Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: General correspondence

Box / folder: 7 / 55

Folder label: AGS to Mary Clough

Dates: 1949-1953

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Mary my dear:

How don't get scared and think I have had to evacuate or anything! Velva Brown and I are just down here for two weeks for a vacation that Velva needed quite desperately. She has been on the job steadily ever since she arrived 2 years ago and she needs a let down for a bit. I'm glad to get glasses repaired and do a few other errands and quite glad to come in this jamboree with Velva.

We flew down here two days ago, plane fare coming this way being much cheaper than ship. We shall go back by ship and we already have our passage engaged, going back on a ship the 8th or 9th of February. Just yesterday and today we have got quite a lot done; seen a number of friends, got some things for the hospital, left watches and glasses to be repaired, seen the Hairdresser's, and now, as you can plainly see, I'm writing a letter to my beloved Mary - I'm wondering specially right this minute if Mary has received some birthday greetings that I sent her sometime ago? Hope so. I'm wishing hard that all Mary's days will be happy ones. Wish Mary could be here and tramp around this old town with us. I think she would love it - and I know I should! =)
We are going to dissipate tonight and go out to see the sights this last night of the Chinese old year. Already the air is full of firecracker smoke and sound — guess I’ll want till I get back before finishing this — just in case we see something exciting!

Next day — well, we went out as planned, and we saw quite a good many people, and some boys throwing firecrackers, and lines of street shops selling everything from flowers & police whistles, but none of the old Chinese curios such as used to be brought out to be sold to foreigners years ago. So we walked around a bit, took the ferry back to this side, went into a snack joint and had hamburgers and hot items, and came home and got to bed shortly after midnight (we went out about ten) the night across the bay was the nicest part — with lights from Hong Kong making a beautiful picture — much too
Mary, my dear,

Back from Hongkong again and ready for the fray, which begins next week. Only I haven’t done all the things I wanted to do in vacation. Have I mentioned to you since I got back? Had a good vacation with Valma although we spent a lot of it traipsing around trying to errands for other people, and mostly finding out that we couldn’t get the things. It wasn’t that true, either. Kay Lockett wanted fluorescent bulbs which we couldn’t get. Edna Smith wanted “Halo” shampoo and a number of people wanted cheese! The rest of the stuff was found after a search and we brought back everything from X-ray films and chocolate bars to flashlight batteries, salami oil, cotton cord, and a glass pitcher! Couldn’t get the
grass rugs I had hoped to get for myself, as it was fun to do shopping
for others. All together it was a very
good change. A good number of
former students looked us up, and
all wanted to show us it was a good time.
It was really quite wonderful.

Doctor G. did not have such a
good time. She has spent the whole
vacation in bed, with severe pain in
her back and left arm. They don't
know how she got the inflammation
of the nerve. It is in the right place
for sciatica but I should say has been
about as painful - Doctor has not yet
said she may get up - and indeed she
is still not free from pain. I feel
so sorry for her. She wanted to
go to Hersheys this vacation.

It is my turn to lead prayers meeting
to-morrow night. Don't you want to
come and lead it for me? You
probably couldn't find a sofa &
that with a convenient shoulder
to lean against during the service of prayer - so maybe you wouldn't
get a nice little nap in. - Member? My diary and lovely study assignment
book have just come - Tonight I've
taken reading all about Hymnology!
The study assignment book is grand.

Thank you very dear LOVE you.
The diary is a grand hand you... Abbie
Did you know Mr. Fegan is gone!
Greetings & & Aunt Minnie &

Mary my dear,

I have typed a couple extra sheets of "gabble" when writing to Arthur - Not that I said much, but just let you all know I am in the land of the living and tells you one or two things I am thinking about - I'll send this one & you and the other one & Goldie, maybe - she is a long suffering one who must have the feeling she never hears from me!

A beautiful box of cords has arrived from my dear Mary - They are so nicely fixed. The ones I like best are the ones that have a little "piece to match" pasted on - (as far as the fixing goes, I mean - But they are all fine and I'm very grateful for them - Thank you, my dear!
This is an experiment, and I'm not yet just sure how well it is going to work. We have been trying to get hold of some of these folders but they simply were not to be had. They are just about the cheapest thing in the world, we reckon. Somebody must be losing money on them. The price is 5, Gold Yuan and it takes 2,700 or more Gold Yuan to make an American dollar! But the catch is that the Post Office just did not have them for sale. Now that I have a few I feel the urge to sit down and write to all my friends.

One of the catches is that this is now the last evening of our three-day spring vacation and I haven't any of those letters written yet. Another catch is that nowadays sometimes when I am writing a letter I get sleepy but still keep right on writing. The results are sometimes amazing. But I shouldn't care to amaze my good friends at the other end of the line too much, so it seems wise to exercise a little care.

Maybe some people have been worrying a bit as to the situation out here. I hope you won't feel let down when I tell you that at the present time we are carrying on our work pretty much as usual. Of course, with the whole country as upset as it indubitably is, there is bound to be a certain amount of restlessness, especially among the students. We get discouraged sometimes because students would rather do almost anything than study, so it seems. How can their interest in their studies be aroused? How can their interest in the highest things in life be aroused? How can they be helped to make right decisions? Life becomes a fair whirl of questions, some of them really difficult.

The missionaries had a most helpful conference last month.

All the missionaries in the South China Mission were present except Louise Campbell, who had such a poor trip last summer that she thought she'd better not try it again just yet. Alice Giff did come down, but the bridges were burned after she got here. So she had to go back by boat up the river instead of by bus, and that trip is likely to take her ten days or more. (for about 100 miles!)

Dr. Clara Leach left on Saturday, April 2, for Hongkong, where she took a freighter for USA the next day for America. This is supposed to be her last furlough, and her next term is not like to be as long as the usual term, because of her retirement. I'm not sure whether you will see her while she is at home. Her mother-in-law may drive to the west coast to see her. She will be at the Western Baptist Convention.

- She will have just one more term of furlough, she will have just one more term of furlough, she will have just one more term of furlough. If all goes well, I should have the whole term after I come back on my term, after I come back on my term, after I come back on my term, after I come back on my term. It is hard to believe that there are still left out here. So much still left undone!
Dear Mary mine:

Again a long time has passed without my writing - and I'm ashamed that I have a little excuse. Since last Saturday night - a week ago, I have been "sleeping" thirteen extra hours at my house and "eating" seven of them.

They are three families of German missionaries on their way home to Germany. Or rather, I have two of the families and Rowntree Griffin has the third. I am "feeding" one of my two families and Katherine Liebeck is "feeding" the other family for me - and doing
J. has her family in both room and board. Their planes do not leave for Paris (leave Hanyk) until May 23 - and Hanyk government will not allow them to be there except for a very brief stay - just time enough to catch plane.
These people have not been home for 14 or 16 years - they were not allowed to go during war - none of the children have ever been anywhere except in the interior of China. They are lonely children and have beautiful manners - yet they are as lively as anything - and different from one another as can be. Hildegarde, the oldest, is a regular little mother, and would tell you the oldest, is a regular little mother, and would tell you that she may have a second helping. Hansa Marten, one boy is very polite but when his mother asked him why he didn't eat to out disgustedly (under his breath) but some have got up and get her father filled! And Hedwig, with all - bright as a doll, but still adorable - a two blond pigtails!
These people are happy away from anything bread not going through another night really uncertain here but I thought so far, of money and see much.
Dearest Mary,

How I wonder where you are, and how you are! The last letter I had from you said that you were leaving for Vermont - and that you would see the new baby - no! that you had left, and had seen that precious granddaugh-

ter for the first time.

The letter got to Canton in good time - mailed May 26, arrived Canton May 31st. I've been hopping around since then, with school closing early, and having a lot of guests come of the time, and some guests all of the time, it seems!
This last letter from you is a very dear one - Mr. \nlyden is sweet, and she was so lovely & me up \nat Mokanshan - urged me to stay longer than \nI planned, and was so nice about everything. \nWith all those lovely cards you sent, I can find \nplenty for my birthday - and some that are \nreally pretty nice. I can\n't think whether \nI have written any letters to anybody since my \nbirthday - it was celebrated in a number of \nways. Several of the "old girls" of 25--30 years ago \ngave a Chinese feast for me - and then Loring \nhad a nice luncheon for me - \nLilian Wang came down from Meksin a \ncouple of weeks ago, and her sister Stella \narrived here from America about a week ago. \nI had a get together of 14 for Lilian, and we \ndid have a grand time. \nLast week was Y.P. Assembly - and I \njust went to the "fringes" of that, since it \nis somebody else's responsibility, and I should. \nLilian was here all week. Today \ngone to Florence for a week or so - and \nalso Gilchrist of E.P. Mission, working for \nthe Presbyterian-Baptist leaders. \nNext week Margaret Eversham - \nfor a longer period, staying on after \nthe Convention. The paper is too short! I love
Mary dearest Mary,

Here I am at the end of the summer, and nothing accomplished. I went with Katherine Luebeck & her son Jack, Edna Smith, Marguerite Everham, and the Kings to Noble Island (on boat or ss's sail down the harbor) in twelve days. Swimming twice every day, reading, floating, sleeping. Since coming back here, I've hooked a few inches on my rug, written a score of letters (out of a necessary 100 or more!) and the rest of the time has just been spent in mostly nothing that you can put your finger on. And now. One week more and I
shall probably be teaching classes! I'd tell, say, maybe, for the net is drawing nearer and nearer to this area. We hear rumors of big preparations for military protection of this spot where we are living—villages fortified, many soldiers. It's a sort of last stand in the country! Too short to the north of us has been taken; many places in the inland of us have been taken, given (?) back, and some retaken again more than once. Canton in the south of us is expected to fall any day. In other struggles Swatow has been a side issue and has shifted sides comparatively painlessly.

This time it looks as though it might be different. Never can tell! I am thinking however, that there may not be many more times when I can write freely about what is really happening and I presume that you should avoid news—likely that soon you will not be able to send mail into China. If that and not until then, you may send news in care of Mr. H. K. Chang, P.O. Box 497 (not Swatow), and mark Please forward.

I am been greatly grieved by the death of Mr. Lo, our General Secretary. It seems like losing his right arm. Verna Brown has been under one—much, much love, Abbie.
is going to get the letter, Swallow China. I wrote to her about difficulties in my kitchen department. I asked her to, Things have straightened out a lot since I wrote—guess we can keep going!

May dearest, for a while, anyway.

This place keeps on having a marvelous degree of peacefulness although predictions have had it in several months that some sort of crisis was due within weeks or even days. Last spring when the "atmosphere" made it necessary for schools to close early, many feared we could not open in the fall, or if we did, it would be with restrictions. On the opening days of school no one knew whether we should have school or not, or not. Overseas students have not and over. Overseas students have not been able to get back, but now in the third week of school the enrollment is over 500—which is beyond the dreams of most. As far as I am enjoying classes much more, with 30-some in a class instead of 50-some! Today classes met to elect class officers. I am with the graduation group, and think I shall enjoy being an adviser to them. Co-advisor to the group is their physical education director, a former student of mine.
and a good leader - but one who could be a powerful influence in more ways than he is. We are thankful for him, but not for him to wield influence among the students in the spiritual sphere. But at present he shies away from that. His excuse is that he has lost interest since his little child died. I do so much hope that he will come back gloriously!

Mary Mary! So many things to say! It is lucky I am so far away, so you could have an ear talked off!

After the class meeting today, H.K.G officers met to plan for membership campaign and for the first two meetings of the year. There were girls in school this year, but some very fine ones, and also some fine non-Christian girls whom we long to get hold of.

In spite of school beginning, I have been making over one or two dresses. Remember a white muslin over one or two dresses? Remember a white muslin over one or two dresses? Remember a white muslin over one or two dresses? Remember a white muslin over one or two dresses? The reason that was passed over from you to me was that there was a hole or two in it, so I cut a waist and two holes and let some pleats out of the back to make a white skirt which I think will be most satisfactory. I have also made two plaid dresses, made up my mind if I want to get my beautiful (?) to be done over 5 minutes a day on it. I've been doing that and I am now at 9 done. Want to see Emily has a little more, Emily.
Dear Mary,

Well here we are in this new year-and indeed many things are new and strange. The coming of letters and magazines is a real surprise package. Just this week I received my Atlantic Monthly for July 1949. The Geographic has not appeared for some time-but a little puzzle magazine that Emily sends "The Cryptogram" comes right along and the Dec.-Jan. number has already arrived. Some magazines are coming through, but I don't know which ones will send & us and which will not. Ladies' Home Journal and McCall have been coming through to Elsie Kittles, but I don't think anyone has received the Reader's Digest. (Either said she couldn't send Posts, but Digest.) Goldie Snow has sent the New York (Sunday) Times and that is coming right along-Mission has been arriving, but late. So you see we are not getting very much, and whatever comes goes the rounds and takes some time, naturally.

The students asked for the resignation of the principal and some other teachers and they had to leave. Now the school is under a committee composed of 4 teachers, 4 students and the acting principal (one of the deans) and a janitor. So regulations are not quite the same. As you can imagine as they have previously been-as you can imagine this school term has been shortened, and today is our last day to teach regular classes. The students have two days to review by themselves.
selves and then on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday have their term examinations. Shortly after that the Chinese teachers go to a class on "Swatow" to study the principles of the liberation forces. Invitation to teach anywhere next term depends on the taking of this course by three weeks. I do not know just when school will re-open next term, nor who the new principal will be. The old principal has been in education work for 26 years so of course is disappointed to have his career close this way. He is accused of having too much power and of being too old fashioned in his ideas.

We still have to learn what part our missionary work can have in future days. Tonight the teachers' prayer meeting met here at my house. Other affairs were going on but to our happy surprise sixteen people came for this the last meeting of the term.

I don't believe you half know how much the cards you sent were appreciated. We thought that they would have to be put aside for a year and brought out at another time when people were wanting to think more about religious things. But we had such a non-religious thing, Christmas cards that at the last minute (thanks to you, enough were ready!) we got them out and gave one to every student and teacher. Some had more than one because special groups had cards to the choir, W.W.G. Young People's, etc. The Young People are teaching three night
Literacy classes; and they wrote Christmas verses in Chinese on the cards for them and for the patients in the hospital, whom they visit and sing to each Sunday afternoon.

Winter vacation is here and I hope to do many things during these days. Two of mother's dresses may get made over for me. Remember the gray challis (?) housecoat she wore all the time while she was still sitting up at all? Big rose colored buttons - little flowers here and there in the material? It ought to make a dress, but it has some moth holes and is very narrow in the shoulders. Then there is another gray wool dress (Annie Cranska Hill's gift years ago) trimmed with black velvet. She wore it as long ago as in Charlotte. I'm hoping something can be done with that. I need some dresses be done with that. I need some dresses but can't see spending precious money on all new material - and there should do all right if I can get the right twist in them.

I need my right hand dressmaker by my side to get this job done! Another thing I hope to do is finish my hooked rug - and I want to write lots of letters. They will have to go slow mail but I should be able to find more time to write - if I can think what I want to say and can say! I hope to get some new kinds of hand work started in next term too. In case we can continue that kind of work then your letter means a great deal to me.

How is Calla? And Carine? And Aunt Minnie?
Mary dearest dear:

All day long on this your day, I have been thinking about you. I planned to write to you as soon as I got out of bed this morning. But this is vacation, and the weather suddenly turned cold last night, so I did not get up as early as I had planned. Before I got my hair combed, breakfast was ready. After breakfast, I moved some furniture around, getting ready for company to come next week (Millicent Engel, and others) to conference, the whole Capen family). Then I bundled up and went over to Louise's to pay a debt. Had some argument there, because the rate of exchange has dropped from 12¢ to 3¢ (and of Hong Kong money) to 1.00 new southern currency! since Saturday. There for where she spent 22.50 for me, since I didn't pay her, I should pay her nearer 60¢! But she would not take it that much.

Then I went on to the other side of the compound to see Katherine Luebeck for a moment. She has been so good—coming once and twice a day to give me massage in neck and back, while I was down with a 'flu any cold any fever. A letter came yesterday, I'm very sorry to hear such bad news. Please express my sympathy to Mr. Collins and Aunt Minnie. I know it must be very hard for him and for you all.

Well, I haven't told you how I spent the rest of your birthday (aside from working your peak, joy, contentment, blessing through the...
Whole year!). Came home and against several people's advice washed my hair. But although today has been a raw day, I didn't get chilled. I had a fire built in my study fireplace, and I've been sitting near enough to take the chill off and get my hair dry, but not near enough to get all the chill out of my toes and fingers! Had a Chinese meal a long time this afternoon, and the rest by the fire too. (And what do you suppose I'm meaning in writing?) A little addition to my good supply of warm undies is a little old knitted house dress that I bought in New Haven (Mary fixed the hem for me). Over that, a pretty blue, quilted house coat that a dear friend gave to me (but it has been twice to the cleaners and is as good as new). And over that the cleanest, flannel, bed jacket, and a crocheted shawl around my ankles — but the fire is dying around my ankles! But the fire is dying around my ankles — but the fire is dying around my ankles! Must jump into a hot bath to warm up my frozen feet before I get into bed! Warm up my frozen feet before I get into bed! Warm up my frozen feet before I get into bed! Warm up my frozen feet before I get into bed! Warm up my frozen feet before I get into bed!

Tomorrow I must get the stove set up down stairs. We have been a whole week and a day without bombing — and it is a blessed relief — we don't know what the end of the story will be, however! Much much love.

Abbie
Wormwood greetings to Aunt Minnie - American Baptist Missions.

my sympathy to Mr. Collins for his Sufferings, China.

mischances - indeed, & ym all - Feb. 16, 1930

Dear Mary,

How I do long for a letter from ym telling me that all is well with ym.

And yet since the word came through Mabel Culley that Mr. Collins had fallen and broken his hip, I have pictured ym as full of rook and worries - and I hope you are able to stand all that sometimes comes into a person's life. I know sickness in a family is never easy, and you have family responsibilities in quite tremendous responsibilities in the place where you are. I know that Minnie depends on ym a great deal.

Whatever you suppose I have been doing the last two days? Barking a "fluey" cold which is lasting too long to suit my notions. Which is lasting too long to suit my notions. Stayed in bed yesterday until 5, then got up a dreadful. But it was still raw and cold and this is a relapse of an infection that had last week - so decided to stay in. Got up this morning and got a fire going so I don't have to freeze if I step out of bed (exaggeration?) put on almost all the clothes I have - would you like & know how much? Union suit, socks, girdle, 1 pr. snug pants,
I'm knitted wool pants, heavy cotton stockings, with a pair of men's wool socks over them, padded toe slippers; I padded rest under my long Chinese padded silk gown (which is lined with outing flannel and padded with silk waste - the warmest thing in the world not excepting down or fur!). Had this coat a dress given to me three years ago and it is what kept me warm when I went on my cold travels with Minnie Sears when she was here.) Then on top of all that I am wearing a certain dark blue blanket shawl which you may remember (don't know whether you do or not; I wear the blue silk padded coat much more, but this is big enough to go on over all the rest!).

Now all this makes me feel rather ashamed, when I think of people who haven't even one garment as warm as several of these I have on - and they have no way to have a fire!

Thought I'd go out to a (Chinese) New Year dinner tonight over the girls' dormitory with Miss Eng and Louise, but Velva has just dropped in and she says no - when Miss Eng heard that, she said "Well, well buy Eng heard that, she said "Yes, but we have no way to have a fire."

Really I don't know why people
Are so very good to me always!

I had hoped to get so much done this vacation and then I had to get this bug and I was in bed almost a week. Then I was better, then fell it coming on again and stayed in one day to fend it off. Then came conference, with a houseful of guests, a very full program - exchange of guests at various meals - a buffet supper for all at my house one night and a tea (with Louise) for Conference guests and Chinese guests one afternoon - and a few other responsibilities. And I barked my way through that conference like a puppy shut away from its mama. Don't know when I have had such a tickly, itching, maddening cough! And then - if day before yesterday I didn't have to go and catch more of the same again! So no wonder Velva is keeping me in. The weather is exceedingly damp and raw - and my sunporch is a snare and a delusion when there is no sun!

We had a good conference, I guess - but I coughed too much for comfort! Don't this the limit? Three whole pages about my aches and pains, which are not
anything I speak of and which are on the mend anyway.

Had the Capens in conference, also Multicent Engel. This evening I'm expecting Allison Osborn for a couple of days, then Bea Ericson is to come for a week or so.

Don't suppose I'll get my hooked rug done that I wanted to do, do you? Or the letters that I wanted to do, do you? I started out this year to write at least one letter every day—In Jan. I wrote at least one letter every day; in Feb. I wrote at least one letter every day; in Mar. at least one letter every day; and in Apr. I wrote at least one letter every day. So you see I have a lot of catching up to do. Took me a good many precious hours to just over a school report, trying to tell nothing but the truth, yet knowing that the whole unvarnished truth would not be edifying—and how to varnish it? And yet have nothing but truth result? Give a picture that would not offend whatever person might see it? Not be discouraged because desired objects had not been accomplished? Not belittle the good results that had accrued, just because they seemed little comparatively? Given in getting these old & nifty reports—they bother me too much & I take too much time to do them.

We do not know just what next term is like, but former Principal Dirn with whom I worked from '27 to '37 has been invited to return from Shanghai, and we are looking forward to his arrival soon. So you find any little extra special notes floating around in this letter? No, I may not, but they are these, lots of us.
Dearest May dear;

How I don't get letters written! Get just a date written and then let it go a month! What kind of correspondent is that? But that is the way my letters. I mean my friends. I let letters go as I do very much about it. I let letters go as I expect last and long that I forget when I wrote last and long. I did not say. I think I what I said. I did not say. I expect to write or write letting you I expected to write to Eleanor Schroeder had started & write. T. Elkanah. Said asking about English course. I started out bravely but spoiled the letter by going & sleeping on it before I finished. I have never got it done over! How and I have never got it done over! How do you think I feel for negligence? I must get in that for negligence. Something done right away. I shall some months are going by and I shall be called to produce some plans before long.

This last week a most interesting meeting has been going on. About 50 preachers' wives from all over this Ling Tong area have come here for a
retreat -- the first of its kind to be held in this section in a long time, if ever. Quite a good many of them have brought tiny babies and they are hearing and seeing some things that we hope will be useful to them in the days ahead.

Different ones of us have taken turns leading the devotional period in the morning, Mrs. Grace Chen has had daily talks on the "Model Missionary of the Marse"; Katharine Tucker, "Model Mistress of the Orphanage"; Edna Smith on Religion, Ed A Sunday School life. Louise Giffi on "Young People's Work", etc. They have had lantern lectures such as on the Prodigal's Return, and one social evening, one at two afternoon tea groups, outdoor supper at my house, etc. Tomorrow evening you should have heard Louise giving a communion service -- with a companion at the final session - with a communion song. "Little Johnny, teaching them to sing "Little Johnny." They all joined in singing "Tinker, sat on a clinker" -- They all joined in singing "Oh Ma-ah! Oh Ma-ah!" and got in the "Oh Ma-ah! Oh Ma-ah!" and got in a good laugh out of their own antics. They lingered long around the dining room, cutting out patterns of elephant, giraffe, doll, horse, ball, etc. toys, which they can make and little dresses.

This note is for you, Louise.
American Baptist Mission
Swarow, China
July 8, 1950

Dearest Mary,

I just wrote a letter to you Saturday telling you that your old trunk was about to start on its way to you, with some things to be kept for Louise. G. to me for such time as we shall arrive to open, etc. The trunk is to be taken by Frances Gedt, who was expecting to start for U.S. today, with Elsie Kettlitz. But yesterday while we were at church word came over that they must go over at once. They came from the city that a new regulation had just been received from Peking by wire, saying that all permissions for leaving port must be granted not through local office but through Canton. That may take two weeks or longer, but in any case they must
This sailing from Hongkong and will have to look on a later steamer but no one knows how much later.

A vote has been passed by the Hong Kong Committee suggesting that we should return to our native land. A variety of explanations is given; one that since our Boards have asked us to reconsider this whole question (of going or staying at this time), the Chinese Committee wishes any of us to feel free to leave if we wish to do so. Some think some ought to leave and some stay, and apparently some think all should go. That under present regime national workers would find it better to work out their own plans and not have the responsibility of working from another land here in case - of, well - many things.
Elsie goes on regular furlough; Mrs. Piedt goes because children need her. Louise Campbell's retirement age has been reached, and her going (as soon as formalities are complete) leaves Alice G. alone at Mehsien. That complicates Louise G.'s problem, I think. Allison and Milliecent have already applied for permission to leave. Some others wish to go but think they should not, and some wish to go but cannot drop responsibility and some wish to stay but think they should not! In school we are not sure how much we can help if (wanted) to stay; English teachers are not needed as much now, and religious activities are quite thoroughly investigated. School problems are very great, including finance, principalship & enrollment numbers, and one hates to leave a beloved project and co-workers when the problems are heavy.
This gives you a little idea of our state of mind. I have not yet any idea of what I shall do. The clearest thing in my mind is that I should wait quietly and that when the time for deciding comes, I will know. A verse that comes to me over and over is "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." and another, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding . . . . . he shall direct thy path." (My own understanding is so little!)

As to the trunk - I still think it will go by Frances Ziehl and be expressed to you from the West Coast. Do it O.K. In me to send to you? I thought since the trunk was yours that you would be willing to find storage space. I think of you very often, my dear.

My love to the folks at the other house - and greeting to friends. How I should like to see the granddaughter! Ruth has another one!
The trunk will be mailed to Mr. Warden in Swatow, China, care of Mr. S. P. J. Z. Belongs to Mrs. Giedt during journey.

Dear Mary,

Just yesterday afternoon, about two hours before Mrs. Enloe's trunk had gone through the Swatow customs examination and before it started out to the ship with Elsie K. and Frances Giedt's things, your letter came—the one answering mine telling you that the trunk had not yet gone as planned. Now it has gone—or rather—it is on the ship, which was supposed to leave this am. at 6—we have been told that it hasn't gone yet—but all the formalities have been gone through with and barring accidents, our friends and their goods should be on their way very soon.

Do you recognize any people in these pictures? Left to right, someone...
I think you know, Miss C. M. Lee, E. M. N. Miss Hong and her father (from the Shanghai Mission office) living here a few months & write on account. Any body took natural to you?

This must go to the mind—

So here's my love for now—It is so good to hear from you—Love to Calla and Carrie & the others too—

And lots to you—

Abbie
Swatow, China, Sept. 30, '50

Dear Mary,

Has it been a very long time since you heard from me? It seems to me ages since I have written or heard either. Now that Allison has given me a new typewriter ribbon, I simply must begin to write some letters. It has been a fag to make myself write anyway, and with a ribbon that didn't show any black most of the time, it has been doubly hard to get down to business. I put this little sheet in to machine really to try it out, and thought I might say a few words to my gal while I was doing it. Guess I' better clean the type a bit, for I have to do som grammar outlines for the senior class.

Allison just left for America yesterday. A few months ag furlough schedules were stepped up so she and Millicen go on regular furlough now. My term had already been shortened so I am still down to go on furlough next year. At present I am expecting to stay on until that regular time. A. and M. had made application to go together but their permits did not come through at the same time, or something like that. M. is already in Hongkong and has a booking on the General Gordon sailing Oct. 19. Allison will reach HK today I presume (although there has been a very high wind today and yesterday) and has a sailing on the Pres. Cleveland Oct 15, so she really should reach home by Thanksgiving as she hoped. She has been here with me this last month, waiting, and that is the correct word to express it.

A few moments ago I saw something I had never seen before. The cook's little brother got rather badly stung by bees so all hand rushed for vinegar to take out the sting, then big brother got a long pole and tied paper on the end, burned the buzzing bees out, and knocked the comb down from the bush where it hung halfway up the hillside. Then the victim (quite recovered) and four or five boon companions grabbed the comb and began to pull out the immature bees, throwing away the ones that were too near their coming-out stage to be entirely safe, they thought, and popping into their mouths the ones that were soft and yellow and juicy enough to be edible! Didn't look too bad at first—something like eating soft nut kernels, until I got near enough to see the fat little bellies of the pupae palpating during the mouth-popping process! Ugh! No honey in that comb, but------!

This is just a note but it will let you know I'm ok.

Much, much love, Abbie
Mary, my dear,

Your letter of Nov. 28 just arrived. Thanks for writing about the account and for writing to the bank. You did just right - and I think there is nothing further that I can do about it or need to.

I have been waiting for news of the bad. I heard about it on the radio and from a friend. I wondered which of you it struck and how. I was waiting for news of the bad. I heard about it on the radio and how. I wondered which of you it struck and how.

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can understand of it! But it is very expressive.

One of the chief “extra” activities in student life these days is dancing—folk dancing, with small drums accompanying. Yesterday I came home from school and was greeted by this same small maiden, dancing on top of the same small maiden, dancing on top of the cistern, with all the twirls and bows and flourishes! She’s just two! American count! She’s expecting a little brother (?) within a month. She calls me “A-ma-ma!” (Grandma) always—She really wonder what she’ll grow up to be? She really is too cute and clever for her own good—What do Glad you got the trunk—finally—What do I owe Real think and anybody else on the carrying charges? I must send some more money to Mrs. Geist for express, etc. I’m glad &

Now questions are coming up these days, some very perplexing to me.

Much love to you,

Abbie
新鲜小鱼
鲜嫩小鱼
新鲜小鱼
Feb. 6, 1951

Perhaps you are thinking
that I am on my way to the U.S.
by this time, but that is not yet the case. I applied for an exit permit
two in December, asking to be allowed

to leave in January, but there is as yet no indication when the permission
will be granted.

Edna, Louise and I had sailings
from Hongkong on Feb. 5 - yesterday - but
had to give them up. There is not much
use in making plans when you have
no idea when they can be carried out. So I am of the opinion at
present that I'll just drift along
and make the plans when the time

Mary my dear: I don't know it will
matter what I write. Affectionately
all,

[signature]
comes. It seems to be the only way to do right now.

I wonder whether you got my letter which told of our coming under the protection of the government, and of possessions being inventoried and some of them sealed? The seal has now been removed from most of the things and we are free to move things about within the house, but we are not packing things yet.

Today is Chinese New Year. Kay, Edna, Solis and I got our own meal this noon and told the people who help us that we would attend it as they were free for the day. There were some parades both today and yesterday, but on the whole the city seemed quiet. Perhaps I should say that things on this side of the bay are quiet - for I
didn't go to the city. Enid is in the habit of going, and she still goes, and likes to go - but I am a regular stick-in-the-mud and do not go across unless I need to.

We have been thinking about reading something systematically - some of Shakespeare, probably. Today we read a poem of Oscar Wilde's - The Ballad of Reading Gaol. It was at my suggestion, but it is a weird thing and there were many greens and wonders of why I ever suggested such a gruesome thing. But they were all interested by the close of the thing and decided there was a lot of truth in it as well as some very graphic writing.

I am knitting a short cardigan or waist-length sweater for myself. I have also started a stocking and I am making a pink silk blouse out of thirty pieces
of material which R. Frekeck gave me. Wouldn’t you like to inspect that garment when it is finished? Hope you can keep long. It also gave me some crystal buttons in the front of it. I think it will be some concoction looks like peppermint candy to me! I should like to start hooking another rug, but that seems foolish when I probably couldn’t finish it and maybe couldn’t take it with me anyway. But maybe if the urge gets too strong I shall have to begin another one anyway. When I get home I shall want a good bit of time to do some looking—which means I’ll have to think hard of some place where I could do it in a congenial atmosphere. Can I can find it? Have I got another frame too, I spose? Lots of dreams in my head. Can you imagine? What any of them are like? Ym- and N.
May 5, 1951

Mary, my dear,

Your letter of Feb. 21 has just reached me. It seems long since I heard from you. I was sure you had written me. I guessed that you were not writing because you thought me on my way. Well, that was surely wishful thinking! Alice Giffin in Michigan asked for her permit and got it in about three weeks and by the time you get this she will probably be in the same country with you. To us it seems to be different. Your Chinese writing is really good! And I think you may have a chance to use it a good long time. In other words, don't look for me until I get there.

Think I will start hooking another rag. I will if I can finish a pair of slippers that I am making out of strips of old silk jersey, a sweater that I started some
Some time ago, another sweater that I'm enlarging a bit, a slip that I am making over, and a rug that I am crocheting from worn-out stockings. Hope I get these done and can get them to a place where you can inspect them! Not that they are worth inspecting, really. Doing more of the same in your company sounds good to me.

There has been some talk about a couple of us stopping over for a few weeks in Honolulu to soak up a little sunshine, draw a few deep breaths, sort of get hold of our "spirits", so to speak! But it may not work out. Velva did that once before with benefit and she thinks it might be a good thing—We'll see!
Of course if there are any new plans, I'll let you know— in some way. As to your grand cordial invitation— I'm very grateful for it and you may be very sure I'm looking forward to running straight to your door— whether it will be really straight, "I mean at once", or not, I can't yet tell. Seems to me— I shall have to crawl into a hole somewhere for a while— away from folks— yet that is probably not what I want at all. Don't if I do know what I want at all! So maybe all my friends will have to be patient for a while. True it is that in this life things go one step at a time. I am surely learning that now—

You don't know how glad I was to get your letter— am not was— because I'm still rejoicing (Mar 6, 6 am, couldn't stay in bed when I wasn't sleeping— so got up a while ago to read a bit of a little— today's birthday today. Much love. Aff'.
Swatow, November 14, 1952

Dear Mary,

Three letters from you quite recently! I hope you understand that although I don't write often, it is always good to hear.

How your "family" is increasing! I can imagine how you enjoy making things for those grandchildren, and how glad Edith is, too. Say a special Hello to her, & to Calla and Carrie!

In September I heard from Mabel Adams. I want to write to her but probably will not until later. If you are writing to her please give my greetings to her and the family.

Best wishes for Christmas to you and all yours. To friends too. Birthday remembrances will reach you late, I know, but I include them herewith. Much, much love

Abbie
Mary, my dear!

This will just be a little word &
you but Sonia said today, “It’s been quite
a while since you wrote to Mary Clough,
hasn’t it?” So it has.

I wrote a letter to Arthur telling
about leaving Hong Kong and about our
two stops in Japan. Emily knows a lot
of the people so I asked him to send
the letter to her and ask her to send
it to you. She had said something about
saving two days to meet me in N.Y.

Thinking I was coming by train, so I
spoke of the possibility of seeing her
on the way home (if we arrive from Ralph’s).

I shall want to see Mary at
the earliest possible moment—You know!

But I don’t know yet when that will be—
I’ll bet it won’t be too long! Want to see
Callo and Carrie too, you bet! But I’m not
to do any speaking yet a while—

Much much love,

Abbie
Mary, my dear!

Now I have a very guilty feeling and I wonder if there has been a slip-up somewhere and you still haven't got that letter I sent! I might realize that it is not quite fair to write one letter to several widely separated people, especially when I want all of you to get it pronto!

Only thing I can think of now is that we'll have to do a lot of "chewing" when we see each other - and that "see-each-other" time is going to happen before too long, so I miss my gossip!

Plans are not definite yet except that I leave here a week from Monday (Apr. 1), expect to arrive to be at Ralph's April 10, expect to reach Berlin N. H. by Apr. 27. What is between, I don't yet know certainly - nor do I yet know how soon I can see Mary but don't know yet just when.

As soon as I see Arthur in Chicago (or at Peoria) I shall probably know more about what we are likely to be attempting and I can let you know where to send me word what you are going to be doing
along but Apr. 27 or thereabouts! ? yes?

I think you would be pleased if you could
see me now – I mean, I've gained 10-15 lbs
since Jan 1. She has Louise. She left her in
Chicago today where she meets her older brother.
She has already had her physical exam, and
I think Yelva is pleased and surprised with
the healthy appearance of both of us – I shall
have the rest of my exam next week. (This is off
the record; it is the business of the Board and
the M.D. !)

Was I ever surprised when in addition to Yelva,
Kenneth Hobart, Enid Johnson (from Missouri, came back
here on purpose), Helen Weisser (the nurse who was out in
Swatow 2 yrs. helping Yelva), Dorothy Kirkwood (her husband
is new Western Area Secretary) they have been in the
Philippines working and also in West China. Katherine
Luebeck who came down from Caliostoa, her old home,
in addition to all these was Evelyn Claraska who
came up from Los Angeles for no other reason than
to meet me! We lived next door to Claraskas in
Moraup Conn. when I was 6-9 years old; she was
a Board member in 10 years or so – It was all
very wonderful. Was I ever glad to get your
letters! Please tell Carrie and Calla so, too.

And now your lovely Easter card has come – and
the dear letter with that too. I'm sorry to hear
of cold "bugs that you people have had! Hope
you are all better now.

We have met Emma Brodbeck, and even so many
other missionaries here, and other friends – two of them
other former students (Chinese); and San Francisco is
just about as busy as Hongkong, for me!
Dear M.,

You won't be able to read this yet. Maybe you can make out that I'm on my way east - came through the Sierra Nevada. Canyon - beautiful! Saw Millcreek - Engel a few minutes at train in Denver.

Shall be with M. Everhard tomorrow night in Chicago. (Raymond) then on to Peoria - not sure whether Arthur & I. G. will meet me in Peoria or Chicago. Will let you know further plans when I get there. Know them myself! It's good to be getting near! Much love!
Mrs. Mary Clough
Charlotte
Vermont
Mary, my dear:

It was so good to get your letter and to know that you are feeling better and can come after me Friday the 8th, stay the night and take me back with you to Charlotte the next day.

I should have answered immediately but there was some talk of changing plans and of R & G. taking me there, and letting you bring me back. But that simmered down because they feel it is better to stay here Friday, although Arthur has this Friday off, I believe.

They are very glad you are coming and so am I! I have been telling them I must go soon—and now it seems that maybe I will go from Charlotte to Boston and then up to the family reunion (if it is carried through as now planned) — or —
I might even stay a bit longer in Charlotte this time, and get down in town for reunion and then go on from there to Boston. I can't seem to get going or making appointments, writing letters or doing anything!

Glad the infection in your eyes is better - it had the worried - I didn't think you looked well -

Perhaps you can understand some of the reasons why I can't make up my mind in a hurry about something - glad we are going to have some time to talk things over -

Your letter did me heaps of good. It was a fine trip we had, and it was good to get here and find a place to stop travelling for a while - I know I shall find that at your house too - But I can't stop entirely just yet, and I am anxious to get
some thing off my mind and will have to do so before that yar little
mind is entirely at rest!

God is very good to me - don't think I don't appreciate all the wonderful
blessings that have come my way!

It is going to be marvelous to be with you for a little while — I realize that this letter will probably be late reaching you and maybe you will have had a phone message from us before you get this —

Now later — Much love to the gals and a considerable amount to yourself —

Yrs,

Abbie

P.S. A letter from Aunt Gertrude says Joe is quite a bit better. We are thankful. Letha was to be there on Thursday —