Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 149

Finding aid for collection available at:
http://hdl.handle.net/10079/fa/divinity.149

Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 6 / 47

Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow

Dates: 1937 Jan - May

For copyright information see: http://www.library.yale.edu/div/permissions.html

Originals of collection held at:

Yale Divinity School Library, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven, CT 0511
(divinity.library@yale.edu)

Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service
Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian
Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China
515063
Dear [Name],

I am having a little break now away from everything last night and came home here for the week-end & relaxed. Our reason I came was to go to the Christian Church one more - I felt quite down that some of our friends in Shanghai is having a short holiday, it would probably be the same in the students, we have, but I thought about that the last of all I was disappointed in not being able to see the students because this morning I must see it sometime before I come home. So I wrote home that it is one of the famous projects in China: some young people from [City] in the church and found that there was no way to go my way by the sea, so I came back there thinking that I would write letter. And only read a little and talked some with Mr. [Name] and then it was dinner time.

This afternoon, Mrs. [Name] had about 35 children (not students) in a little Sunday School. We have a positive note that two girls of the Presbyterian high school (they are) can come and teach the lesson to the young people. They are in difficulty in learning the lesson but the teacher's warm and enthusiasm made them learn the stories and recite the Bible verse in anything very fine for me. I just got the Conference Program yesterday and learned that I have something to prepare for - for the conference. The Language Committee has made a report of suggestions in studying Mandarin, and that means that the conference committee of students who do not agree must get together and work something to present to the whole group, only so that the whole group can be.

Yours sincerely,
[Your Name]
Thank you.

I learned this from that program that there is to be a summer meeting of the whole of the Conference this year. I found the Appeal of the Present Situation and I do have a paper on 'The Appeal of the Present Situation to Young People's Work.' Looking forward to possibilities yet unannounced of present. I do not see just when I am going to get it written, but it should be good discipline and ought to be a help to me in future work. I do it best in March, so you will have time to pray that I may get the very best out of this opportunity.

Again, my letter to you will leave no number, for I haven't my little book with me. I shall try to remember to send it, however, as soon as I get home and then it will have its number.

This is January 4th and there are nine more days until my annual report must be in the mail. That is a task that I feel must be done this year. It seems that letter writing at other times does not count, and I'm bound to send in at least one this year that has the right date on it.

Much love to you.

Yours,

[Signature]
Dearest my own Ones!

Two letters

from you came today — after a long wait — Nov. 23 and Dec 13. There is one between which has already come — I'll admit I was a good bit worried — (or could have been!) about Father — I'm so relieved to find out that he is better —

Now, when you see that the Nov. 23 letter has at last reached me, you'll know why I haven't said a thank-you before! And if you stop to think, you'll understand how difficult it
is right now for me to put my mind on anything except wondering whatever in the world I am going to do with you two people when you insist on sending such a gift as the one you have sent me! I'm not have done it at all, and I feel most guilty in accepting it.

I must admit to you, however, that I have been having a rather discouraged time by wondering how in the world I should ever manage the way things are going now. There are more calls than anybody dreams of, especially.
from the projects that the young People are putting action. These things all take money and the young People, while they are pretty good about going out to get subscriptions for new choir robes, new choir chairs, transportation of choir to Cheongang Sunday School at Su-phon, etc. yet they come to us for good fat subscription to read the list! And now that I'm trying to plan to go home by way of Europe, taking about two weeks in Palestine.
I wonder very seriously where the money is to come from. It will cost quite a bit more to come that way, but I feel it will be worth it if I can possibly manage. If I do that, I should get home before the end of August; I don't know how much extra it will cost me - but now that $100 was just to face, without a cent for Palestine. So I don't know whether I can manage it just now or not. I want to put aside this fund from you for that purpose. I wish I might put
aside the receipt of another gift which came today—$25 from Calvary again—but I do not see how I can, with tuition coming on so soon for next term—and the other calls. Since I wrote the last sheet, I have learned that the Y. P. have decided they must have an organ. They have needed one for some time, the one that Mrs. Capen put down there for them being in ruins! Now they have decided to take up subscriptions, beginning with themselves, at the rate of 40¢ a piece. Horace, the little wise rascal, suggested that I should not make my subscription until later, after the Y. P. have got all they can! He thinks it would be a good idea for me to make up whatever is lacking after the members have subscribed! Although he did
but say so, yet I know that
is his meaning -
I went to Swatara City to the
Presbyterian Students' Church today.
It is the first time I have been
there - and I knew I ought to
go once before coming home -
expected to go when I was over
at Bakers last Sunday, but
for some reason or other they
did not have the service, so I
missed out.

It was fine - quiet, worshipful
with a speaker, Mr. Pan of the
Y.M.C.A., who knows the mind
of young people and knows how
to speak to them. He talked
today about giving our sub-
conscious and unconscious
selves and wills to God as well
as the conscious part of us.

More another time.

Much love to all,
Abbie
Swatow, January 24, 1937

Dearest Over,

Eva Reynolds, Dunbar and Ellen Peterson have been my guests since Tuesday afternoon and we are having a marvelous time! Mrs. Page is happy to meet old Colby friends too.

It is now 11 A.M. and I am expecting the lunch bell to ring any minute. We are going to eat early and take the one o'clock launch for Shih Yang. If there is money, come back via Changchow. Tuesday, stay at Bank's Tuesday night. Attend a session or two of a Retreat for Christian Workers. (I speak at one and Ellen at another, and Eva declined the invitation!) See a bit of Swatow city Wed. then come back here Wed. night, and they leave for Shanghai on Thursday!

School closed yesterday. I was in the midst of exams when they arrived, and it has been a bit hectic. One day I had an English exam at 8-10, Louis Caperis Language Exam at 10-12, and Beatrice Ericson's exam 2-4! Fortunately Enid Johnson took them to Swatow that day and Jannie Northcott had them for lunch.

Must quit and send this. Love, Albie.
Dearest Ones:

"The voices of educated people, with a Maine accent aren't they about the finest things to hear?" Some such sentiment as that was expressed to me by Mr. Page about two hours ago, just after I came back from seeing Ellen Peterson and Eva Reynolds Dunbar off on the steamer for Shanghai. They came a week ago Tuesday and we have tried to make the best of the short time we had. The next day after they arrived I had examinations all day long, but Enid Johnson took them to Swatow and over to see the new work at Black Bride; they had lunch with Fannie Northcott, who is an old friend of Ellen's, and then Thad took them to see some drawwork, and they came back home late that afternoon apparently thrilled but a bit worn from the all day's jaunt. Thursday evening we three went over to the Pages and had a little Rook game. It is the first time that I have seen a Rook game to be seriously hampered by conversation at the Pages, but "Dutchy" Marquardt, "Johnnie" Redman, "Cassie" White, "Judy" Taylor, "Presty" Bob, as well as many of the old schoolmates somehow came along and did a good job at interrupting the Bids! We had one grand Colby reunion, although there were only four of us there who had really studied at Colby.

Friday night we were all invited to a birthday party which Dorothy Hare and Beatrice Ericson were giving for each other. I was delighted to have my two guests meet all our women missionaries in this informal way. (The first night they arrived we had a few of the girls in for dinner, this served as our very private little welcome for these two guests and for Marion Bell, our new missionary who has now been here a little over two weeks.)

Saturday afternoon we went over to hear a piano recital in Elsie Kittlitz' home, given by Elsie's two star pupils. That was a chance for Ellen and Eva to meet almost all the missionaries on the compound. I was glad for them to hear the two young musicians also.

Sunday morning after my good friends had seen a good bit of the church service (and had heard the choir sing!) we skipped out home, had an early dinner, then got off on the launch to Kityang. We had a splendid trip and it was good to see the people at Kityang. Clara had invited all the other missionaries in for coffee after dinner and we talked and drank the coffee and then sang some of the good old songs, each picking out the ones he wanted to have sung. Dorothy Campbell has gone to Kityang now to live, so she was there; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Capen, Marguerite Everham and Dr. Giedt. The next morning they saw the hospital; at noon we were the guests of the Capens and Marguerite (who live in the same house); in the afternoon Clara took them out to see the city a bit and they saw how the Chinese grass linens were made, from start to finish. People are nearly always tremendously interested in that process. That night we had supper with the Giedts.

Tuesday morning we might have got away a little earlier but Dorothy had asked me to speak to the nurses at morning prayers, before breakfast. Then we missed one bus, but after a while we made the start and rode by bus to Peng Khoai, where the potteries were. We carried two prisoners (roped and chained together) on our bus, and just before we started we counted about 14 more who were brought along and would have been put on if there had been room. Poor things, I wonder what they had been doing and what was likely to be their fate? Some of them looked as though they
opium addicts; the government is trying very hard to do something about opium eaters and it is quite possible that these may have been victims. I wonder whether they were on their way to a clinic to have treatment, or to an execution ground?!

Ellen and Eva had never seen pottery being made before and while they did not want to buy very much, yet they were very keen on seeing the plates, and other things being made in the factoried. It is always a fascinating thing to see the workmen spinning the wheel around with one foot and doing the moulding with their hands; or perhaps dividing the work between two men, one with has foot always whirling the wheel, and the other with his hand never off the clay; putting spouts and handles on the teapots after they were shaped and ready for them. We finally tore ourselves away from the shops and went to the chapel, where we sat down and ate our lunch which Clara had bought for put up for us. Then we got the bus for Chao- chow fu and after we got to the city we went directly to the famous old stone bridge which is a thousand years old so they say. Basket street is very near, so the girls bought baskets to their hearts' content. Then the houseboy (who took great pride in personally conducting our tour!) took the three biggest baskets and went out on the bridge to buy the best and cheapest oranges he could find. As soon as that was done we went to the R.R. station and had to wait less than a half hour for the train which got us down to Swatow at six o'clock.

We went directly out to Baker's. The others had finished supper but we hurried as fast as we could and did not cease too great a delay. By "others" I mean about 20 Chinese leaders who were meeting in a Retreat out at Bakers for three days. I was the speaker that evening, and you can understand why I felt very sorry that we had not been able to get there on an earlier train so that I could sit down and collect my thoughts a bit before getting up on my feet. My subject was "The works that I do, he that believeth on me shall do also." The next morning after a short devotional, Ellen Peterson spoke to them in Mandarin and gave them a very fine message.

While we were in meeting, Miss Smith, Mrs. Baker's sister, took Eva shopping. After Ellen's speech I took her out to buy some things, and then we all went there for lunch. Then after going to two more pewter shops, we came home and had a little time to sit down and think what they wanted to put into their suitcases first! After supper we went to prayer meeting and it was a good chance for the guests to say goodbye to everybody with very little effort. After we got home Eva and I sat downstairs in the living room that Mabelle went off to bed and then Ellen left us. After a while Ellen came back and said that she had had her bath and it was time to go to bed. But she sat down anyway and we had one grand old gab-fest, knowing that that was the last chance we should have for a long long time! We talked about all the people we could remember, sometimes not being able to get the names for ever so long, but finally getting them up out of the deep places of somebody's mind! I feel like writing to tell Miss Farmer of Waterville the beautiful beautiful things that were said about her; one of them being "She simply effervesces with enthusiasm and interest, and she means it all! She's so real." Ethel Merriam is another who was mentioned with appreciation and affection; Helen Hanson too. No advantage in reporting all that was said; or perhaps was left unsaid only by dint of conscious restraint, concerning one certain other one who is in the teaching profession - it would probably have been better if nobody had said anything about that one! But it was evident that we three all feel we can see through what is sham! We spoke lovingly of Miss Gilpatrick and wished we knew where she is now.
This morning we did a good bit more talking, had quite a time getting accounts reckoned up and all little tail ends of business finished up. They found that they did not have enough oranges so the cook went to Swatow and bought some more. We had those to pack into the baskets. Then we went up to East Hall where Mr. Page was overseeing the workmen pour cement floor. After lunch I don't know just where the time went but suddenly it was time to go out to the steamer. One thing we shall laugh about happened right then. Eva said I looked very nice in my white hat, much better than I had in the ones where the pictures we had had taken; so I ran back upstairs and got my camera; we all stood in a row and smiled our very prettiest smile as Mabelle took careful aim for one last shot at the three of us. Then when she went to turn the roll, she found that there was no film in the camera after all, so we had all our sweet posing for nothing!

Well! There ends that story; nothing more except that I went out and then when I came back I saw Mr. Page and he made the remarks with which I began this letter. We surely had a good time together. I know I did, and if you can tell anything by the things they said, they did too. It was one of the times you dream about, but feel that you seldom really have come true.

Another little point. Ellen Peterson was helped by some Oxford group missionaries who came back to Hangchow after furlough. The following summer she went to Japan and came in contact with a group there, when she really began to "get down to business". I was very happy to find that our feeling about this whole matter is almost identical. She doesn't think we should go about advertising promiscuously but should do our best to live their life, and readily witness whenever and wherever that is the plain leading of God. Her talk to the people was just full of helpful thoughts. We did not have much chance to talk about it but these bits came out from time to time.

I must say goodnight and go to bed before it gets a minute later!

Much, much love to you,

[Signature]
Swatow, China, Feb. 6, 1937

Dear Ones:

This is the wind-up of a happy time for a good many people. The girls of the old Chieh Kuan Girls' School have been meeting here for the last three days and there has been very joyful fellowship together.

The immediate and apparent occasion for the getting together of the old girls was the celebration of Miss Culley's 61st birthday. According to custom, the 60th or 61st birthday is the "biggest" one a person can have, sixty years being reckoned as a complete cycle. Our teacher here in the Academy, Miss Lee Pue-lan(formerly known as & Sich-ki)and Margaret Lee (Hui-teu) were the chief instigators in the first place. It would be hard to ferret out all the underlying motives for getting together this way; one may have been the fact that last year the Woman's School people celebrated Miss Sollman's 60th birthday for her. There has always been a deal of rivalry between the Girls' School and the Woman's School. Sincere regard for Miss Culley herself was no doubt one big reason, but it was certainly not the only one. There was a longing to come together once more as in the old days, and Miss Culley's birthday was made the occasion for it. That is not all, however.

A few of the old graduates of the school have had it on their hearts for some time to try to bring back into a deeper spiritual life the old girls who have drifted away and the girls who are at the present time students in our academy here. They realize, with a great sense of having lost something precious, the fact that today many are indifferent to the important things in life. Lim Hui Chiang, who used to be a rather sullen and unapproachable youngster when she was in school, has got hold of something real in her religious life, and she has been praying for three years that somehow our "girls", old and young, might be stirred to a new interest. One might not long ago in prayermeeting she spoke of being especially glad that this meeting was to be held, for she hoped that there might be something of real value for those who should attend. She it was who gave two very earnest talks to the girls, yesternight and the day before.

The meeting opened with a get-together of between 30 and 40 of the old students Thursday night. After Hui Cheng's message those present were called on one by one to tell her former name, her present name, and such items as her husband's name and his business, number of children and age of oldest child, or her own business if she had not married, and what she was doing at present to help in the church work. There were many laughs and some smiles that were pretty close to tears. Kou Sok Long gave her husband's name, Tang Si Chiang, and said that her husband's present business was "quietly resting- he hasn't waked up yet". He was Mr. Speicher's Chinese reader who died so suddenly several years ago. Margaret Lee was the chairman that night and under her leadership the girls "reminisced" and talked on and on so much like old times that they hated to go home after it was over. A whole lunchload of them went back to Swatow that same night.
The next morning I was scheduled to lead the devotional. I took Proverbs 11:26, a verse that had brought a special meaning when I was Proverbs to some of these very girls about 15 years ago! After that Hui Chang gave her second message—a very good one. At noon we invited a few of the girls from out-of-town to come over and have dinner with us—those who live too far away to come usually. We had Sin-po, the wife of a leading Presbyterian minister; Lim Sai-ong, graduate of the Hanking Bible School and now doing evangelistic work over in the Chao-yang field; Sek-ling (before my day), one of the church members from Tat-hau-pou; Tekum-Huang and A-chile, sisters-in-law, both widows, also from Tat-hau-pou; and Sek-Huang, here temporarily from Shanghai, with her very cunning little niece.

In the afternoon the girls who live here in Kakchih were busy getting ready for the evening’s entertainment, but many who came from a distance had leisure. So about 3.30 a rosy band of them gathered in our living room downstairs and the result was practically a witness meeting. Kin-gek was here with her baby—the youngest of five—and told with her some old-time enthusiasm and fire the story of great blessing that had come to her in the curing of some of her physical ills. I imagine the disciples of old could not have spoken with greater assurance than she did. Many others told their experiences; I was deeply impressed with one statement which was repeated at least five times by five different girls to the effect that when they had had plenty of money and plenty of things to make them happy they hadn’t felt the need of God, hadn’t known him, and hadn’t wanted to know him! Lim Hui-chong and Pau Sai-ong have never been in an Oxford Group meeting that I know of but they certainly used the Group method in that meeting. I am positive that they had planned the meeting and worked for it beforehand and I have no doubt they felt just as surely led and guided in it as Groupers are in the work that they do (and as numberless others are, whether they have any special name or not).

The evening’s program was entirely different—dramatic, with that little “different” something about it that so often characterized the things that were put on by the girls in the old days, and now emphasized because carried out by those who not only have a wish to do it well and an interest in the thing but also an added maturity to make them surer of themselves. One of the numbers was an old Chinese ceremony of offering the gifts and good wishes suitable for the “mother’s” 60th birthday; these gifts included oranges, eggs, candles, a birthday cake with proper inscriptions, the “long life peachtree” made from bread dough, tinted the proper peach colors and stacked high on a platter, and some other things that I cannot remember. It was all most interesting and impressive.

The big event of the three days was the meeting on Saturday morning (today) which was the actual birthday celebration (although several days in advance). A good many who could not come to all the festivities came to attend these ceremonies and the feast which followed. Miss Culley was robed in a gorgeous embroidered gown which the girls gave to her to wear on the occasion, with embroidered shoes and a festive old fashioned red skirt to match the costume. There were several speeches, including one by Professor Lou, the old Chinese teacher of our Girls’ School, and the “advice” by Miss Culley herself. At the feast which followed, the
ones who made things lively were the old girls who were back most of them from college. The happy badinage was much like it used to be in the old days. The presence of several "husbands", however, gave it a little different flavor and we were kept on our toes wondering what was coming next. Before the feast a big picture of most of the assembled guests was taken. We shall certainly want this one in our collection of snapshots, for some of the girls we have not seen for more than ten years and may never see again, I suppose.

This afternoon Nabelles invited the whole crowd over to our house. I wish you could have seen them! Our living room was far more crowded than it has ever been with our Young Peoples group. After a bit we brought them upstairs and fortunately it was warm enough for them to go out on our front veranda for their cake and tea. They decided to set up a committee for some sort of permanent club or association of the old Chian Kuang girls, so perhaps we shall meet again another time some day after all! They practiced a song before they went; they have been asked to furnish the special music at church tomorrow.

This has altogether been a very pleasant and lovely affair. The publicity sort of it has been harder for Miss Culley than I dreamed it would be, but she has come through all right and I am sure these memories will remain with her all her life long.

Much love to you,

Abbie
Swatow, China
4 p.m.
February 20, 1937

Dearest Mother,

I feel as though it has been a long time since I sat down and took time to write you a decent letter. For the last two weeks at least I have sent your letter off without any number, and now I have got to record those, guessing at the date—and pretending that I'm sure I've written as many letters as that. I wonder why I am so slap dash about things?! It makes me sick!

I have the feeling that there is never enough time to get things done. I got away...
from that terribly rushed feeling
for a while - and do still manage
to get away from it at times, yet
it is there, right around the
corner and ready & jumping at me!

Last Sunday morning Mr. Ling
said at Sunday School that we
could have time to read the Bible
every day if we wanted to; and he
went on to say that it was people
who didn't know how to use their
time right who were always
crowded to the limit. If a
person made the right use of
his time, he could get all
his affairs done and even
have a little time left over!

Well maybe if I'd make up
my mind just as hard to
find time to do all these other necessary things as I do to find time for a little meditation every day, they would get done! I'm still inclined to doubt it!

I'm not sure whether I sent you a copy of the description of Mabelle's birthday celebration so I'm sending the enclosed. On the heels of that school opened. That very week I was asked to lead the prayer meeting at the church and I got through that.

Last Sunday the Ling's celebrated their silver wedding
anniversary and Mabel and I were asked to sing at that occasion.

It was a very simple ceremony. About a hundred friends, Christian and non-Christian, gathered in their home Sunday afternoon and Mr. Capen, who twenty-five years ago performed the ceremony, again gave instructions as well as did a good bit of reminiscing. There was prayer, and Bible reading, and our song, and a duet by Elsie Witting and her pupil Mui-tien. Then they served plain Chinese tea and cakes—all very simple.

It was one way of witnessing to non-Christian
friends. It is probably the first Chinese silver wedding celebration in Swatow. They did not advertise what it was to be, and there were only a few gifts, which was as they wanted it to be.

This week was my turn to lead the prayer meeting and there was preparation to be made for that. Now that's over and — ! In the meantime I have been trying to work on Language Study Curriculum. Mr. Ling has been prevailed upon to help draft a new course of study and I have been talking with him.
about it. He has taken a good deal of time to think of the best books to be used, and I am hoping the committee will adopt his plan. Today I spent more than an hour at his house looking over books. Now that proposed curriculum must be typed and sent to the other members of the Committee.

And — Conference comes March 4-6. At that time I am to have a paper on the Appeal of the Present Situation in Young People’s Work. The Language Committee, of which I am at present chairman, has an hour for presenting various
plans for the study of Mandarin.
I don't intend to lead that discussion,
but I may have to!

In the meantime we have on our hands four language
students who are pegging away at the old course of study
which is many years behind the times, hoping that we'll
hurry up and do something about it!

The above are a few of the reasons why I wish someone else could be
found to teach a few of the beginners music lessons. I am leaving this
term. So — I ask you — When am I going to get ready to go home?

That brings me to another question—and I'm going to put it on a separate sheet and on the top of the pile so you'll read it first of all! The question of going home—I know you are already anxious to know when, where, etc.

Marguerite may travel with me—

Much love,

Abbie
Feb. 20, 1937
6 p.m.

Mother dear,

Unless I get news from home which makes me decide that I ought to come by a faster route, I shall sail from Hong Kong June 27 on the S.S. "Scharnhorst," going via Suez, with a stop-over in Palestine of about two weeks. This means two things that I don't much like, but I have to face them. First, that route will cost more, and I must get extra from home I have with me; so will you please as soon as possible draw out from my account in the Boston bank $225.00 and send me a New York draft (or have the bank
make it out to me, whichever is the simplest way). I hope I shall not need to use it all, but I do not dare start off with any less than that added to what I shall have. Second, I shall not reach Rome until almost the end of August, and that is too much delay to suit me. However, I do want to see Palestine and the longer I put it off the less likely I am ever to see it. Now! If in your opinion I ought not to delay, and take the extra time, please write and tell me so frankly. I ought to be told.

Love X you both,

Abhi
Swatow, China
March 8, 1937

Dearest Father,

This year your birthday has gone by without my sending you any present or even writing you a letter, but it did not go by without my thinking of you. I thought of you many times all day long, and even until the hour of eleven o’clock at night of that day I thought I should surely get off a little word to you. But there seemed to be neither time nor strength. I hope there will be some times next year when I can talk instead of write. Won’t that be just a little bit of all right!!

Last night we finished our annual conference. The program this year was very crowded and we have the feeling now that we have been running and have not had time to get our breath yet. We had eight papers on various phases of the Appeal of the Present Situation and then we were expecting to discuss the points brought up in the papers and perhaps make some recommendations for the Ling Tong Convention to discuss next summer. Some people were very much disappointed that we did not do more of that. But there was not time and so we have adjourned without doing much more than discussing how things are and how they might be improved. Definite plans must be left until later.

One thing that leaves me out of breath is the fact that I was elected one of the members of a findings committee who after the papers were given had to get together and pull out the important parts from the eight papers to present for the approval of conference before adjournment. Dr. Giedt, Dr. Leach, Bruno Luebeck and I were this committee and we had Bea Ericson helping with the secretarial part of the work. We had to work on Sunday to finish, and Bea got sick with a blind headache so she had to stop. I had to drop every other kind of work I had during conference—classes and all, although I had not intended to do so. I had been put on the nominating committee at the beginning of the meetings Thursday night, so I was very careful to steer clear of having my name on either the Findings committee or the Resolutions committee. But alas I was put on the former from the floor of conference. We could not get things into anything like the finished form so Dr. Giedt has been given the thing to polish up before it is sent home. There will be two editions of this Findings Report, one the one which was adopted last night and a shorter one which will be available to send to friends at home. I wish I could have a copy of Dr. Ling’s paper on the Place Of the Christian School in the Near Future. It certainly made us all ashamed of the way we handle Chinese!

My paper, on Young People’s Work was I think the shortest of all. That was just as well for it came the last thing in the afternoon and when I got up to present it it was about five minutes before closing time. As a result I felt hurried and fairly galloped through it. But I had copies for people to look at while I read so they knew what I was talking about. I enclose a copy for you to see. You can make your own corrections; I know there are a great many typographical errors. I had four different students working on the typing of it so that there would be copies enough to go around.

The next thing we have to plan for now is the Religious Education Retreat which is to be held April 6-8. We are not sure just where it is to be held but we hope that it may have for the meeting place the prayer room or the chapel at Phau-Thai, part way between here and Kityang. The program has not been planned, but we have no Edith Traver here this year
Clara Leach will be at Shanghai at a medical meeting. Bruno is leaving on furlough the last of the month and it is rather doubtful whether he will be able to attend. But we shall have Dr. Gimdt and Carl Capen and hope that the most of the Chinese who were there last year as well as a few new ones will be present. The general theme for the Retreat will be "Follow Me". Again I have a speech to make on Young People's Work.

The speeches at the retreat except for the devotionals are supposed to be reviews of books on various subjects—evangelism, personal work, Religious Education in the family, etc. Edith Traver was practically the leader of the Retreat last year, but the real leadership of the thing had passed to a Chinese this year and I am glad. Last year I doubt if they had have had a retreat if Edith had not been here. This year if it had been left for me to decide I am afraid I should have said no, because I felt that I could not do a thing like that justice. But this year it was Mr. Lee Tashun Chek who was very sure that we must have a retreat. He said, "If we can't have a retreat just because Miss Traver is not here, then we are no good!" Miss Traver spent months thinking and planning about the retreat and getting material for it and talking it over with the two Mr. Lees. I told him I simply did not have all that time. She was in bed a good deal of the time and she could call the others to her bedside whenever she thought they should talk about things. But our committee of four attended the meeting at our house here the other night and we decided to have the retreat, who should be new members, who should be the leaders, and what the program should be—what assigned to each speaker. The place was suggested and Mr. Lee sent the next day to investigate the place. As someone said when they were going out the door, Miss Traver hadn't been there but the plans seemed to work out just the same. But I shall not be so sure that all will be well until the thing is over. Still I do know that Mr. Lee has had the matter much on his heart and if he is heart and soul for it it can't be a complete fizzle.

I ought to write a great long apology for not writing you a letter for two weeks—or is it longer than that? Each day I thought something would be sent off to you, but did it get sent? It didn't, I am sorry to say. I love you just the same, however.

All yours,

Athé
Erwan, China
Mar. 14, 1937

Dearest One,

This morning Enid brought her Shanghainese paper upstairs & breakfast and showed me the Card of Thanks inserted by Mrs. Tatum and Joy - the first I had heard of Mr. Tatum's death. I wrote to Joy this afternoon. She will feel alone indeed after this - I think she was never very close to her stepmother.

Right now I am feeling that I shall be very glad when Easter is over. We have had rehearsals on for some big thing or other in the musical line ever
since last October and I am beginning to think I should like a little rest. I know there will not be much rest until after I get on the steamer for Hongkong, but at least I'll have some rest from beating time then! I'm wondering whether I shall ever have to do it again after I come back from America - I hope not - for by that time there ought to be some younger blood around here, either Chinese or foreign - and it will be their turn -! I'm getting too old. I'm babying myself tonight. I'm weary after the evening's practice - (Elsie at the piano for a solid hour must be still wearier) and the house is cold. So before
getting into my bath I-lighted my little bathroom heater that I got last year (I've used it only twice before, this year, it has been so unusually warm). Had a nice warm bath and now I'm seated right beside the heater, all comfortably fixed for writing letters. Result? Overpowering drowsiness, for which I'm glad in a way, because that means I should sleep well tonight. That isn't always true, though!

This morning I had a good, though brief, talk with one of the boys in my S.S. class (also in the choir) about baptism - he is thinking...
about it, but he said to me, "Which is better, to be baptized and then do some things that are pretty bad, or to wait and not be baptized because you feel your character, deportment, etc., are not up to the ideal?" I said of course it was better to be careful than not to be careful, but we shouldn't let other people's way be a stumbling block to us - we are not to follow the example of any person.

At noon (1:30) Miss Fang in the class gave a splendid talk about baptism. The same boy was there - I hope he will decide this spring. There are other girls and boys in the class.
Who ought to decide, but with some, there is grave danger of their deciding to be baptized without first deciding to be Christians. I remember that Dr. Kinney used to say, "In some places we have baptized far too many Indians." Indians who weren't really ready to be baptized.

How is the weather with you there now? The oil heater proposition sounds like a much needed one to me, and I think we shall have to go seriously into that matter as soon as I
get home. When I received
your letter the other day, father,
I was very greatly tempted
to change my plans about
coming home by way of the
Holy Land - for that will
cost more money than a
direct course across the
Pacific, I have no doubt.
But I thought the matter
over and over, and the right
decision seemed to be to
continue with the plans
already laid - unless some-
thing should come up to
change them.
At present I can see no
possible chance of my getting
a car when I get home - of
any kind or description -
I wish I might have one, but I cannot in the life of me see how it can be done. But keeping warm is a different business and something will have to be done about that. It looks to me as though there will be no difference of opinion on that score!

This week an anti-aircraft exhibit is being held in Stratow and the students are all very much interested in that and very little interested in their books! They are going by groups—in relays—and Swatow to be taught how to use gas masks.
and what to use in emergency if they don't have gas masks and other measures to use in case of Japanese attack from the air. It makes no wonder how soon all this information will be needed.

Did Mrs. Sargent send you the invitation for me? Imagine little Horace Means being married! The thing I remember about him is his enthusiastic pronunciation at the Thanksgiving dinner, about the turkey - "My, this goeth right to the pot!" I wonder if he is like his grandfather - wasn't it Deacon Means who pulled a long face and said to you that the Sedgwick
people liked their minister all right, but they didn't want the minister's wife any 'longer'.

I feel as though I ought to quit immediately and get doing some of the innumerable things that must be done. Otherwise, how shall I ever be ready to get away from here by June 25th?

Much love to you,

Addie
March 28, 1937

Dear [Name],

I have just finished making out my questions for an examination on the first two chapters of John's Gospel, and before I go to bed I want to write a little letter to you. It seems to me that recently I have been letting my letters to you slide - and I wish I didn't. If you ever want a letter from me as much as I wanted one from you, and then don't get it, I ought to be spanked. I got the one I wanted this p.m. ! I knew there was no mail due, and I thought I just couldn't stand it if I didn't hear. But I did! A letter from you and father telling about wearing the plain dresses - and about Mother being in the hospital - and one from Auntie. Also one from Mrs. Reilly and Mrs. Miller, telling that the New England District is to be dissolved - does that mean all the districts? I wonder - or only the N.E. district? And, I wonder what the reason is - do they think it will save money, I wonder? They told me I shall be assigned to a state - I wonder which one!

And I never told you that Calvary church sent me P.T.O. this year - or rather, the Hurseyard
sent it? It has all gone for tuition, long ago—Mr. McGory sent $25—and the equivalent of that has gone the same way. Mrs. Miller sent me $10. (Mrs. Alton Miller) and it went the same way. Some people I love very dearly sent me $10 and that has gone in the same way. It takes money to put children in school—Did you know that? And did I tell you that last year Evelyn Canska sent me money for a girl—and I gave it toreambell Carpenter? She is a fine girl, I think.

Yesterday Geneva Lily and Dorothy have had language examinations and although I am not now on the committee, (since I am not to be here next year) I was (since I'm not to be here next year) I was giving exams and talking about courses from 2 p.m. until nearly quarter of six! I had to rush home & get a bite of supper. Then rush back & church for choir rehearsal at 6 p.m. Hark, & then at 8 to faculty prayer meeting. I think I should have gone to bed instead. I am still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit! I'm still going today of doing the last bit!
it one of these days! I know there is a better way and I get a glimpse of it now and then—but it doesn’t seem to stick.

Perhaps if I go to bed in decent season in spite of the towers of notebooks—I wonder! But the tower would soon be a leaning tower of Pisa and great would be the crash thereof. I fear—

I’m trying & think that I should try. I don’t think I shall have much here—I don’t know if I can spend a penny at all. I won’t get home stuck about halfway—and won’t get home—stuck about halfway—and won’t get home

If you can think of anything that I

ought to try here, please tell me, and I’ll try to do it. I wrote to Elma Prindle about it, and she has no answer—

I wonder whether she wants printed, unembroidered, what price, etc.?

Much love to you both—

and across the road—and down—and across the road—across the river—up over the road—and down the next hill—and over the road to the house—Thank you—Yes—Keenebankport—

Down town in fact! Love Athie
Swarow, China
March 24, 1937

Dearest Ones,

Sitting here in my room this afternoon getting ready to answer some “missionary” letters, and therefore looking over a bunch of the letters received since last December, I came across a little card that has given me the biggest thrill I have had for a long time. It was the little calling card that Evelyn Granska had put into the lovely Christmas picture that she sent me this year. I saw that card when the Christmas greeting came, but never until today did I see what she had written on the back. Here it is:

“So glad to get your splendid letter. Annie Will was here and I shared it with her. Luise is married to a splendid girl—I am busy with social service and Oxford Group. The last has done wonders for me. Love, Evelyn.”

I wonder why it should be that I didn’t get that last little message until today? I was too much hurried in opening the Christmas things, of course that is the logical answer. But I couldn’t have meant anything more to me than it did today. I’m sure. I stopped in the middle of my letter-sorting and wrote Evelyn a little note—just had to.

The only other word I have had about the feeling of anybody anywhere near the Board at home in regard to Oxford Group was not as encouraging as this. Mr. Burket wrote
Home so enthusiastically about what it had done for him and 8. Becker went back and told him to go easy—that the C. J. almost split the Burma Mission in two! Well! That proves one thing to me that I knew before: God works slowly and sometimes very quietly, and sudden enthusiasm and a great deal of talk doesn’t ever compare with a steady constant business of living out a theory that has helped you. It gives me comfort about not having great and sudden things happen here in Swallow after a few of us were helped by the Oxford Group. It is to be hoped that more will be accomplished by a steady keep-at-it than would have been done by thunderbolt preaching.

(Quoted from the C. J. Mission in Swallow)

Elizabeth Mulcock taught me something else not long ago, too, and that was, that we should remember that there are really a great many people around us who are living surrendered lives though they are not doing it in exactly the way C. J. Fellowship people do—I knew that all along and it is important not to forget it. Some C. J.’s have forgotten it sometimes, and have thought they were the only ones living close to God. And that is where the cracks and clacks
I'm very sure!

First monthly examinations began today. Fortunately I didn't have any until to-morrow, so I spent my time this morning making out the questions. Got them all done, then went over to see a boy in the hospital. Last Wednesday night Dr. Brown was to have led prayer meeting, but about 5 o'clock one of the academy boys was taken ill in hospital with what proved to be a strangulated hernia and an immediate operation was called for. All the staff doctors were brought together and the operation was performed while we were in prayer meeting — and remembering them in our prayers. After the meeting was over, Mabel and I went down to find out how things were. They had been afraid he might not live. He came through the operation all right — and today, when I saw him, he was very happy and cheerful. The doctors are very thankful.

This afternoon I had a shampoo and then got at my letters — and I have told you above what I found! Tonight I've been to prayer meeting, led at last by Velva, who was sick two weeks ago. They're operating last week, but finally got to the meeting tonight. She made it at Easter meeting and it was helpful to all of us — Several of the Chinese friends were there tonight.
Mabelle and I sang "There once Green Hill Far Away" and Beatrice Riceon sang a "Hosanna" song and we sang a great many Alleluia songs. Choir Miss has attended two of these meetings now - and she enjoys the singing very much, I know -

I have felt almost leisurely today, for I have taken my time about doing what I had to do - I wish it might be the same all the time, but I'm not able to manage - yet! Beginning tomorrow I shall have music practice with the choir Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the Easter Cantata in the church Sunday night, and Monday night a trip to Swatow with the choir for them to take part in the service at the Kidlat Church when a new piano is to be dedicated.

Tomorrow I have four exams - and I want to go to the prayer meeting if I can. The next day I have an exam at 8 and then I am to go to Swatow and sit in the dentist's chair for a while. I have one big and one little cavity that I know of. I hope he won't find too much that needs to be done!

Much love to you.

Affie.
Swatow, China
March 31, 1937

Dearest One,

Perhaps you have already received my letter asking you to send me some money. If you haven’t already done it, don’t worry. I’ll bring it home all right, I hope! But if you haven’t sent it yet, don’t send it. Only yesterday I decided that a trip around through Europe would
take too long & suit my impatient spirit and I am now making definite plans for a quicker trip across the Pacific. Don't know any of the dates yet - but you'll be hearing from me again pretty soon!

Love

Abhi
Swatow, China
April 3, 1937

Mother dearest my dear!

You didn't get any birthday present from me this year - Father didn't either! And when you get this letter it will be so long after your birthday that it won't seem a bit like a birthday letter.

But it will let you know that I was thinking about you on your birthday. It will also tell you that I'm very very happy not to be worrying any more about trips around
through the Red Sea that will
put off my getting home until
what would seem almost
like the middle of next winter
before I got there!

Now that I have decided to
come straight home instead of
taking any side-trips I'm much
more relieved and settled in
my mind than I have been
for many weeks. I can't possibly
be on the Mount Olivet of an
Easter morning, so I'll let
that go until another time.
I don't know yet, of course,
what reservation I can get for
travel across the Pacific, but
I'll let you know as soon as
I know anything myself.

Marguerite came down here
this afternoon to give a talk
at the Christian Home Club
(Teachers' Wives group) and she
is staying here with me tonight.
She is disappointed, I think,
that I'm not going on the
trip with her, yet not too
terribly dejected. She will
not stop at the Holy Land,
since that would mean a
far greater expense. She
will go all the way around
to Europe by water and will
reach England around the
last of July—by which time I
shall hope to be safely escorted in my snug little room at 6 Agamenticus Road. (Does Father still call it The Parlor?) Believe it or not, right now the last of July seems a long time off!

Our Easter Harper was something that we were pretty happy about. There were some mistakes, and a few extra flats and sharps, but the young people did pretty well. Everybody says that they sing the words much more plainly, that they pay better attention to the "loud" and "soft" marks, and that they sing with much more feeling than they have ever...
The singers went "on their own" more this time, too, as written.

Elsie played the accompaniment instead of having to follow along every note with the singers.

Tang Chek Min covered himself with glory in his tenor solo. They were beautiful, and he sang them very feelingly —

The Lament over Jerusalem
The Passion — the Woe of the Mother

Jeans' Death on the Cross

(Darkness, Rending of Veil of Temple, numbering Disciples' feet)

The night after Easter the choir went to Swatow to an Easter praise service there — dedication of a new piano. We sang two of the Easter choruses, and I was proud of them all over again! All the choirs in
Swatow were there and we sang pretty well, comparatively speaking. There was some talk of our going to Swatow with the Cantata, but I'm glad we are not going. A thing like that is a big strain.

Tonight I feel a little like a runner who hasn't yet got his breath. Our spring vacation begins tomorrow but I have been very busy today trying to get ready my speech which is to be given at the Religious Education Retreat at Chiang Mai this next week. Chek Min went away this afternoon and I worked two solid hours with him just
before he went, but I didn't get done. I'll have to work out the rest of it by myself.

I was invited to Ungers this week-end and I said at first that I would go, but had to back out at the last minute because I had too much to do. The Suebecks wanted me to help celebrate their wedding anniversary. I think they feel I am treating them very badly by not going, but it can't be helped. I can barely keep my head above water if I stay at home! If I had gone I'd have been swamped, sure enough!
Did I tell you about the boys I talked to about baptism, a week ago Sunday? He is to be baptized to-morrow, along with 18 others. Among them is Phak i', the second adopted daughter of Mai Che', and Seng Hui, another boy who was in my Sunday school class last term. It is slow work, but they do come in a few at a time!

Love, and then some, to both of you.

"And may ye live long and prosper!"
Swatow, China
April 13, 1937

Dearest Sue,

The retreat is over and I am back home again and deep in school work—and play! This afternoon one of the teachers and I spent quite a bit of time cutting out colored paper for money—dollar, twenty-cent, and ten-cent bills. Tonight Mabelle and I ransacked the office attic for odds and ends of everything we could think of. Friday night there is to be a teachers' party and we have decided to have an auction! I don't know just how it will work but at least it will be a little different from anything we have had recently.
In regard to the retreat - we had good meetings. I don't know that they were up to the pitch of the meeting that we had last year, and yet some of the addresses were excellent. There was a note of making the everyday tasks a part of one's religion, in all the talks, which was very hopeful, I thought. We have always been so prone to divide our lives up into compartments - one for Sunday and one for the rest of the time.

Just as last year, we divided the work among ourselves and did it without much help from servants. I took our cook with me principally because I knew I should need him to help with getting the baggage on and off the steamer. Sure enough I needed him when I came home especially because the others then all
forsook me and fled! One went to
Shek Soo, another to Nityang, and
others elsewhere, instead of coming right
back here; but they entrusted me with
their baggage! So I was pretty glad to
have some help.

We had some of the same people for cooks
as last year; this year I did not wash
dishes but I helped to wash the vegetables.
Dr. Friedt and Eide were on the dishwashing
squad, and Carl Casper was one of the
sweepers. One afternoon we went for
a splendid long walk.

The place where we stayed was the
Phaw thai chapel, which is right on the
river front. Phaw thai is about 3/4 of
the way from here to Nityang. It was
a splendid place for meeting—and the
rooms were divided so that the men
were in one side and the women in another.
so it was all quite convenient.

Win Tang Sue Lee was not there and we did miss her spiritual messages.

Edith Traver is in America and we missed her sadly. But I believe some good came of it, and it was something to have held it at all this year after all the discouragements they have been about our having such a retreat—really quite unofficial and met with more or less indifference on the part of the Lung Toy leaders.

I have a reservation on the Empress of Asia leaving Hong Kong June 25 and arriving in Vancouver July 12. I am now planning to take the Canadian Pacific R. R. directly across to Montreal and down from there. The people here will probably have approximate
train schedules from Vancouver & Boston, but if you people can get timetables showing the best way to get from Montreal & North Berwick, please send them to me either here or at the Empire somewhere along the route. As soon as I get the dates of ports of call I'll send them to you—

Now I'm really beginning to get excited about coming home!

Uncle, much love—

Abbie

234
Dear Queen, 

It is beginning to seem now that I am really going home to America. On Friday evening the Academy teachers held a farewell meeting for Beatrice Ericson and me, and gave us each a scroll to take home with us—a Chinese painting, with characters written on it appropriate to the occasion.

Last night after choir practice, the Y.P. stayed for a committee meeting. I am usually expected to stay too, and since it was right here at this house, it didn’t occur to me that I wasn’t expected to stay this time. After a bit of hemming and hawing, the president finally came right out with it—that the reason for the meeting was to prepare for a goodbye meeting for their adviser who was soon to leave on furlough.
Of course then I asked to be excused, and they said "We didn't think it would be very polite to ask you to go upstairs!" So I went upstairs and they had their committee meeting until about ten o'clock. I don't know when this affair is to come off, but sometime soon — so that it won't have to be rushed into the last few crowded days!

Tonight Elsie is having a farewell dinner for Beatrice — The invitation said "Black tie" — so that means we put on our frills & furbelows — I cannot stay late, however — There are too few days left and there is too much to be done to use much sleep time (more than necessary) on things other than sleeping.

Elizabeth Mulcock of the E.P. Mission is sailing on the Empress of Asia with me, on her way home to England — She goes all the way to Montreal with me and we are being introduced to...
people there who are friends of Ruth Milne—
But I don't plan a lengthy stay in Montreal.
The next train for Portland, Maine, suits me,
unless I find out that the one headed
towards Boston is faster and makes better
connections.

Elizabeth and I are both glad, for it is much
more satisfying & travel two than one! We
are writing to the C.P. company to have the
put into a stateroom together. And while
I think I shouldn't mind changing trains, stations,
etc., in Montreal, it will be fine to have some
one right there to tell me what I ought
to do.

When I think about Montreal, it makes me feel
that I'm almost home.

The Empress of Asia calls at these ports:
June 27, Shanghai — June 29, Nagasaki, Japan —
July 1, Kobe, Japan — July 2-3, Yokohama.
I shan't expect letters from you at all these places;
if you could get one to save somewhere in Japan, I'd
be quite happy; and if I should not find one waiting when I get to Vancouver, I'm afraid I should not be quite happy!

Muck, much love to you.

Abbie

Please send this letter on as I've addressed it - and I'll be grateful. — Q.
Swatow, China
May 7, 1937

Dearest One -

I could be all worked up right this minute - but I'm trying fairly successful in my attempt to keep calm and let things work out themselves. The situation is this. I have been invited to a farewell party in my honor tomorrow night by the Swatow Institute B. Y. P. U. I knew that the students here were thinking about having one - but they hadn't decided when. This morning they came to tell me that it is all settled that it will be at tomorrow night and they will have it tomorrow night - and the invitations are out and the time can't be changed! So I have to go to Swatow in about two minutes to see the young people over there (if I can find them!) about my arrival being a half hour late or so! It's a bad
business and I don't like to have to
out them both short but on the other
hand two things will both be done up
at once instead of dragging out quite
as long. I'll need all the extra time
I can get for packing.

By a short letter this time, though
it ought to be a long one to make up
for the one I did not write last week.
Your letter with the check for $225.00
has arrived safely - thank you very
much for the letter. I am not coming through Palestine I
hope I shall not need to touch this
but I'm not sure that I shouldn't
need a little of it for college loan
arrangements in the fall - I must
help Chick Min a little - and I may
be pretty nearly strapped aside from
this!

Much love to you

[Signature]
Swatow, China
May 11, 1937

Dearest Quee,

My letter-writing is rather spasmodic these days! There are so many things happening that I almost forget when I wrote last each week! and some weeks go by without my writing at all. I am a bad child, truly.

In the vicinity of this jumble Swatow Bay, plans do not always work out as they have been put down on paper. More than a week ago I was approached by the Young People's Society over in Swatow Institute with an invitation to attend a meeting to be given in my honor Saturday evening May 7. I accepted, then on the morning of May 6 our students came to me saying that they had arranged a farewell
party in the (the Student Government of the whole school) on Saturday evening May 7th. So I planned to go to the school affair at 6:30, then leave early and get over to Swatow by 8:30. But the winds and the waves ordered otherwise, and when Saturday night came the boatmen did not dare cross to Swatow! So I stayed here and was able to see the whole of the student program.

The chairman of the Student Government made a very nice little speech to me and then called on me for a speech (though he had not told me beforehand about that). But I had prepared a little and got through it better than I really ever expected I should. I felt freer to say what I wanted than I should have believed.
possible five years ago -- both
in regard to the students being
willing to listen and in regard
to my own being calm and
composed about it. They listened
and my admonitions very
respectfully and appreciatively;
they continued with the rest of
their program. They had two
little plays -- a competition
with judges
and all -- to see which of the
two lowest classes in school
has greater dramatic talent. They
were both shot -- and even with
two sprinklings of Chinese music
by a Chinese orchestra composed of
some students and some faculty
members, we came home at half
past nine -- very early for them!
I was glad it was so --
The next day the bay had
calmed down beautifully and
one of the Swatow boys came
over in the morning to set another
date. So I go with them next week,
unless the bay kicks up again!

The other night I had a very happy time with the senior high-graduating class. I was their guest of honor—the only guest at a farewell tea and dinner, if you please. We had a happy little social time, with tea, and cakes and ice cream, candy, and watermelon, seeds and fruit—games, riddles, songs and jokes. That included a speech by me, a speech (very short) by me, and a short speech by one of the girls. It was a rare opportunity. Many of them are non-Christians, but it didn't seem to make any difference—I believe I could have said anything to them. I hope the Lord will use the little Christian message that I did give them—perhaps he will, even more than as things I had said more!

We sat down to a feast about 8:30 and finished a little before ten—it was pretty fine!

Much love & ym,
Abbie
P.S. Soon I shall not have to write & ask about Scott Berwick friends— but will be able & see them for myself. How has Grace Allen been lately? I often think of her and Mrs. Moore and wonder whether I shall have a car again and be able to take them to church or missionary meeting? Is Helen Harvey by any chance president of C.E. now? I have had such good messages from Mary Libby and Dorris Bennett from time to time—I wish I had written them more often! Give my greetings to them all, too—and to others—Miss Plumer and Everett, Elta Guppy, Mrs. Pinder, Alice Goodwin Bertha Forde—and any others that you know I mean to keep in touch with, though I'm very poor at it! Mrs. Clement—the Clifford—and others—

This is over and above greetings & every one of our own "tribe"—my love goes to them, in my thoughts, in every letter I send you. I love Abbie
I think I told you in my last letter that I had received the $225.00 you sent O.K. Of course it does not make any difference & me when it comes from, and I really hope that I shall not need to use it any way, but I dunno - I'd like to save it for coming back through Palestine - maybe! (If I could tear myself away soon enough for a bit of gallivanting in that direction)
Swatow, China
May 24, 1937

Dearest Cues,

If you don't get a letter from me pretty soon you will begin to think I have stopped writing altogether! I am indeed ashamed. This last week the days have slipped by so fast that I don't know at all where they have gone. Now I realize that it is just one month I shall be leaving Swatow, probably! From the state of my affairs - packing - things to be left here - things to be attended to - before I go - you'd never
dreams that I intended to leave so soon. My dishes are packed away up attic, and the handwork things for Isabelle I use with the girls while I'm gone, but the rest of my things are not in the state I should like to have them in. I shall do the best I can, however, and that shall I can do—If I can manage to get through with my exams this week and get them corrected at once, that will be worth a great deal to me—Last week Dr. and Mrs. Howard of the Board arrived. We expected them Thursday, so postponed our prayer meeting until they should arrive.
On Wednesday night instead of our regular prayer meeting we went over to Helva Brown's and listened to the Coronation Service from London (She has bought Dr. Binsfield's radio). The first part of the evening there was a good deal of static and it was rather a strain to listen. About ten o'clock the air cleared and to our surprise we heard the beginning of the same thing again. Records were evidently made when the thing was going on and then repeated for the benefit of those who didn't hear the first time. We wanted to
stay up until 3.30 & hear the King's speech, but could not manage being up most of the night and carrying a heavy schedule the next day. I had classes from eight to twelve and I don't know what kind of work Velva had at the hospital - So we went home about 12. Mabelle went even earlier than that and she had a tearing headache the next day.

Velva heard the record of the King's speech the following night, so she was glad she hadn't lost the night's sleep for it. It hasn't ceased to be a
marvel to me that, such things can happen — so that we can hear — and almost see — such a beautiful and solemn ceremony. Americans in many places will feel it was a lot of pomp and show, I suppose, but there was something grand and imposing about it. The cheering which kept up as long as no louder I suppose, than a football game brings out, but there was something a little different about it to my ear.

One of the most interesting additions to me was the
way Enid Johnson would break faith in an animated whisper every now and then: "Yes, yes, I can see just where they are; I've been right there! I can see it all as plain as day!"

The next a.m. we got a telegram from the Horrors saying that they had missed connections and would not be here until Saturday.

Since I was one of the reception committee I spent actually the greater part of Saturday watching for the boat and going out to meet it! We expected it in about 9 a.m. But those boats sometimes come
earlier and we did not want
to miss them so we began
watching about 6.30. There was
a boatman watching but I
was afraid he would miss
so I spent a lot of my
valuable (!) time (I really
do feel it quite valuable
these days!!) looking out
from my little verandah.
There was one false
alarm and I went
down as far as the
bend then came back.
The boat actually
arrived a little after
three. Four or five of
us went out & the boat
and brought them up to the compound. They went to the Pagas at the beginning of their visit and that is where we took them when they came. They got over here to our house for the welcome tea about five. Most of the Chinese guests were already here when they got here. We had prayer meeting there at Elsie's that night. The Howards spoke & we Dr. Howard preached the next morning (and the choir sang a special song by request!)

Sunday noon I went immediately after an early
dinner over & Swatow city 
& the Swatow Institute young 
People's Society meeting. They 
tried to have a farewell meeting 
for me the week before, on 
Saturday night (did I write 
about it?) but the waves were 
too high and I couldn't get 
across. It was just as well, 
for our own school had a 
farewell meeting for me that 
same night before, and it was 
going to be just too bad if 
I had to get up in the 
middle of that and go off 
& Swatow! As it was, 
I had a good time here 
with our students, and
the Swaton Y. P. arranged this other time for me later—Enid is their regular adviser, but Mr. Capen and I are "extras." Some of them are former students of mine. The leader is the younger brother of Lo Siah Ke, the chairman of our Lipis Top Executive Committee. It was a very nice little meeting—except that I'm afraid I talked too long—Enid said an hour! I'd better reform before I get home—I don't believe anyone will want to listen to me an hour now-a-days! (Except in the forum of my family—and they can't help themselves, poor things!)
Is Mary Warren still in Santa Barbara? She has been so good about sending me cards and messages from time to time. Give her my love when you see her.

I must sign off for now.

-Much love to the whole "tribe," collectively and individually. I can scarcely wait to see you all!

Yours ever—

[Signature]
Swatow, China
May 23, 1937

Dearest Ones,

Dorothy Campbell's brother, David, and his wife are down here in Swatow to see Dorothy off to America, and in about 15 minutes now I'm going over to Velma Brown's to see them. In that fifteen minutes I hope to go through a little pile of your letters and see if there are any questions I need to answer. This is with a view to destroying the letters. I do not intend to leave letters behind me this time if I can help it - and while I hate to destroy these letters from you I think I'd better do it.

I must first tell you, thoughts, of the Trans-Pacific air mail letter I received Friday from Eleanor Schroeder, inviting me to stay with her during the time I'm in New York after I land there! Wasn't that lovely of her? I'm saving the stamps that came on her letter for her, as she asked me to, and since I know that she is making a stamp collection, I'm going to send her an air-mail letter in return, so that she can have these stamps for her collection. I shall hope to visit her sometime when I am in New York.

The pictures (moving) you saw at Mary Sebby's sounded most interesting. Please tell her a thank-
you for the good letter you sent me not long ago—and I'm looking forward & seeing her again—(Time & go, and I've only torn up three letters!)

Monday, May 24—noon recess

I've just finished reading over some more letters and I have come across Aunt Bertha's request for Chinese flower seeds. I'm sorry—I simply forgot all about them—I'll try to see what I can do—against United States law to take any seeds or plants into the country except in seed trays.

Four weeks from today I shall probably be leaving Swatow. Imagine that! I shall hope to be leaving on the same boat with Margaret Everham and Elizabeth Mulcock. Again I have to report that my packing is not done at all yet, but I'm hoping to get some of it done very soon—

Much much love,

[Signature]