

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Monday 10 A.M.

Dearest Mother mine:-

You see I'm really repented
of not writing to you - The other
letter I wrote between breakfasts.
Now I hope to start in and
tell you a little about my trip.
(All this writing delays the embroidery
so you mustn't expect me to
get it done so soon) I may
repeat things that I've said
before, but I'll try not to, and
I guess I've not said much
of anything before now.

I'll start in way back to
Waterville when the whole six
of us waited until Friday P.M.
because some of the girls had
exams Fri. A.M. We started at

3.28 in the P.M. Ethel M.'s friend Mrs. Lester Weeks, was up to the train, also Harvey Knight. [to see Emily H. off (!)] The latter (H. K.) said he was mighty glad I was well enough to go, by George, he didn't think I would be — ! He is a nice man.

Merce Morse saw us off at the station and at the last minute gave us a great big box of lunch, which we enjoyed at intervals all the way to Bolton. I ate the last hard boiled egg. At Bolton Molly Hanson met us and helped us with buying our tickets and checking baggage, etc.

Molly treated us to icecreams, and we talked awhile, then got aboard the sleeper and prepared for bed. The train started about 11.30 P.M. We slept and didn't sleep — (I did a little) until 6 A.M. Sat. when we arrived in Albany. I was sorry — because I had told Ruby I would get there at 10 — That's what Helen had told me — so I didn't know. (I didn't see R. coming back either, although I wrote to her) — We had a hurried breakfast in the station then started on the long ride to Lake George. On the train the girls caught sight (Emily did) of James K. Romeyer (Colby '10) and he

came up and was introduced,
I said I remembered seeing
him many times, but didn't
know as we had met. He said
he saw me the night before in
Boston, and recognized me, but
none of the rest of us. He remem-
bered that I went to Coburn.
He's fine. I like him very much
and admire his spirit. Not
every rich man - who is a
Christian, even, spends his
time in a poor country church -
and his money stult and
everywhere for good - That's
the kind that counts - If only
the world contained more of
them! -
Well - James N. left us

a little the other side of Glen
Falls, and we reached Lake
George about 11. The train
connected directly with the
boat - and we had a boatlift
three hours ride up the lake -
My veil and my big blue coat
came in very handy then -
I think it would have been
cold without the coat -

They gave no dinner as soon
as we arrived - and let me
say here that I could eat a
good meal 3 times a day -
of what they served. It
happened to be something that
I could eat, every time. We
had splendid board, too - and

a good variety.

When I get home I'll show you the plan of the Silver Bay grounds. That will show you better than I can explain, where the Hotel is, and Forest Inn, the large cottage where the Colby, Bates, Hebron, Ricker, Farmington and Castine girls roomed. The Hebron girls; two of them. One's name was Curtis, she's a South American girl, the other's name I've forgotten, but she's small, light haired, and freckled, and is the Pres. of Y. W. at Hebron.

At Forest Inn we were up on a hill side, and the veranda was high above the ground - so that we looked out over the lake - I can't begin to describe it to you - As Jessie White (Vassar's) said, "Sometimes it's so beautiful that it hurts"

I was a very irregular attendant at Mission Study and Bible Study courses, which were held daily, and the different lectures. They tell us that the phrase "Spirit of Silver Bay" is a forbidden one, it's so intangible - but we all felt we couldn't be very wicked up there. I guess I've told you what an inspiration Miss George and Miss Mead were to me - I had

the most splendid talks with them
and once Miss George and I
went apart ~~a little while to~~
~~talk with someone else.~~ It
makes you feel as though the
world were a ball so small
that you could mold it in
your hands, and though years
were only moments that would
soon be gone, when two women
meet and talk of the great
opportunities in ~~this~~ world
~~other lands~~, and pray each that
the other will be guided and
given strength. It was wonderful.

Mother, the girls can never
know what Silver Bay meant
to me. I told Ethel that the
help I got was the intimate

kind, that is hard to pass on
in mere words. Perhaps I
can have something to say -
but I shall let the other girls
report shortly. I hope though
that the Silver Bay influence
will leave its mark on my life.
I enjoyed the President's Council
very much. They told us that
we had influence over more girls
that we perhaps ever should
again in our lives. It set
us thinking.

Well, what's the use? I've
haven't ink and paper enough
to write you all about it, I
can't - anyhow - just that
was wonderful.

Helen and I needn't have started on the 5.30 A.M. boat, but we wanted to have plenty of time in Boston, we preferred to cross the city at 6 P.M. than at 9 or 10, and we wanted to go as far as Boston with the other girls. Everything progressed beautifully and the dirt accumulated rapidly upon our faces, waists and the rest of us. However, the ride from Albany to Boston, which we missed on the way up - because it was night, is truly magnificent.

We arrived in Rollinsford 2. A.M. went right up to Helen's, and retired after a light lunch. The next day was the hottest on record - and this is as far as my story goes.

At Silver Bay we (the M. & I) met 3 Chi Onegas - 1 Wellesley girl who formerly attended Transylvania University, and two Syracuse girls. On the way home we met two more Syracuse Chi Onegas who hadn't been to Silver Bay - we enjoyed meeting them very much - Shouldn't you think my pen would be dry? But it isn't -
Very lovingly -
Abbie

perfect. I have been just slightly
busy - with 13 music pupils outside
of school hours - a class in English
every day - and studying Chinese
the rest of the time - and various
other things to do. I am beginning
to get the "towards the end of the
year" tired feeling already - and
with my fourth exam ahead of me,
and Miss Culley going home in
June - in the middle of the month.
I don't know when I am coming out.
I owe every body a letter it seems!

Tonight was prayer meeting at the
girls' school - we had a splendid
meeting - but I am getting more and
more scared all the time. A hundred
and twenty-five girls - for me to look
after - and be an example to - and
be the authority to whom they look!
I feel as though there is nothing to
do but duck and run - sometimes!
I am not worthy of such a task - to

say nothing of not being capable -
Well - I simply cannot do it in my
own strength - and I find it hard
to believe that even God can do it
through my small, weak, little self.

The Book of Remembrance brought me
a most comforting message tonight
though. I happened to look at the
Second Day of the month. and found this
quotation from Moffatt's translation of
Eph 3: 14: 19;

"I kneel before the Father... praying Him
out of the wealth of His glory to grant you
a mighty increase of strength by His spirit
in the inner man. May Christ dwell in
your hearts as you have faith! May you be
so fixed and founded in love that you
can grasp with all the saints what is the
meaning of the Breadth, the length, the
depth, and the height by knowing the
love of Christ which surpasses all knowledge.
May you be filled with the entire fulness
of God!"

Isn't that a beautiful way of saying the
good old words? What comforts me is the fact
that I may feel sure you folks are praying
like this for me, as I pray for you. ^{gladly}
I don't love to ^{ask} ^{ask}

for it would not be good policy now³
in the middle of the year, to take
the position away from me and give it
to the Chinese - To some Chinese girl -
The Chinese would wonder if I wasn't able
to carry out what I undertook - I am
doubtful about whether it was a wise
plan at all - But Mabelle made me think
at the time that it was the only wise and
right thing to do - and my conscience
wouldn't let me shirk it. And of course
I have got acquainted with the girls
to a certain extent, but on the other
hand I have not been any where, - Miss
Cary has really been the preceptor - and
on important questions that she has
brought to me I haven't dared decide
myself - not knowing the precedent -
and not knowing whether I was expected to
or not. I have just been on in tataras
and I don't know what the Chinese think
about me as a result of that. If it hasn't
mattered in that respect I'm sure I don't
mind about not having authority. In fact
I would much rather not have to decide
things myself when someone is right
behind me to pass judgment on my decisions

Swanton, China

Nov. 14, 1918

Dear Folks:

I'm sending this draft to you to pay the debt if there was any - on the thing I sent - Mother, you just put that down - the rest of it - to my credit on what I owe you -

I don't expect ever to pay up all the cash you ever put out for me - and I'm sure I have lost track of what I borrowed from you folks in the years after I graduated from college - It was altogether too much - I know -

I'm sending this to you Mother - and you use your own discretion about what you do with it - I would prefer that you don't give it to missions just because some one thinks you

ought to - but do what
you yourself deem prudent
with it.

And some day, Pa -
when I get rich (I) I'm
hoping to bestow a portion
my worldly goods upon you -
It may be next year - or
5 yrs from now - I don't know
how soon -

I'm very happy that I can
send it now - And if people
have to see it when you are seeing
about getting it cashed - you tell
them it is a bill I owed - It
certainly is nothing if not that.

I'm registering this letter and
want to know when you get it -

Heaps of love

Abbie

P.S. I forgot to tell you that
last Monday I read your letter
dated Sept. 8 - and one from
Arthur dated Sept 8th!

Later: (Monday A.M. -)

This morning brought me
a card from Gallipoli - have
you had one? That is what
I call exciting!



Mrs. Robinson

This was written early Sunday morning

Dear Lady,-

Aren't you a dear!
But where do you spare your
nice note finds me? In
bed without any extra on!
Don't worry - I'm getting up
right away - It's just that
I knew my teacher wasn't
coming this A. M. and as
I could be lazy an hour
longer! Had a full day
yesterday and took a long
walk besides so was a
little tired.

I'll take your good advice -
for I know it is timely -
I don't want a cold!

Much love - Alice

and thoughtless letter
I am very
sincerely yours
Lida S.
Ashmore.

Swatow. China.
April 5th '20

My dear Mrs. Sanderson: -

I have wanted to write you
for so long and thank you for
the very kind letter you sent me
so long ago. It came at such an
opportune time, just when I needed
a bit of comfort and it was
like a cool hand over a hot
forehead, and I have been more
than anxious to write and tell
you so.

I have enjoyed Abbie so

much, and when I have tried
to be a "missionary mother" to her
she has responded so beautifully
just as she did this morning, when
I sent her a note telling her this
was just the kind of weather to
take cold, the kind that pulls one
down so at the beginning of the
summer. There is a cold north
east wind coming off the old
Pacific ocean and bringing with
it the cold and dampness. Alice
had gone into her summer clothes
and so I wrote her to get into more
clothes this morning if she had not
already done so & that a sweater was
not enough but just more clothes on

her legs. With all she had before
her she could not afford to use
up her nerve power keeping warm.

I'll just slip in her reply. Can
you really envision anyone resenting
such advice & while they may
not say so assume they ^{are} "guess I
know enough to put on more clothes
when I am cold. This is not cold."
So they go on Take cold. break down
"because they have studied or worked
too hard"! when more than half of
it has been not-taking the common
sense care of their physical body.
And Abbie is inclined not to realize
she is cold even if her hands are
stiff with the cold, altho the roses and
begonias and other flowers are in gorgeous
bloom, and out in the June too.

No, I don't feel that you are a stranger to me. Abbie has told me so much about you and her father, and read extracts from your letters until I have felt you were a friend too. She did enjoy the home life with us. While the single ladies say "home" for the house they live in, it is really only a boarding place, and each one eats and runs to their study or bed room and don't see the others until the next full commons there to another meal. Abbie certainly did enjoy it when she "beat" in Halma, and I was glad, for while I like to win a lot I don't want to always win, for I don't enjoy always having the other ^{win} every time. Isn't it one of the hard lessons for some people to learn - the putting of one's self in the other one's place.

Again thanking you for your very kind

and thoughtless letter
I am very
sincerely yours
Lida S.
Ashmore.

Saratov. China.
April 5th - '20

My dear Mrs. Sanderson: -

I have wanted to write you
for so long and thank you for
the very kind letter you sent me
so long ago. It came at such an
opportune time, just when I needed
a bit of comfort and it was
like a cool hand over a hot
forehead, and I have been more
than anxious to write and tell
you so.

I have enjoyed Abbie so

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Chaoyang, China (address SWATCH)
Aug. 15, 1922

Dear Ones:

Sad but true- I have been writing so long that I am almost too tired to get a letter off to you, and that will never do! I decided that if I could make a lot of copies of the typhoon letter it would save time in the end and my summer's letter writing made much easier. Mui tau, the girl who began to learn on my typewriter last summer, has made six copies already and will make a dozen or so more; and I have made twenty-five copies myself. I am going to send them to all my friends and relatives, - to friends if I owe letters, and to relatives whether I do or not: I am going to send one for Hollinsford and Dover. I have never done this before but I think that a typhoon is of such a nature that petty differences may be forgotten, don't you?

Fannie went to Kakchih the Saturday after the typhoon. I planned to go the following Tuesday, but was very tired and Mrs. Groesbeck persuaded me that I was not needed there and that I would better stay here and rest just as long as I could. I am getting restless now, though and Emily and I are going over tomorrow to see if we are needed. I asked Mabelle to tell me frankly whether I ought to come home and whether she wanted me. She said I was not needed now but that she would want me when they could get workmen and they began to work on the roofs. Enid is there and I should think she could help too, but tomorrow I am going to see for myself. I can't bear to think of shirking things that I am needed for, and yet I am just about as slim and skinny as I was when I came over and little things upset me. I know I ought to get all the rest I possibly can before I tackle the fall work, but I do not want my rest to be taken at some one's else expense. I am in a quandary. I know that if there is anything at all to be done Mabelle will let me know, and I am going to do what seems right to do if I can find out what that is! Now please don't think I am sick, for I am not, but just a bit worried as to what is the "next" thing for me to do. Emily won't want to stay over here if I am over in Kakchih helping Mabelle, and Naturally I don't want to stay here and loaf while she goes over there. Louise won't want us both to go and leave her all alone. I am perfectly willing to take turns, but E. does not like the idea of that either. Oh, well, it will be all over long before you get this letter, so don't you mind my fussing!

Did I tell you that the books in Mrs. Clarke's list came all right, and now word comes from Mabelle that several packages have come for me. The books are fine; readers and music books and others that will be exceedingly helpful. I am sure I told you that I received the check you sent including \$13 from Washburn. I have my letter all written to them and also to Mr. Giberson.

It is hot, and I am sleepy, so I am going to cut it short for now,

Love from your own daughter,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Sept. 17, 1922

Dear One:

20/89

Still more we hear about the typhoon. Miss Soilman found the remnants of one village all sitting together under one large tree. They had no houses, but begged for bamboo sails to cover their heads from the sun.

Awful are the tales of the way that old people and the sick perished in the sweeping waters; especially of the women who died in travail. Only yesterday came the most breath-taking story of all. During the typhoon a woman up in the Kityang region gave birth to a child. Almost immediately the flood came, and she climbed with her meager strength up on top of her bed post frame. After a little she thought, "My baby! I have crawled up out of danger, but he will be drowned!" So down she got and felt all around in the dark, and when she got him, she wrapped him all up tight in a sheet or something, and climbed up again. Pretty soon she thought, "Why, I must not wrap him up so tight as that or he will smother," and when she unwrapped him, think of her dismay when she found that in her haste she had grabbed a tiny pig instead of her son! Trembling and sobbing, she stepped down, and in the water which had by that time risen high above the seaboards, she searched until she stumbled against him. She picked him up and climbed to safety once more. The unbelievable thing about that story is that the child lived, and now, of course, is over a month old!

Safe at our house

We hear more stories every day, and feel helpless because there is so little that we can do. Among us we have three machines, and they are in use all the time. Yesterday and the day before some of the high school girls came and they have finished twelve jackets. They wanted to do twelve more but had no time; so, although almost every one of them will find it a pinch, they have clubbed together and raised the money to hire twelve more sewed.

Did I tell you that I have already had letters of sympathy from Helen Hunt and Henriette Failing in Burma? The latter sent a check for ten dollars, which I can tell you will be most acceptable. The expenses are running up in the most appalling fashion. We simply had to go ahead with the repairs on our houses and school buildings or else have all the property go to rack and ruin. The repairs on our house alone, - and it was damaged less than most, is \$300; so far. The expense for the roofs alone of our two big school buildings is \$800. This does not count doors and windows nor does it count the two primary day school buildings. We are simply going ahead on faith. The Board will scarcely be able to give us any money but still it seems as though they must.

This phase of the matter I did not think of at first. I don't mean that, either. Of course I thought of it, but I was so stunned by the things we were seeing and hearing that nothing seemed real. But now the workmen's bills are beginning to come and they seem very real indeed! I guess there is no danger of my getting my new shutters put up again very soon!

This letter is written on some paper that went through the typhoon but I know you won't mind that. It is going to be necessary to squeeze every penny and I am going to use up my worst paper first. If I don't, then I will use all my good, and finally decide that the worst is too bad to use, so then I'll throw that away and have to buy new. But I shall just have to be careful!

Always with love,

Althea