Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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[1946] \[Switzerland, May 20\]

Dear Mary,

Things do work out pretty well for us, don't they? Yesterday received receipts etc. from Forrest Smith as I knew everything was shipped as per. Many thanks. And yesterday the four types of lovely cards & gifts of pictures came. Again thanks - paper napkins, lovely paper, lovely flower cards, ribbons, all much appreciated - you are a jewel - I am anxious to know all about you.

Today we have a holiday & celebrate the people's election of a president in China. You should have heard the students go wild when the announcement was made this morning that the government had said schools would not have vacation, but since this was a very important thing in the life of China, I had been taught best to mark the day.

Today Katherine's husband is bringing in husband's body down from Kityasper where it had to be interred temporarily because of war conditions, when he died 7 years ago. It is a hard experience for her.

Our weather has come with a bang - and not any rain in between, I speak of - we shall be out of water before in long at this rate! Much love.

[Signature]

[Stamp]
On the way to Reno (?) May 21

Dearest Mary darlin',

You don't mind my using up on you this paper that I've had ever since a deputation trip in 1938 do ye? I thought along some odds and ends of writing paper in an "overflow" bag the string shopping bag which you would recognize. I thinkings that maybe I would have some chance to write on this train. I've been thinking of you all along the way, Mary dear - you know it.

On the train at Greenfield and Springfield and especially at New Haven where we had to wait the longest and change trains twice - with too much baggage and no patience.
available! But kind men helped. I was within May was alone. And waiting in New York 5 hours not knowing how soon the train would start or if it would start that night! And when the mule finally came that the train would leave it was a half hour and every porter in Grand Central was busy — and then it got to be 15 minutes and then 11 minutes and still no porter; I finally started with my arms full, typewriter, overcoat, bag, purse, umbrella — and literally kicked my two heavy suitcases the length of Grand Central (with my new blue shoes too)! I sure wished for someone to be with me then! But finally there was a porter who put my load on his truck and thus got me aboard — he started shouting "Whoa!"

I was glad I didn't have to change in Chicago — and now there is just one more night on this train and then one more night in this car and I shall be glad to get down to earth.

We have had some army nurses and navy lieutenants in this car and they have been lively enough — kind
each other's things and dressing up a pillow in a nurse's coat hat or the putting pop-corn in the beds, etc. — all helps to break the monotony.

One meal I sat at table with people who were interested in my going to China — it turned out that one of them used to be a missionary of the Mormon church, in England! "We didn't invade China," said he. "And they gave me cordial good wishes in my trip, etc.

Things still seem to be working out pretty well for me so far — in five days' time the R.R. strike may be dissolved, but if not — my thing + I should have time to get to San Francisco and I won't still have the worry of how I'm going to get to my ship on time! At
least that is the way it looked to me now —

Did I tell you the reason that I started out the 18th instead of the 19th? The train out of Berlin Sunday. It is just as well. My mother would never have approved my starting out on a long journey on Sunday!

I shan’t be sending too many more air mail letters to you, am afraid — At least not after I leave this country —

But my love will be going to you just the same, you know —

dove to Anna too —

you —

Abbie
Hotel Stewart  
May 25  

Dear Mary:

This will just let you know that the S.S. "Gen. Gordon" has been cancelled and I am now booked to leave, on the same line, on S.S. "Gen. Meigs" June 7. Those previously booked on that boat will go later.

My old friends the Hylberts of Shanghai are here, and going on
same steamer - very fine!

Have had two good visits
with Dr. Brown - am
-going out to see Mrs.
Greebeck today. Have
met Mr. & Mrs. Sutterlin,
new folk in S. China - also
very fine!

Velva B. had a party with
Sutterlin's, Sylvia Hobart -
me, celebrating Sylvia's -
Abbie's birthday! Corsages in,
everything!

Much love - to Anna too,

If write a real letter as soon
as I have time to breath.

Have bought bed, etc - here. Your affli
Hotel Stewert
San Francisco
May 29 -

Dearest Mary:

Well here I still am, the day I expected to be sailing away from this country! I still have a week and two days to wait— and that means if they don't change and put me on another steamer that is still later!

The Jiffin girls are now scheduled to sail on the Gordon June 11th—three days later than the Marago! So they may catch up with me in Shanghai and maybe I'll get on the same boat with them from there down to Hongkong and then up to Shanghai. If Louise Jiffin is going to live with me I certainly don't care about getting there before she does. Things would work out more satisfactorily!
I believe, if we landed them together
and worked things out together—
In spite of having extra time here
I imagine I shall be fairly busy.
At least my seven trunks are all
here in San Francisco, and I
have seen them all. I went down
to the Union Transfer Co., where they
are stored, yesterday and got into
the steamer's wardrobe (that I packed
at your house) to get out my dark blue
wool slacks—I did wear them every
day on the steamer coming home and
maybe I can wear them this trip—
Only I am not sure that any
sweater I have looks right for the
top part of the outfit. May have
to get a jacket or smock or something.

If I can!

I have got my bed springs and
mattress—wish six less that
screw into the (bed) springs so I
won't have to hurry about getting
a bed frame made — I got magnets
netting — I bought some canned
food and expect to get some
evaporated milk and powdered milk
and some canned meat — I'm told
I ought to take sugar — well, I
have got maple sugar — a little!

Where do you suppose I am right
now? At the hairdressers here
in the hotel — having a shampoo —
I put the Grecian on myself and
the girl gave me a good scrub,
I think.

It is grand to have the Hyberts her,
they are wonderful people, and
wonderful friends — sane and
sensible and helpful — They went
through awful times in Shanghai —
Dr. H. was just about no. 1. on the J. Blacklist - the only Baptist there
who was really arrested and
tortured. (His legs, Mrs. H. told me,
still bear the marks of the electric
pincers they used!) He never
expected to get out alive -

They have taken me to see
Claudette Colbert in "Tomorrow is
Forever" - very good - and also a
show called "Gregg Field Follies, 1946"
which was very lovely and amusing
and graceful and colorful - Ethel
goes shopping with me - and
they take me in the car quite
often -

I've been over to Berkeley &
see Velma Brown three times -
Went to the Oakland First church
to prayer meeting Wed night -
then again Sunday - and everyone was so jolly. The assistant pastor spoke very kindly of Bob Anderson and his father as he greeted us by name in the Sunday a.m. service. Roberts are at D. B. C. but younger daughter Sylvia is here and Velva had a birthday party for her and me - guess I met from (Thursday night) Well Sunday after church several China people and friends (11 in all) including Velva, Hylberts, Sutterties (new from So. China), Jane Lawrence (formerly Tangpo) and Dr. Beatrice Lee and I went for Chinese dinner in Chinatown, San Francisco.

Then afterwards Bea Lee and I went home with Velva and in the evening Bea's husband came out and I was glad to meet him. I stayed all
right and Velva had a copy of writing paper and a nice card ready to bring to me while I was still in bed May 27 as soon as I woke up.

Then that night the Hylberts took me to the show and celebrated, though they didn't know it until the next day! So it was a much nicer birthday than I expected to have.

Saturday I went out to Alameda and had lunch with Mrs. Groesbeck and she gave me a lovely quilt (tulip design, applique) which will go in the box of freight I expect to send from here. She also gave me a postage stamp quilt top which she has pieced herself - which I can have quilted and finished in China. I was lucky enough to find a sheet the right size for lining it, and I hope I can get
San Francisco, June 7, 1946

My dear,

I am appalled at the way time goes by and at what a very little is accomplished each day of this time when everything is supposedly all done and I am sitting waiting (in theory!) in the ship & said. Actually there is a lot still to be done - and there is some that can't be done, because everything is as tied up. We go to the freight broker's every day or so, and he tells us new regulations each time - different from the time before - and we go to the steamship office and he assures us that "as far as they know" the General Meigs is still really going to sail June 13.

Louise Capen and her two little girls are here; The Gippins, who were to have sailed on the Meigs, are now put on the Marine Lynx, sailing June 11th - two days before we are to go! Also Mr. & Mrs. Suttcin...
though to Hong Kong (just one night away from Shanghai — maybe!) whereas ours does not go to Hong Kong, but lands us in Shanghai where we can twiddle our thumbs till another ship comes along. I don’t mind too much, really, but Mrs. Copen does — she has been trying since January to go, and not to have the others who were scheduled later, including the Sutterling who are new, get there first, is rather hard!

Actually, since Louise Giffin and I are to live together, it will be easier for me in a way if I don’t get there ahead of her and have to make decisions about house, airline, etc., before she gets there! Hope I’ll get there before school begins, though!

The longer I stay here, the longer the list of things I’m sure I’ll need! My case of canned stuff and a box of other things is about ready to go — my small suitcase is inside the box and I have bought another bigger, cheaper, light weight suitcase & some food for the shortest trip, take in my cabin Fast Sunday & they bring it home.
Mary dearest dear —

It is long past bedtime
but I can't get the other letters into the envelope without writing a little tiny note just for Mary — Did she know I have several spots that are exceedingly vacant too?

Most dreadfully as right now!
Louise C. wants awfully to change with Giffins, Sutterline, etc and get there earlier — I don't feel I can ask anyone to change for me — but I realize it is different with her — with part of her family out there — Me? I'm leaving part of me here, seems as though!
I pushed my slackes out and had to let them out around the waist! Got the hotel dressmaker to stitch the belt on again - if Mary had been here with her machine I bet she would have sewed it for me!

Do you think?
Oh Mary me love! How can I not say all these things I want & say?!!
Our great comfort is that you know them, even when I don't say — I know this is a meanly letter, but I love you, love you.
Yours Affly
June 13, 1946

Outside the Golden Gate
S.S. General Messe

Dearest Mary,

Well here we go, on the first commercial steamer I take passengers since December, 1941. I didn't realize that until this afternoon. Others who have gone have gone on U.S. Navy transports. That is what this is, too actually; the difference being that this has just been turned over to the American President Line. It has not yet been converted to use for passengers. Therefore we are in officers quarters and 18 women in a big cabin. Bunks are three tiers deep and I am in one of the upper bunks - only two of which have good overhead space. I'm glad I have one of the good ones. I fear it might be difficult to dress, undress, etc., if
I didn't have room to nod my head and swing my arms—The Capens and Mrs. Hylbert in also in this cabin, also Mrs. Christian of Fordon, whom Anna probably knows, a Miss Daniels (Rev.), a Mrs. McCannally, a Miss Abel, a Miss Cleveland, and others whose names I have not learned.

Pretty good bunch, I think. The place is piled high with suitcases. We each have a locker— and a place to hang a coat and a dress. The bunks are not very wide, but I am nearly enough after 3 days weeks of waiting and 2 days of going to the dock and waiting hours and hours in long lines of people & more— so that I'm about ready to crawl in right now— More in the morning!
Hi am

Two of my old students are on board and I have had very interesting conversations with them already. Both are nephews of Banker Yang Teng Li, whom Anna knows. One is Raymond Chen (Chen, he spells it) and he has been responsible for the China-America Land-Lease this past year, as he says, got his Ph.D. at Harvard. The other is a Ph.D. also. They recognized me instantly. I think I have not grown older, etc.

We are divided into two groups, first and second settings for meals. The Capens eat at first table — we choose second table (Hulbert and I) — Emma Brodbeck reported that on her trip home meals were served cafeteria style and you had to eat and get on quick for the next group. We had great big steaks last night for dinner but they were somewhat tough. On the whole I am quite pleased
because most things are a little better than I thought they were going to be. One thing I don't like is climbing off my high perch in the middle of the night as I had to last night — I should have known better than to drink two cups of coffee for supper! Of the eighteen in our cabin three of them smoked and two smoked in the middle of the night. We don't think that is quite fair, but haven't found a way to do anything about it yet.

Another thing is this business of deck chairs. None are provided — and we had to bring our own — little canvas folding chairs with back. Quite comfortable, but the trouble is that some people did not bring any. All this morning some one has been sitting in my chair and in one of Mrs. Capers! Pauline Stern and Doris Marsh who were at Yale studying are on board.
Since this is the northern route it is fairly cool— I am comfortable in my wool slacks, sweater and coat—and if it gets cooler I shall go after my steamer rug—

I did go after it—! And I sat out on deck quite a while, read until I got sleepy. Then just as I decided to climb up in my trunk and have a nap—a loud voice announced boat drill and we all had to get our life jackets on and stand out on deck for a while—then I did climb up and go to sleep—just got up in time for dinner—

Now we have come back into the social hall—which is just a mob of people—some writing letters, many playing cards
I'm glad I have my own chair, but I realize I won't be able to sit in it unless I am the early bird—I think I am going to bed pretty soon—too many people to hear myself think, let alone write anything coherent.

There really are not enough of many things for the crowd on this ship—not enough desks, not enough table silvers, not enough chairs, etc. But if we can possibly manage to get away from this place without losing half the crew, I guess we'll paddle along to the China coast—

No more of this nonsense—I love you both, but in this milling crowd I have scarcely written enough to say so—

Love—Abbie
On Board the S. S. Cap. Meigs
One day out from Vancouver
June 17, 1946

Dear Mary,

How disgusted I am to find your letter, all addressed and
in the envelope and not sent, as I
intended, from Vancouver! Nor do I
don't know when you will get it.

I did not go ashore at Vancouver.
It was so cold and damp that
I hated to take off my wool
slacks. We didn't dock until 10.30
p.m. and that was too late, I thought
to see much. The next morning
I was still too lazy to dress up and leave ship - it was
Sunday, so no shopping, yet
not time enough in church.
So going ashore did not appeal
to me. We left about 12.00.
Yesterday really did not seem like Sunday at all. A service had been arranged for at 11 a.m. but that was just the time when there was great confusion and no chance to have service. Some of the brethren aboard were quite upset about it. They thought we ought to have a service by hook or by crook, even if we had to hang over the rail and do it. Well—we didn’t have it. But did have a brief hymn singing last night out on deck.

A devotional service is to be held every morning at 7 a.m. I didn’t get up for it this a.m. I don’t know whether I shall usually or not. I eat at second table, quarter to nine.
and thus far have just managed to get myself up and dressed in time for that. The last days in S. F. were quite strenuous and the last two nights I was up rather late, so I'm not all slept out yet.

June 19 ————

This is the craziest trip I was ever on in my life! All kinds of people—

all brands and gradations of missionaries. Some Chinese who are fine, some who are so arrogant and have a chip on their shoulders all the time. Some missionaries who are bound to make some non-missionaries mad, because they can't help forcing their religious activities on people who don't want anything to do with them. ! Some of us think it is nicer to live and
let live here in such crowded quarters. Others insist on having meetings and sings on the part of the deck that one of the non-missionary crowd is already occupying with their deck chairs. The sings could be lovely, if only they were managed just a little differently. Some of the Chinese young people sidled up the other night and called on "Are Ye Able" and "I Would Be True." But the man playing the autoharp didn't know either of those "new" songs. I tried to say let's sing them without the instruments — but no go. That was one big opportunity lost. If I'd been leading the singing I think I'd have broken my neck to sing what the Chinese y.
asked for and wanted! But if they are only the old old hymns, the y. p. will not come. Already there have been one or two little "international" incidents.

There is no room for so many to live all together. At this very minute some people are writing, some reading, or trying to! One couple is playing chess. A few tables of mummy—one at least of jokers, morning and losing big money; a crowd of snorting, excited passengers over at the other side of the room are playing the mechanical horse races with betting, of course. Half the people in the room are smoking and the air is thick. A couple sitting right behind me—Russian woman and British man—have two big bottles and two glasses and have systematically settled down.
the enthralling occupation of getting drunk, nothing else. The air in this social hall is foul tonight - it is too cold to go out on deck; it is too dark in the cabin to read, and the clocks will be set back another hour tonight as it will be a long night.

But - I can't stand it any longer - so - good night -

With lots of love -

And WISHES

Yrn

Abhi
Dear Mary,

I've just been reading over the two letters already in your envelope and I've decided I'd better put in one more sheet anyway, to let you know that I haven't always been so low as I was at the end of that second letter.

We had a splendid church service in the social hall Sunday morning, fully 34% of the passengers—perhaps more—participated, and the message of the morning was given by Mr. Leung, National Secretary of the YM.C.A. in China—very pretty and fine in the audience and particular situation—felt heaps better after that meeting. I have been to the evening hymn singing several times and to the morning prayer meeting twice—I wish there were less piety and more spontaneity about both of them. I have met some very fine people on board and had some very interesting...
and helpful conversation with some of them. We all feel that going back to China at this time presents many pitfalls, but a great challenge and that we are very privileged persons to have this chance. I hope I shall be bolder to give my Christian witness to teachers and students than I have ever been before. I know that sometime I have bent over backward and kept too silent, for fear of hurting sometimes feelings or for fear of saying something before the time was ripe. I hope I shall always be wise in the business of winning others to Christ, but hope that I shall be bold, too.

I think I could be lonely tonight, but I must not get on to that train of thought. I know your love and prayers are following me. I am in His care—and I must not be greedy!
University of Shanghai  
(July 2, 1946)  
(Address: Kwanto, China)

Dearest Mary,

Just want to dash off a few lines to let you know that I arrived in Shanghai yesterday after an uneventful trip, crowded, noisy, public, with good food, but no room to turn around. Mrs. Taylor, the mission treasurer met us at the boat and sent us out here. It is heavenly to have a little privacy. Getting off the boat was pretty awful. They wanted to charge us $5.00 U.S. a piece for carrying suitcases down the gangway off the ship! Prices are terrific. Paid $48.00 Chinese (about 2.40 gold) for a simple lunch yesterday and $36.00 today, in town. Here at the U. it is cheaper, $2.00 per meal or about $1.00. Have located all but one piece of my baggage and have it bonded through customs. In Hongkong we shall have to have it bonded at Kwanto - if and when we can get a ship from here. Everything is full, Full, FULL! We are very...
Lucky to have a place to sleep here. I am lucky that my trunks at least have not burst open. The one piece still lacking is a crate of food (tins, etc.) bought in San Francisco. I hope it will appear! There were still 5 truckloads to come off the ship this morning.

It is raining like everything, and my raincoat is in a trunk which is bonded and cannot be opened! But my good friend Elizabeth Knabe lent me one of the two raincoats so I haven't got wet yet!

I will be glad to know that both shoulders are O.K. The left one is a little stiff but no pain and I am very very thankful.

In fact I am full of thankfulness for many things. I have seen several of my old Swarthmore friends, including Mr. H. C. Ling, my former principal.

July 3 - Just now ran into Ellen Petersen in the Mission Treasurer's office! She is domineering Hangzhou in Reference Committee and other meetings and will stay at the same house with me.

Can't write what is in my heart - but you may be sure it is the same old story! Bless you - Much, much, love to you both -

I know you'll pass on my news to sisters.

I am writing to Arthur & Emily - and don't know how many more air mail letters I will be sending soon.
University of Shanghai
July 9, 1946
(Address Swatow)

Dearest Mary:

Just got word that Louis Capen is to leave with the children by plane at 4:15 am tomorrow and I go with all the baggage by ship the day after. We have had to go in the 10 miles to the city by truck every day since we arrived July 1 and have thought we had passage only to have it taken away and now this seems pretty sure, but I still believe it when it happens. I shall not be alone, probably. A Miss Forte, a Mennonite missionary who refused with us several years ago wants to go. Swatow and will go with me if she can get on the steamer.

The people here have been very nice to us. I have been staying with Elizabeth Knute of Philadelphia, an old acquaintance— and two Swatow Baptist women who have been in
I have had some meals with my good friends the Bottoms, family of S. China. Their boy has been here on leave from Air Corps—just left today.

Was at dinner with my old boy H.C. Lipke and his wife and two youngest children, at his home last Sunday. Then we went to a "Swallow" tea at the Park Hotel. T.J. Dix, now president of the Board of Trustees of the University, his mother, and several other old students and friends were there. All very gracious.

Some of my "old girls" are having a "tea" for tomorrow. I'm looking forward to it. Any Louise can't be at that.

Conditions here in Shanghai are simply beyond description. Summer is about triple what it is in New York City—and many things much more expensive than that. The rich people have plenty—others not nearly enough. I can scarcely wait to get to "Swallow" to see how things are there. A famine is in progress. Some provisions are available from UNRRA, but some are not. My letter is full of odds and ends—and lines. Did I tell you?
Dear Mary darlin,

If this ship had not been delayed in Shanghai harbor nearly two days (about 44 hours) after we boarded, I might at this moment be getting things aboard a ship in Hong Kong harbor bound for Swatow. Today is the day we have heard that a steamer leaves Hong Kong -! But also, unless the steamer is delayed, this one will never catch it - we shall not get to Hong Kong until 6 p.m. anyway - Well! maybe they could have been room for me anyway!

I shall be glad enough when this leg of the journey is over - The crew has been madly dumping overboard some 200 or more drums of valuable sulphuric acid which had corroded string holes in the metal drums - and had also got so hot in this
tropical sun that gas formed in the drums and expansion started in. Someone says that the acid should have been put in glass, but I don't see how that would have helped in case of expansion, do you? It is very dangerous to handle, and some of the crew have been pretty badly burned - in the face, on arms, legs. The man to whom the stuff was being shipped is the loser. He had to take the risk, as no insurance company would cover it. He could have made a fortune if this one shipment had got there. As it is, it is said he will lose some $50,000 not counting what he might have made on the deal. The reason it didn't give trouble until now, they say, is that the ship came across the Pacific (drums) the northern route and the gas did not get heated up until they had had a few days of hot sun. They were in Shanghai harbor a month or so and it rained the most of that time, so was cooler. Doesn't it
seem a pity that such valuable stuff
so needed in the refining of sugar
and the making of many medicines
should have to be thrown overboard a few
hours before reaching its destination, after
it had been on the way for weeks? There
seems no other way. For after all,
the passengers, though only 12, and
the ship, and the crew, and the
other cargo, must be safeguarded.
I got a spot of the acid on my
cotton housecoat this morning
coming from my shower—luckily
I didn’t get turned at all! I must
have run against it somewhere
where their rubber life-saving
suits had brushed a door knob or
something.

We have twelve passengers only—
this being a freight ship, still
controlled by the U.S. govt. It is
a very congenial group; Dr. & Mrs.
Fuson. Presbyterians from Canton in
whose home Emily & I stayed a few nights.
back in 1921; Miss Paulina Foste, a
Mennonite missionary from up beyond
where Louise Campbell is (oh yes, she asked
about Anna too), who has been working
in Kanaan and Honan the last few
years. She is on her way to Swaton
now—is going up inland to visit her
old station (sent by her board) before she
returns home on furlough in Oklahoma.
She refereed with us once back in 1927
Dr. M. J. Rankin, National Foreign
Secretary, Southern Baptist Convention, whom
I have known for years; Dr. Caughlin, who
takes Dr. Rankin's old place as secretary
in the Orient; Mrs. Rogers, cabin-mate
with Miss Foste and me; wife of a Chase
Bank man in Hong Kong; Mr. Watson,
Standard Oil, who remembers with
pleasure his one year in Swaton (1939).
He liked it; many business people
think it is too dull—nothing goes
on there; Dr. Ding and Mr. Jin, who
are on their way to a Y. M. C. A.
conference in Geneva. Dr. Ding has
recently been pastor of the community


Church in Shanghai, Mr. Y. is a widely travelled (in China) Y. M. secretary. Mr. Ji was in a crossword puzzle past and another Chinese, Texas Oil, Hong Kong.

We had a fine little worship service Sunday night up in the Francis cabin, which is very large. Dr. Rankin read II Corinthians 4, v. 7 to the end, and told a little of what it meant to him when he was interned in Stanley prison, Hong Kong. All the passengers attended, which seemed quite wonderful in view of the fact that the Captain had said to count him out and his crew, and that he didn't want us to use the dining saloon. But I think now that he has been worried nearly to death by this dangerous cargo and also by trouble among his crew.
Do you miss some things that you
have not seen in this letter? They
are all right there, my sweet,
right between the lines - as always.

Much, much love - to you both.

Ever yours,

Erbee
It is hot here.

Swatow China
Aug. 4, 1946

Mary, my dear.

How very much I should like to sit down and talk and talk tonight — telling you all about these first few days’ happenings! Anna could visualize a good deal of it, and maybe you could too, if I kept talking about it enough! There seems not to be any time & sit down, though, and write as much as a paragraph at a time — because of all kinds of interruptions, many of them welcome ones.

White ants have been busy at work while we have been gone. The bathroom next to my room here at Eastview was not safe to step into, although I
did use it for several days -

They found the floor boards riddled and all the beams but one so bad that they fell 10 pieces being taken out. Now some old but good beams have been found to replace them, and boards in the floor have been cut, planed, grooved, and are being sun-dried before they can be put in.

The gutters or eaves troughs on almost all the houses are in bad condition, this one is nearly repaired now, Hillcrest, where Sutterlin are living, will be next. Windows and shutters are being repaired in both these houses. Mr. Sutterlin has repaired the screening in their house himself and will help the carpenter do some others, this house included - Hinges, Fastening.
locks, door knobs, bolts, shutters, are many of them gone. Materials are impossibly high, and workers wages are high because rice is $7.00 a catty (85.4¢ for a little over a pound).

Many

All the windows are gone at Roberts house; both cisterns at Prescott house, where I used to live, were cut and "remodeled" and used as bomb shelters. The upper one has fallen in entirely. The Japanese built roads down the hill to the reservoir in front of Prescott house, and they used to slide ammunition and other things down the hill in vehicles. Another road went from the front of East Hall (school bldg) straight down to the sea. Railroad ties and rails were used, and a light weight car