Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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my name

Principal of Girls' School

正光
To my own D. K.
With love & best Xmas wishes

Abbie G. Sanderson

Swatow
Swatow, China
May 23, 1918

Dear J. R.,

Beloved, I've been wanting until I had a chance to write a good long letter to you girls — and the time didn't come — And I've just this minute realized that it won't be possible for you to get my best birthday wishes in time — But I suppose they'll be worth about as much when you do get them — and you'll know that I wished them on May 27th — whether you ever got a letter that says so, or not —!

The steamer letters were my joy and blessing — Now I do prize those snaps you put in — Let me congratulate you on originally too — As it happened, on the steamer I was
Neither seashore, Komevich nor too sick, and who knows? I might have been all three were it not for those blessed "cheerful chums"—in preferring them carefully. In fact, I haven't got many up my mind to part with any of the letters—although I don't keep letters—

Well—we had a glorious trip—and a royal welcome when we reached Swatow. There are about eighteen missionaries here—and they have made us feel wonderfully at home—and needed.

The beginning of language study is not easy—and I get pretty discouraged at times—still I'm getting interested, though of course I can't understand a sentence if I try.

We are across the bay from the city of Swatow—and the boats from Shanghai and Hong Kong bring mail come in two or three times a week. We don't get home mail "that often" though! How hungry for letters all the time—I don't believe when I feel less like studying—when I want some mail badly—oh when I've just got three letters from home and have been all excited reading them. (She had them together only that once!) This one thing is still worse, though, and that is to get a letter just before the woman's prayingmeeting in the afternoon—and sit through an hour or more not understanding a word of what's being said—and that letter just fairly scratching to get out of the envelope—I don't know whether I shall go the next time that happens.

It's beautiful here—and it's good to be here—I wish I might share with you the mangos and loquats and pineapples, etc. that we are
enjoying just now — we have been having the rainy season — although sunny days happened once in a while — and everything molds in a day — take off leather shoes at night and in the morning they will be all covered with a green mold — Bibles — handbag — trunked straps — and even your beautiful leather case have to be brushed everyday or so — But the hot weather is coming — and it won’t be so damp then — they tell me.

I’m not going to write about the people but here this time — because that would take too long — and I want this letter to go today. Remember — I’m just dying to hear about Grace’s teaching — and Ingrid’s and also — D. R’s —

Love to you — from one who loves you much — Athie G. Sanderson
My own Stella,... you know I have seen this country for an extended time, and it is true that when I first came to the state, I found it to be of great interest, but it is more so now. I have been to all parts of the state and have seen much of its beauty. I have enjoyed the scenery and the people. I have found that there are many things to enjoy, and I think that if you come to visit, you will find it to be a delightful experience.

I have been to the coast and the mountains, and I have seen many beautiful places. I have enjoyed the scenery and the people. I have found that there are many things to enjoy, and I think that if you come to visit, you will find it to be a delightful experience.

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You wrote in your last letter... "We had a dance last week..." I hope you liked the electric car..." for free? I heard it...

I suppose some of the community people might get desperate enough for a new dance tomorrow. I think we should...

I can't imagine what would happen! You see, it is a treat to get good news..." stopped live on this..." Cramers and visited..." in three days that they had increased..."

I don't have any changes to get them...

I am glad you received the Chinese early this week. I think it might be a relief every Monday at first..." but I want you to think of the arrival of your box..." at the same time. It's a joy to feel the responses..." So far, all the more glad I hear of the arrival of your box.

Please believe that I'm all sympathy..." and had one..." in the presence of other..." it just the luck..." I hope you don't..." to hope very..." I mean that you had..." I should like to..." It's a good idea to..." in numbers..." Since you first applied..." I wrote the..." even though you are..." I think you are..." in February. Had days..." had been through some..." I think I should..." from the memory of it not long..." the lines..." the serious illness of her..." of operation..." and scarcely any improvement..." of recovery. At times..." that the distance..." But he had..." and is now, and I..." has not been..." of the fire."

You can get prints made up here. In fact..." I think a short time is due. Many of..." that has begun...

"You letter is a joy..." and delight. As your letter..." always are." You add..." things you want..." which makes it easier..." for me to tell you and you..." way back so..." wrote us both in..." M. H. Simms.

I have been getting as many letters..." this summer..." probably because I send as many letters myself..." and maybe it is a blessing that I have been able to receive..." many more..." awhile you can believe that..." your sight..." would make it..." I think you..." that maybe folks are going..." writing..." I don't let you stop..." So there.

Up here the trees are bare and bare as many..." are in Boston. The people..." have cut their trees..." very few trees..." as the

...will be in bad shape, we are..." a nasty, fiery frost..." it, but it..." much."

But that isn't suddenly out from the..." rear, and grasshoppers are as..." to drink that fly...
Dear Grace,

I trust that I haven't told you very much about my school. In fact, I don't know if I ever will. I think it's better to keep it to myself, but I do want to share it with you. I believe there's something special about the school that sets it apart from others. Perhaps it's the atmosphere, the teachers, or the students. Whatever it is, I feel like I'm learning something new every day.

As for your letter, I loved reading it. It made me laugh and think about my own experiences. I hope you had a good time at the park. I'm sure it was nice to get some fresh air and enjoy the sunshine.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you again. Take care,

[Signature]
time without examining my "fund" of knowledge, but there are real school houses. I think I read a paper on "more or less"... (I'm not sure, I must ask you for a list of the pictures I sent). I'll still be duplicating so soon. But there are not any automobiles. There may be in Changha speaking. I know I rode from the city to Shinghwa, and it was not at all interesting. But, of course, there are such things as "more or less" up here at that time. Any one of the pictures will give you the reason why. The picture of the way up for a walk shows the condition of the big roads in this region. The biggest thing there are — big enough to two men to carry a small chair — may be seen repeatedly for anything else.

Girls are now taught not to go. But lately, our girls are being resisted on several occasions, noted a boys' basketball game, and some basketball. The schools are pretty much on the teachers' side. The government's superintendents, of course, and a certain body has been formed. Because the teachers haven't been accustomed to be strict in their requirements, it is difficult to impose upon the girls with this necessity for each one. To do that is considered by the teachers. We really explain to them that this has already been explained several times, and I feel that it could be better spent. If the girls don't have this keen, they haven't been accustomed to getting too many of them, they can more time to do their work. If they miss an examination tomorrow, they are allowed to make it up, and as there is a chance for improvement, the schools in China have been taking a prominent part in things these days. I got in touch with certain schoolmasters, and that was the time we came to the "study movement" in China, with more of the natural meaning in the mind.

Many discussions. One was held in which the delegation met, and we could not tell when the schools might have to close out. Indeed, the boy's academy did go without graduation exercises and without gradation except for the graduation class, and our school closed a day earlier than schedule. The students struck and the entire press was by, you see. The patriotism of the students perhaps did not extend to an extent that the revolution against the government but it is mixed with a desire that some of the most important offices should be filled by men who are in universities and accept duties. High-minded, of course, always has its disadvantages, and even then in Beijing it had brought many a serious wonder, controlled, only by the most careful handling, in the part of those in power. An editorial in the China Press (Shanghai) puts the case pretty well clearly:

"The students presented a demonstration... but it is impractical not to express gratification at the Chinese students' strike, but fit for what it is, but the procedure it holds. If in this strike there is the germ of a new and vigorous China..."
well led, well organized, well directed, and it is needed to constructive national purpose. This is not that foreign and Chinese can do to aid and make student movement effective as a whole.

On every night and every custom throughout the world, the student should be the center of the responsibility in the new age in China. There is a desire not to have present students out of student position and the students returned from serious in the country. From this, the students' movement in China is less taught. China is its own mess and is to its own situation. The foreign power has not been able to force China more into itself. It cannot be as under and until it destroys its principal enemy, its own corrupt and interested, the Composite Chinese citizens who are not efficient of some people of foreign powers who do not accept responsibility. To depend upon Chinese, the study must of course this article does not say anything about Christianity; that the lack of it means and mind the acceptance of it could mean. At that paragangis state exactly what some of the difficulties of the past order. So it is beginning to it the students themselves who will have the final authority on some matters—whether or not the parents are guarding or not the government officials. We do not have the same conditions for all land learners, here nor with quite the same results on how much of the work here in individual land work and land work and the concentrated learning of people together. In this that many people live in the house—all handled and through both it in a storm. The loss in the, because they have always done it, and they are not used to any other way. Great many of the poor people all have it; it is a regular profession living and I cannot bear it. They make as easily find something to do, especially in a place where so many people are bringing their demands for apology and are not made. In 28.617 years I don't want to be condition you may night in surprising that the Chinese are a considerable population of the nation. There are one hundred thousand Christians and communicants not only Japanese, and Eurasians. Besides the American Baptist Mission and the English Church Mission, there are the English, American, Russian, French, and several other pastors, the Standard Oil Company, American, British Company, known steamship companies each have a number of steamships. The customs men is controlled by the government. The officials are all European. I can tell you not one of those other are but they are a great many interest which these people feel a woman. The ten largest shops are not in China.

Tell your friends, when you need a woman, one of the Miss Howe, who is the director in charge of the Batterfield and Sunday School Co. They are English. They will 10 to 200 every month in the for East Car at once, which has had more than a thousand dollars. It always supplies money to English brought it but I am not sure but it is my friend, 10.418, and more...

Don't you think to better stop? Please write again.

Always with dearest love,
Your own, Bob.
I think, in some of my letters, about how very great the need is for native trained workers. We are building up a high school course now, too, and of course that calls for better trained teachers than does a grammar grade only. I send girls to Foshert Normal School and we have one now at Ginnling College. She will doubtless have to come back and help while Miss Alley is at home on furlough next year. One or the other teachers, however, a younger one, has been promised that she may go next fall if some one can be found who can help in.

Any amount that you might give would be a help to her. Forty dollars will keep a girl in our school for a year. Sixty is the regular price for board and tuition but girls are allowed to come by paying forty if they cannot afford to pay the larger sum. There are other needs that I might mention, such as a typewriter which I very much need, and laboratory equipment, which is still very limited in quantity and variety. I know I thought perhaps you would rather put money into a girl who would go on working an
more than paying for the money that is put into her education by the added value she is in the work. Forty dollars to help a girl in the school does not mean that amount of money given outright; it is simply loaned to the girl, and when it is paid back it goes into a perpetual loan fund, and so it can be used over and over to help more girls. Thank you so much for thinking of helping out in our work out here. You don't know how much it means to me to have folks I love way back there in America remember me and the work I'm in out here.

I'm as glad about your getting the fine position, in spite of the man and his "knows." And after I read that bit of Ed. excuse, I stand in silent awe with bowed head — in positively abject amazement and admiration. If common sense got you by that it would get you by anything. If you ever find you have too much just send some out to me — will you? Honest — I don't got none at all lots of times. I'm the most ignorant — and I certainly do stupid things. China is a good place to learn something everyday. I learned today that my camera was an organ — I heard one little boy tell another that the black box had music in it! Very much love, Abe.
Rain, rain, rain! You might think that would be a great calamity when one is out on a country trip in China, but in this case we are not minding very much,—in fact, we are rather glad of the rest.

Miss Sollman and I started out from home last Thursday afternoon.

We came across the bay to Swatow and up the river as far as the village of Tsz-mi—that night. In the morning we met the two Bible women, who had come in several days ahead of us. We had been delayed by rain, and they were beginning to wonder whether we were sick or what had delayed us, anyway!

At the Tsz-mi chapel about twenty children were studying in a room whose only light was from the entrance to the inner courtyard and the door opening on the street. Such a dark, dismal place—no wonder people are not eager to come and listen! It was very nice and clean, though—partly, perhaps, because they the foreign Kou-nie were coming.

One of the women who came to the chapel to go visiting with us had such an interesting face; Miss Sollman told me her story as we were walking along. She came to the hospital in Kachikieh and was converted as well as cured of her illness. But when she went home and told her husband was greatly displeased, and scolded her and beat her. Still she persisted in the face of many persecutions. Her husband went away to foreign parts, and would send her no money when he found that she kept on with her Christian worship. But even at times when she had almost nothing to live on, she prayed, and kept on praying. Mrs. Waters had told her that if she prayed, a way would be opened, just as it was for the children of Israel in the days of old. And surely enough, her field, which before had been practically barren, yielded eight carries of rice; thus was her way opened for her! When her husband found out how persistent she was, he began to send her money and kept on until he came back himself. Not long ago he was sick, and was cured by medicine which a preacher from Swatow gave him. He heard about Christianity at the same time, and now he, too, has become a Christian. You may be pretty sure that woman believes in the power of prayer! She was so happy that she told everybody along the road where we went and what we are here in China for.

We went back to the chapel to eat our lunch. But when we got out our nice egg sandwiches, I couldn't repress a wail of dismay—for the napkin in which they were wrapped was positively alive with diminutive black ants. Fortunately very few of them had reached the inside of the paraffin paper, so we brushed them off, and calmly ate the sandwiches. If a lot of dirty horrid flies had got into them we would have had to go hungry, I fear, for we wouldn't dare take any risks out here in the country where people don't know there are such things as germs, and wouldn't believe it if they were told.

In the afternoon we visited and tried to encourage a woman who for some years has been a widow. When she was first widowed, she was so wretched unhappy that she traveled from temple to temple worshipping all the different idols that she could find, searching for comfort and peace. One day when Miss Sollman was in the village this woman called her into her house and told her that she was a Christian. Miss Sollman, after learning that she had been to the chapel several times, asked her who had led her to be a Christian; she answered, "Nobody." Then the story came out.

She had finally decided for herself, after worshipping many idols, without any benefit, that there must somewhere be a true God who could give peace to her miserably distressed heart. So taking her two little boys by the hand one day, she set out, with one fixed idea, to find the true God. Passing our chapel, she heard the singing and was drawn to go
in and listen. She said that when she went in, although that first time she heard the meaning of what the preacher said was not clear, she felt a peace in her heart that somehow told her she had come to the right place to find the true God. Just now a part of her work helping in the family has included keeping the shop open on Sunday. With this drawback she has not been attending church as regularly as she ought. She has not been very well either, and is somewhat discouraged because she realizes that she has not done right. I have the feeling that our visit and the talk there with her cannot help doing some good.

Let me tell you how we got back to the boat that night. In the morning we had to walk about a half hour before we got anywhere at all; and we tramped around all day, visiting three villages in all, but we had a little treat at the end.

From Swatow to Theng-hai there is the queerest little railway you ever saw. I have seen the little cars from a housestop in Swatow, but I have never been very near one and of course never before rode in one. They are called "Light Convenient Machine." You will believe they are not very heavy when I tell you that the way empty cars are switched to make way for passenger-laden ones by being lifted off the track (two rails about two feet apart) by their motorman-engineer-conductor or whatever you call him. There is room for just four in each car—two seats back to back. The only protection of any kind is a tiny roof—a closed cars on this line! The motorman furnishes the power by pushing from behind. When enough speed is gathered, he jumps on, too, and we have a merry little coast all together for a few yards! It seemed like a private little electric trolley—and quite the most rapid thing I have seen since I came to China.

Miss Sollman is quite sure they could beat the Chicago Elevated! We traveled nearly two miles in seven minutes. About halfway we met another car with passengers. We all stopped, got off, and then each car started off in the opposite direction from which it had been traveling. I wish I had a picture to send you of us sitting up like little men in that tiny featherweight contraption.

You would have enjoyed a peek at us in Sunday-school at Theng-hai.

Miss Sollman took the younger women, and I stayed out in the older women's class with the older Bible woman. Lăng-hiänd Ché, the younger Bible woman, had the children's class, and the preacher had all the men. The Lâu-i (older Bible woman) had some difficulty in keeping concentrated attention, because of the groups of heathen women who drifted in to see the foreign Kou-nié. They upset her talk terribly, of course, crowding around and staring and asking questions about me. The Lâu-i would then try to say a word or two of the doctrine to them; they would politely nod, nod, "Yes, yes, yes," to all that was said—but what they wanted was to see my queer dress, hat, spectacles that somehow stuck on to my face without any supports over the ears, the ring on my finger and the tattooing on my collar! Then somebody would tell them there was another Kou-nié in the other room, and off they would run to see her. Then the Lâu-i would try to take up the thread of the lesson where she had left it, and go on until others came in to interrupt.

Miss Sollman told me what an interesting lesson she had with her women. She showed them some of the practical things they might do in their everyday living that would prove Christianity had made them different. She spoke of the case of the women in confinement, who are left to live or die whichever it be—and not even her nearest friends will come in to help them or do anything for them. They do not dare for fear of defilement, or some similar superstition. She told them that even though they might not know much about bringing children into the world, yet all of them could wash clothes, cook rice, and help in such ways as that. Just then one of the Christian women spoke up and said that was the way she first got hold of a woman whom she has lately been able to interest in the doctrine. She helped her three days and three nights when her little girl was born. And there she was, sitting on a bench right behind them—holding her baby! A pretty good witness, wasn't it, for the heathen women who had come in to
listen! They were all standing around and shaking their heads in amazement saying, "My, no! We would never dare do that! Should say not!"

Of course I am on the lookout all the time for possibilities for our school. I just naturally can't help it. The other day as soon as we got into one place the woman immediately began to give us her daughter of 17! I was particularly attracted to one of the little girls in the day school in Theng-hai. She came way down to the boat (about a mile) to visit us, on Sunday afternoon after the service. She and the other little children with her were so excited when they got here; she said they ran after us, but got to the ferry too late to come over with us and the ferryman was not pleased to let them cross for they hadn't any cash. So they just stopped right there and prayed. Three of them did, she said, but the little boy (Ira-ku-ku) did not dare make petition. It is a shame to tell it, but the truth is, as we found out later, the boy who didn't dare pray was the preacher's son. And this little girl is from an absolutely heathen home! If she has got that much just by coming to our little school, I say she has gone a good long step, don't you? Well, the ferry went across once without them while they stayed behind and prayed! And when the ferry came back, the man was willing to let them cross. Then, she said, they went on and lost their way. They got way over to the 

Kam-pang-shieh (little railroad) before they discovered that they had taken the wrong road. So then they stopped again and prayed what more natural? Then turned around, came back, found the right road, and here they were! She is ten years old, and a darling.

We went later to her home; as soon as I saw her mother (whose very image the little daughter is) I fell in love with her. I couldn't resist telling her that I hoped she would send little Sot-kheng to our school in Kakchih in two years more (we take them in at twelve). She seemed delighted, and promised she would surely remember. She said the little girl had talked so much about how phai-sha-ping (fine and elegant) the kou-nie were, had praised them so much, and their fine clean boat, that she had rebuked her for exaggerating; but now that she had seen us, she could see that all the girl had said was true! She was quite pleased with them, as well as with the 

mre (tobacco in the Chinese water-pipe) before we left they served tea in the tiny cups. I am usually glad that the cups are small, for the beverage is often strong enough to float eggs (pretty nearly!) I'm not fond of strong tea, but out here the stronger it is the more honor it means, so we drink it gratefully!

These days out in the country I am doing very little book-studying, but they tell me this getting out and into Chinese homes is most necessary part of my education in preparation for my work in the girls' school. I am enjoying thoroughly every bit of it, and I am undoubtedly getting the finest possible practice in conversation. Already I have two pages jotted down of words that I never heard before—such exceedingly useful words as convenient, satisfied, superstitious, wide-awake, coax, urge, worth-while. It is different from just reading them out of a book; I get them right in their proper setting— as they are used in everyday, idiomatic Chinese talk. And of course to use one of these words once is worth more than simply repeating it over and over a dozen times!

Of course you know without my telling you that I meant to answer your letter sooner! (Mildred Ralph would say, "If you had meant to, you would have done it!") I was delighted, too, with Nita's letter to you. And I wish she would just sit down and write and write like that to me. Please tell her I'm human too, honest I am, and if I were her letters it is never because I want to once them to her, and I would just love to hear from her at any time.

I ask about that an amount of money would do out best. Any amount would help out our educating one of the girls to come back and teach in the school. I must have said something
Dear Ida —

Ever since I knew that I was going to have this nice typewriter sent out to me, I have promised myself that I would write to you as soon as ever the machine arrived. But now that it has come, I don't know very much more about it than a cow! Of course, I can peck and hammer away at it after a fashion, but it is a rather slow process, I can assure you. But, oh! you don't know how happy I am to have it. It will make my letter-writing somewhat easier right away now, and wonderfully so a little later, when I get so that I can really use it correctly. It is a perfectly splendid machine, the Noiseless, (and it lives up to its name). Miss Culley, sitting in her study just across the hall from mine, can hear the bell once in a while, and the carriage return, but the striking of the keys does not reach her at all. Isn't that the kind of a typewriter to have? I do think I am the luckiest girl that ever was born!

Heaps of exciting things have been happening out here lately. We have been scared by thieves, have had one of the new young lady workers announce her engagement and the fact that she will stay only two years. It is just fine for us, for she has come to teach English in the Girls' School; she has relieved me of some of my work, so that now I may put full time on studying the language for the next month. Then I shall hope to write to folks about something else than study. I think everybody must be dreadfully tired of hearing nothing from me but "I spend the most of my time studying this language!"

You see, I.K. dear, the above is a carbon copy. I wanted to tell everybody about my new typewriter so I made a lot at once. I'm sending you the ninth copy— not because you are ninth on the list of my beloveds (you are much nearer the top than that!) — but because I wanted to
show you how legible it is even with my exceedingly poor technique. If you have seen the Noiseless at all you know that it runs by a new method,—pressure instead of hammer-blow printing. People discouraged me by saying that this kind would probably not make more than two or three carbon copies at the most. I am delighted with it.

Before I rave on any more about this typewriter, let me tell you how very much I appreciate your sending me Mrs. Simonds’ songs for Christmas. We get so very little new music out here,—only a song or two that some one brings back from furlough. I like them all, but especially "Just Turned Two" and "I've a Cottage Built for Two". I am much interested, too, in a sacred song, the beginning of which appears on the back of one of them: "Seek Ye the Lord". The tempo is not as rapid as in the others, and I think my poor unflexible voice could get hold of it, maybe. It is the height of ill manners, isn’t it, to ask for more when somebody has just given you something nice? But I do hope you will send it to me if you can get it easily. I should like to be able to play the beautiful accompaniments of her songs, too. Emily Miller, the new girl who has come to work with us, has bought a "used" piano (I’m going to pay for a share in it sometime if I ever become wealthy enough) so I am having the joy of practicing on that once in a while—whenever I can get a spare moment.

Splendid letters have come from both Lutie and Grace but I have not yet had time to answer them. Lutie spoke of something that the three of you were going to send me and I wondered whether it was the music. That was lovely, whether it was from all of you or just you; Lutie said, however, that it would arrive about a month after her letter was received. If it was the music, will you please pass on a share of my thank-you?

Must stop this now with the promise of a better one as soon as I have learned how! Always yours, [Signature]
Swatow, China
May 30, 1920

Dearest I.K. & Moses you blessed old Earings!

Just this very minute I finished one letter to you and
and I have decided that I will not stop at one attempt to reach you while you are at
Commemoration this year but will send two letters and send one of them to the EMPRESS OF ASIA which, by the way is the boat that brought me to these honorable shores. That one will travel more rapidly, but it does not leave until several days later; so I cannot guess which one will be more likely to reach you in time.

In the other letter I charged you to give my hearty, affectionate greeting to all the good friends of 1914 and to everyone else from Prexy himself to Lutie and Grace and Eva Keyes. If you have a good chance and dare to and feel like it, you might find it an interesting way to pass a little time to let Prof. J.Bill B. in on my dark secret (since I'm now far enough away to feel embarrassed!) Which secret being (have I revealed to you?) that I am now spending a considerable amount of my time in translating Western HISTORY (Meyer's General) from English into the Swatow dialect for classroom work this next fall. (We already have it in the Wen-li, or classical Chinese; in fact, I prepared some of that for my fourth and last examination in the language work, April 17th.) I think it is the biggest joke that I ever heard, that I should come out here to China begin straight away to prepare for teaching EUROPEAN HISTORY IN CHINESE !!!!!!! Well, don't you, too?

On girls, I know you will have a perfectly scrumptious time; wouldn't I love to be with you? But you just have a little bit of your good time for me and write and tell me about it. But I know you will do that without my telling you.

My very most special love to both of you dear girls, and a tiny silent tear along with a wee bit of a heartache that I can't see you--though that doesn't mean for a minute that I'm wishing to any other place but right here!
Miss J. A. Fincham
New Hampshire
U. S. A.

Buhang, Fukien China
Aug 31, 1920

Just received your beautiful gift. I can't thank you enough, but want to say that my heart just overflowed and I think you are dear girls - and will tell you privately in a letter sometime who is the dearest of all!

Love - Ablein
Swatow, China, September 15, 1920.

Dear Girls:

Colby does not seem so very far away after all. The first thing that made it seem nearer this summer was Idella's letter with that wonderful gift of yours. It almost made me wish, not quite, that you had gotten ahead of the other good friends in sending me my typewriter. In the days when I was still wanting the machine, I thought long and hard about the convenience of having a small machine like the Cororas, which I could easily take on the steamer, on the houseboat, or almost in the sedan chair, wherever my wanderings might take me. My big noiseless typewriter is a good deal of a nuisance to take away on a summer vacation. It is a splendid machine though, and now that I have it, I doubt if I should want to exchange it for another, no matter how handy or convenient. I did manage by packing it in its large box and wrapping it with brown paper and then oil paper, and finally straw matting, to get it safely up to Kulang and back down again to Swatow. If it had been your Corona, though, think how easily I would have carried it in my hand all the way.

Since you left the use of the gift to my discretion, I want to think of the very best way to use it. I might use it to help some especially needy girl, or it may be that I can find a baby organ to put over in one of the dormitories for the girls to practice on. The ones we have now are all more or less dilapidated, and the girls are constantly coming to tell me that the keys of this one stick or that the pedal of that one is broken again. They will be delighted indeed if they can have another new one. I might use the money for equipment for our library or for some furnishings in the new dormitory which the W. W. G. is building for us, but I have not yet decided. When I do, I will surely write you all about it. There are a few of such places where it is badly needed.

The reports that come from the Colby centennial are thrilling, and make me wish so hard that I might have been there to see you all again. But Idella's letter says that the good old class of '14 is planning a reunion four years from now, and you can just bet there is one little missionary who will be there, unless something dreadful happens to prevent.

We had a delightful, restful summer at Kulang, but I am glad to be back at Swatow again and getting ready for a busy, happy year. It does me a world of good to hear from you, so please do write some more. And there are some people, such as Ruth Hamilton, Aldina Gilman and others I might mention, who haven't written to me at all. I might have thought they had forgotten me, but I. K. 's letter drove away that doubt. There is still plenty of time, however, and please remember that I always love to get your letters.

Thank you again for your love and for being so good to me away out here.

Very lovingly yours,

[Signature]
Swatow, China,
February 15, 1921.

Dear [Name],

Do you realize that I have been in China almost three years? I can hardly realize it, for time has swifter wings out here, I think, than in America. My first two years were spent in language study. After the fourth of the semi-annual examinations I began to take more work in the girls' school, and a month later Miss Gulley, the principal of the school, went home on furlough. So since last June I have been the chief cook and bottle washer, figuratively at least. I find that preparing the schedule, scurrying around for teachers when there aren't any practically, then managing those teachers and keeping peace in their petty jealousies and misunderstandings, giving or withholding permissions, finding work for the many poor girls who must earn, and trying to give an opinion (whether you have one or not) on almost any subject from the earing of skirts in our older classes to the reason God had for punishing the prophet who unwittingly disobeyed more heavily than he did the one who deliberately lied (the thirteenth chapter of First Kings), and a multitude of other things such as teaching English as well as music and Old Testament history in Chinese, are a surprisingly different proposition from getting breakfast in college under the competent direction of Miss Putman, our matron. In fact, I can't think why it occurred to me to mention the two situations in one sentence unless it is because we have over one-hundred twenty girls in the school, which is about the number of girls who ate in Foss Hall when I got breakfast as a junior in college.

Sometimes I want to scream or do something equally stupid, simply because there is not enough time to do the things that have to be done. I don't scream, though, and of course I know that it is not normal to feel that way even, and I don't feel that way nearly as much as I did in the beginning of last term. Then I was untried and just plain scared. I did not know what things I should meet and did not realize how many people would help me out if I got into a hard place. There are heaps of them, I know now. I felt my limitations and worried about my health and about other people's opinions of me more than I should have. To worry is a downright sin with me I know, but yet I can't seem to help it somehow. But now when I am not worrying so much and have a more rested, easy-going feeling, I can't help wondering about the reason for it. I am sure a part of it is the knowledge of the many people who are praying here in China as well as in America. I hadn't thought much until last week about the prayers of the Chinese Christians. I was talking with one of our Chinese girls about the difficulties of this new strange work. When I said that people in America were praying for me, she answered, "And I know of a good many Chinese people who are praying for you, too". Well, that little word held a great deal of comfort for me.
Sometimes we get to feel that we have to grope our way blindly and fairly walk on eggs in our dealings with the Chinese, because we don't understand their point of view and because their attitude toward so many things and their way of thinking are so different from ours. It almost seems at times as though they don't work in sympathy with us. I am sure the fault is often ours, but that is difficult to see at times. So when something like what I have told you comes out, it draws us ever so much nearer to them.

I must have told you, didn't I, that my small Gril, Arthur was married two years 1920 to Gladys Farrand, a Burlington girl? Arthur met her when he first went there to study at the U. of Vermont. It is most interesting and exciting to have a sister whom I've never seen! He thought they were very foolish to marry when they did, I assume, for how he is looking instead of studying and coming here to finish college is a big question whether he will ever finish college or not. But an old maid sister would be expected not. But an old maid sister getting married, I suppose, to just about her kid brother getting married, I suppose.

Anyhow they are immensely happy, and proud as punch over a new three month's old daughter, Ruth Gertrude. Wouldn't I like to see her?

When you're in New London again, I hope you can meet Helen Fielden, who taught in our school when I first came out. She has returned America for good, partly on account of health. She has been out here twice and will probably not be out again. She was my roommate for nearly two years. She left here February 1920.

Again thanks for your loving thought of me always. It was such a joy to have the Centennial always. It was such a joy to have the Centennial always. It was such a joy to have the Centennial always.
RICE DUMPLINGS FOR SALE, FUJEN, CHINA.
Andreasen, N.H.A.

Miss J. R. New Hampshire

Swatow, China

Aug 27, 1921

I'm making bold to send you a package of satin (about $10 worth). If you have no opportunity of selling it send it on to mother at Fairfax, Va. Our girls are doing a lot of it to earn their way. I send and you soon.

Love, Abbie J. Sanderson
Swarow, China
Nov. 26, 1922

Dear J. K. dear,

Reading over your letter— the one written last January—has brought me all sorts of doubts and qualms— and I have arrived at the state where I am ready to go on my knees with apologies. In it you ordered some tattling; which I can’t remember sending— and also sent money. I am a poor business-woman, I guess— for I can find no record to tell me whether the $12 was for tattling you already had or for tattling you then. I was ordering, or half of each. Can you forgive this long delay and tell me how much tattling I still owe you? That I should forget this is unpardonable— I know— but perhaps this will go to show you that I am indeed far from doing the things I ought to do at the time I should be done! I am just as bad as I used to be, if not worse— and you know how very bad that was— I shall await word from you most anxiously.
I'm enclosing a copy of my letter to the Maine churches—because it tells a good many of the things I would say in a letter to you. One of the high school girls has helped me make these copies—and together we have made 80 copies.

Another apology! Did I ever tell you how very much I enjoyed the candy that you and Idella sent to me? That lovely tin box is in almost constant use—still cookies and other sweets that came in now and then, we can't leave things around at all on account of ants and roaches—so I've found the pretty box a very useful one too.

And I'm pretty sure that I forgot to thank you for "If Winter Comes". I'm not the only one who enjoyed reading it. After I had finished it, it was loaned for months. It's epsilon! Don't you think? But frightfully true in places. I fear—

Oh—Idella—I can't answer your splendid letter as I want to unless I see you and talk it all out—!
I may be a different person from the one I would have been had I never been a missionary—but I am inclined to doubt that. That I have had some harder trials and richer faith-strength-giving experiences than I knew before I came out is certainly true; but the same or similar circumstances might easily have come to me had I remained at home. You speak of my "spending as much more time with things spiritual"—I think it is an easy to neglect these things in China as it is in America. I must confess that long home in preparation of a Bible lesson to be taught have many times taken the place of my own private devotions, and that more than once the business of this life out here has been my excuse to neglect the searching for strength where really do know it may be found. I am very happy in my work out here. But I should never never say that it is because I have given up so much. On the contrary. I have given up very little. The receipts are far in excess of the expenditures—as far as my happiness is concerned. I have not given up my Father and Mother— I
have missed them—nearly—But we
have not gone one whit out of each
other's lives—I gave Arthur up a
little bit when he was married, I guess
but I think that was because I have
never seen Gladys. After I knew her
writing to him won't seem like sharing
letter with a stranger. And I surely
don't expect to give up my friends—
not the nearest ones—you and
Gladys. Paul and some of the others
we'll be separated if I were in
America—and I of course I'd be just as happy the same as
a year ago I suppose I'd not be as
happy as I expect to be when I
see you sometime—between July 1923
and December 1924.

One of the very happy times came
this last week. The girls came to me
for a story. They might act out at
the 17th year (jubilee anniversary)
meeting of the missionary society.
I told them the story of Van Dyke's
mansion—and with very little help
from me they produced a beautiful,
heart-stirring drama which covered
them with glory and made the
affair a wonderful success. These
are the talented Christian Chinese girls
who are my pupils; and my being here.
Helps to make it possible for them to study; their education puts them in a position to witness for Christianity hundreds more of their sisters could ever hope to win were I possessed of all the virtues and graces. The other night after "The Mansion" I was thrilled anew with the joy of knowing these beautiful girls. It was not simply being glad they had been successful — but it was realizing the fineness of the girls which enabled them to sense so clearly and so quickly the real meaning of the little story, and the real talent they showed in painting the pictures to their audience. They threw themselves into the task wholeheartedly and I just love them for it! That's one of my privileges.

Mother and Father are now in Sutton, Vermont — and Arthur is teaching a Junior High School at West Pawlet, not very far away — Shant I be one delighted girl when I get back to them again next summer? I can scarcely wait.

Affectionately yours,

P.S. Do you correct address Andover of South Danbury?
Fairfax, Vermont
Mar. 24, 1920

My dear Ida:—

It seems hardly the thing to be

addressing the Supt. of

Schools in this familiar

way. However, nothing

else would be natural.

I felt that you would

be disappointed about

the typewriter—but there

are still plenty of needs

to supply. I am in-

closing a list of those

things which I shall

try to supply myself,

as fast as I can.

We sent a thermos bottle

a year ago—but it was

broken when it arrived

although I took great pains
in packing it— She was greatly disappointed
because, as she said, a Thomas bottle (borrowed)
saved her life on one
of the country trips.
Her fountain pen has
given out and as for
the other things enumera-
ted— she went without
them or with a meager
supply— the three teachers
kept house together
and Miss Fielden is
on her way home, her
term of service completed,
and Miss Culley comes
on furlough in June.
Miss Fielden will prob-
ably bring much of her
personal property with
her and Attie will
not like to use Miss C’s
things a whole year.
She took very little silver
will her— a few pieces that I could spare and not anything very good except 1/2 teaspoon that she had had for years. Friends have given her, since she went, a few pieces of the Adams pattern of Community silver—including butter knife, sugar spoon, one teaspoon, 1/2 dozen butter spreaders and I've that for birthday and Christmas we'd try to send something in this pattern— O, there are so many things which might be sent if you want to make a personal gift. A gift to be used for the schooling of some Chinese girl would be sent to the Treasurer, designated
for that purpose.
The treasurer is
Miss Hilda L. Olson,
18 Creighton St.,
Providence, R.I.

I know Attie would be
greatly pleased to have
you do anything of this
kind - If her could
be given the choice
of the girl to be benefitted.
Please let me know
what you decide to
do.

You probably never
heard of Gladys Farrand,
an Essex, Vt. girl, who has
spent the last four
years with her grandparents
in Ohio. She
returned to Vermont
and met Arthur in
Burlington soon after
his return from overseas. 
Thence hangs the tale!
We do not feel that we know her very well yet—I shall make them a little visit as soon as the travelling is settled. Perhaps I told you before that they have been here a few days and Mr. Sanderson has been to Burlington to see them where they are keeping house in three rooms. They appear to be contented and happy—but Arthur is working very hard outside this college work.

With love to you and Lucy.

C.H. Sanderson
Wool blankets
Table cloth
Napkins
Clinical thermometer
Fountain pen
Asperin tablets
Rhamnus
Quinine sulphate
Carving knife and fork
Thermos bottle
Silver
Swatow, China
Feb. 21, 1926

My dear dear J. K.,

The other day I had notice that a parcel was waiting for me at the P.O. That alone is a good bit of a thrill. When it arrived, I opened it with great eagerness, for it said candy and nuts on the label. I even took time to untie the knots in the biggest string, meanwhile remembering the great patience that certain of my friends has been known to exhibit at times (in contrast to my own great lack of it!)

now please read all of what follows, or else none at all; for I'm going to tell the whole story, and if you stop halfway you won't feel that you've been properly thanked, I'm sure!

When the inmost wrappings were off, the outer cover removed, and then the inner one, what met my gaze but deliciously browned peanuts. My thought was, "Well now, bless her heart! Of course she doesn't know that we have peanuts to burn out here, but she does remember my fondness for them, and it was mighty nice of her to send them any way."
you with perforated pink paper. Please excuse it. It came out in a box of Christmas things in the school—rainbow writing paper, which the girls love, of course. The pink in this one box was all ruined, but I'm using it up on my long-suffering friends. It's not easy to write about conditions out here just now, especially when it has been so long since I have written to you at all. The country is anything but peaceful, as you have surely gathered from the newspapers. In our mission here the Chinese have declared independence of the foreigners and responsibility in all lines of work has been
to a larger or smaller extent been taken over by the Chinese. Some of them are doing very well, but I don't know what kind of a pass we may come to before we are through. Their ideas are so very different from ours - in some respects. The Christian schools in this district are having a harder time than a great many schools in other parts of China. Edicts have gone out throughout the country that no religion shall be taught in any school, public or private, and that no school shall have in its aim the propagation of religion. Every school must register with the government, and thereby subscribe
As the above and many other such rules. Elsewhere Christian schools are ignoring these demands and are carrying on as usual. Here in Kwangtung, however, where the Anti-Christians are very active and the Communist faction so persist in spreading their anti-foreign propaganda, we have little hope of escape from the demands. When the various inspectors come to our school, we keep in the background as much as possible. They, of course, would like to see us in Timbuctoo or any place far from China. Our Chinese principal, Miss Trie, is finding her position a most difficult
one. She is doing splendidly—meeting all sorts of criticisms bravely—and she says she is just beginning to realize what the responsibility of the girl's school has meant to us foreigners all these years. For girl, there is grave question about her health and she is discouraged. I want so much to help her, yet I can do so little.

Some people think that if the missionaries left China now, that Christianity would soon slump to nothing out here. I don't believe that for a minute yet it does sometimes seem as though a rough awakening must come to some of them—I don't know what
kind of a crash—before there can be any spiritual progress. Perhaps the foreigners will have to leave China when the crash comes!

There is great danger of our criticising them for lack of vision when it is really we who are short-sighted and don't understand the workings of the Chinese mind. They think we have unlimited wealth because we can't live in the ten-in-one room, monotonous rice-and-fish diet sort of fashion to which the Chinese are accustomed. We, on the other hand, think them materialistic and unspiritual if they show signs of wanting to emulate our style of
living? What ever shall we do to understand each other?

The British missionaries here in port and inland are being shamefully treated; schools closed, no servants even for the most menial work. A boycott continued all these months. I shouldn't have said missionaries only. All British are thus treated. It makes one's blood boil to see innocent people receive such treatment. A boycott has just now begun against the Standard Oil people—and may eventually come to all Americans.

This sounds like a gloomy letter. I fear—but I'm really very happy and especially so since I've had your candy & nibbled on it much love to thee. Affie
The next thing was to taste them. "What a shame!? Travelled so long that they're not very fresh any more sort of tough." Then I saw the corner of a chocolate bar sticking up— and I shouted "Hooray!" and ran in to show Mabelle Culley my prize and to tell her about Butty's chocolate bars and how hard I used to have to try to resist temptation. Then I came back and emptied out the peanuts and then— to and behold, I spied something more beneath the milk chocolate— perhaps I didn't squeal then—and run in to Mabelle—and didn't both of us come pretty near spoiling our
perfectly good dinner with that irresistible brown sugar nut fudge — for it was then 11 A.M. and we couldn't wait! (Since then we've been finding the chocolate fudge almost as good as that.)

One thing more — for supper the next night we had a most delectable peanut fluff — made from American peanuts, let me tell you — how I don't know whether I have yet made my meaning clear or not, but what I want to convey to you is the fact that I appreciate your gift. The candy is delicious, and there is so much of it! My thank you from the heart.

You still wonder why I'm favoring...
Swatow, China, June 11, 1925

Dear Blessed J.A.,

I've had to wait a long time to write from me - but I'm still here! I still have the card which gave me such a thrill - the one that told me you would meet me at W.R. Junction! When I look at it get the thrill all over again and the memory too, of our little visit. Did I tell you how I enjoyed the book? -

Troublesome times in China! We are certainly finding out that you can never tell what is going to happen, not even from one day to the next. First we have rumors of fighting, then we have troops of soldiers arriving in our very midst, then we have the opposing forces arriving and before we know it, almost, a battle has been fought and the city has been taken.

Last week occurred the riot in Shanghai, about which American papers have doubtlessly told. We see many reports, of course, but it seems to us as though the Police (foreigners) had to shoot in order to keep the peace. The Chinese newspapers tell only one side of it, and anti-foreign sentiment seems to be growing more widely. (I meant to write 'rapidly' there, but I rather think 'widely' fits too!) Now comes the news of civil war in Canton. The universal strike in Shanghai of those working in the factories connected with foreigners, and the strikes of students everywhere seemed bad enough, but war nearer yet is a more fearful thing.

We have our petty troubles right here, too. Yesterday morning at the boys' Academy, as he was getting up to take his regular turn at leading the chapel exercises, Mr. Waters was hissed and clapped at and shuffled at in a most insolent manner. When he found that he could not make himself heard, he sat down and the Chinese principal, Mr. Fu got up and rebuked them, told them to come to order and listen to the doctrine. Whereupon some of them declared they didn't want to hear the doctrine and they wouldn't and they wouldn't even hear him. Mr. Fu tried to reason with them, but they kept getting worse and worse and turned into a regular mob. They had various meetings among themselves and finally called a meeting of all the schools here on the compound to call a cessation of classes (they didn't call it a strike this time!) Our teachers in the girls' school said they couldn't sanction anything like the affair with Mr. Waters, and if they were to be called upon to take the girls out on the streets to preach and to get money for the strikers in Swatow they wouldn't do it. That was what might easily happen if a general strike of all the schools were called. In any case, with affairs so uncertain everywhere, they felt it would be far wiser to close school immediately and send the girls home to their parents than to keep open for ten days longer and have such responsibility resting on us. The upshot was that a little before three we had a teachers' meeting and decided to close, and before five nearly half the girls had started for home! I'm still gasping and wondering if it has all really happened.

The boys' schools have declared a strike, and are to be out from now until next Tuesday getting funds for the strikers in Shanghai and arousing sympathy for them. I suppose. I am glad the girls have gone!

I mustn't stop to write more now, for it is 5:30 P.M. and I must be dressed and have my breakfast and be down to the boat to-morrow morning by 4:50, off for the day to examine the little country school up at Nam-leng. Four-thirty sounds early, but it will be cooler to go then than later in the day.

I hear you in a "more enviable position or something."

Love, love,
Abbie
A recent campaign in American universities, started with the purpose of teaching people more about China, discloses the facts that up to the year 1750 more than half of all the books in existence were Chinese, and that even in 1850 China had more recorded literature than any other nation. For up-to-date facts—the world's largest publishing house today is Chinese, and there is a Chinese encyclopedia containing 11,000 volumes. The campaign seems more than worth while when through it people may become better acquainted with a culture which has flourished for thirty centuries in a country which holds one-fourth of all the people in the world.
My dear Idella,

Behold in me a woman sunk in shame! Seventh of March already, and I have been here in China more than two months without sending you a scrap of a line even to tell you that I arrived without mishap. But I somehow that you have at least had some sort of word from Sutton which would let you know that I survived my ocean trip very well, although it was a rough one, and that I am just about as busy as I can be in affairs out here.

One reason that you haven't heard from me is that very ocean trip itself! We had so many ups and downs, and the ups were so high and the downs so deep that we didn't do more than one forty-ninth of what we had planned to do. (That is an editorial "we", I guess.) Still, the little Chinese girl who went with me was pretty sea-sick part of the time. I consider that I got along pretty well myself, having lost only two parts of one dinner!

Getting back to China was even better than I had thought it would be, and as you may imagine, it wasn't long before I was into everything as deep as ever before. I have classes from 8:30 to 11:45 and some days later than that, and begin again at 2 in the afternoon. This includes arithmetic, Old Testament History, a good bit of teaching in English, and several individual music lessons, finishing with my hour of preparation in Chinese with my teacher from 3:30 to 4. I have made many good resolutions about getting out for a walk or tennis every day, and I have done it a good bit, too, but can't seem to make it every day, no matter how many resolutions I make.

You wouldn't think that it would take two months to get settled in a couple of rooms, would you? But when I got here I didn't go right into my own room, but waited until Emily Miller left them to go home, the 5th of February. Even then I couldn't get settled in a minute, because I had to wait until we could get someone to help move the big furniture and get back some of my things that some other folks had been using while I was away. And then while I was moving things and was all upset anyway, I decided to have some things painted. That meant another wait. So it was not until last Saturday that I got my very own things together and got really straightened out. The insides of my trunks, bureau drawers, and various other containers are still subject to more but the most private inspection. I had half an inclination to do that this morning, but I had really much rather be having a little chat with you, and the other things can wait.

Last night Miss Culley and I were invited out to a Chinese dinner. The affair was given in the home of one of our most attractive girls, who was recently married to the port doctor's Chinese assistant. The bride's sister and two other teachers in our school were present and we had a very happy time together. I have seldom been entertained in China when I felt as much at home as I did last night. The house was as clean as a pin, we had a real linen tablecloth and monogrammed napkins to match (a wedding gift, I think). As for the eats, well, I like some Chinese food, but not all. This meal, however, was a feast,
partly Chinese and partly foreign, and every bit of it delicious. We began with fish, then had soup, then a sort of chicken pie with all sorts of goodies in it, then a stew with some kind of quahaug-like animal in it together with asparagus and mushrooms; after that they brought on the most marvelous lobster salad I ever saw, which looked like the whole animal, with head, tail, claws and antennae all rampant, but upon serving revealed everything from beets and carrots and mushrooms to green peas and chopped celery, to say nothing of great slices of firm white lobster meat. It certainly made me think of certain repasts I might mention-prepared for me while I was in America by certain thoughtful, loving hands,-or hearts, at least! I can't remember everything, but I know that by the time the noodles came on I was filled with sorrow to think that simply for lack of capacity I had to go easy on one of my favorite dishes! Some of the mushrooms were from Paris; we had preserved cherries from America and chocolate creams from London. The pumelos and oranges were Chinese, and the rich dark brown cocoa from goodness knows where. When we had devoured all of these things, we were just about ready to quit and come home! It was time, too,-after ten o'clock when we got up from the table.

This doesn't sound much like war, does it? We had only one hint of it all evening long, and that was when our host spoke a word or two in favor of Sun Yat Sen in a tone that his sister-in-law feared was a trifle too loud to be used in a room so close to the street where the soldiers on guard are continually passing and repassing. Men have been arrested, tried, and sentenced to be shot for smaller offences than this.

Mar. 15

My letter didn't get finished right away, did it? It has been right here in the typewriter for over a week. I can't somehow seem to find time to write as I want to. And in the meantime, things have been happening. At the very time I was writing the above, a week ago last Saturday, the Northern soldiers were retreating and the Southern soldiers were entering Swatow. They say we may see them return any time, for the Northerners really far outnumber the others, only the soldiers somehow lost their morale and took to their heels without even trying to defend the city. As they retreat they are robbing and looting promiscuously and the people in the villages are terrified. There is no respect whatever shown for women, and some of the tales that come to us are pitiful indeed. For nearly a week all the shops or many of them were closed or almost closed,-some doing business through barred windows only,-but things seem now to be moving back toward normalcy. We do not feel, however, that everything is settled here yet. And just yesterday we heard of the death of Sun Yat Sen. He is really gone this time, I guess. How much his death will affect the situation is yet to be seen.

There is no need to worry about me. Here in this harbor we are well protected; there are two Japanese gunboats, one British, and one French. An American boat is just up the coast at Foochow, and will be ordered here if thought necessary.
It is really ridiculous that I haven't written to you! But I have thought of you often — and I surely do treasure the memory of that little visit with you. The little book you gave me is on my desk now, and I am planning to use it — some parts of it — in talks to the girls next year. It is fine. "Our Lady's Tumbler" arrived about two weeks ago and the lesson in that has already been used in a class talk. I'm going to use it again in a missionary's prayer meeting talk. Do you suppose anyone will object to the theology? I enjoyed reading it. Somehow it made me think of a few verses in the book. I once read about Jesus’ words in a little book, as they were paragraphed from a little book. The boy — Joseph, as they were called — walking on Nazareth Hill (that's the book's title) that he thought he liked Jonah the best of all the prophets. His father thought he liked Jonah the best of all the prophets. But the boy Jesus went on to thought that stranger. But the boy Jesus went on to say that the other prophets were saying that the other prophets were rebelling and criticizing, while Jonah, honestly, was undone. He was undone and weeping, confessing his sin, was used of God to save a whole city full of people! Perhaps the poor "tumbler" was too well. I'm writing a longer letter than I thought I could — I shall love to hear from you.

Always yours,

Abbie
Shanghai, China
Mar. 13, 1927

Idella, my dear —

No, I’m not a refugee, as a great many people here in Shanghai. I’m just up here to attend a China Baptist Publication Society meeting. I’m one of the five directors appointed from our South China Mission this year. Other meetings are being held at the same time to some of which I am invited. So I’m waiting until they are all over, and going back with the others, instead of today as I had at first planned.

I wish I had time to make a full description of all that has happened since the first of January. We had strikes of all kinds in different parts of the country — but hadn’t expected it would strike so near home. First the boys’ school had another strike, making all sorts of impossible demands; then our own girls’ school followed suit and the result was such a mix-up that we closed and shall not be able ever to open again on the same basis.

I have been transferred to Chashowfu, thirty miles inland from Suratoo, where Emily Miller keeps that station open. Just at present all the foreigners have been called to the post — present all the foreigners have been called to the post — which means that I have never actually gone to Chashowfu. But if we get to resters we family living there at present. But if we get to resters we may pick up and go without waiting for the consent I shouldn’t want to do it without the approval of the mission, but I think the mission will allow us to go.

I haven’t any very definite work laid out up there, but shall have to feel my way along. I intend to spend much of my time...
It has been a good vacation & get up here to Shanghai and see the shop windows and meet all the people and get away absolutely from the rush of school work and the strain of routine affairs - I haven't really rested for I have been on the go until my feet were like toks. I've been here a week. I've been here a week - just a half without.

Now I have written a page and a half without mentioning the Christmas present which came from you - Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. I think not one of us had ever seen "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." There is one and we have just enjoyed it immensely. It seems as if everyone had read it.

It is my duty to mention that I have been writing the Amuse of Mr. Stock. He said, upon reading it, that I was perfectly unamused and that he had just read it not last, and that all these boys were a band of outlaws and that he had just read it not last week.

Anything worth a half a cent between the two covers. It is not a half, and see - it is certainly a killing - and just him and see - the kind of mind-reliever. That is truly helpful.

A week later - (is not a whole week later, in this is Thursday)

The above was written on Sunday night after dinner. The above was written on Sunday night after dinner. I'm a bit sleepy now, got so sleepy I had to stop. I'm rather sleepy now. I'm now aboard ship bound for Swatow.

We have had a quiet trip - and I shall be glad I get here again. Last week I had Chinese dinner with the settee, might eat at table with Mr. & Mrs. Harold Messer, brother-in-law, you know - and the others. I'm rather asleep now, I want to mail this when I get ashore. Much, much love to you.

Abbie
P.S. When I read over the letter I just finished I felt that I had left out some important things I wanted to say - so I'll make another stab.

Our mission force is sadly depleted; we have at present fewer men than we have stations - and it looks as though two more will be leaving for home soon. Some have gone for health reasons - some have retired - and some have gone on furlough. For those who stay there is not a great deal of work because the foreigners is viewed with distrust and suspicion in many places - and even in places where there is little opportunity it is met in a friendly way, there is little opportunity to talk about any subject for missionary work. You can talk about any subject but religion, but when you begin on that subject you are frozen out. That is not surprising, I suppose; and not very different from the situation in America.

We are distressed because the Porter Bill did not go through. Abolition of all unequal treaties may make it necessary for the foreigners to leave China, but I believe it is the cure for a great deal of the anti-foreign feeling that is abroad out here today. I think that the feeling that is abroad out here today - "unequal treaties" from one of the most powerful enemies of Christianity here in China - Chinese Courts.

The spread of Christianity here in China - Chinese Courts are dreadful, of course - and I cannot imagine anything worse than to have to be dragged into one. But I believe that worse than to have to be dragged into one yet I do think that we would advance far more rapidly if we were religious work if the Chinese didn't have the feeling that we are religious work if the Chinese didn't have the feeling that we are religious work with a Bible in one hand and a gunboat in the other.

Guess it is time for me to quit. More love - Affie.
Deane Hall, Iloilo, P. I.
August 17, 1927

Dearest D. N.

Perhaps by this time you have heard from some source or other that I am no longer in the land of so many troubles and wars. Last May a cable came to Swatow from the Mission Rooms in New York asking Emily Miller and me to go temporarily to the Philippines to work. My school had been closed as the result of a strike, and Miss Miller's station had been closed because the other workers there were needed elsewhere; with political conditions so uncertain it was thought unwise for her to live in that city with no other foreigner near.

So I am here for a while, enjoying work which is somewhat similar to the work I had in Swatow, yet different in some ways. I live in a dormitory with 23 Filipino girls, only four of whom were Christians at the beginning of this term. A number of them have already decided that they want to be Christians and my hope is that the others will come too. These dormitory girls are high school, normal school, and business school girls who simply board here.

Besides these girls there are three distinct groups of students here on this compound, and my work is so arranged that I am brought in touch with all three groups. With the Kindergarten and Bible Training School girls I have classes in Child Study, Music and English; and I have them and some of the dormitory girls in a short evening prayer service once in two weeks. The Evangelistic Institute gives a one-year course to young men and women who wish to devote themselves to some form of Christian work; with them I have classes in English and Bible. Deane Hall is a sort of church home for students. Meetings are held here on Sunday and on Wednesday and we teachers take turns in leading the chapel service every morning at 6.45. The Institute, Training School and dormitory folks are expected to attend. The Hall is open every day for students who wish to come to the gym, reading room, or Bible classes. I teach the Bible of Christ twice each week.

The choir includes some from all these groups. Leading the singing is another of my tasks and I enjoy it despite of my own limitations in the line of music. The Filipino girls and boys love to sing, and I think that it is easier, on the whole, for them than for the Chinese to learn our music.

There is a spirit here which I covet for the friends in China whom I have left "for a season." It is the spirit which brings decisions for Christ every week and baptisms every Sunday. Perhaps I have not been here long enough to appreciate the strength and the number of Christianity's enemies here in this land but it seems to me that there is less opposition here than in China.

I am happily situated here, glad for all these experiences because they may be of great help in the work in China, to which I am hoping I may return, sometime, I have no idea when.

And, -- I should love to hear from you!

Much love from Abbie.
Swarows, China
Sep. 28, 1928

Dear F. K. —

I have written almost none except my home letters for months and months. When you long one arrived last month I read it and sent it on to Mother, for she is always eager for news of you.

The experiences you have had in the last two years — it is hard for me to imagine what they must have been for you. In your letter the note that sounded uppermost was
that of being thankful that you could do the things for your sister and the others who needed you so. I sometimes wonder what would have happened to me if I had had to do a fraction of the hard things that you have done so bravely and so well-apparently without stopping to think that they were hard - I'm thinking of responsibility. My heart is still smarting from a sorrow that I feel comes very close to me. My beloved Mabel Borell did not really as they hoped from an operation for some trouble in the stomach. She has never been
well since she left China — but they hoped she would get back to a degree of normalcy in time. Her mother’s letter shows how stunned she still is — as though it could not be that her Mabel, who is her own life personified, has gone.

My record shows that I sent you a letter in August, fromiloilo, P.I. In October they sent for me to come back here. The morning after I got the word here. The telegram said, "Redo in control me from Swatow, saying "Redo in control, Swatow, await letter". So I had to
wait two weeks more - not knowing whether I might not get back here after all ever. But the sojourn of the Reds was very brief that time. Since my arrival the last of October I have been teaching in the new Coeducational School which takes the place of the Boys' School and the Girls' School that were here before. Thus far the venture seems successful but we cannot tell what may happen in a week's time or even in a day time. Dr. Ling, the principal has many qualifications which fit him for the position but whether he will be able
stand all the criticism that is sure to come without getting discouraged or disgusted so hard to say. We are trying our best to give him what help we can, of course.

The routine work is teaching English, but there are extras such as Sunday School class, teaching singing, calling, and making outside contacts with the teachers and pupils. We are at a period now when religion cannot be pushed down any body's throat (not that I was ever conscious of having tried to do that with r. & anybody!)

We have opportunity all night—but I feel so ignorant of how to open the door—

Emily Miller, who went with me & Hole, was kept there longer than I was. She was sent back recently and is here with me teaching in the school this term. I shall have the summer together, and then she will go back to Chauncey. There she was last year—

All this will happen, of course, if conditions keep up as we hope they
May. We have had a few scares this winter but nothing has really happened. The Reds have come nearer and nearer - but relief came in time to prevent their getting back into Swatow. An utterly fearless band of robbers has been attacking some of the nearby villages, and the people here got into a panic over the possibility of their coming here. The British consul's wife wrote to a friend:

"We are sitting peacefully on the edge of an active volcano." We do
really sometimes catch the feeling that an upheaval may come at any time. And yet, there are many things that are encouraging.

I’m enjoying the work with boys more than I ever expected to. We have more than I ever expected, and about 40 girls, 2/3 as many boys, and about 40 girls. I find myself just as sorry when the boys have to be punished, and just as glad when they do well, as I did for the girls — and it rather surprises me!

With much love.

[Signature]
I della dear,

Ten minutes ago your letter of July 14 reached me. It is now quarter of three in the afternoon; at three I must go to school to teach a class of senior high school students. Ivanhoe — rather, I must be there at three.

Tonight it is my turn to lead the missionary prayer meeting, and since I did not know that fact until yesterday, my preparations are as yet far from complete. Sometimes I do manage to get ready before hand, whether for prayer meeting or for some other occasion, but — as you have ample reason to surmise from the brisk (?) way I keep up correspondence with you — I am still in the front ranks of the “putters-off” not so near the front as I was once, I hope!

For reasons stated above I must not write a long letter to you just now, when I had rather do that than anything else. Tomorrow is a full day at school, with classes in English grammar, English orations, Good manners, Health rules, and music. I shall not finish at school until 5 P.M., and I shall not promise...
To finish this letter then. But I'm beginning it now because I am more likely to finish it once it is begun than I am to get started if this long silence of mine grows any longer. Before I leave for Ivauhoe, I want to tell you that I did receive Giants in the Earth and was tremendously thrilled by it. I sent so many "wireless" thank yous to you for it that it is hard to believe none of them were caught by pen and ink and sent off in a letter to you! I am not the only one who enjoyed it. No one else in the mission has had it, so I've enjoyed sharing it.

Alas! Now it is September 16, and nine-thirty in the evening. Every day things have conspired to prevent my continuing this epistle to you. When I got home Thursday night I was weary, and went to bed soon after supper. The early hours of Friday morning are free for me this term, but last Friday I had three calls to make, and I got them over just in time to go to class. Friday afternoon I attended a Sunday school committee meeting, and Friday evening a Young People's Social and Business as they call it. I'm one of the advisers, and right now we feel rather anxious because enthusiasm is waning a bit.

Saturday was busy because Emily Miller finished
packing and left for Charchowfu, and because I had a long string of callers; some, student's wanting help with lessons, others girls who had tatting to bring and tatting accounts to reckon. I also gave myself a much needed shampoo, and then I finished getting ready my Sunday School lesson.

Sunday is always full, but I believe last Sunday is my record. At 8.30 A.M. I went to Sunday School, where I have had the two duties of teacher and organist. On this occasion (last Sun.) I introduced a new organist, one of my girls who has been studying music but has never before been called upon to play for any service. She will do well, I think.

Morning service comes at 9.45 and lasts until after 11. I got home about 11.30, and lay down to relax for a half hour. At 1.30 I was off again, this time to a meeting of the above-mentioned young people. That was followed, at 3, by the afternoon church service. I was organist at both of these meetings. At four we had a "Young People's" special committee meeting, and when I got home from that I was quite ready to quit for the day! A bath and rest fixed me up, however, and I got into my clothes just in time for supper. And I went to bed without even writing my letter home - haven't
written it yet! Today's school work finished at four. Then I had three people to see about church affairs. I then came home and drummed on the piano for twenty minutes or so, then got to work correcting papers in a grammar class of 57 boys and girls - I finished that stunt just before I wrote "Alas!" to you (above) -

Now I'm up to date on ultra-recent history, I wonder what back history I can dig up that will be of any interest.

I can't seem to make myself believe that I haven't written to you since my return from the Philippines, but if I haven't, you may not know that I was called back here to help in a new co-educational school which is practically a combination of our former boys' and girls' schools. The management is entirely Chinese, and I am simply one of a corps of teachers. You can't imagine the relief of not having any responsibility! This summer I met a Dutch Reformed church girl who is principal of a big girls' school in Amoy (a night's trip from here by coast steamer). The poor girl was so burdened and so anxious for any help she could get. When she found I had been principal of a girls' school she almost fell on my neck! I couldn't help her much, for conditions here are apparently not the
same as in Ameo. For one thing, our people are
not headed and independent, and there is no question
of a foreign woman being principal of a school
of any scholastic standing in Swatow. They won't
have it! Any school which continues such arrange-
ment cannot continue to bear the name "school"
but must be called "institute" or some such title,
which instantly marks it as a school which is not
accredited.

But I don't know that you care to hear all
this chit-chat. I really don't know very much about
the threatened war. It is so far north of us that it
scarcely seems to be connected with China. This summer
Emily Miller and I were at Baguio, P. I., again
for a six weeks' rest. While we were there we got
a Manila paper every day and followed the
China cables with the utmost interest. Now, I'm
up to the ear in school work, Hongkong papers
are always at least a day late and sometimes
for a five days' late, and when they do arrive
they contain very little China news — more
British. The Chinese press, sad to relate, can
not yet be depended on to tell any more than
the controlling powers wish them to tell!
It sounds very queer to say that you hear more
news of China when you are in U. S. Territory
than when you are right in China, but—
such is really the case!

Now about some folk. Did you know that Arthur lost little Roy, the third baby? He had never been very well—something the matter with his stomach—but at the end the trouble was meningitis. Arthur has been teaching at Southwest Harbor, Maine. I haven’t heard whether he expects to keep on teaching, or what. He wrote something at one time about changing to superintendent’s work. There seems to be little promise of the “seventeen” children! Ruth, Ralph, and Robert keep him pretty busy. I had snapshots of them recently; they do grow so!

Father and mother are in Charlotte, Vermont. Do you ever take long drives in one of those cars of yours? They would be delighted if you run in on them. I know I think Mother is not very well; she cannot keep from over doing—then she has to pay. I am getting eager to see them again, and it is more than likely that I shall leave Swanton for furlough next July. Gladys Paul has always said she wanted to come out to meet me this time. I have written to hold her to it and ask if she can’t keep on going all the way around through India and Palestine. Can’t you come too? And wouldn’t we have one grand party?!!

Much, much love! Abbie.
Swatow, China, November 11, 1929.

Dear Friend,

A very happy Christmas to you! When the 25th of December comes around I shall be thinking of you and wishing not only that I might see you but that you might visit me out here and see for yourself what Christmas is like in Swatow.

Carols under our windows very early in the morning; firecrackers pop, pop, popping from every direction; a rush to open gifts at breakfast so that we may be on time for the Christmas service in the church; Christmas dinner together (at the different homes in turn); sometimes kindergarten exercises with a wonderful tree on which hangs a dolly or other toy to make each child glad; or the girls' party, where the girls themselves provide gifts that are useful for the most needy children in the neighborhood; and may be a happy time at the Academy, where boys and girls join in a celebration to which all the people in the village are invited. The best part of the whole season, to my mind, is the White Gift service held by the Sunday School the Sunday before Christmas. The classes vie with each other to see whose gifts (cloth, towels, rice, etc.) are arranged in the most original way. Money contributions are also large. The gifts are all put into the hands of a committee, and many poor people and old people, who have no one to care for them receive things that are often greatly needed. Giving with no thought of receiving is the keynote of this service, and the giving is joyous and some of it lavish.

Just what Christmas will bring to us this year no one can tell. Fighting, banditry, kidnapping—all have brought terror and suffering to thousands of people. The great, yearning cry all over this land is "Peace!" A young Chinese who has been in government service wrote recently, "The only hope for China now is Christ. Nothing else can save her, as far as I can see."  

The bright side of the picture is that all over China men and women are deciding for Christ, even when the decision costs them a great deal. One by one men of Christian vision are coming into positions of influence in the country. And there are not a few Chinese Christians who have dedicated to the Lord all their time, money and talents. Let us pray for "White Gift" services where not only things, but lives, will be brought and laid at the Master's feet.

Next Christmas I hope to be in America. Until then, or until I see you,

(願上帝祝福你平安 May God's blessing of peace be yours.)

Abbie G. Sanderson
Swatow, China
November 15, 1933

Dearest J. K.,

Your letter came this noon—bless you!
I’m doing as you suggest sending word immediately so that you will know I got your letter a day ahead of your guess. You didn’t leave quite time, however, for me to get a card back to you and you to get another back to me—Christmas is a little too soon!
My experience this summer has proved a very great blessing to me. I am spending no more time with backward thoughts. The "track" seems to be cleared, and there has been a deal of joy and satisfaction and peace—more than ever before.

I do wish we could talk. I believe we should find our thoughts tending more in the same direction, were we
to analyze them, than we have perhaps thought.

This is not a real answer to your letter. I have the chance to send this to Hong Kong today by the foreclosure who are leaving for America. If I can manage, I'll send you a card through the Swinton post office either this afternoon or to-morrow and you can see what the difference is. This should reach you
Several days sooner.

Love to you from my heart,

Belie,

I shall be wondering when you get this.

I wish terribly that we could write oftener —!
Perhaps you have guessed that my life out here is not exactly what the average person at home thinks of as the manner of living of a missionary. I do not live in a place where we see only Chinese; we do not have unique, thrilling experiences every day that will furnish good material for missionary speeches and missionary letters and so on. Our problems are not these of how to get bread and butter nor of how to battle with snakes, wild beasts, consuming fevers, and unhealthful climate, though of course there is an element of all of these in the realm of possibility. We each have enough work (or feel as though we have!) to keep two people busy, if we did it all, but that is not the thing, as a rule, that wears us out and gives us the fagged feeling and a worse-than—that look! We have, on the other hand, routine of an ordinary work-a-day sort, school business and school discussions from morning till night. Many of the problems are not so different, after all, from those you would find in a girls' boarding school in America.

There is a peculiar rest, though, in the feeling that you have a share, however tiny, in the shaping of the lives of a hundred and forty girls. And I believe that although it is hard sometimes to do one's own work honestly, without being too much or too little dependent upon the opinions of older missionaries, too much or too little in awe of their advice and criticism, and without putting too high or too low a value upon the help and richness of their years of experience; though it is not easy to go through with the countless discussions and controversies that must come without losing one's own open-mindedness, straightforwardness and his grip on himself in general; still, all of these things in themselves are worth more than we ever dream. I wouldn't be missing it for anything I know of in the world. The petty, everyday annoyances loom large out here, perhaps for the reason that you can't get away from them as you can at home, but if you can rise above them, and can get the lessons that are hidden in all these experiences, you have the key, I think, to a doubled usefulness and incomparable happiness.

Our missionaries out here are about the finest bunch of people I have ever met all in one place together. There are sometimes disagreements between the workers of the men's Board and the workers of the Women's Board, but they always blow over and when we need help of any sort the men of our mission are always right there to help us. They toil with us over our building plans and discuss long hours with us our educational plans just as they do their own work. This last year there have been nine single women workers here in Kachchh on this side of Swatow Bay, and one over in Swatow City. Of this number only two came to China before I did, and they have both been here over fifteen years. Of the others, two only are younger than I, and the rest not more than thirty-five years old, I suppose. In our household of three I have been senior missionary, though younger in years than the other two. You can perhaps imagine how staid and sober and dignified we have been at all times! Do you think anyone would dare be otherwise with me in the house?!! Ruth Sperry has just gone home to be married and in February Miss Culley, whose place I am taking at present, will come back from furlough. Our households have to be rearranged entirely this fall when our new house is completed. Even with this additional residence we shall barely have house room for our workers.

I have perhaps spoken before of the fact that Swatow is a port city. It has two or three hundred foreign residents, counting the seventeen in our own mission, the ranks of the English Presbyterian, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Catholics, and all the people who are in consular, customs, or other government service, and those in the different business firms. We do not come in close contact with any except those of our own mission,
but we do see some of them off and on. We make calls once in a while but not with any degree of regularity. When we do come in contact with the community people, it helps to give us a little different point of view. We should perhaps see more of them, but many of them live on the other side of the bay, and Swatow Bay is always a thing to be considered, I can tell you! The tides are swift and it is always a comfort to have an experienced boatman even when there is no wind. We travel to Swatow in a small boat called a sampan, sometimes rowing, sometimes sailing, sometimes both.

Speaking of traveling; in Swatow city we ride in rickshas when we go beyond walking distance or if we are in a hurry. On the other side of the city is a railroad terminus; the line goes from Swatow to Chaochowfu, about 30 miles. This train is not half as bad as it might be, but it is a pretty big contrast to the most rickety cars, even, that I ever rode on in America. When we travel anywhere but in Swatow we must go by boat or sedan chair. There are two or more automobiles already in Swatow. People were surprised one day at church to hear a honk-honk and a whiz, and then a greater commotion which was caused by the uplifted voices of the wondering onlookers! Where they find roads wide enough to run the machines is a marvel to me. This innovation ought to hasten the coming of decent roadways, and if so, let us be thankful, and keep that folks will learn to run their machines nearly as fast as the machines are brought here, so we shall not have many accidents! A motor launch has been promised us, and when we get that we shall be more independent about crossing that bay.

A few extracts from the little diary that I keep will perhaps show you how a little of my time is spent. This begins in vacation time last February

"Wed. In A.M. cut out a dress. In P.M. went to Union prayer meeting. Walked down to the jetty with the Presbyterians. (Thye live over in Swatow and have to cross the bay.) In the evening to meeting in the Big Village. (Week-of-Prayer meetings.)

"Thurs. Sewed. Got work ready for Simpo and A-ai (two of the school girls.) Marion Boss came down from Chaochowfu. The Tysons called... Evening reading around the fireplace in Ruth's room.

"Saw Emily off on her trip then went to the consulate and shopping. In P.M. arranged for places for piping the new house in case we ever get the money.

"To Chinese church twice and to English church once. Met Miss Tingley and Miss Regan of Burma, and arranged for their trip to Kityang.

"Up at 6.30. Hustled to get the sewing ready for the girls who asked for work. A quick trip to Chaoyang with Mary Ogg (who lives there). Good dinner and supper reading between. A grand rest after the strenuous two weeks of visitors, etc.

"In A.M. got letters together and began to write. Dictated to Mary (she is the mission stenographer,- not supposed to do my letter writing but out of the kindness of her heart helping me because she knew I had so many letters to write). She got fourteen letters ready for me. Talked with Dr. Bun Chai about the condition of one of the girls. In evening went to walk, sang and sewed.

"Mary got more letters written and I have thirteen of them ready to mail. Slow work! The Crossbecks (Chaoyang missionaries) arrived about 5.30 from their country trip, footclore and tired.

"Letters, letters! I have twenty-nine to mail. I meant to go home but they persuaded me to stay. A delightful moonlight walk.


"A final spurt on these letters,— finished the forty-eighth one. In B.M.
took a walk over the hills and had an excellent picnic supper.

"Started going over Mother’s and Arthur’s old letters. Went to church.
In P.M. had a little walk and then a good rest before supper. Afterwards
finished Mother’s letters and wrote her eight pages of foolscap.

"Left Chaoyang at 8:30 P.M. and read last half of Genesis on the launch.
After arrival, read Chinese letters.

"After morning worship (in Chinese) went over to see Mr. Page about a
room for the new teacher. Sin-po came to bring lace and to take accounts.
In P.M. dyed a dress and it turned out scarlet instead of rose. Went to
the opening of our coot’s new house.

"Studied on History outlines (Chinese). Went shopping with Ruth. Made
a call. Played tennis. In evening missionaries’ prayer meeting.

"Took accounts again with Sin-po. PM. Women’s prayer meeting. Sat up
late to make picture exhibit to send home.

"Head from Mark and Ephesians in Chinese. Several new girls arrived.
Old ones appearing. Tennis for the third day in succession. Wrote to Mother.

"Registered new girls all day— in fact registered 12 for dormitory where
there is room for only six. (I am a nut). Wrapped packages for mailing.
Out for tennis for the fourth time.

"And still the new girls come. To Chinese church and then to English
church. In P.M. Peggy and Margaret came over and we sang. Then went for a
walk out to the point— between my sessions with the matron and new pupils.

"Began classes after a fashion. Busy all day talking with teachers and
pupils. Examinations in P.M. Still more new ones coming. Went to East Hill
to see about new house. Teachers’ meeting in the evening.

"Another new pupil, one whom I visited last winter when I was out on a
country trip. In A.M. sent new pupils into classes and talked to latecomers
fining such 10g. In P.M. taught my Old Testament class and talked with
Teacher Lu about school at Hou i.e. I promised to help them open it. Over
to East Hill house. In evening Girls’ school prayer meeting, then Music
Committee until about 10.30.

"Arranged make-up classes for the new pupils. A long session from the
deacon from Tat-pou. Hong lun’s mother came to talk over the Kuang pou school.
Promised to help. At 6 P.M. a meeting of the educational meeting. At 6:30 Mr. Capen gave me his schedule; I skipped prayer meeting to arrange
ours. (We had been running three days on a makeshift of our own; we had to
wait for the boys’ Academy schedule because some of their teachers were to
have classes for us and they had to do it at ours convenient to them.) About
10 P.M. Mr. Waters came to talk over the Kuang pou school. In bed about
1.30.

"Up at 6.30 and sent notes to the teachers about the schedule. Conference
with Lou Sinese (our head Chinese professor). Every minute busy until twelve.
To hospital for throat treatment. Half hour nap. At school from 2 to 2:30
and from 3.30 to 4. Women’s prayer meeting. Callers. To bed early.

"Mrs. Angell (visitor) spoke in chapel—a very nice talk which I inter-
preted rather badly. Three girls promoted into 3rd grade. Kia gek very ill
with malaria. Mrs. Worley came to talk about Nam leng school. (The teacher
who was invited couldn’t come at the first because she was sick, then later
the people didn’t want her and hired some one else in her place.) Tennis.
At East Hill house found upstairs doors wrong. Spent evening discussing
matter with Mr. Page and the contractor.

"Kia Geok better. Hunted up some stray English pupils of Ruth’s. Corrected
with Hui pi Che and Mrs. Lim (my two Chinese helpers). A long discussion
about the Nam leng school, then Su-nge’s mother walked in and announced that
Su-nge (one of our graduates last year) is already there and teaching! Thus
that matter is all settled. Another session with East Hill contractor.
Finished up accounts from Nov. to Feb.

"Read over passage in Matthew to prepare for to-morrow’s chapel talk.
Kia Geok worse— took her to hospital and sent for her people. Bed Mary Ogg
audit my accounts. Miss Ang and I examined two girls for baptism then called on their parents. Finished picture exhibit and took it to Miss Sellman. To hospital again to see girl. The pages here to supper. Prayer meeting here at our house.

Led morning chapel at school. Got the doctor for my housemate (indigestion) Corrected Chinese compositions with teacher. Took accounts with the matron. A teachers' meeting to talk about applicants for church membership. Kia gek much better. Had my throat painted again (an ounce of prevention, you know!) Fat-foo preacher and teacher came to ask help in putting up new buildings. Ruth and I sang duet at women's prayer meeting. About 4.30 eleven girls came to tell me of their intentions of joining the church. A half hour of tennis, then talk with the matron about preparation for Dingley may's talk to the girls to-morrow. In the evening Miss Ang and I examined the eleven.'

Etc. etc., ad infinitum! This will show perhaps that we do not intend to stagnate if we can help it, and that we try to make our exercise and recreation a real part of our life. Before we came out, some people who know told us that we must not neglect that side, and I hope I shall remember that.

Ordinarily people here in Swatow think they must get away for the summer. In fact, the other three summers since I came to China I think I should have felt myself most abused and ill-treated if I had not been allowed to go away to get out of the heat. But this summer it seemed to be my turn to stay right here on the spot, for more than one reason. Our new house is nearing completion and many details will require the oversight that only the future occupants can properly give. Our teaching force is low, we have lost our matron and are making new arrangements which are not yet complete. Moreover it costs money to go elsewhere and I went to Kuliang last year - a trip that is twice as expensive as going to Thai Iong, the regular resort for the people of this mission.

So here we are, and we are standing it pretty well. (by we, I mean myself and Emily Miller, my housemate, a very dear girl who is a help to me in a good many ways.)

Love,

Abbei
Dear J. H.,

Received this letter a few days ago. Dorothy arrived Mar. 3 at 3. Her
mother was with her all day—Coudry
where she had her trunks tested. They are at the wooden
sheds after school closed.

She has taken charge of N. E. and
it relieves me of a lot of care already.

Tomorrow night she is going to bring her
horses from town, clean & put them to
bed as soon as dinner. Stay down another day to
help my nurse make articles for a
minnscage sale the week in St. R. I will
help often. I sprained my church cast
sun. By Thursday I felt as if I might
be more active than I have been.

Dorothy pushed N. E. home yesterday & came
on the car & brought her suit case.

My own provisions. She got one a
few minutes before I did. She found
the right house & key & got inside. She
is shuffling up the folks now as we are going
out—the church weather. N. E. & she are
going to roses & teas (vendredi) tonight,
the week out to Mrs. Levesque's supper last
week. We went as usual to the opera.

"Sails of Sunset" by Edith Roberts & "All
Ladies" by Walpole are two of the new books. I
am enjoying. The first is much the better
of the two. It is perhaps better written, but Italian
setting.

I am extended. So farewell & thanks in any new reading.
Lewie, m' dears! 

I did get your letter as soon as I got to China, after all. You see I took my time going across county - around by Seattle, etc. But it didn't seem very leisurely, with all the visiting, and all. It was really a grand rush. But when Emily Miller met me in Hong Kong, she brought me a true little bunch of mail - and among the letters was your little letter which I devoured - I didn't devote the dear little half-page I devoured - I didn't devote the dear little half-page that is, I didn't quite. But I almost did - it is so dainty - and I do like it so much.

When you read the enclosed copy, you will think you are at another missionary meeting, maybe. Still, I remember with satisfaction your saying at Manchester that Ruby Anderson's talk was "just a missionary speech" - that Ruby Anderson's talk was "just a missionary speech" and that seemed to imply goodness knows what about, and that seemed to imply goodness knows what about... still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt fine.

I wonder if you know how very much I enjoyed seeing you and your family? It was just great - and I shall have the anticipation - all these seven years - of another - and I hope longer visit with you.
The visit with J. K. on the train was wonderful—only cruelly short. It seemed as though we got there almost before we started!

The girls have gone home for their vacation and so I am using the chance to write a few letters before the new semester begins. I still have a big pile before me, however—so I'm going to say goodbye to you for this time—unless I hear from you again soon.

Much, much love.

Abbie

P.S. Will you let J. K. read the enclosed letter, please? I'm using my stenography these days—and so I don't like my carbon copies out to make them go round!