Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Dearest Mother,

This letter is written after your birthday, and it won’t reach you until after Mother’s Day. I am afraid I want to tell you, though I’m sure you know it without my saying it, that I think about you not only on these two days, but every single day in the year, and these days—every hour and pretty nearly every minute of the day!

There is one time when I may not think much about you—and that is the hour when I have my Freshman English class of over sixty students. They are young rascals—and it is a standing-up job to keep them quiet for a minute at a time. I have had them a month, twice some weeks and only once some weeks—and I haven’t learned all their
name, yet. I have had them just ten recitations — The 14 girls I know but the boys I don't see at any other time and there are still about 30 whom I'm not sure about — I shall try to call on the most of these again tomorrow, and I can learn some of them, any way. It is a terrifically big class and ought to be divided.

So, perhaps I'm not thinking about you much when I'm almost standing on my head trying to get something into those 60 precious heads! But it is the honest truth that I'm thinking about you the most of the rest of the time — and I can scarcely, scarcely wait to get hold of you — I'm still undecided about which route I shall take — It will probably be quicker to come directly from Portland instead of going back up through Seattle to Vancouver — In that case I should go to Chicago and Albany — Don't believe I should...
love trouble as father had for the customs officers usually make it as easy as possible for the transcontinental passengers, going from Canada to U.S. or vice versa - I had no trouble on my way out - I mustn't stop to write more I love you heaps and I'll try to write a better letter next time -

love

Abbie
Dear Ones,

A week ago yesterday I received the letters from you and Arthur telling about little Abbie Grace. Aside from the heart-ache because I knew Arthur and Gladys would be distraught, I have the keenest feeling of disappointment for I know I should have considered that Baby almost half mine! I suppose by this time the other little things I sent have arrived—some little white embroidered dresses not yet made up, another little cap made by Miné Long, and a little blue and white wool set knitted by blind children in Hongkong—I'm not sure whether
that little set has been received or not. If so, there was probably duty on it, and of course I want to pay for it.

As for you taking the money from Arthur, my only regret is that you didn't take more from him, if there was more to take. Nothing I could do at a time like that would be too much — or enough, even!

I suppose by this time you have received my letter 249, sent Jan. 26.

We are busy getting ready for Easter this week. Music and practices of all sorts. I'm
trying to get a little straightening of my things done in between whiles. But the thing that worries me to pieces is the everlasting string of papers to be corrected! It seems as though I can never get them done.

Right now I must get off to school. This letter is not really worth ten cents — except to let you hear from me and know that I am all right.

Much love

[tore]
Dear Aunt,

My latest letter to you was written Apr 16, nearly two weeks ago. Much has happened since then. That very night at prayer meeting we learned that Min Cheng, a girl who would have graduated from our Junior High School in June, was in hospital at the point of death. While we were in prayer meeting the doctor operated and Mabel stayed over at the hospital & found out what they could tell her after the operation. She had been taken sick only the day before, sudden terrible pain near the stomach. They found that the pancreas had somehow broken and partially perished itself all through the abdomen - in effect partially digesting the membranes wherever it touched. There was no hope almost from the first. Early the next morning I took her a rose - and she was conscious enough to thank me with her eyes a little. That was the last time I saw her - in the left we that evening about 7:30, not long after we were singing Easter songs, and praying for her, after at the girls' dormitory.
Mai Cheng was one of the leaders in our little young people's group, and we shall miss her sorely. In sending a picture of her and some of her classmates taken last November. At the right edge of the picture sits Dang Cheng, Principal Ling's youngest daughter, and Mai Cheng is the other girl. Behind Dang Cheng stands Thuyang Him, who was baptized this last fall. Next to him is Tong Teke, son of Pastor Tang, and cousin of Mai Cheng—Mai Cheng's father is in America. Some pretty fine boys and girls we have. The loss of this girlie is a sad blow to us—and it struck us all of a heap because it was so sudden.

Your letters of Mar 26, 27, and 30 all arrived last night. Thank you much for sending the rubber article. It is just what I need—and just the kind I want, and I need it badly right now! I was greatly shocked & learned about Lulu. I already have her answer to my letter, in which she wants me to know that it is good news that I am coming to see them. She gives the same address that Uncle George gave, which is 1212-38th Ave. North, Seattle—and that is where you should address me for anything you want me to receive while I am there. She says nothing about any change and nothing about Alaska—but that she expects to be in Seattle all summer with Uncle Lym—
Montreal! Father dear — yes — and after all you may and better too! Well—thank you for all the time tables and information — and of course this is still time I change my mind again. But this is how it is — I have discovered that it would take about two days longer to go back to Seattle & Vancouver after having been at Salem — and would accordingly, I suppose, cost a lot more money. I can buy a ticket through to Chicago or Charlotte, if I want to, though Portland, from Seattle — with stop over of 3 days or so at Portland — which would give me time to go down to Salem — Another thing, Miss Sandberg is coming out to China next fall — and if I’m to see her at all, I’ll have to see her on my way home — so I’m likely to be a day in New York on my way home — you see the old plans are all upset!

The reason I want to buy my ticket right through is that I can take 300 lb. baggage on the train if I get my ticket stamped Trans-Pacific. In order to do this I have to leave Seattle very shortly after arriving. I’ve forgotten just how many days they give. But I hope I have no trouble about that. Maybe I can check my baggage right through to Charlotte and then follow later myself. In that case I would send trunk checks by registered mail & you — I hope it won’t take me too long — do all
In traveling, I mean! What I should like to do would be to fly from Portland to New York, but I shall have to wait until some future incarnation for that!

I'm very glad to have you optimistic about tea parties, etc. Wish you had been able to think of some thing small like to have my thing—little things, I mean, for I shan't have lots of extra money—any more than I generally do when I arrive home from anywhere! I want to take a new remembrance for Uncle Cyrus and Uncle Arthur, as well as Miss Lulu—(I have a set of place cloths & napkins for tea—) but I don't know what to get—it can't be much—

I started earlier in the letter & tell you about Easter. I was very busy the week before Easter. Easter was very busy the week before Easter. The weather was beautiful, though a bit cold early in the morning. At 6:30 we girls had a little sunrise song service. Then at the little talk on the meaning of Easter. Then at the little talk on the meaning of Easter. The singing was joyous and happy and service. The singing was joyous and happy and service. The singing was joyous and happy and service. The singing was joyous and happy and service. The singing was joyous and happy and service. The singing was joyous and happy and service.

The end singing was the street—a simplified version of the Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah"—The R閙brance singing Easter message was a challenge.
one of us — and yet he had words of marvellous comfort for the heartbroken mother who was sitting there with us that day — The flowers in themselves were a message — the whole platform was massed with huge plans of white daisies and delicate pink begonia, and standing out from them as a background were gorgeous red amaryllis and from 12 to 15 pots of beautiful beautiful Easter lilies — the most gorgeous array I’ve seen — Seven of the pots were ours — a number with 10 or eleven blooms on one stalk — the central bit on the table was a vase holding three deep black-red roses and two enormous pure white roses —

In the afternoon we started forToronto at 1.30. Went to the Institutional Church where, playing and singing both, I went to the platform five times! Twice & sing with our girls, twice & play for our Young People’s Choir, and once & play for the hospital nurses & sing — before this service was over we rushed to the Y. M. C. A., and gave some of the same numbers there — Both good services with a great variety of song from a splendid number of groups of young people. One number was a quartet of brothers and sisters — the older brother about 11, played the piano; a sister about 9, a little brother about 7 and little sister about 5 sang beautifully
Dear [Name of Recipient],

Thank you for your kind words and encouragement. It is wonderful to receive such positive feedback.

I am glad to hear that my work has been successful and that it has made a difference. Your support means a lot to me.

I hope to continue to develop and grow in my current role, and I welcome any comments or suggestions you may have.

Thank you again for your kind words.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
Nini Cheng, 2nd from right.
Mary Cheng, extreme right.  
(Prin. Ling’s younger daughter)
Swatow, China
May 4, 1930

Dear Ones—

Two months from today, D.V., I shall be in Hongkong, just about ready to go home to America. I have thrown a few things into two trunks, to be packed later, and I have started to pack from big boxes up attic—things to leave her. I wasn't particularly well packed up when I went home before, but I hope to do better this time. The other time, Emily was here and some of my things I wanted her to use while I was gone. It is different this time—and Mabel doesn't want to use any of my things; in fact she says quite plainly she prefers to have me pack them away so that she will not have the responsibility of them. So my
green dishes, which were left out to be used the other time, will be packed in a big box—sometime this week, maybe. Sue Kim will do that packing for me.

I kept house in April and Mabelle will take it from now on so that I can get all my things put away without having to much to much at the last minute. Knowing my tendency to procrastinate, you can imagine that this ought to help me a little. Things are as very uncertain out here now that I shall want to have my things in some semblance of order this time!

Emily's here with me now, came down on the next to the last train last night and it is as good to have her here. There won't be very many more times now—
We have been having thefts occur and a good many houses have been disturbed and a good many things taken, but all sneak thiefing.

Our school has had the biggest losses—thirty washtrays missing, a night—a set of feast bowls valued at $40 (belonging to one of the teachers) another night—a suitcase with clothes and money (from the girl dormitory).

From the hospital, all the clothes, money, and jewelry belonging to one of the nurses—a clothesline off one porch, and a pint of clothes drawn out from one of the boys' rooms—etc.,

and lots of scares—

We were up four nights last week—one night we surprised three policemen out in front of our house—and they gave such gues answers that it
almost made me doubt whether they were real policemen, though they were dressed as such and carried guns.

I must get this off on tomorrow's mail — and it is late now.

One thing more — I am worried about the little suit I had sent for the baby girl, from the blind school in Horsham. If you, or Gladys, have received such a bill, pay no attention to it of course — I am paying for it here but I am afraid a bill has been sent, since I haven't yet received it —

Love, Adele
Dear Mother -

Today I'm getting my letter to you begun in the morning, instead of waiting until nine or ten o'clock at night. There isn't a great deal of time before church, but I'll get started anyway.

Today is Mother's Day. I'm wondering whether it is as rainy where you are as it is where I am - I imagine not, for we are in the grips of a rainy season downpour. We can already get water from our upstairs faucets, from the new cistern - and it looks as though we might...
get that great big cistern full.

I was rather planning to stay at home from church this morning and get some rest - for I have to go to the Young People's at 1.30 and there is a hard week ahead.

Nurses' graduation, and since Dorothy Campbell has gone to America the nurses, most of whom are old pupils of mine, ask me to play their accompaniments. They are quite popular singers and so it is a steady job! So, Graduation Song they are singing Gounod's "Praise Ye the Father".

But - yesterday Mabelle asked
me if I was planning to go to church and if I was would I play the song the nurses are singing today. It's raining cats and dogs.

Mabelle has to play in the 3 P.M. service this month and she doesn't plan to go to church at all in the morning. If she can keep it, it is too much for her, but I'm young and strong and wiry and good for lots of hard work yet!

This week we have our second so-called "monthly test"
of the term. I got my questions all ready yesterday and I hope that it will not be too much of a job to get them corrected this time. The last ones had Chinese in them that I had to go over with my teacher, and they dragged out most everlastingly -

This isn't much of a letter but I hope next year I shall not have to write a letter to the dearest mother in the world - but shall be right there where I can talk instead of write -

Lots of love to Father, too -

Bfie
Chacockfee – May 26, 1930

Dear Quee,

It is about time that I ought to be writing you another letter, I should say! Last week was just so full that I didn’t get it in. I’m sorry.

The week before last Makelle was sick all week with malaria. Trent is school Monday morning but by noon the headache which she had been fighting several days got worse and fever accompanied it. She was pretty sick for three days, and very weak after that. She started in on Monday again and has been getting as much better ever since.

Last Sunday I was pretty well tired out by the time I got home from church and a long committee meeting. Then back to young peoples and a long committee again. When Velva came in to see Makelle in the afternoon, she found me stretched out resting. When I told her what I had been doing she said, “Oh these missionaries make me sick! Don’t you ever read…}
your Bible! Don't you know that one of the commandments is "Six days shalt thou labor, etc."? This week has been a busy one, with exams to correct and so on - Emily has hoped I could come up again before I went and I have not been able to before - and moreover, I thought that since her birthday came on Saturday it would be nice to get up then if possible. So I got Velva to come along with me - I wrote and asked Mrs. Baker whether she thought it would be all right and not only was she glad to have us - but she asked Wanda, Hobart & come too. Kenneth Hobart is already here with the evangelistic team, holding a series of meetings in connection with the five year program.

Meeting - so we had a nice party last night with fried chicken, Kentucky style and a birthday cake with candles.

This morning we came in to church and I saw a number of old friends - One was an old pupil who is almost ready to graduate from the Kim Swan (Golden Horn) high school here in Chacockta. She begged to take me to see her school so the
(Emily and I) went this morning after church - I had been there once before but not while school was being carried on. It is surely is lovely - and she was tickled to pieces to have us go with her for a bit. He had told Mrs. Baker and Velva to go ahead with dinner so they did - and we got in before they had finished - just now they are up at the afternoon meetings and Velva and I are downstairs (in the chapel, inside the city) resting. We have to leave to get our train in about a half hour more.

I left my young people for once, instead of rushing back this morning to get there in time. But Miss Sue can play this time, and I'm not likely to have to go away again before I leave Nekolich. Let's see, after today I shall have five Sundays. That means 5 weeks more to get everything. Everything is not ready.
now, I can tell you! I hope I can make
now, headway this week than last. I was
afraid one time I was going to be down with
malaria— I had a little fever—and felt
drunken. But I went to bed for an afternoon
and was pretty peppy by evening— I must
get things done a bit beforehand, though,
for while I don't intend to be sick or anything,
it would be a men if I should be sick
and my things nowhere near ready!

This week will be full— Enid goes on
Tuesday, and we are giving her a farewell
party. Monday night at our house. Then
on Friday we are having a party for the
nurses, and on Saturday one for our
graduates.

And Sunday morning I have to
sing a solo in church!—
well— it is nearly time to leave for
the train—and I guess this is enough
for now, anyway!

Love, Abbie
Dear Mother,

This has been a happy day for me — you know that I am having for my Chinese writer and helper this term. The girl who several years ago wanted to be baptized, was asked to wait, and then lost interest and has never wanted to take the steps since.

Her name is Yun Hsiang — when she came to me at the beginning of this term I talked with her...
again about becoming an out-and-out Christian, as I have almost every time I've seen her— which has been about once a year—

But this time, as before, she said, "My heart doesn't feel impelled so I let it drop for a while— Then a week ago last Friday morning I brought the subject up again and I found she was almost ready—and knew that she ought to do it— She dreaded to go before the church the next day, however—and would rather
wait until she prepared her mind more surely. But I found that there was not to be another baptism probably in three months and so she said she would think about it. We talked for nearly two hours but she wouldn't say definitely that she would decide.

I left for Charachow that afternoon so I didn't know until the next afternoon that she really had decided. Today she was baptized, and although she has kept saying, "But I don't know whether..."
it is any good or not - for I don't feel any different - still it was a very happy face that greeted me when I went back to the woman's room where they were changing their clothes after the baptism. I told her yesterday that she might not feel any differently right now - perhaps God was waiting to give her a greater happiness the day she should lead some one else to be a Christian.

She has a hard row to hoe - Her husband is an atheist - not
a shadow compared to the strong character that she is, and he knows that ten years' confessing Christ in Baptism is likely to make trouble between her and his father, who is a most determined Buddhist and believes in ancestral worship.

Lin Hsiao said with tears in her eyes the other day, "I want with all my heart to make my family a united one - and lead them all to be Christians. But I wish I knew how to do it in the way that would make the least trouble without..."
having a great big fuss." Then later, "With me--I don't know how this is all coming out--I know it is a great big risk--but I'm taking the risk."

"Well I can't tell all about her now--but I'm so happy!"

Jim, who used to be our house boy, has waited a good many years--but he was finally baptized today. And we are all hoping more of the houseboys will come--Twenty-two were baptized today, one of them a Senior High School boy. I have my eye on one or two more--but I don't know
Whether they will decide in the next four weeks or not. There is one boy in particular who is on my heart constantly, and yet he has not decided. And he is going to graduate the 28th of this month from one Denia High.

Here I am writing all about these other things so hard that I'm forgetting to say thank you for my lovely birthday stocking. Not much you don't get in back! I shall wear in as much as the way home that maybe there won't be much
left of them when I get home! They are just the right color and also just what I need—Thank you so much.

Mabelle had a very clever party last Monday night. It was a combination birthday party for me and farewell party for me, Marguerite and Enid. Everything, even the butter, potatoes, and cake, were fixed up in the form of sailboats, and there were all sorts of cute boats in favors, to hold nuts, mint candies, etc.—Poems to suit the occasion—a lovely time. Enid left the next day—Must quit now—Love you.
Swatow, China
June 8, 1930

Dear Ones,

Sunday night again — and only three more of them to go. Today has been a busy one — I left the house this morning at 7:45, and went with 18 of our Young People over to sing at the Swatow Christian Institute. We sang "Glorious Things of Thee are spoken," & Austria. It sounded pretty good — I thought. Then Dr. Ling spoke on "Filial Love of the right kind" — was good. Back just in time for dinner and then off to the Young People's meeting. I just had to rest a bit after I got
back, and then I didn't get up from my nest as soon as I ought to have. Consequently you letter isn't written yet! Oh yes, and after supper tonight I went over to the hospital to visit a couple of the boys there - and found one of them had gone back home already!

My room has been in such a mess - increasingly so for weeks now - Friday and yesterday morning I made them look still more - getting things out to pack. Then we had a party for the Junior High graduates yesterday afternoon - so I couldn't pack then! After they went I got off my 'glad rags' and worked until
Quite late last night—now my study and the guest room look fairly presentable but my bedroom still has things strewn all over it—I hope to get my camphorwood box packed early this week, and get that out of my room. Then there will be more room for steamer trunk, suitcases, etc.

Every once in a while I get panicky wondering whether I am possibly going to get all ready and still keep on teaching right up until the last minute! But I have really made a lot of progress in the last week so now I’m beginning to hope—when review time comes next week, however, I think I shall get excused for one or two mornings,
though - and here is hoping my exams can be fairly early!
If I didn't have papers to correct I should be happier, I think! I'm too much in a flurry to settle down these days. A papers, or letters, even -
This isn't much of a letter, but it carries lots of love from me -

to you -

Yours

Athie
Dear Duee,

Just a word tonight, for busy days are ahead and I must get in some rest. The Young People's Society had a very nice farewell party for me Friday night at the Camps and last night up at school the three hundred and more students, and the teachers, had a big party for me and gave me some beautiful and some very interesting presents. I'm not going to tell you anything about them - you'll see them. But I had to make a speech last night and I went through agonies to get it ready. I finally managed to leave out a lot I had planned to say, but I did succeed in saying just the way I wanted to, the exact thing I wanted most to say. I said that is, that my most earnest wish and desire is for everyone to become a Christian before he leaves school. I was listened to most attentively and applauded well - and thus, in a school that three years ago looked as though the anti-Christian element would split it right in two, we have had some progress! (Mom is the word about the next paragraph, please, I know more for sure.)

But I'm a long time getting to the most important news of all. Yesterday Velva came over and told me that she and Marguerite have decided Emily must go home right away. Her breast is not
showing the complete recovery that it ought and while there is no malignant tremble apparent right now, they don't dare take the risk of keeping her out here. So I rather think that means she will come home with me if she can get on the steamer, and if she can't get on my steamer it may mean a little delay for me — if we can get passage together on a steamer not more than two weeks later. I don't want to delay! But it would be a shame not to come together, if she must be sent home now — I'm relieved in a way if I have been afraid for some time that she wasn't getting on as well as she ought. And of course it will be great to travel together — whether well separate at Seattle or whether she will stay at hotel and go with me as far as Portland, waiting while I go to Salem. I don't know — But it will work out somehow — I can't believe her tremble is very serious — and I do hope specialists at home will be able to fix her up right away.

The sent letters & her early this morning — I don't know whether I can get an answer from her before Tuesday or not. It is all very exciting! Must quit for now —

Love you! Adele.