Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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FATHER DEAR,

What do you suppose I have been doing today? Cutting out a dress from some material I have had a long time. (If the depression keeps on I surely will be wearing the same old clothes in a while yet!)

Went over to supper tonight with Dorothy Campbell and Edith Traver. It is good to see Dorothy sitting up in a chair again — she was so sick last month!

Edith Traver's knee is still bothering her. It was
thought likely that it would bother her in a year after the operation—and the year is just about over—but still she has bad trouble with it. When she heard of your operation she spoke with such kindly sympathy—as indeed has everybody who is here—and she sends her special love and greetings to ym and Mother. The people here have been good to me since I got the news of your sickness. Elsie Kittitz and Edna Smith asked me for dinner one night so that I wouldn't be alone, and Edith and Dorothy two nights later—

Much love to you,

Abbie
Swatow, China
September 4, 1934

Dearest Father,

Well, now I feel as though vacation is really over. Tonight we had our first teachers’ meeting—up at the principal’s home. I was asked to be on the Administrative Committee of the faculty this year, and so a group of us stayed until afterwards to discuss certain problems.

I got my schedule of lessons this morning—no, yesterday—I have the usual number of classes—with some good things and some bad in the arrangement—I have only three—eight o’clock.
classes, and all three are at East Hall, right next door. I have to teach two classes on Saturday morning - but they are also at East Hall, and I have only one class (8 a.m.) all day Thursday. So perhaps it will work out all right.

I'm feeling fit and fine physically - and ready to begin work. If I could know that you are fairly comfortable these days, I should rest easier; but that is where I get the exercise of patience.

My love to you.

Abbie
Father dear,

School began today. Every term when I begin work I get some surprises. One this term was to be assigned a class in Ethics. When I went to inquire about textbook, the Dean told me it was a class in religion and I was free to choose my own textbook! If they had told me at the beginning of the summer I could have done something about choosing the course and preparing it!

Another surprise was to hear the announcement from...
The school platform that all those who wished to study piano this term would be taught by Miss Sanderson, and I have two hours per week reserved to accomplish that work. Last term I had five pupils, myself and Mabelle had at least seven! How I can do them all in two hours I don't know. However, I don't need to cross that bridge until I come to it.

I would like to see you this minute, if I could!

Love,

Abbie
Dear Father,

One recent letter said that you were pretty uncomfortable from the heat—along with all your other troubles. I surely can sympathize with you. We have had a cool summer, comparatively speaking—a few very hot days, but not many. We had a good deal of rain that helped, and of course during the month at Delaware Island we were cooler anyway, and we could go swimming a good deal, too.

We rather thought there...
might be a little change in September, after work began, and there surely is! I shall not attempt to report to you in terms of the degrees that are marked on the thermometer, for on account of the humidity in Swatow the thermometers never tell the truth. When you know it is 115 in the shade, the mercury points to 88° or 89°, as there is very little satisfaction in looking at it!

Today the barometer took a drop, the wind started up, the sky looked queer, and the birds began to fly low. We thought a typhoon was coming. But now the barometer has started up and I guess we may get just a little rain. Hope so! Love to you - Abbie
Swatow China
September 7, 1934

Dear Father,

Today is the day when a letter should have come from America and it didn't come. I am really so busy thinking about that that I can't seem to put my mind on anything else.

I had my two Saturday classes this morning. Having classes on Saturday makes me feel as though I don't have any Saturday any more! But I shall get used to it.

This afternoon I worked with a Mai Chi for a while, getting her started on a new dress that Emily sent me — and
mending and making over one or two others. Then I tried to settle down to the work of getting ready my Religion course that I have to teach to the seniors. But there again I feel somewhat at sea and don't know just where to begin.

We heard that sixteen banks failed in Swatow today, so Marion and I rushed over to deposit some paper money which she had taken in at the hospital. $20 of it was found to be doubtful—but may bring something in a day or two.

Love & y'm

Amé
Father dear,

How about another poem? I haven't copied one for you in several days now!

By the Light of the Years

"I have learned these things by the light of the years, like a child coming over his books, that the darkness outside of my window at night is never as dark as it looks. And if I but run out and search, I can find some little light, steady and kind."

"I have learned that Hope is the
White-feathered bird
That sings all day on its nest,
That fear is the crouching beast
That comes
To tear the bird from its nest.
I have learned to close the door on fear
After many and many a year.

"I have patiently learned that pain
will cease
Though peace comes slowly and late.
And that there will drift down
to sleepless eyes
Lost sleep at last, if I wait.
So why should I worry and fret and cry,
Knowing these things pass by.

"I have learned that to doubt
and...
is to hurt One who long
Has walked by my side and
been true.
That Faith wears a shining
face, and I trust
is the grateful, wise thing I do.
I have studied it long by the
light of the years,
And have learned it, through
my tears."

Isn't that a beautiful one?
To me, it is very very helpful.

Much love & ym
Ophie.
Swarot, China
September 8, 1939

Mother dearest,

All this week when I have been writing the letters to Father I have thought so much about you—wondered how and where you are—and how everything is with you. I have written to Father, but all his letters are really written to you too, you know. So actually I have written to you every day as well as to him! I thought surely a letter would get here yesterday and that I could write to you better after it did arrive—Maybe it will come today. This week has gone quickly.
enough, except for the last two days, when I have been watching the mails!

Dr. Sone, the China "Billy Sunday" is here again. For five days in Swanton City first, and now five days when he is on this side of the Bay in the morning. Crowds flock to hear him and the church is full to capacity. I have not heard him yet this trip since I have been busy every day with classes. He certainly has a marvelous power over a great many people.

We had our Young People's Song Practice here Friday night at 6:30 and then the teacher's prayer meeting came here at 7:30—so you see we are getting back into the swim all right! Much, much love.
"God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed."

Swarov, China

September 19, 1934

Mother dear,

It is time for me to be in bed, but I must talk with you a little bit before I go there. Kindly think of you once in a while, these days, I do! I just read the words I have written above, from a hymn - and they seem to help me - although what they say is not new.

Your letter sent August 10 arrived today - I am very glad for every bit of news that comes, of course. Glad to see a little
bit of father's own handwriting. It doesn't all look like his writing, but it sounds just like what he would say.

What do you suppose! Clara Lask arrived today! She had intended to stay down until [from Peking] Marguerite got here, and then go up to Kityang with her, but the doctor (Chinese, who has been the only doctor there this summer) is down with typhoid, so she is going right on up to-morrow.

I got excused from a class this a.m. to go out to the steamer to meet her — we had a little tea for her here this afternoon, inviting the
other missionaries and the women doctors (2 Chinese) & the two senior nurses - Mr. James and a new young man from the English Presbyterian happened to be over here, so they came too. Mr. J. knew Clara well in the old days, so it was really fine all around. Then tonight Marion, Clara, and I went over to Edna's. Bears for supper and Elsie came up afterwards. Clara is staying here with me - and it is so good to have her - I'm especially glad to have her right now. I can't think of anyone else who would manage to
She computing and at the same
tains bolsters me up as she
has done today. She realizes
that Father's sickness is
no child's play and yet
without gushing, at all, she
seems to be very understanding
and yet very sane and
sensible about it —

She is sorry not to have
seen you again — but she
had a hectic time herself.

Her old housekeeper, Hattie, was
sick in several months before
Clara left. Clara kept her on and
got someone else to do the
work and then a nurse to
take care of her — She died
just about two weeks before
Clara left.
Then just so she and her sister, Mrs. Jackson, had returned from the N. B. C. two days before she left for Europe, Mr. Jackson, her brother-in-law, died. There was a long sickness of the brother-in-law, Mr. Pillsbury, sandwiched in some where, too—(although I spoke to him)

She doesn't say much about the "man left behind." She is mostly glad that people have apparently forgotten about the episode. Mr. Baker will be here soon however, and he has not forgotten, I'm sure. The "man" stayed with him while here!

Love to you, Oldie.
Swatow, China
Sept. 11, 1934

Dear Father,

I didn’t write to you specially last night—started a letter to Mother then. It was time to go to bed and haven’t finished yet! And now it is time to go to bed the next night. As soon as I hear you are safely back home again I expect I’ll get lazy again and won’t write separate letters any more! Of course I realize it is very likely that you were home before any of my “special” letters to you began to arrive—
I wonder if you were!
As Arthur says, 'Wish we could send airmail letters across the Pacific!' Edna Smith sent an airmail letter to her mother from Siam this summer, and it reached home in less than two weeks! But you can't send air mail from Swatow.

Love to you —
Abbie
Tattice dear,

I ought & have had you here to lead my prayer meeting for me tonight. For although I have known all summer long that I was to be the leader of this first meeting this fall, yet I haven't seemed to be able to make myself get ready for it with any degree of completeness.

I made three points, or rather, struck three notes as our starting places this fall. First, thankfulness for care and protection past many
dangers, troubles, sickness that have brought concern to us through the summer.

Second, prayer for understanding, a fuller sympathy with all those with whom we work.

Third, prayer for realization of our utter dependence upon God to help us carry out the plans his wisdom has helped us form.

We sang some very beautiful new hymns from our new hymnbook and the meeting was a good one. (And I am glad it is over, too.)

Much love to you,

Abbie
Dear Father,

I don't know to them I started this note with red ink but since it emphasizes the right word to begin this letter, I'll use it for you.

Today is the day that I am supposed to have the most free time - but I've been rushing around until I don't feel that this is a leisure day a bit! After my eight o'clock class, I worked for two hours on Young People's songs - translating into Chinese, writing on waxed paper for mimeographing, and so on. My teacher went home in the summer and just got back day before
yesterday. I rather thought she might work a little over time to pay up for being 11 days late, but that didn’t appear to enter her head at all! So I had to do some extra work myself.

In the afternoon I worked until 3, then went to Woman’s Prayer Meeting in the church. They asked me to play when I got there. I had no music book but had to do as well as I could without.

Came home for a Junior W.W.S. committee meeting at 4. Then Young People’s Music Committee met here at 5 — and
now there isn’t much more time left in this day.

Love, Abbie
Dear Father,

Another busy day gone by — the days all seem pretty busy now, somehow!

Tonight I had choir practice here at 6:30 — then faculty prayer meeting over at Mr. Page's at 8 — in the pouring rain — it was hot too — and the steamy atmosphere made the rain more oppressive than ever. The meeting was a good one but the leader spoke in Mandarin, and some of those present could not understand any of it at all — I am always glad when it is Mandarin.
unless I am very tired, for it gives me a chance to stimulate the Mandarin-hearing nerves in my ears and to see how much I have forgotten since the last time I heard any.

I was afraid I was going to be the only foreigner in school this year, you know? Well, I didn't need to worry. Mrs. Page has a good number of classes; Mr. Hobart eight, and Beatrice Ericson five—With Mrs. Page that adds four foreigners to our faculty list. It will be a big help I think. (Maybe Mrs. Hobart? =5?) Abbie
Dearest Father:

I should have had letters from America today, but none have arrived. Again, I find myself very impatiently waiting.

Today I dispelled my two Saturday morning classes all right. Velva Brown came back from the hospital in Hong Kong today. Her boat steamed into harbor just as the bell rang for my class, and I couldn't even go to the jetty to meet her. She looks rather drawn through a knot-hole. Has lost a
good deal of weight— and of course hasn't yet got her strength back from the operation. But it is good to see her again.

This afternoon from 3 & 4:30 we had our Junior W.W.9 first meeting. They elected officers and planned for inviting new members next time.

At 7 we had the first Young People's social of the term. Rain kept a good many people away, but it was a very successful affair, in spite of the small numbers.

Much love,

Abbie
Swatow, China
Sept. 16, 1934

Latter dear,

You may have read some notes of discouragement about the difficulty of getting a group of singers to be faithful— in some of my letters. There will be none of that in this letter.

I feel I have great reason to be proud of these young people who sing. This morning the three responses—after opening prayer, after the offering, and at the close, were all lovely—all four parts blending beautifully. They sang as a special song—

"O How Love I Thy Law!"
you know it? The boys' voices came in so sweet and strong on the second line of the chorus - it was a joy to hear them. And the leading sopranos girl had to go to Swatow the night before, but she came back early this morning and got there just in time & go in with the others. It meant a special rush to her, but she made it - and it proves that she realizes a responsibility.

Velma invited Marion and me to dinner today, and then I had a large Young People's Meeting. Had to speak a little (in Chinese).

Love, Abbie
(113) Swatow, China
September 23, 1934

Dearest One of Mine,

I haven't been writing to you every day this week but that doesn't mean that I haven't been thinking of you every day and all the time—and wishing with all my heart that I could be with you.

Just after the letter & you were sent last Sunday, yours of Aug 18 (?) written from the hospital arrived, so I knew that when the letter reached me Father had probably been at home for a month. And now yesterday the letter telling me how he stood the ship home and how things were going with you afterwards. Aug 22, 24, and 28 all came yesterday—

I am thankful beyond words to express that you are not in Florida just now. What it means to me.
know that you are there near Aunt Bertha and Aunt Fannie, Uncle George, Aunt Fannie and all the others, right now when I have such a strong feeling that I ought to be there with you and yet can't be. I don't know that you can fully comprehend me can they.

Your little messages of "Don't worry" at the end of the letters have been a help, and yet the flesh is weak! My mind does a heap of traveling these days, and I can't always send it just where I want it to go, or bring it back & business when it has started out on a trip.

At this last Thursday prayer meeting, though, I had a pretty good lesson about worrying.

Cheyenne's younger brother has been very sick this summer. The
mother decided that she must
keep calm for the sake of the
others in the family, no matter
what happened. She told about it
at the meeting; and when people
asked her if she wasn't pretty
much frightened she said no.
She knew he was fast her helping
him, and if the Lord wanted
to spare his life, He would - all
she could do was trust and pray.
The little boy is much better this week!
She committed his life to the Lord.

Let me see - perhaps you
will be interested to know what
I have been doing this week.

Sunday afternoon I had a
long meeting with the young
people. Sunday evening I had a
Sunday School Committee meeting.
I made a mistake - Sunday night Marion felt she had to go over to Swatow to see Dorothy Campbell who had been staying with Edith over there. Dorothy is having some unknown trouble with her leg - so I went with Marion. Well, I won’t stop to enumerate all the committees but I have had at least one every day this week - and sometimes for: Women’s School Trustees, Y.W.W.P., Young People’s Music Committee, group of girls writing to some American girls; Sunday School Committee of the Church; Sunday School Committee of our School, Committee to plan tea for Dr. and Mrs. Henry Waters - etc. etc.

Henry and his wife arrived Tuesday, and they will be here for a week or two - I have always
liked him very much that evening, and we all like his young wife. It seems such a pity that we are not going to have them in our mission. They are on their way to St. Louis—yea, may know Thursday night while I was at school study period I learned that Mr. Saunders of Canton (Southern Baptist) had arrived and was to stay at our house. Marion was not at that evening, so I got home at nine just in time to see that the guest room was in order, and then Mr. Page brought him over. He was here until Saturday.

Friday was a big day for me: Beginning at 8 A.M. I had classes right through until 4 p.m., then I rushed into a different dress and over to Miss. Water...
where she entertained sixty people—Americans, English Presbyterian and Chinese—at tea. We helped pour, serve, etc., I got home exactly 6.30—in time for a half hour’s music practice with the young people. Fortunately Elsie is helping with that now. After that I sat down at the table with Marion and three guests—Dr. Sanders, Evelyn Stephens, and Enid J. I had just time to swallow some soup and eat a little fruit, then I had to be excused and go to lead our faculty prayer meeting.

I talked a little about St. Patrick, using this portion of his “Breastplate” as the basis of my talk. We had a good
discussion of whether the criticism that has been heard that there is a wide barrier between students and teachers in this school is well-founded or not. If it is, what can we do about it?

When I finally crawled into bed I wasn’t relaxed enough to sleep for a while—so I lay propped up and did some reading.

Yesterday I had classes in the morning and then in the afternoon—after working on my Sunday School lesson and my lessons for Monday, and trying to help Mrs. Horley with a hat she has had made—I went on a trip to Double Island. The waves were pretty high on the way down—but we had
a dip in the ocean, a good lunch, and a marvelously smooth moonlight. Said back again—got here about 10.

It was the full of the moon—
and we wanted to go. While
Henry was here—Mrs. & Mrs.
Adams are down from Hopo,
and they went—Henry & Ann Water,
Mrs. Water, Kenneth Hobart, Enid,
Beatrix Ericson, Marion & I were
the others who went—We had
a good time—

Now it is Sunday again, and I'm
back on today's schedule once more.
Pretty busy days—but I'm well,
and good for all the work and some
play—that comes!

Love to you

Athie
Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me, Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in quiet, Christ in danger, Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

From

Saint Patrick’s Breastplate
Dear Ones:

Early this week, after I had already had your letters of Aug 22, 24, and 28, the one of Aug 14 came. It must have got on a San Francisco boat instead of a Seattle one. On Friday, Sept 28, I got yours marked 7, A.M. Sept 4 in S. Berne as rather, postmarked then. Pretty good time, I think.

I have been so grateful for all the letters you have sent. I realize it will be a month more before I can hope to have an answer from the first letter I wrote to you after I knew
of father's operation - I very much hope you will tell me your honest opinion of what plans I ought to make. That will depend much on the state of health of both of you. Of course I know there will be a great many people to whom my not coming home immediately will seem a very wrong thing. And if things that ought to be done for my father and mother are not being done, because I am not there to do them, it will be wrong. I am not quite sure that it is right, as things are, for other people to be doing what I
ought to do, but there is another side to that, to—some of the people there are doing some things that I couldn't do, to save my life: i.e., get up a surprise chicken dinner all in a jiffy; clear out a big pleasant front room and turn it into a bedroom, in a well-beloved old house far from the madding crowd and the noises thereof; etc., etc. Well, things like that are printed indelibly in my "Book of Remembrance," anyway.

Mother—you must remember to tell me the truth about your own health. I'm so glad for the news that Father is getting on so well—I was rather frightened when I read that he was home from hospital before wounds were healed.
but Clara and Velva say they wouldn't let him go until the intestines well had healed. Does the new front passage give much trouble? Do the new "bag" rubber or what?

Is it simply put over the aperture, or inserted—or how? Horn with a belt? On the left side? Low down? Or high up? Hope all these questions do not seem too personal. I think I should feel better if I knew some of these details. You have told me many already, perhaps but these are just some more questions that are all the time popping into my mind.

About the bowel movements. Is there any regularity about them?
Is an enema used often?

"The irritation" you spoke of—does that go up into a wound the inside of which is out of sight?

And if all these questions worry you—don’t bother—but if you feel like answering—O.K.

In answer to Aunt F.'s query about bathing suit, tell her I get away (or imagine I do!) with a compromise in the modern apparel idea—I haven't come to the patch-latter string effect yet—and don't believe I shall soon—The old-fashioned bloomers, skirts, etc., things, are far more conspicuous than skinny legs!

I have to have shoulder—
straps, on account of my "coat-hanger" frame work

but I can't see my vertebrae myself, so I don't worry if the back of the suit is fairly low. (collar bone) neck hollow (back)

Of course - it is not a very entrancing view in real life - not even as much as in these sketches.

But if I stand a little sidewise and hold my breath - I can imagine that some of the extra strain is disguised - The fact remains however, that I always have a lather in my hair until I'm ready to jump into the water and at the most possible moment after I have risen from it - (Except when I'm to a sun-bath with Mrs. Page as sole spectator!)
This week we have had extra music practice because the Y.M.P. are having a musicale this afternoon. It's lucky I had a few extra songs already translated and in reserve.

Friday afternoon we had a tea at the Page's, for the Academy faculty. It was arranged for a conversational tea — but they didn't know how to converse and since Mrs. P. didn't want any games planned, as soon as the crowd had had tea and cakes, they jumped up as one man and said goodbye!

The principal wasn't there to start a general conversation — and I didn't do all I might have done. I suppose because it wasn't my house.
Mrs. Page has ten ideas of what she wants to do—
I think she was surprised when they all got up and left—but
she couldn't do anything about it! The principal had been
detained by guests, so he came later. The women teachers
forgot until it was late—then only two of them came. But
it wasn't an entire failure, because the cats were good!

Much love,

Abbie
Dear Ones:

Where shall I begin to tell a little news that will be of interest to all of you, before I take these sheets out of the machine and write something personal to each one? I didn't intend at all to write a carbon letter but these sheets were already in the typewriter, expecting to have some Bible class notes typed on them yesterday. Those notes did not get written and these sheets didn't get taken out.

We have had some very happy moments today as well as some trials. This afternoon's communion service was marred for some of us by the fact that while waiting for one of the new members who was to receive the hand of fellowship, the old Elder Tan, who can be depended upon rather often to do the very thing you don't expect or don't want him to do in a meeting, started off on an endless story about some Chinese man who wanted to be a guest and nothing else. Even after the member arrived, the Elder kept on going and might still have been going if Mr. Waters had not arisen and gently suggested that he had better receive the new members. He did so, and the service finally came to an end, after two hours. Since I had been going strong since 8:30 a.m. with no break except a half hour - I think it was a little less! - I was ready to quit by the end of it.

But I wasn't too tired to have a little word with our senior athlete, Beh Toi Soi, who was one of seven to be baptized today. Last year at the track meet he was shaking his head because, in spite of getting four or five first places in various events, he hadn't broken any records. First places are no good if you can't break any records, said he! It reminded him of that today. I am so glad to have him come out into the open in his decision. Another in his class is Hiong Seng, younger brother of Hiong Tek, the "boy in China" for whom the Charlotte Hustlers have been praying. I hope Toi Soi's coming will help Hiong Seng, and that perhaps the influence will in turn reach that older brother, in some way!

With the Young People I am just "full up" most of the time. They can sing, that is sure, and they are using some of their time and energy just now to do it to some advantage. Last Sunday afternoon they had a really rather successful little musical program. Two rather long and pretentious (for them) anthems, a duet, a solo, a girls' quartet, a boys' quartet, and several instrumental numbers. After that meeting was over, an idea was born - to have the Young People take entire charge of the service at the church next Sunday morning. They did not know just whether it would work in with the minister's plans but as it happened there could scarcely have been a better time. The preacher has to be in Canton to attend a Southern Baptist meeting, and he had not yet asked anyone to take his place. So the plans are going along with a swing.

In addition to the musical specials prepared last Sunday, one or two others are being prepared. Krick Bun, the new president of Y.P., is to be the preacher, and Tang Chek Min is to be presiding at the service. Mou Ehian and Li Kiang, Tau Se and Gek Lang will take up the offering. Others of the Y.P. members, those not in the choir, will be ushers.

We shall have music practices all over the place this week!
RATHER DEAR!!

And was I glad to see your handwriting again! I'd even have been glad to see it writing MEME, MENE, TAKL, etc., on the wall somewhere I believe. I am very glad to know that you can sit up and take your meals, and write a letter to your D.B.V.A.D. Let you cant guess what that means. Bet you a cookie. I'd even go so far as to bet you a dollar on it, if you feel the need of going on a real gambling spree! (Only tell it not among the heathen, nor in Cath., or whatever place it is that such items are usually published in. It might give a false impression. What advice I'm trying to give- if you get me- is this-; do your gambling under cover and don't let anybody know about it.)

Oh, I know something else to bet you about. Bet you Mother never showed my bathing suit drawings to a soul yet, not even to Aunt Gertrude, who, I'm sure, would really be interested, since Mother said she asked a question one day about my style of bathing garb. But after I had sent those sketches, Mother's letter arrived in which she was so terribly shocked to learn that I had been sunburning not only my arms and legs, but my back as well. She would be more shocked if she discovered undreamed-of nudist tendencies in her only D., wouldn't she? Than she was when the hair got cut off. Dear me!

That reminds me- I would be willing to make a bet with you about the danger of my becoming a nudist- but that really would be about as immodest as sunburning my back, wouldn't it? And besides, I think you have had enough gambling temptations for one short hour. Don't know how much you can stand yet, anyway!

Much love to you.

Abie

P.S. Really can't resist one more bet- and this the last I bet you Mother won't read this letter at the C.E. nor the Ladies' Aid nor the Missionary meeting nor the W.C.T.U.!
Dear Ones:

This last week has been very full of music rehearsals. Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, Basses all had separate rehearsals of their parts; duets, quartets, double quartets, etc., all had rehearsals of their own, and then we had a grand rehearsal of all from 6 to 8 Friday evening. All this was getting ready for the big event of Sunday - when the Young People's Society had entire charge of the church service. I am going to type a copy of the program and all they did, giving names, etc. - because I know Mr. Capen and Mabelle
will be interested to know all about it. They did pretty well, I think - and to me the best part of it was that no one who was asked to do anything refused. Even some of the girls who really have only ordinary voices did the best they could, with the result that some people thought their number was the most appealing one on the program.

Somehow during the process of strenuous practicing I managed to develop a larynx condition which does not help me at all in my teaching work! Marion says I ought to go to bed and get rid of the cold but I'm not sick enough for that. Not sick at all, in fact - only it is...
very distressing - to me - when I can't talk! Saturday afternoon we had a big time, too. Our W. W. J. has not really got started this year until now. They were rather discouraged, because there were so few of them. So Lee Pue Lan and I got our heads together and invited the old "Daring Endeavors" girls, and the new Junior Christians who entered this term, to a "Track Meet." We had games and eats first and after a jolly good time we led the thought of the girls around to the business of getting the society to work again. I am sure I should have had a very hard time alone, but with Miss Ken's help the thing was easily accomplished, and
enough enthusiasm shown so that when it came to signing up for the continuing of the work, all twenty who were present signed their names with no hesitation from that they went easily on to the next step. They had had a very half-hearted election of officers at the beginning of the term and they decided it ought to be done over again — so new and old girls all entered into the spirit of the thing, and in less than a half-hour the officers were elected and the members divided into their separate committees. I hope they have got a real start this term —

Today Marion Shiers of Judan College, Rangoon, arrived for two days. She is visiting China on her
way home - I expected her to stay five or ten days - but she stopped off in Morro Bay and went up to Canton - I scarcely am sorry to have this wicked cold while she is here - She came on Helen Hunt's recommendation - she seems very nice -

Thursday -

Your letter not sent yet! It is partly because of having guests - partly because of feeling punk with a cold, and partly because I have waited to get the church program typed - Evelyn came down from Nitaya to take a week's vacation with Marim - She was a week late in getting here, because they have all been sick with dengue fever up there - Evelyn first, then Margreta and then Clara - But they are
all getting better now, and Evelyn was enough better to come down here —

I surely was grateful in the way they entertained Mrs. Shivers — I was busy at school and felt like two cents anyway - They took Mrs. S. to the pottery at Paro Khon on Tuesday and she evidently enjoyed the trip.

Now she is gone and my chief business of the moment is to see how soon I can get rid of this cold —

Your letter of Aug 17 has come —

and it speaks of the possibility of you going to Woods Hole — Maybe I am a pessimist, but I can’t seem to see that picture very clearly — And yet I don’t see, if
you go back to Smith, Devon, how the furnace is to be tended, etc. — and all the other things done, even if you should be perfectly well — and I think I see now, from hints that peep out, that you really haven't been as well as I have been imagining you were (Mother).

I wonder how soon any further light will come to me on the subject of whether or not I ought to come home — I try to think that I'm not going to care what people think; I ought to do; that my only concern will be to do the thing that is right to do, if I can find out what that thing is. But I realize that I'm made such a way that I can't help caring a great deal about what people think. But I do not need to.
while all these worries of mine
into your ears — Things must
come out all right sometime —
It would seem that one of my
most difficult tasks at present
is to be patient — ! Answers to
some of the many questions I
have asked will be coming soon,
I suppose —

In the meantime,

Much love to you all,

Addie
Swatow, China
Oct. 21, 1934

Dear Ones,

You can't imagine what I am doing, I know, so I'll have to tell you -- you can perhaps tell by the writing that I can't exactly see what I'm doing, which is, in fact, the case.

It is a wonderful moonlight night. I have been riding all day, trying to give my throat a rest. I did go to Sunday School this morning, but I spent most of the time with my class looking at pictures of Christ by famous painters and thinking which ones...
of the pictures were most like our ideas of Christ. The general favorite was Hofmann's Gethsemane - not a bad choice, I should say.

Tonight Marion seemed very restless and blue - and she didn't know what she wanted to do, but finally she hit on the idea of dragging the Victrola out on the veranda in the moonlight, where we could have music and moonlight both. Then I conceived the idea that I could write my letter to you out here.
the moonlight. That will be a good idea if you are able to read the letter after you get it! I certainly can't read it now, as I can't write. So I don't know whether I have spelled the words right or not. Pretty soon now it will be my turn to get up and change the records. If I stop in the middle of a sentence I shall not know how far I have got. So you see you'll be very lucky if you are able to decipher it at all!
Lucky! That record ended just as I had finished the page. I can’t seem to concentrate very much when I know it is going to be my turn to step up in another minute. I do three records and then M. does three.

This afternoon the little girls came over with Miss Lee to prepare for their next meeting, which comes Saturday. I’m afraid Miss Lee feels it is a burden which is a pity if she does things with them so well. But we have the thing partly planned, anyway and that is a relief—although I know I must have plenty...
of ideas for games to program up my sleeve if anyone should trip up. This is not a going concern like the Young People's Society.

Arthur's letter written Sept 25 came yesterday. I was relieved to get it and learn that he didn't really get sick while he was in Rollinsford. I was afraid, from what you first wrote, that he was going to be —

He wishes that he could be near enough to talk with me without its costing me $1.00 a minute! That is the way I feel about you, too — I should like so much to know just how
you are right now, not just a month ago! — However, there is nothing for it but to wait patiently a little while, it would seem.

This isn’t worth much as a letter — but I’ll send it along anyway, with my love.

Affairs.
Swarow, China,
October 29, 1934

Dear Ones,

Friday and Saturday your letters telling of the separatin in the family reached me—I was suddenly struck by the fact that from that time you will be receiving letters from me which contain separate missives in father—in case he should be some place else than Smith, Berwick.

I received also, on Saturday, a letter from Charlie Hagg, in which he gives as his honest opinion that as things are now it would probably be wise if I stay here than to come although it doesn’t lessen my urge to see you with my own eyes. It gave me much comfort, as did your letters which assured me that you had no thought of my coming home unless it was necessary—I had
Chas.
asked him to write.

Now, I certainly hope that you have been getting the rest that you need, Mother. My opinion, at this long distance, is that, according to your life-time custom, necessity for "serving" gave you more strength than you really had, and so you were able to keep up. Then when Father began to get better, the reaction set in, and you had to get more rest for "mending." The extra strength that you had spent more than you had! But if you don't recover as you should, I hope you will give Dr. Wilkinson and the others at Lakey to give you another "once-over." I really have much confidence in them. And I hope, Father, that you will not make the mistake of...
using more strength than you have. You will get strong eventually, but you must have patience and walk softly in the present. Don't get any idea into your head that you can do something or go somewhere that you are advised not to. I see, I know what a viselike grip some of your ideas have had on your mind in the past (often a very good thing!), but don't give little old Senacity of Purpose without suitable supervision free rein just yet!

I am delighted & learn of your progress, Pa. When I read that you had walked almost a mile I could scarcely believe it! Keep right on!
As for me - I'm still plodding along. Yesterday was a fairly bad day for me in some respects - I went to Sunday School and got all "set up" trying to lead a hundred boys and girls in learning a new song (two parts). Ms. Capen has done that before and I'm not too good at leading a large group.

Then I went to church and found so many of the choir girls gone that the others were discouraged about going into the choir loft - I used a little persuasion and they went up as usual and sang. Then I left Chinese church early and went down to Chinese English service - my first for a long time - whether as long as a year, I don't know - that was all right, and I enjoyed it.

Then there was a rush back.
dinner and a rush to get over to the Young People's Meeting by 1.30—When I arrived, I found a notice on the blackboard saying that "on account of affairs" the meeting would not be held! Two or three other groups were having meetings which would take a big toll of our members away for the day—and so, without warning, the thing was called off. But thirteen people arrived and I could not see letting them go back home again without any message. Many of them had not been Christians been baptized—so after our singing I read the story of Philip and the eunuch with the emphasis on the
"What doth hinder me to be baptized?" — I really had in mind specially a certain one of the boys, and I had a chance to tell him so afterwards. I said, "I think you know that I meant you." "Yes, I knew," he answered.

Whether that little seed will bear fruit or not remains to be seen.

Oct 30. I got home from the meeting in time to find a young People's special meeting from Swatow holding forth in our living room — I went up-stairs to get a little rest.

While I was still resting, a Chinese man from Swatow came to ask for flowers — I was just dropping into a doze —
but was of course wide awake after that, so decided to get up and write to you.

While I was still washing my face, Maxim came up to tell me that the American Consul and his wife had just arrived. She could not find a single boy to get any tea ready for them. I went out and found the coolie and helped him set the table, then went down to entertain the guests until the tea should arrive. The room down there was a mess. The youngsters had left bits of candy and papers around on the floor and the chairs were helter skelter. Cushions all rumpled; flowers sitting because they hadn't been changed for two days -- and still no boy in sight! We had a fairly good visit with them, so would have
if we hadn't been fussing
unnecessarily about tea and the
they left before the tea arrived!
looks of the place - I gave
the boy a good sound talking
to and told him I was
"ashamed to death." He was
ashamed too - and for two whole
days now he has been pretty much
on the job - He has needed jacking
up for some time - but I'm not very
good on jacking people up!

We haven't usually had many
callers on Sunday, because people
know it is our busy day - for one
thing - (Oh, well!)

Then Sunday evening I spent

trying to answer a letter sent to
me by Dream Bell Ling, our principal's
daughter, who is studying in
Shanghai - She asks my opinion
about what vocation she shall
choose—The correspondence is to be shown to the president, Dr. Liu—and so!—I have to think what I write (haven't finished the letter yet!)

I have been very glad to have the fashion sheets, Mother—a number of good ideas have come from them for making over winter dresses.

By the way, are you still well supplied with white hair-nets? I have some which I shall send you if you need them—Or could you use any for friends? Do Aunt B. and Aunt J. ever use them?

I must quit and get this off to you—with my love.

Abbie.
Swatow, China
November 4, 1934

Dear Ones,

That Saturday and Sunday when no letter comes from you is a very incomplete week-end for me. Now has come this week and I have the most dissatisfied, unfinished, "loose end" feeling! I've been fairly busy today and yesterday, but being busy does not take the place of getting a letter you are looking for!

This has been the week of the annual Swatow-Pakuchau association meetings in the church - I have not attended many of the sessions (condist...
On account of school) except the evening ones. On Wednesday evening Miss Chen from Swatow, our new field worker recently returned from study in Hankin Bible Institute, gave a splendid talk on Building the Creative in Every Day Life. Thursday evening the Young People's Society gave a Religious Education play which they did very well indeed. They had had three evenings only (here in our home but I was not present) to practice - it is truly marvellous the way that they can have the whole meaning of a play in mind, and don't have to bother with remembering exact lines, cues, etc! Tang Chek Min took the part of a young father the
death of whose child sobered him and turned him to God. His acting, including agonizing over the child — and a long difficult solo part in which he so finally brought to his knees and poured out his heart in a cry of forgiveness, was really superb. In a boy in the equivalent of our Sophomore High School class in America, I was very proud of him. Our usually noisy Takannah audience was very quiet through the whole thing. Part of that good order may have been due to the fact that the Young People had invited ten or a dozen people to sit in different parts of the audience to help keep the baby quiet and keep people from
moving around — and keep the
dogs out!

Friday night the Woman's Missionary Society gave another play — very good of its kind — depicting how the Christian family should plan the use of money, how family worship should be carried on, and what good a Christian man who has a little money may be able to do in the way of being a public benefactor, providing vaccinations etc. for people who need them — getting doctors and nurses to give health talks to people in the community. I suppose perhaps some of the people felt that that was more fitting to give in church — it was so good, anyway. That it is being given over again tonight in Stratford — at The Swallow Christian
Institute -

Saturday morning I got up early and dyed an old winter dress—a bright orange, made from jersey pajamas. Dorothy Dorell sent me instead of rayon ones. I asked her to get me. So now I have a two-tone brown dress—but it isn’t finished yet and I’m not sure whether it is a good shade or not!

Went to classes Saturday A.M. as usual. At 2 P.M. went to the Mission Executive Committee as usual. At 6:30 we went up to the Principal's house to coach the boys and girls' basketball teams on some songs and cheers which they expect to use when they take
a trip to Siam to play some teams there. The two athletic directors and the principal are to go with the youngsters, so they should be well taken care of. They will take exams a week early at the end of the term and then be gone into vacation time. This will be a grand "trip to Boston" for them. Some officers on one of the steamers is giving them free passage. After they got home from that "shooting bee" I still had some Sunday School outlines to copy for this morning.

Today had a good S. S. lesson. But when we got to Church I found that only one soprano was present so I went into the loft with the choir and helped them choose some of the special song which they have been practicing for today.
Rushed home to get ready for having a group of girls come in for tea this afternoon. As soon as dinner was over I had to go to Young People's so everything had to be in readiness before that. More rushing I can tell you! I got back just about in time to greet my guests for the afternoon. I asked the Senior High girls and the women teachers and Mrs. Ling to come - Mrs. Ling couldn't come because she had to go to Swatow with the Women's Missionary Society. The teacher's couldn't come and some of the girls were absent - but we had a group of seventeen in all.
we had Victrola music, tea and cakes and conversation, Matty. I had wanted to have them on a different day and have a frolic with them, but Sunday is the only day that they have free. Don't know whether they enjoyed it or not but I did. I had them write their names in the guest book with their addresses and we rotated around the room to have conversation with different people. Then we each made a little "life history" for some one—pasting a small picture cut from magazine on each page of a booklet. "Birth" "First Day at School" "First Success" "First Defeat"—etc. The girls chose favorite hymns and we played them on the Victrola (the non-Christians don't mind the hymns, apparently, if
they are played on the machine.

There was a happy atmosphere of friendliness—humming the good old tunes along with the records—and talking about our actual influence on each other’s lives—etc. The time went very quickly. They drew lots for the "Life Histories" and trooped away, interestingly reading each other’s books.

As soon as they had gone, I went over to see Dorothy Campbell, who is just back from Antyang, where she has been in two weeks, trying to recover. It is good to see her again. Her hair all came out—and she is just getting her new crop

Now I’ve had supper, and as I sit writing to you, a feeling of lassitude comes over me—strange, don’t you think? Or
doesn't that sound on paper as strenuous as it really was?

Just here — half past eight Sunday night — comes a letter from Joy Jutron! Imagine that! The first in years. She doesn't know where my parents are living — thinks it is in Gardiner, Maine! Her father & Mrs. J. are in Yancey. Her father had a slight shock but is better. She is on furlough now but is not going to America, but may come down to England. I shall invite her here (for a week at least) I think (but not longer than that?) (I wonder!)

My love to you —

How are you?

Athe
1. To pick your teeth with. Do not use in public unless you are in China!

2. To flick the dust from your nostrils — (and ears.)

3. To dig out your ears with — maybe this will be as good as Dr. Brown's treatment!

4. If you get nervous before the sermon, take this out and give yourself a surreptitious combing or two.
Dear Ones,

I know not exactly how to write to you these days; I think of one of you in Woods Hole and the other in Rollinsford and want to write to you both. If I were sure you were still in these two places I should write to both and maybe I will anyway. Shouldn't wonder if my oldest brother could be glad to have a scrawl from me more often than he gets one.

At the present writing I have had one letter from mother since she began to get better after her 'seltuminzing' - and two from father since he has been in Woods Hole, and one from Arthur since he took his flying visit to the farm - I hope that everything is continuing to go as well with you as these letters seem to indicate. I can feel very much comforted if they are.

Today a letter came from Glady's Paul in which she says Edna had been down to the farm. She said she herself had tried to call at the horse this summer a number of
times but found no one at home—

I've had a letter from Mr. McEsty which began just as the other one did— "Dear Miss Sanderson—" That, to me, from him, doesn’t seem just right somehow— He seemed much concerned about you— and expressed his desire to send a "missionary contribution" direct & me— and wanted to know how to do it— I told him he could either send a check to you or a bank draft to me, whichever he preferred— Just imagine that, will you? I thanked him for— appreciate it.

This is some paper which I received today from the Bridgewater "Abbie Sanderson Mission Circle." Except for some which came in my box last month from Thorton— I am low on writing paper— so I was delighted & have this— The box today was a marvel, really— Cutest little boxes of map colored pencils, good looking little strings of beads and pretty handkerchiefs— And right on top, in a special box done up all by itself, a lovely peach silk pajama suit and a pair of silk stockings— I right to write to them tonight but I cannot manage it— I’m afraid— Doesn’t pay to sit up too late at night!

Much love to you— Abbie.
Dearest Mother,

Yesterday a letter came from Mobelle in which she enclosed the nice little one you had sent her in reply to hers—

Sorry to know that you haven't been behaving quite as I'd like to have you—I keep being grateful all the time, though, that you are with Aunt Bertha and Aunt Gertrude because I know there isn't any one in the wide world who would take care of you any better—

I have written a circular letter this year—and hope to get it off some time this coming week. I'm not sending as many because I can't afford it. One will have to do for the church people and I'm sending one to Mr. Pendleton
and one to Mr. Morris which they may or may not wish to use in their state papers. I've cut down the mailing list of last year about a third and am doubling up on these letters wherever possible and save postage.

Each circular letter I write seems to be worse than the one I wrote before; I read other people's and think how uninteresting most of them are, and wonder what kind of people at home would like anyhow! Then I decide I won't write any more circular letters, but when the time comes around I do it anyhow. I'll send you one of these as soon as they are printed and you can tell me whether you think it is too sketchy, or too un-pious, or unmissionary, or too dumb!
The "Daring Endeavorers" have decided to make little pillows and things to sell to get Christmas money for the White Gift Service. I have loved to see the bunch of them sitting around my bedroom, some of them right down on the floor, among the bags and bags of patchwork pieces. Making the little puffs or squares for pillows or patchwork quilts. I really hope their enthusiasm will last long enough for them to get one thing actually finished! The youngsters love to begin things, but it isn't as easy for them to get them finished!

Mr. Page and I, being on the entertainment committee, have been striving around trying to get arrangements made in
advance for all the conference guests who will be coming next month. It is not a particularly easy task, for

"Well, we can't have a family with children this year!"

"We want to do our share, of course, but anybody can see that we're only one bathroom in the house"

"He had ----- last year, why can't Mrs. ----- take them this year"

And so on. But I think we have a niche for everybody now, and we shall entertain here at our house (Enid, Marion, I have to begin with) Evelyn Stephens, Anna Foster, Clara Leach, Mr. & Mrs. Baker, Mr. Burket and possibly Mrs. Burket and the baby."
If they all come, we'll have rather a house full — not as full, however, as we would if we followed the plan we evolved this morning at our breakfast table, whereby we could entertain all the guests here in this one house. The new would have to double up with each other — and the women bunch up in the other side of the house, what we reckoned that in a pinch we could do it. But I guess we will not try it this time.

Keep on getting better, sweetness — and say a big thank you to the ones who deserve one from me!

Love,

Abbie.
Dear Mother,

Your long letter answering my volley of questions arrived yesterday, and was I glad to get it?! The very fact that you could write such a long letter proves to me that you are—or were, at least, keeps better—I am much comforted. Glad to have Mr. McGilp’s letter. By the way, if he sends any “mission money” to me through you—just keep it until you hear from me, please. I don’t know whether he’ll send it that way or direct to me.

What do you suppose I have been doing to “fill in” time this week? Can’t imagine, can you? School as usual—though I was obliged to give a couple of writing lessons in charge of some one else in order to get everything in.

Monday evening, school executive committee up at the principal’s house.

Tuesday noon, an elaborate Chinese feast given by Dr. Ji of Swatow in honor of his old professor at Hartford Seminary, Dr. Hodous, and Mrs. Hodous, who were in Swatow for the day, passing through on a trip around the
world. Dr. Ji invited all who had studied at Hartford. I enjoyed it immensely. Got home in time to collect examination papers, and then got ready for a tea in honor of the new minister to China and his wife – don at the Swatow club house. A big time. Came back and grabbed a bite of supper and went out to the American gunboat with our “Young” bunch of missionaries (Roberta, Marion, Evelyn who was down from Shiyang, Velva and I. Edna and Beatrice couldn’t go because they had guests.) to see a movie and have some cups of good American coffee. We got back before nine o’clock and I set up fairly late getting letters off. During the evening it was noticed that Velva’s face looked different and the next morning we learned that one side was paralyzed! I was scared as well as distressed, but they say it is only temporary – that is bad enough, though! She can’t shut that eye and can’t control that side of her mouth when she is eating. It doesn’t move when she smiles – and of course it makes her look all out of glee. Very embarrassing and uncomfortable, but easier to be home if she may hope that it is a matter of weeks or even months, that as though it were feared permanent.

Where am I? Oh yes – Wednesday – I went to prayer meeting & go and help the young people with their preparations for a program which they gave Friday night.
Thursday I spent most of the day rehearsing songs etc. Thursday night I was invited to Principal Lima's for a grand Chinese dinner. (I haven't got to the end of that story yet; my accepting a Thursday evening invitation means I have to get someone else to take my place and I have to take Miss Lee's place on Monday night (the morrow)!

Friday is always a busy day, and this Friday when I got through at 4 I had to go to an English department meeting, go to a standardized test for our senior plan a standardized test for our seniors, get home in time for a high school concert of supper and get over to the matinee entertainment was given. When I got there corner where the action was, behind the scenes, from 6:30 p.m. to nearly 11:30. Of course the program was too long, but the reserved seat tickets were $1.00 and $2.00 and they were hot and all of rice and vegetables - piping hot - and all of the participants had a little lunch. It tasted pretty good, too. The thing was a stupendous thing for them to attempt. They are disappointed not to earn more money but I think they are lucky to have learned any. I am more than thankful that they are not
in the hole! Thirty or forty young people helped in this program, many working like Trojans behind the scenes. Their school work had to go by the board for this last week, I am afraid. Fortunately for them, the school disciplinary officer is also an adviser to the Young People's Society and he is sympathetic with them. Well, I'm glad it's over—they did well, but they certainly need to buckle down to school work for a while now! Christmas is coming before we can shake a stick, and that will mean more extras.

Saturday at 11 I went to Beatrice's. Came home and practiced a duet with her. Came home and cut out toy animals for the girls to make (rag doll effects!) and from two p.m. on the girls had their sewing and their little meeting. As soon as I had my supper I went to the Romans School to attend a Thanksgiving meeting. This is the Chinese Thanksgiving feast day, not our American Thanksgiving! Before I was in the hall I heard my name spoken—and B. and I had to go immediately and sing our duet. It was a most interesting program.

And now it's Sunday!

P.S. Haven't written much love to you.
Dearest Ones:

About an hour ago I decided that this world wasn't a very wonderful place to live in after all. I really couldn't think of very much that hadn't gone wrong today, and the work that I have piled up seemed to be piled so high that there could be no possible chance of its ever getting done. Then the servants came and wanted to be paid in big round silver dollars instead of in the depreciated paper money that we get here in Swatow these days. Thereby hangs a big long tale which I can't go into in detail in this letter, but anyway, it seemed to me that all the problems in the world were coming up all at once and that they all waited for me to solve them! Things looked pretty black, I tell you. I had forgotten all about the good Thanksgiving eats we had only two days ago and nothing was right at all, at all!

Then I had some supper, which made me feel a little better. Then I remembered some good advice from Gladys Paul's latest letter: "Take good care of yourself and preserve your sense of humor." I decided it was high time for me to hurry up and do some preserving! So I did and the world at the present moment is much brighter. The piles of paper still remain to be corrected, and about 40 Christmas letters are still to be addressed and stamped, and about a third of them need little notes written to go with them (which costs more postage as well as taking more time!). But I have my notes all ready for my S.S. students to-morrow morning, and I have decided to go to bed and leave the piles of letters and papers just where they are for the present. I am going to get some sleep and maybe when morning comes I will have pep to write some of the letters. I might even do better to leave this letter to be written to-morrow! But I know my family is long-suffering where my letters are concerned and so I'll get this one page written tonight and that will be a little start. More later (but not until next week!)

Much love, Abbie
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Swarow, China

December 9, 1934

Dear Ones,

Imagine writing to you all together! I just hope you are all there and all well and happy. I'm busy as usual.

This coming week I have a few things on my hands. In the first place all the monthly exams must be made out, and given—and should be, I suppose (but will not be!) corrected.

Second, Dr. Decker is already here and we are to have our conference meetings. We have a large house and so we expect to entertain a fairly large number of...
guest. Perhaps I can tell you about them later.

On top of that we are trying to get ready for Christmas, and that includes serving bees with the little girls, and singing and perhaps a program; it also means getting ready the music for a program at school, a young people's program, a school song to sing at church and a Y.P. song for church—and possibly a few other things.

Today I went to S.D. as usual—then to church, where Dorothy C. and I sang a duet: “List to the voice of the Saviour” to the tune of Whispering Hope.

At one thirty I went to Y.P. meeting—where I had «session» with Mr. Capers' poor little broken
drew organ before and after the meeting - to see if anything could possibly be done for it. I am afraid, however, that it is beyond repair. I don't know just what we shall do - for we need a little organ in that Young Peop[le]'s Meeting - need it badly.

At four p.m. I went to a nominating committee where a slate of officers was drawn up for the Woman's Forces Society, the Prayer Meeting Committee, the Missionary Society - I knew that I could scarcely hope to be left off from all three - and sure enough, I am
on the Missionary Committee again—after having been off several years. It is not the wisest thing in the world for me to be on that fact; I am never sure of being able to get away from school on Thursday afternoon— I believe this term is the first one since 1928 that I have not had classes Thursday p.m. at the time of the missionary meeting. I wish all my Christmas letters were sent. I'm planning to address the Philippine ones tonight and all the rest of them, if possible.

How has the weather been? Here it has been cold—had a frost. On my back porch Thursday morning at 7 the...
thermometer said 40° — just two degrees colder than the room next door (to the porch!) where I took my bath — ugh! The next morning it was 41½° — yesterday 43° and today 48° — it has been pretty cold — but a lovely day and I have managed to keep from freezing. Each noon we go out on Mabel's little glassed-in veranda to eat our lunch. That is the only place in the house that is warm at all. We have bought some coal, but feel so poor that we don't want to use any more than we have to.
Mother and Father - don't you think I might have remembered your Christmas in a little more definite way? I do - and I did remember, but didn't have much but handkerchief to send - Soon I'm going to have one or two little things to send you - I hope - but with all these affairs coming on it may be Christmas before I can get ready what I have in mind to send you -

Heaps of love & all,

	Alice.

Had a letter from Bernice Drew of Fresno - She wants a short sketch of my life - and a merry letter for their March meeting.
Swatow, China
Dec. 16, 1934

Dearest Cuss:

I feel a little bit like a rag that has been drawn through a knot hole this morning. Our enrolment meetings began Thursday evening, and we have had meeting now for three evenings and yesterday afternoon.

Aside from that there have been women's committee meetings and extra song rehearsals, sewing bees for the little girls and various other things to attend to. Sunday School music for Christmas, school program for Christmas, Young People's arrangement for Christmas, W. W. J's program for Christmas.

I was supposed to be in two different places all yesterday afternoon. Marion has taken the brunt of
The housekeeping this month so I do not have to worry about what the nine people who are sitting around our table at meal time do. That is, they are there at breakfast time and then are usually invited somewhere else for the other two meals. Then we have some of the other compound guests instead, and a jolly time is had by all. We certainly have a hullabaloo at breakfast. It is the grandest family I could imagine for conference guests. Anna and Clara love being together; they are in my bedroom and I am in my little guestroom.

Mr. Burket is all by himself in Matelle's room. The Bakers are down in Etna's room and she is in her little guestroom, and Evelyn is in with Marion.

Last night we had Dr. Becker as our guest for dinner and of course all our other guests stayed at...
home with us in order to be there when he was there. He spoke of his visit to St. John and I was interested to learn that he stayed with Chester Wood while he was there. "Chat" just about talked D. D.'s head off. The night before D. arrived there D. D. couldn't get to bed because C. kept on talking! The next morning Mrs. gave that such a "hailing out" gave her a little fat comfortable thing, just C.'s opposite, and, D. D. thinks, exactly the wife for him (I asked D. D.!)! "He's quite a chap," was his comment. He goes off early and stays late - his wife never knows whom he will get back for meals -!
I thought when the nominating committee brought in its slate of officers to be voted on that I should get off easy this year. They had put me down as a member of the Language Committee, and as alternate (as I was this year; I only went because Mr. Page couldn't and didn't want to) for member of the Board of Directors of Shanghai University. That is plenty for one missionary — yet it is much easier than being on three or four other committees in addition!

However, the conference reserves the right to nominate from the floor and some of the committee when elected contained not one name that had been nominated in the first place!

The Mission Secretary was elected first — Mr. Page — then the Mission Executive Committee, two Hakka members.
and fire from our field:

I Hakka: Anna - Mr. Adams
II Jio-chin: Mr. Page - Mr. Waters
     Mr. Hobart, Dr. Leach, Mr. Baker

(Last year it was Page Waters Hobart Brown Sanderson)

Then they elected the two extra Divisional Committees. These, with
the above groups II, form the Long Long Divisional Committee - or our Process
Speaking Reference Committee - the
groups I & II above together form what
takes the place of our former Reference Committee.

The Language Com. was elected as
nominated: Hobart, Sanderson, Leach.

The Womanus Committee as follows:

Mrs. Suebeck
Leach
Dr. Stephens
Sanderson
Smith
Miss Smith is chairman and I am
secretary.
as A the Representative on the Board of Directors of Shanghai University. Mr. Page's name was nominated first, Mr. Bucket was nominated from the floor, and I was alternate — then Mr. Page suggested that I be appointed the delegate — and that is what they voted! Mr. P. is alternate —

Now of course we do have a few other committees — but I'm not on those, and how could you be very deeply interested in any committee that your dearly beloved daughter had not been elected unto?!! So — enough of that. During the election once Mr. Page got up and said rather plaintively that he noticed he had been nominated neither for the Language committee nor for the Vomitive Committee! I feel a little sympathy — I've altogether...
Too many committees - and can't do a thing about it.) A little later the Women's Committee was elected. Mr. Page was nominated and actually got a vote! That is laughable now, but in the days when Women's Committee began, the men didn't trust the women to run their own committee and always had one or two members on it!

Joy Satanum is in Hong Kong and may come to see me next week. Father and Mother Satanum are there too, but I didn't strongly urge their coming just now - it is too likely to be cold, and we couldn't keep them comfortable. They may come, of course!

Much love.

Athos.
Dear [Name],

When I asked Clara for some notepaper a minute ago she was scratching around to find something real "swell" until she found I was going to write to you. Then she said, "I'll hold on—I'll give you something to write to them on, that will let them know where you are—all right!" So this is what she fished out, and I think it is pretty swell, don't you?

Here I am at [Place] at New Year's time again. Only this time I am not staying over the New Year—I'm going back today. Guess who is with me! We have had a real houseparty, with Mr. and Mrs. Haters, Miss Harey, Edna Smith, Nell J. and the four cousins. "Joy" Tarum! The Friedlos, Marguerite Everham and Clara Leach are the
Nittygarry resident who are our hosts, and they surely have entertained us royally. Evelyn Stephens was really the one who invited me first, but she is now in Canton with her sister Marion having her tonsils out - we were so sorry she couldn't be here - Both of the sisters, in fact.

Let me see - where did I leave off the last time I wrote? I know it has been longer than I intended - since before Christmas sometime, anyway. Christmas was a strenuous time this year, not counting all the extra music practice (and exams just the week before Xmas) our actual celebrations began Friday night I should say. The Academy teachers' prayer meeting came at our house and we had a good meeting, with practice of Christmas songs and tea and cakes afterwards.

The next night was our School Christmas celebration - and that night I stood on my feet for nearly five hours - I was very glad when it was over, because we had not been able just yet for the non-Christian students would receive the entertainment. During the first part, in fact, they did threaten to make trouble - But as
The evening went on and the number grew better and better — and the Christian students kept their tempers and carried on as splendidly — all signs of opposition stopped and the whole thing was quite a success, with not a few lessons taught, in the bargain!

Sunday morning after a final sing practice we went to the church for the morning Christmas service. Our youngest were still a tired from the night before that the best songs did not go very well. One, however, of about sixty voices, was done creditably, even if the rest of the songs were a bit flat in places — ! (Principal dry-nasally)

Sunday 10 a.m. we had the White Gift Service. There were songs, and a good talk by one of our Academy teachers — and then the gifts. I was not interested in the gift presented by our group of Junior Girls — the "Daring Cinderella." Ever $19 was given by them — mostly earned by making little fancy pillows and tiny animals — birds, frogs, monkeys, and rabbits —. It is the first time they have tried anything of the sort and
and it was most satisfying to see the way they worked.

Monday I taught school! (guff, said!) Monday evening I went to the Woman's School to see their pageant and then to Edmas with Marion where we opened our presents around their Christmas tree. A lovely, restful ending to a day of rush and turmoil.

More later,

Love,

Abbie

P.S. Get your package slip from P.O., Christmas Day, and the package next day. The things are lovely—all of them—just what I need—
Dear Mrs. Leach:

It is good to hear back again. I have wanted to write you now since hearing about Mr. Leach's sickness. And as glad as I am that he is better, please give my very, very best wishes for the new year for health and comfort.

Sometimes one has to learn to be comfortable with being uncomfortable, with different conditions. Do not take changes in life too seriously.

It has been so good to have Abbie and Miss Salton there for our house party. The only trouble is I have not seen so much of you as I hoped to.

It is time for me to take Laurel now. Love to Happy New Year to you.

Clara