boston Post before supper. Then comes clearing off the table and dish washing which the children share in doing.

I have not been to meeting yet, but plan to go next Sunday if I feel able. Let me know just how you are, which I hope will be that you are getting better.

With love, Sishe.